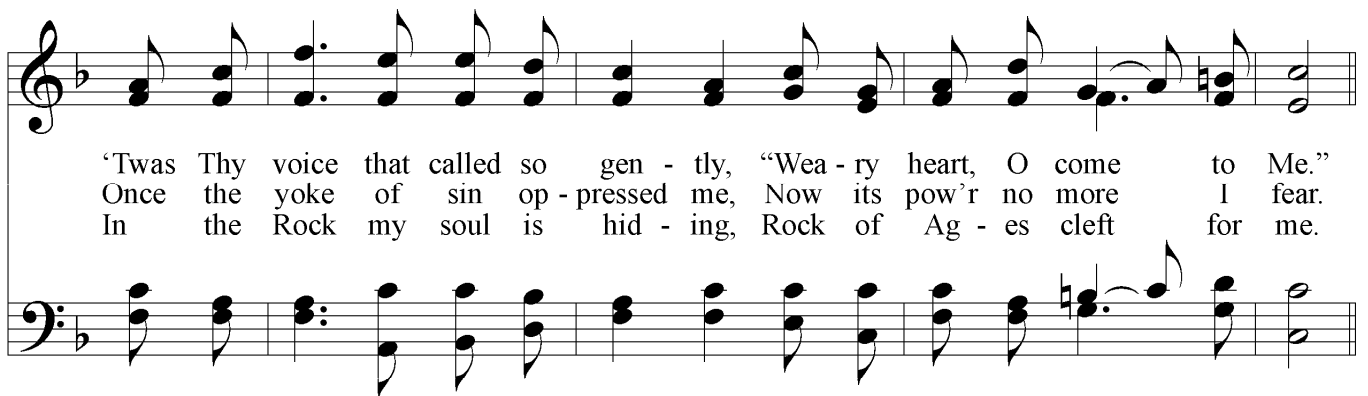


Weary Heart, O Come to Me



1. Far a - way a - mid the dark - ness, Far a - way, O Lord, from Thee,
2. Once my feet were torn and bleed - ing And my path was cold and drear,
3. Thru Thy grace to all ex - tend - ed, Thru Thy love so full and free,

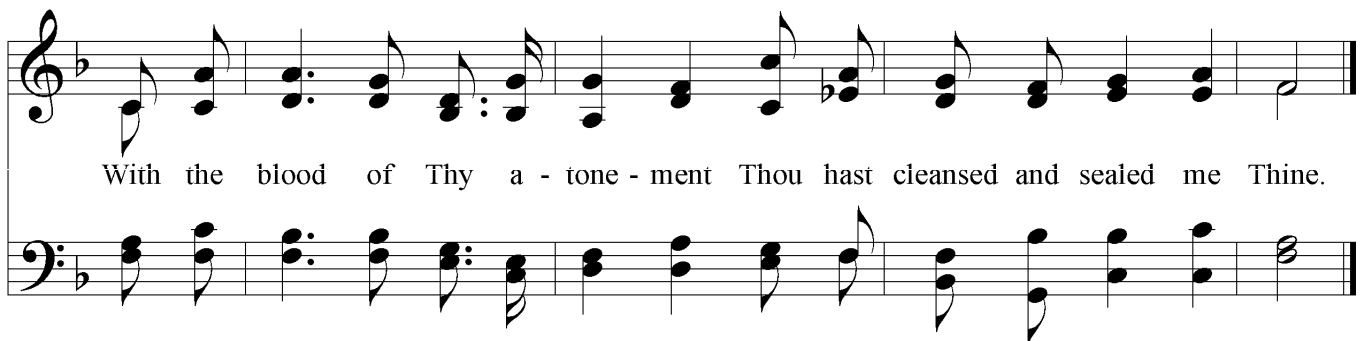


'Twas Thy voice that called so gen - tly, "Wea - ry heart, O come to Me."
Once the yoke of sin op - pressed me, Now its pow'r no more I fear.
In the Rock my soul is hid - ing, Rock of Ag - es cleft for me.

Chorus



Bless - ed Sav - ior, how I praise Thee, What a life of joy is mine;



With the blood of Thy a - tone - ment Thou hast cleansed and sealed me Thine.