

I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

I was a wan-dering sheep, I did not love the fold;  
The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child;  
No more a wan-dering sheep, I love to be con-trolled,

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-  
He followed me O'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and  
I love my tender Shep-herd's voice, I love the peace-ful

trolled; I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,  
wild: He found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone;  
fold: No more a wayward child, I seek no more to roam;

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.  
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wandering one.  
I love my heavenly Father's voice, I love, I love his home.

Cop The Epworth Hymnal, Hunt & Eaton Pub. NY (1885)

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