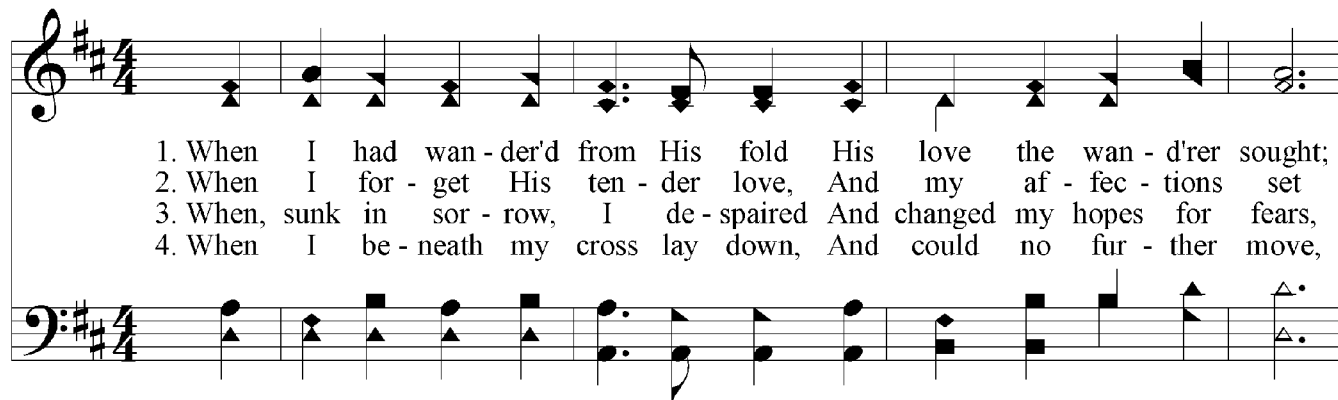
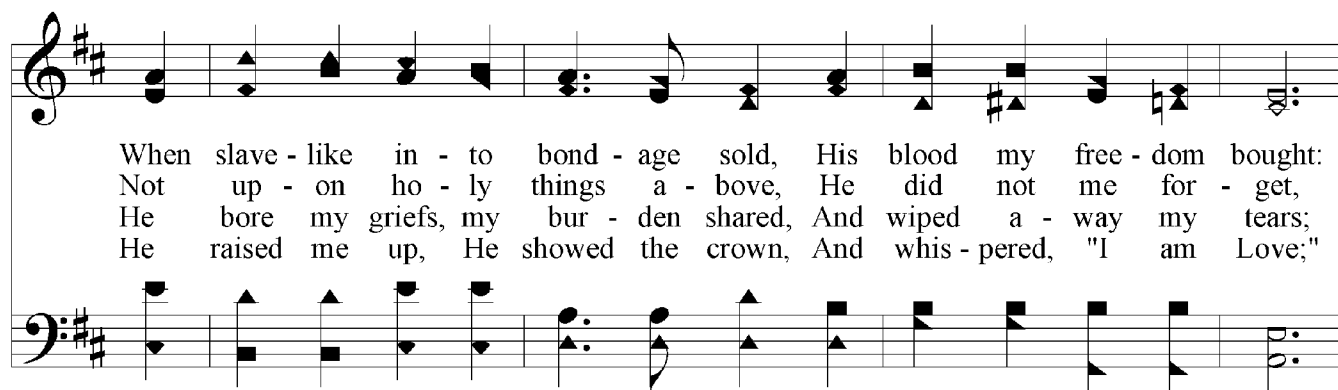


When I Have Wandered From His Fold

ST. JUST C. M. D. with Refrain.



