
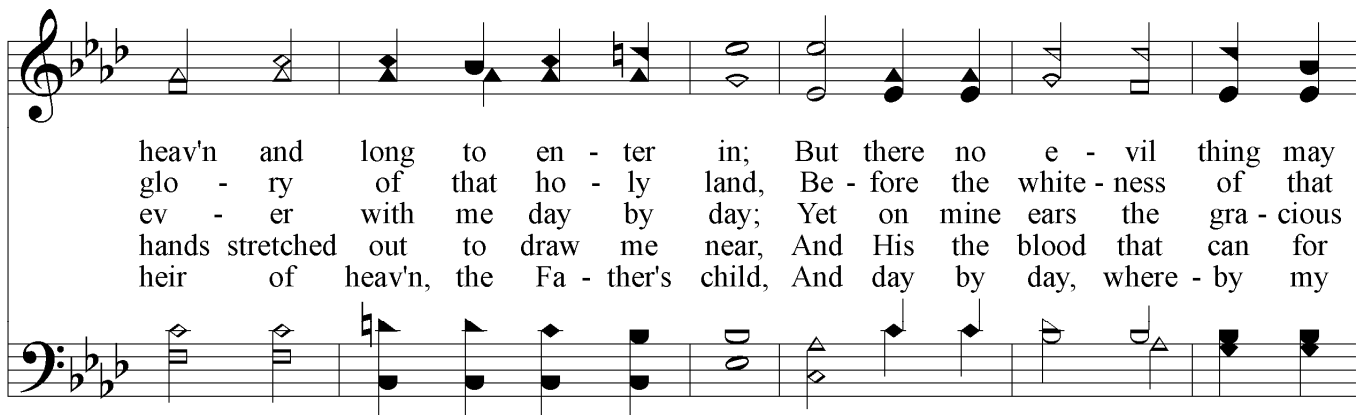


# Weary Of Earth And Laden With My Sin



1. Wea - ry of earth and lad - en with my sin, I look at  
 2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure  
 3. The while I fain would tread the heav'n - ly way, E - vil is  
 4. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear; His are the  
 5. 'Twas He who found me on the death - ly wild, And made me



heav'n and long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may  
 glo - ry of that ho - ly land, Be - fore the white - ness of that  
 ev - er with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra - cious  
 hands stretched out to draw me near, And His the blood that can for  
 heir of heav'n, the Fa - ther's child, And day by day, where - by my



find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.  
 throne ap - pear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.  
 tid - ings fall, "Re - pent, con - fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."  
 all a - tone, And set me fault - less there be - fore the throne.  
 soul may live, Gives me His grace of par - don, and will give.