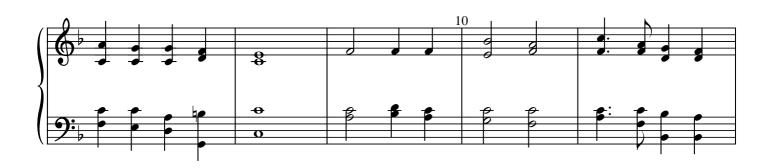
## Weary of earth, and laden with my sin







Weary of earth, and laden with my sin, I look at Heav'n and long to enter in, But there no evil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way Evil is ever with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall: "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear; His are the hands stretched out to draw me near, And His the blood that can for all atone, And set me faultless there before the throne. 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild, And made me heir of Heav'n, the Father's child, And day by day, whereby my soul may live, Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer, That in the Father's courts my glorious dress May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord; Thine all the merits, mine the great reward; Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown; Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Samuel J. Stone