

The wanderer no more will roam

♩ = 110

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1. The wan - der - er no more will roam,
 2. Though clothed in rags, by sin de - filed,
 3. It is the Fa - ther's joy to bless ;
 4. And now my fa - mished soul is fed,
 5. Yea, in the full - ness of His grace,
 6. Not half His love can I ex - press,
 7. Thy pre - cious name it is I bear,

The lost one to the flock has come,
 The Fa - ther did em - brace His child ;
 His love has found for me a dress,
 A feast of love for me is spread ;
 God put me in the child - ren's place,
 Yet, Lord, with joy my lips con - fess
 In Thee I am to God brought near,

The pro - dig - al is wel - comed home,
 And I am par - doned, re - con - ciled,
 A robe of spot - less right - eous - ness,
 I feed up - on the child - ren's bread,
 Where I may gaze up - on His face,
 This bless - ed por - tion I poss - ess,
 And all the Fa - ther's love I share,

1. O Lamb of God, through Thee.
 2. O Lamb of God, in Thee.
 3. O Lamb of God, in Thee.
 4. O Lamb of God, in Thee.
 5. O Lamb of God, in Thee.
 6. O Lamb of God, in Thee.
 7. O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Words from
 James George Deck (1802-1884)
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