

# Ye Simple Souls Who Stray

*Tenderly* ♩ = 80-86

1. Ye sim - ple souls who stray Far from the path of peace, That  
2. Mad - ness and mi - se - ry Ye count our life be - neath, And  
3. Rich - es uns - earch - a - ble In Jes - us' love we know, And  
4. With him we walk in white; We in his im - age shine; Our

lone - ly, un fre - quen - ted way To life and hap - pi - ness, Why  
no - thing great or good can see Or glo - rious in our death. But  
plea - sures spring - ing from the well Of life our souls o'erf - low. As  
robes are robes of glo - rious light, Our right - eous - ness di - vine. On

will ye fol - ly love, And thron'g the down - ward road, And  
thru the Ho - ly Ghost We wit - ness bet - ter things, For  
we seek heav'n - ly bliss, A - ngels our steps at - tend, And  
all the kings of earth With pi - ty we look down; And

hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?  
he whose blood is all our boast Has made us priests and kings.  
God him - self our Fa - ther is, And Je - sus is our Friend.  
claim, in vir - tue of our birth, A nev - er fa - ding crown.

*Text:* Charles Wesley, 1708-1788, adapted  
*Music:* English melody, alt.

TERRA BEATA  
SMD