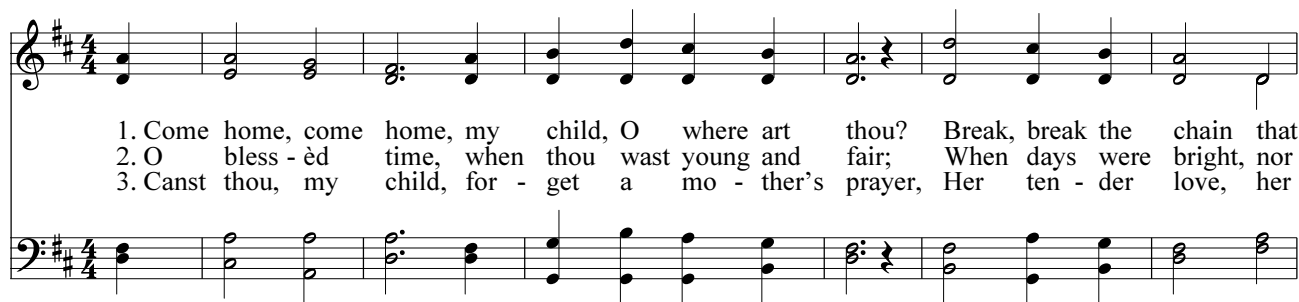


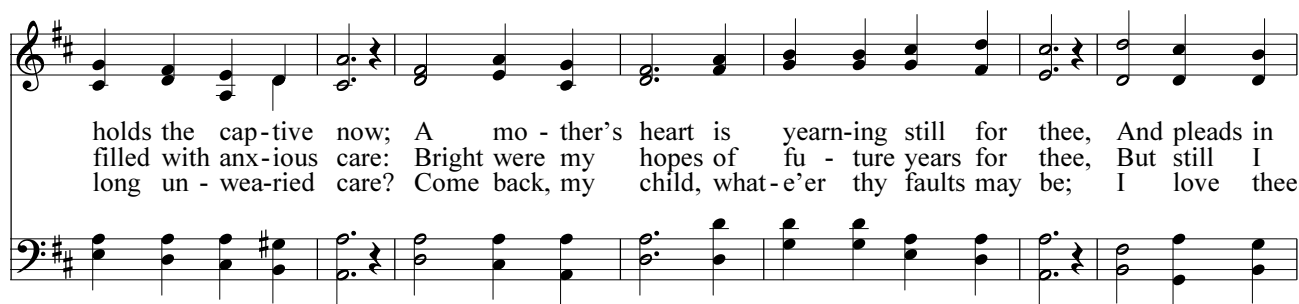
Come Home, My Child

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1895

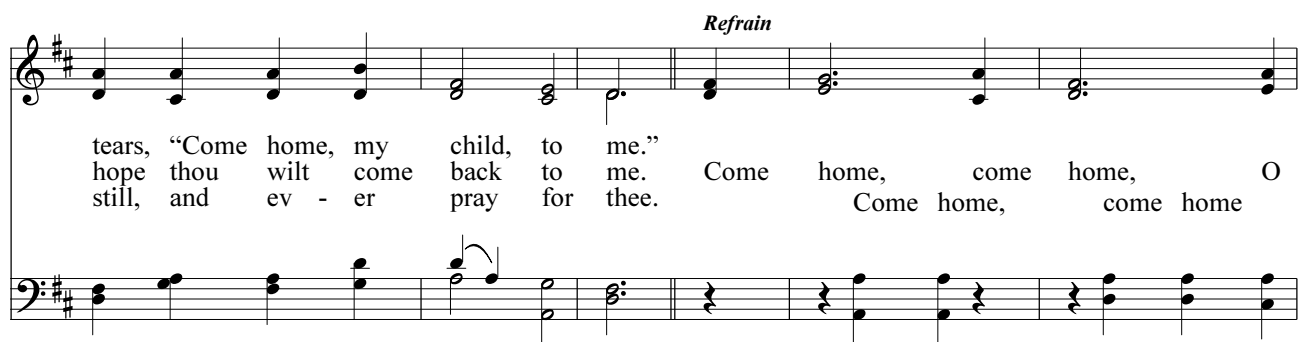
Ira David Sankey



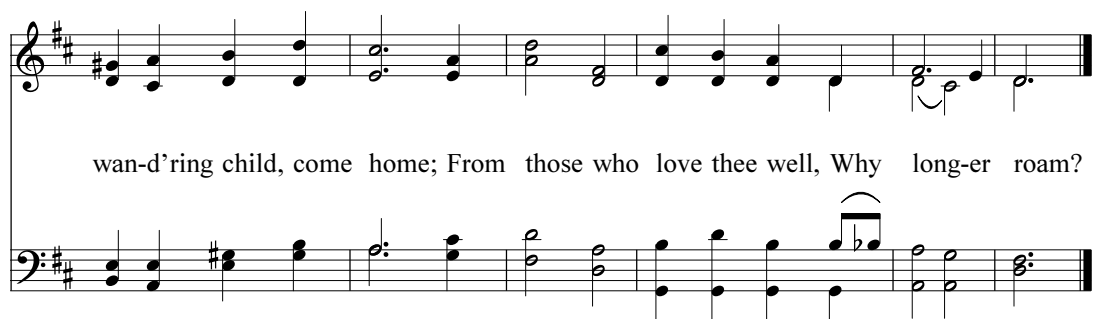
1. Come home, come home, my child, O where art thou? Break, break the chain that
2. O bless - ed time, when thou wast young and fair; When days were bright, nor
3. Canst thou, my child, for - get a mo - ther's prayer, Her ten - der love, her



holds the cap-tive now; A mo - ther's heart is yearn-ing still for thee, And pleads in
filled with anx-ious care: Bright were my hopes of fu - ture years for thee, But still I
long un - wea-ried care? Come back, my child, what-e'er thy faults may be; I love thee



Refrain
tears, "Come home, my child, to me."
hope thou wilt come back to me. Come home, come home, O
still, and ev - er pray for thee. Come home, come home



wan-d'ring child, come home; From those who love thee well, Why long-er roam?