

Like a Wayward Child I've Wandered  
Fanny Crosby, 1896.  
Anthony Showalter.

Like a wayward child I wandered  
From my Father's house away,  
But I hear His voice entreating,  
And I'm coming home today.

Refrain

Coming, coming home,  
Coming, coming home,  
For I can no longer roam;  
I am sad and broken hearted,  
And I'm coming, coming home!

I have wandered in the darkness,  
And my path was lone and drear,  
But my Father did not leave me,  
He was watching ever near.

Refrain

O the rapture that awaits me  
When I reach my Father's door!  
Once within its blest enclosure,  
I am safe forevermore.

Refrain

I will ask Him to forgive me  
For the wrong that I have done,  
To receive, accept and bless me,  
Through His well beloved Son.

Refrain