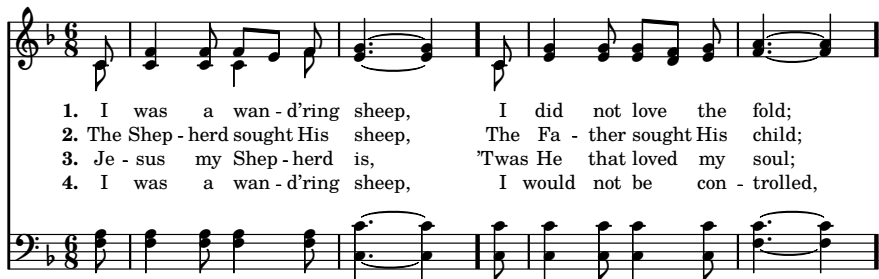


I Was a Wandering Sheep

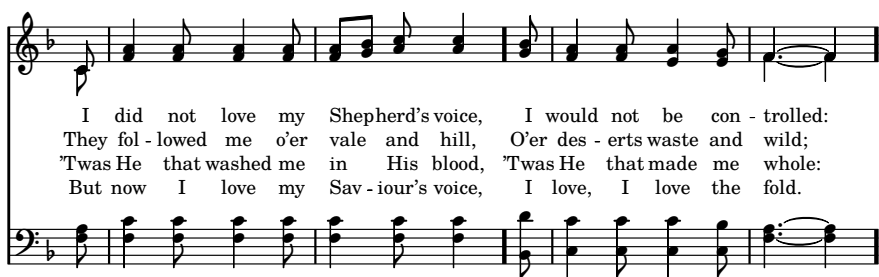
(Lebanon. S. M. D.)

H. Bonar

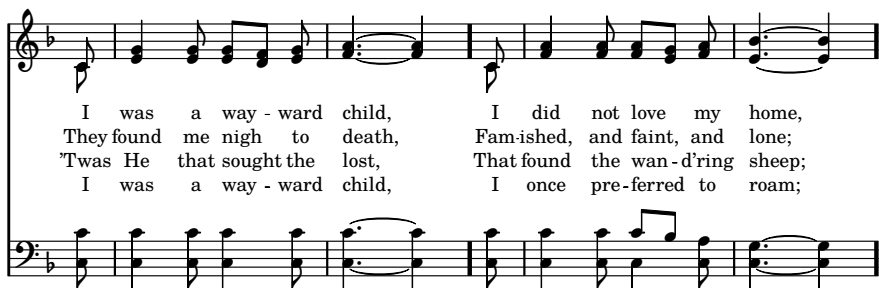
J. Zundel



1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
 2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child;
 3. Je-sus my Shep-herd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul;
 4. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I would not be con-trolled,



I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled:
 They fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild;
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole:
 But now I love my Sav-iour's voice, I love, I love the fold.



I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
 They found me nigh to death, Fam-ished, and faint, and lone;
 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wan-d'ring sheep;
 I was a way-ward child, I once pre-ferred to roam;



I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
 They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wan-d'ring one.
 'Twas He that bro't me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.
 But now I love my Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home.