

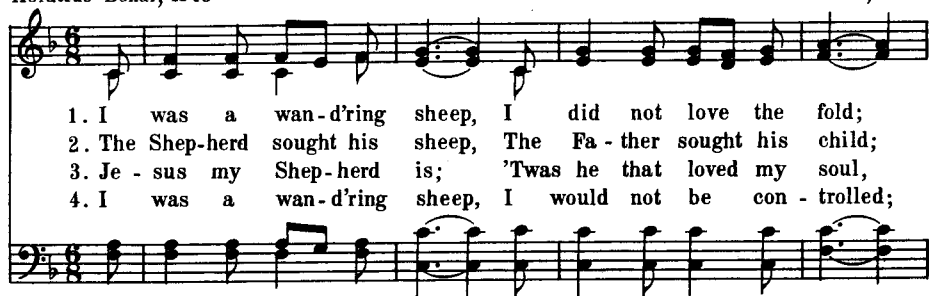
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

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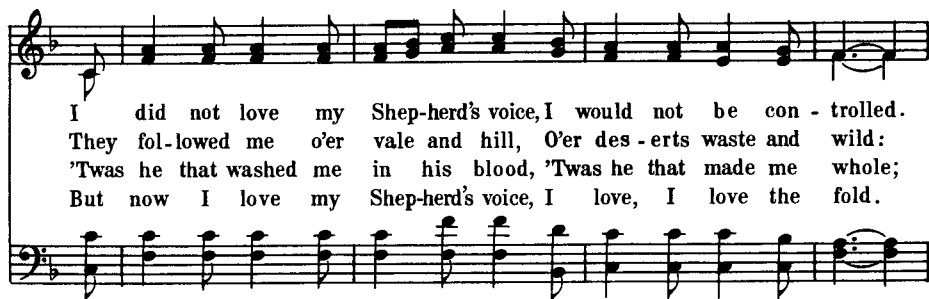
All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Isa. 53:6

Horatius Bonar, 1843

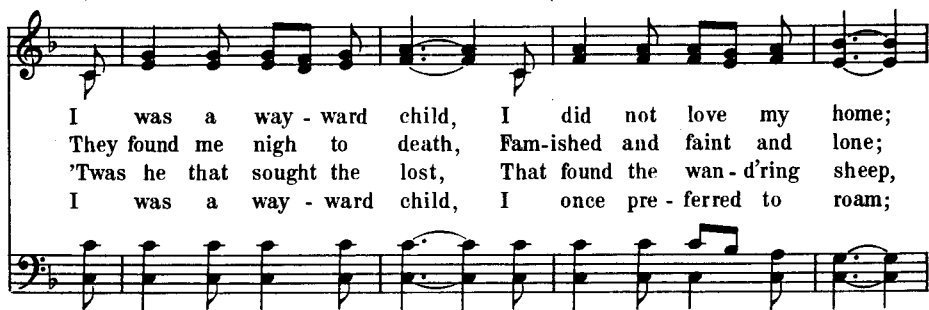
LEBANON S. M. D.
John Zundel, 1855



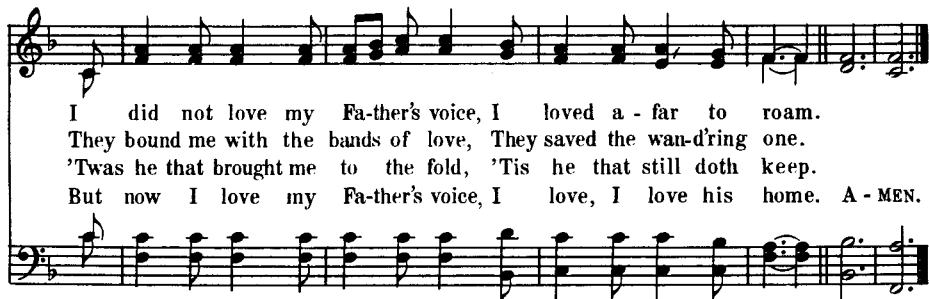
1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
2. The Shep-herd sought his sheep, The Fa-ther sought his child;
3. Je-sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas he that loved my soul,
4. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I would not be con-trolled;



I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.
They fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild:
'Twas he that washed me in his blood, 'Twas he that made me whole;
But now I love my Shep-herd's voice, I love, I love the fold.



I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
They found me nigh to death, Fam-ished and faint and lone;
'Twas he that sought the lost, That found the wan-d'ring sheep,
I was a way-ward child, I once pre-ferred to roam;



I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wan-d'ring one.
'Twas he that brought me to the fold, 'Tis he that still doth keep.
But now I love my Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love his home. A-MEN.