In The Land Of Strangers
WELCOME, WADERER, WELCOME

1. In the land of strangers, Whither thou art gone, Hear a far voice
calling, "My son! my son!"
Welcome back to home! Thou hast wandered far away: Come home! come home!"

2. "From the land of hunger, Fainting, famished, lone, Come to love and
gladness, My son! my son!"
"Welcome! wanderer, welcome!"

3. "Leave the haunts of riot, Waist-ed, woe-be-gone, Sick at heart and
weary, My son! my son!"

4. "See the door still open! Thou art still my own; Eyes of love are
on thee, My son! my son!"

5. "Far off thou hast wandered; Wilt thou farther roam? Come, and all is
pardoned, My son! my son!"

Words: H. Bonar
Music: Ira D. Sankey

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