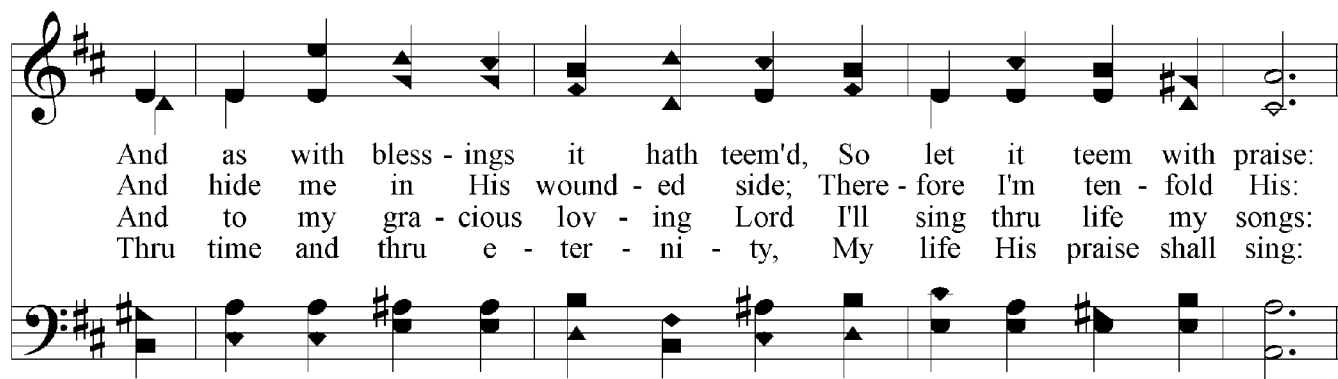
1. When I had wan - der'd from His fold His love the wan - d'r'er sought;
2. When I for - get His ten - der love, And my af - fec - tions set
3. When, sunk in sor - row, I de - spaired And changed my hopes for fears,
4. When I be - neath my cross lay down, And could no fur - ther move,



When slave - like in - to bond - age sold, His blood my free - dom bought:
Not up - on ho - ly things a - bove, He did not me for - get,
He bore my griefs, my bur - den shared, And wiped a - way my tears;
He raised me up, He showed the crown, And whis - pered, "I am Love;"



There - fore that life by Him re - deem'd, Is His thru all its days,
But gen - tly chas - t'ning, gen - tly tried To draw me back to bliss,
There - fore the joy by Him re - stored To Him by right be - longs,
There - fore that Love my song shall be, And to my glo - rious King,



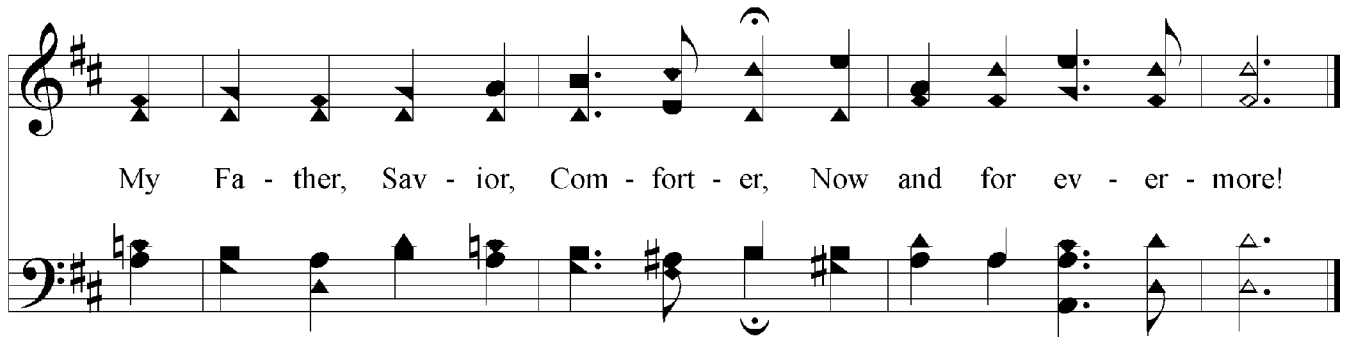
And as with bless - ings it hath teem'd, So let it teem with praise:
And hide me in His wound - ed side; There - fore I'm ten - fold His:
And to my gra - cious lov - ing Lord I'll sing thru life my songs:
Thru time and thru e - ter - ni - ty, My life His praise shall sing:

When I Have Wandered From His Fold

Refrain



For I am His and He is mine, The God whom I a - dore!



My Fa - ther, Sav - ior, Com - fort - er, Now and for ev - er - more!