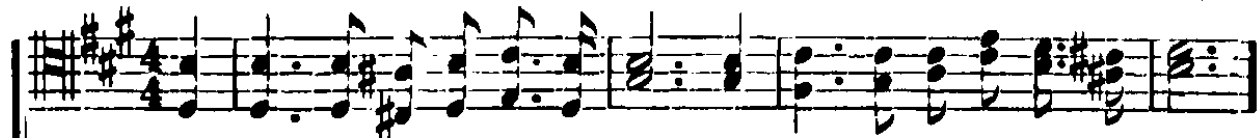


T. C. C.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.



1. I wandered once in sin's dark night; Nor would to God be reconciled;
2. Whene'er I go from him a-stray, To steep my soul in sin's dark stain,
3. He promised he would be my stay, When death shall bid my soul to come;



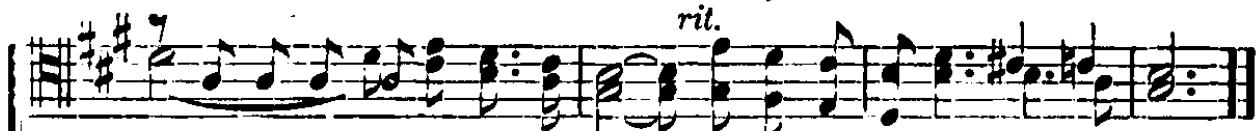
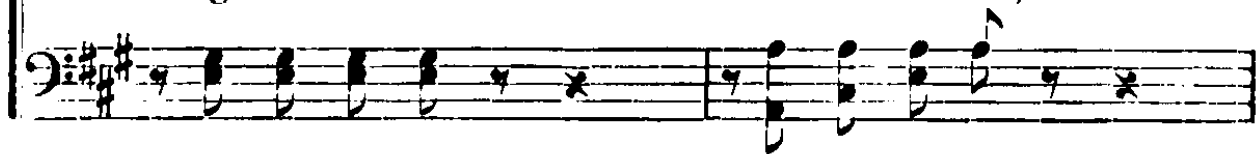
He led me to his glorious light, And loved me as his child.
 He seeks me out by night and day, And brings me home a-gain.
 My head up - on his arm I'll lay, Till I am safe at home.



My Father loves, his erring child, And guards me
 My Father loves his erring child,



when the storm is wild; There's naught can
 And guards me when the storm is wild;



move me from his love, Where'er I wander I'm his child.
 There's naught can move



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