

# The Wanderer No More Will Roam

(Silent Night. 8. 8. 8. 6.)



1. The wan-der - er no more will roam, The lost one to the fold hath come, The prod-i -
2. Tho' clothed in rags, by sin de - filed, The Fa - ther did embrace His child; And I am
3. It is the Fa - ther's joy to bless, His love has found for me a dress, A robe of
4. And now my famished soul is fed, A feast of love for me is spread, I feed up -
5. Yea, in the full-ness of His grace, God put me in the chil - dren's place, Where I may



gal is wel-comed home,	O Lamb of God, to	Thee!	O Lamb of God, to	Thee!
par-doned, rec - on - ciled,	O Lamb of God, in	Thee!	O Lamb of God, in	Thee!
spot-less righteous - ness,	O Lamb of God, in	Thee!	O Lamb of God, in	Thee!
on the chil-dren's bread,	O Lamb of God, in	Thee!	O Lamb of God, in	Thee!
gaze up - on His face,	O Lamb of God, in	Thee!	O Lamb of God, in	Thee!

