

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at Heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 How can a sinner tread the heavenly way?
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet, from the Lord, I hear a gracious call:
‘Repent, believe, and be released from all.’
- 4 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 me atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 There, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Samuel John Stone, 1839-1900