LOST BUT FOUND



- 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, the Father sought his child; they followed me o'er vale and hill, o'er deserts waste and wild. They found me nigh to death, famished, and faint, and lone; they bound me with the bands of love, they saved the wandering one!
- They spoke in tender love,they raised my drooping head;they gently closed my bleeding wounds,my fainting soul they fed.They washed my filth away,they made me clean and fair;they brought me to my home in peace, –the long-sought wanderer!
- 4. Jesus my Shepherd is,'twas he that loved my soul,'twas he that washed me in his blood,'twas he that made me hole.'Twas he that sought the lost,that found the wandering sheep,'twas he that brought me to the fold,'tis he that still doth keep.
- J. I was a wandering 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.

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