

## **I Am Weary, Lord, My God**

I am weary, Lord, my God,  
Sin hath strayed my pilgrim's feet;  
As I see Thy righteous rod,  
Shall my eyes Thy mercies meet?

Shall again Thy Spirit blow  
On my heart in struggle parched?  
Shall again Thy crimson flow  
Wash my lips so long untouched?

**“Thou art weary, My dear child,  
At the cross come find My rest,  
By My blood be reconciled,  
In My mercies ever blest.”**

“Take My blood thy sins to drown,  
Take My Breath to comfort thee.  
Thorns I bear—give thee a crown,  
My eyes close for thine to see.”

“See My love beyond the rod,  
Sovereign grace to bring thee home,  
Rest and wrestle; in thy God,  
Run the race thy Savior won.”