

Come Home, My Erring Child

W. Ryland Martin, 1906

T. H. R. Christie

♩=135

1. One ev - 'ning while bur - dened with care, Op - pos - ing my
2. Tho' wea - ry of earth's fierc - est din, Ar - rayed in the
3. Now find - ing my hopes were in vain, That Christ for the

Sav - ior so fair, A sin - ner, a hu - man dis - guisèd, One
gar - ments of sin, I held to my sad un - be - lief, But
sin - ner was slain, Then I who had wan - dered a - stray, Re -

♩=125

Refrain

lone - ly, for - sak - en, de - spised.
should have been seek - ing re - lief. Christ who was cru - ci - fied, In love's com -
- turned to my Sav - ior's own way.

- pass-ion cried, "Come home, My err-ing child, I'll make thee whole"; O'er me the

peace-ful dove Spread the broad wings of love; Longed I for Heav'n a - bove, Home of the

soul.