

Like a Little Wandering Lamb

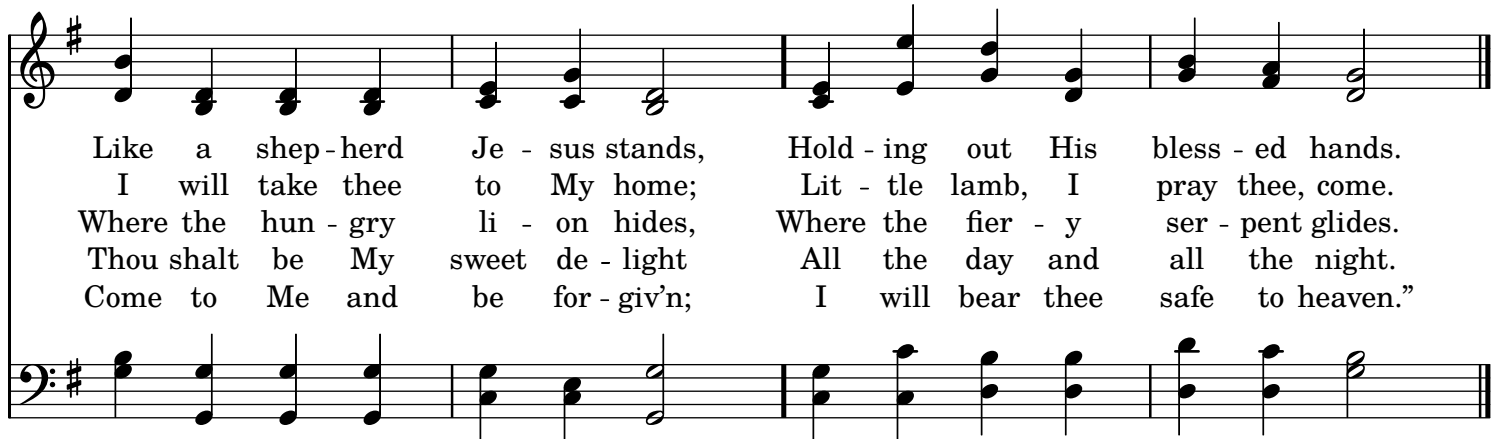
(Homeward. 7. 7. 7. 7.)

Ter Steegen

Miss A. Gausby



1. Like a lit - tle wan-d'ring lamb, Lost up - on the hills I am;
 2. "Come," He says, "come back to Me; Lit - tle lamb, I died for thee;
 3. "Thou wouldst like to have thy way, On the lone - ly hills to stray,
 4. "I would have thee lie at rest, Lit - tle lamb, up - on My breast;
 4. "Tho' thou hast a way-ward will, Lit - tle lamb, I love thee still;



Like a shep-herd Je - sus stands, Hold - ing out His bless - ed hands.
 I will take thee to My home; Lit - tle lamb, I pray thee, come.
 Where the hun - gry li - on hides, Where the fier - y ser - pent glides.
 Thou shalt be My sweet de - light All the day and all the night.
 Come to Me and be for - giv'n; I will bear thee safe to heaven."