

The Prodigal's Return

John Newton

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1.) Af - flic-tions, tho' they seem se- vere, In mer- cy oft are sent;
2.) "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun- ger, shame and fear?
3.) "I'll go and tell him all I've done; Fall down be - fore his face.
4.) His fath - er saw him com- ing back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,
5.) "O fath - er, I have sinned, for-give!" "E - nough," the fath - er said.
6.) 'Tis thus the Lord His love re- veals, To call poor sin - ners home;

starve in for - eign lands;

They stopped the pro - di - gal's ca- reer, And caused him to re - pent.
My fath - er's house a - bounds in bread, While I am starv - ing here!"
Un - wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a ser- vant's place."
And threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bel - lious child!
"Re- joice, my house, my son's a - live For whom I mourned as dead!"
More than a fath - er's love He feels And wel- comes all that come.

My fath - er's house has large sup- plies And boun- teous are his hands."

"I'll not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor

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