

I Wandered Sore Distressed  
John Brownlie, 1907.  
Thomas Est, 1592.

I wandered sore distressed,  
All weary and forlorn;  
I had no place to rest,  
Of all my pleasures shorn  
My thirsting spirit sighed,  
And in the desert cried.

The Shepherd heard my cry,  
Who came His flock to find,  
And drew in mercy nigh,  
For He is wondrous kind;  
His winning voice awoke  
My spirit as He spoke.

He bade my wandering cease,  
And gave my heart a home,  
That from the bliss of peace  
I might no longer roam;  
He gave me hope for fears,  
And lasting joy for tears.