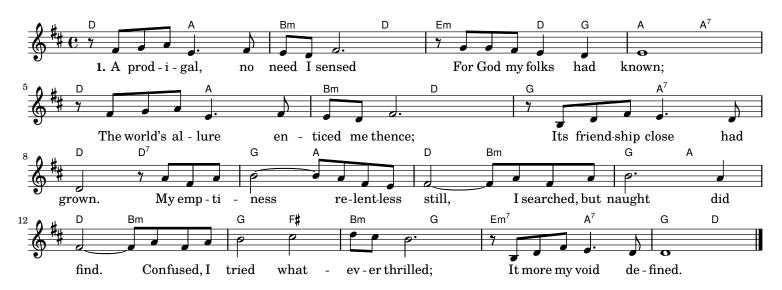
Lost Prodigals

Experience of Christ — As the Shepherd

(Guitar)



2. God's vessels kind would not forget This poor soul, most decried. A God so real, through them I met; I could no more deny.

> Alone, distressed, from peace apart, I for God's solace yearned; Their tender love warmed up my heart Until it Godward turned.

3. O precious faith! O sweetest love!
O joy beyond compare!
Life's every turn God's mercy proved,
Unfailing, secret care.

Yet God would know my dreams remained; I craved what earthlings craved. By mercy I God's vision gained; His goal my path re-paved.

4. E'en if I take the wings of dawn, At ocean's limits dwell*, God faithful, wise, will lead me on, His searchings keep me well.

My heart o'erflows with songs of praise; God's mercy is my crown. His love a wretched soul embraced, Transforms to glory-bound. 5. Go forth! Our Shepherd yearns that more Lost prodigals we'd find Into each wounded heart outpour Fresh, timely oil and wine!

Search out the weak, the wayward, lost; In meekness bring them home! Warm, tender love they need the most And God's acceptance shown.

6. The Lord is pleased to build His home In every contrite heart; The feeble in His hand become His warring counterpart.

> Christ will all Satan's work efface Through wisdom full and grace; The church will e'er His foe disgrace To universal praise!

^{*} Psa. 139:9