

Oh, listen to the wanderer
The Church — As Our Home and Rest

1235

1. Oh, lis - ten to the wan - der - er In whom there was a lack;
 Then hear - en to the song he sings And fol - low in his track.

Chorus
 (C) Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 I'll nev - er be the same!

(Note: The musical score includes guitar chords: C, Dm, G, G7, C, Am, C/G, F, G7, C, F/C, G, G7, C, Am, Dm, G7, C, C/E, F, G, G7, Am, C/E, F, F/A, C/G, G7, C, F/C, C.)

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.

5. 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!