

THE WANDERER

The way is dark, the night is weary,
O wanderer come home!
The hours are long, all time is dreary,
O wanderer come home!

A still, small voice is calling and tender
teardrops falling,
O wanderer come home!
Your restless steps are taking, the life
of hearts that's breaking
O wanderer come home!

The faint, far, distant whisp'ring
Is ringing in his ear,
For answer they are listening,
The wanderer's voice to hear.

In words, that speak a message clear
There rings a clear, true tone,
O! fret no more, but wake and hear,
The wanderer will come home.