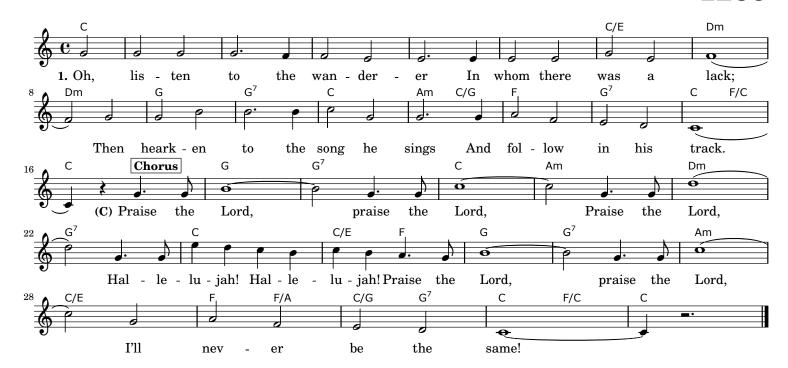
Oh, listen to the wanderer

The Church — As Our Home and Rest

1235



- 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!