Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

Horatius Bonar, 1883
Ira David Sankey, 1884

In the land of strangers, Whither thou art gone,
From the land of hunger, Fainting, famished lone,
Leave the haunts of riot, Wasted, woe-be-gone,
See the door still open! Thou art still my own;
Far off thou hast wandered, Wilt thou farther roam?
See the well-spread table, Unforgotten one!
Thou art friendless, homeless, Hopeless, and undone;
In the land of strangers, Whither thou art gone,
Home! come home!

Hear a far voice calling, “My son! my son!”
Come to love and gladness, My son! my son!”
Sick at heart and weary, My son! my son!”
Eyes of love are on thee, My son! my son!”
Come, and all is pardoned, My son! my son!”
Here is rest and plenty, My son! my son!”
Mine is love unchanging, My son! my son!”
Welcome, wanderer, welcome! Welcome back to home!
Thou hast wandered far away: Come home! come home!

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