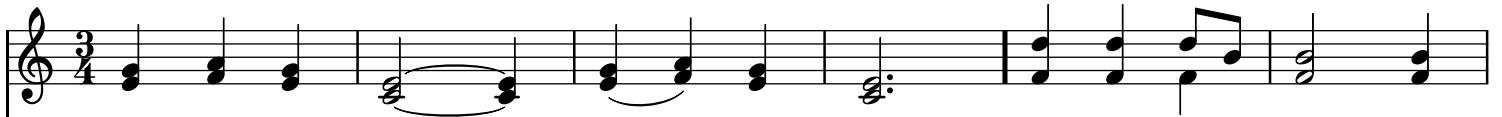


The Wanderer No More Will Roam

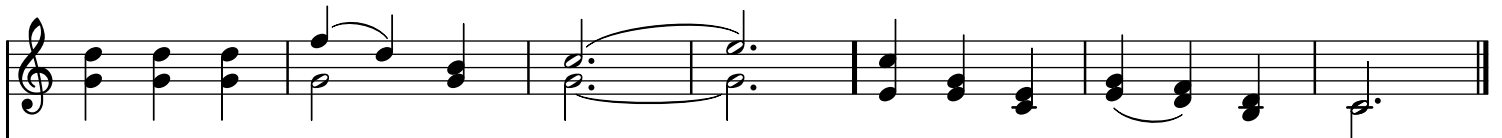
(Silent Night. 8. 8. 8. 6.)



1. The wan - der - er no more will roam, The lost one to the
 2. Tho' clothed in rags, by sin de - filed, The Fa - ther did em -
 3. It is the Fa - ther's joy to bless, His love has found for
 4. And now my fam - ished soul is fed, A feast of love for
 5. Yea, in the full - ness of His grace, God put me in the



fold hath come, The prod - i - gal is wel - comed home,
 brace His child; And I am par - doned, rec - on - ciled,
 me a dress, A robe of spot - less right - eous - ness,
 me is spread, I feed up - on the chil - dren's bread,
 chil - dren's place, Where I may gaze up - on His face,



O Lamb of God, to Thee!	O Lamb of God, to Thee!
O Lamb of God, in Thee!	O Lamb of God, in Thee!
O Lamb of God, in Thee!	O Lamb of God, in Thee!
O Lamb of God, in Thee!	O Lamb of God, in Thee!
O Lamb of God, in Thee!	O Lamb of God, in Thee!

