

Verses Composed by "Gipsy"
Simon Smith.

COME HOME.

"He arose and came to his father"—Luke xv.

In the far country of sin I did stray,
Wasted my substance in riotous way;
But I came to myself one glorious day,
And turn'd toward Father and Home.

Chorus:—

The Father, he bids you come Home,
 come Home,
A welcome awaits you, come Home;
That dear sainted mother, a sister, a
 brother,
The angels all bid you come Home.

Like wandering sheep we have all gone
 astray,
Everyone turning unto his own way,
But the Lord has atoned and His Word
 doth say:
"Confess, I'll forgive you; come Home."

Sin-stained, a wand'rer, companions un-
 clean,