Mother Is Waiting The Wanderer's Return - song lyrics

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MOTHER IS WAITING THE WANDERER'S RETURN.
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Words by Webster C. Fulton. Music by Julian Jordan.

In a neat little cottage, half bid by June flowers,
Dwelt a maiden, the pride of each loving heart there;
Strewn with roses her pathway, all golden her hours.
Like a bright cloudless day, was her heart free from care.
But one day came the tempter, a spell he threw 'round her,
Her home, friends and all, she at length cost away,
'Till heart-broken and wretched, misfortune now found her.
Sadly wrecked seemed this young life, forever and aye.

Refrain.
Dearest and best is the wayward one straying,
Nightly for her doth the guiding light burn;
In the dear, dear old home, ever watching And praying;
A mother is waiting the wanderer's return.
Waiting, waiting, patiently waiting,
Waiting the wanderer's return.

Then one dark, dreary night, when asleep the great city,
This weary one wandered, grim death by her side;
With no one to cheer her, alas! none to pity,
And she thought to find rest in the swift flowing tide.
Then her footsteps grew slower, she saw as a vision,
The home of her childhood, her mother at prayer;
Like a flood came repentance, with hope came decision.
For she knew that forgiveness awaited her there.- Refrain.