

Thy Savior Calls Thee



1. Come home! The Shep-herd's ea-ger call, Rings out up-on the moun-tains cold,
 2. Come home! O wan-der-er, re-joice! Thy Shep-herd's call is won-drous sweet,
 3. Come home! And rest with-in the fold, Lie down be-side the wa-ters still,



Come home! Its ech-oes rise and fall, To lead the wan-d'rer to the fold.
 He guides the lost ones with His voice; And home-ward brings the wea-ry feet.
 Rap-tures of love as yet un-told, Thy hun-gry, wea-ry soul shall fill.



Chorus



Come home! Thy Sav-ior calls thee come! Come home! Thy
 Come home!



way is dark and lone, Come home! Thy Fa-ther loves thee-
 Come home!



come! Come home! O wan-d'ring one, come home! Come home!
 Come home! Come home!

