

# PORTUGAL. L.M.

475

*Slow.*

1. Re - turn, my wan - d'ring soul, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Fa - ther's face; Those  
 2. Re - turn, my wan - d'ring soul, re - turn, And seek a Fa - ther's melt - ing heart; His

3. Re - turn, my wan - d'ring, soul, re - turn, Thy dy - ing Sav - iour bids thee live; Go,  
 4. Re - turn, my wan - d'ring soul, re - turn, And wipe a - way the fall - ing tear; 'Tis

warm de - sires eyes that in thee burn, Were kin - dled by re - deem - ing grace.  
 pity - ing eyes thy grief dis - cern, His heav'n - ly balm shall heal thy smart.

view His bleed - ing side, and learn How free - ly Je - sus can for - give.  
 God who says, "No lon - ger mourn;" 'Tis mer - cy's voice in - vites thee near.