

I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP

Matthew 18:14

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I was a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home.
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er endless miles,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me near to death,
Famished and alone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wand'ring one.

Jesus my Shepherd is;
It's he that loved my soul.
It's he that washed me in his blood,
It's he that made me whole.
T'was he that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep.
T'was he that brought me to the fold;
It's he that still does keep.

I was a wand'ring sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.