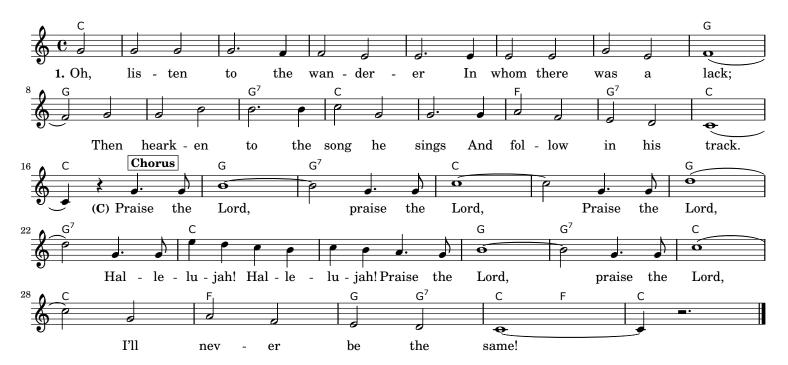
(Guitar)



- 2. A wanderer within the world For pleasure ever seeks; Be it in body or in mind, With vanity it reeks.
- 3. For self I labored day and night, My castles built in sand; But, praise the Lord, He wrecked them all— Much better things He planned.
- 4. Once all for self—confused, alone, How could I bear the shame? But now within the local church I'll never be the same.
- I am a happy member now
   Within the local church.
   A wanderer has found his home
   And ended all his search.

- 6. I was an individualist, An island in myself; But now the Lord is building me With others in Himself.
- 7. I'm drawn together with His own In fellowship so sweet. I've learned from others to receive Of Christ whene'er we meet.
- 8. My wanderings have really ceased—
  I've found the church, God's best!
  The secret of my happiness—
  Enjoying God's own rest!