

TENNESSEE. C.M.D.

F Major. John Newton, 1779.

1. Af - flic - tions tho' they seem se - vere, Are oft in mer - cy sent;
They stop'd the pro - di - gal's ca - reer, And caus'd him to re - pent. Al - tho' he no re - lenting felt

2. What have I gain'd by sin said he, But hun - ger, shame, and fear,
My fa - ther's house a - bounds with bread, Whilst I am star - ving here. I'll go and tell him all I've done,

3. He saw his son re - tur - ning back, He look'd, he ran, he smile'd
And threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bel - lious child. Fa - ther, I've sin'd, but O for - give

4. Now let the fat - ted calf be slain, Go spread the news a - broad, 'Tis thus the Lord him - self re - veals,
My son was dead, but lives a - gain, Was lost, but now is found.

'Til he had spent his store; His stub - born heart be - gan to melt When fa - mine pinch'd him sore.

Fall down be - fore his face, Not wor - thy to be call'd his son, I'll seek a ser - vant's place.

And thus the fa - ther said; Re - jice my house, my son's a - live 'Ere whom I mourn'd as dead.

To call poor sin - ners home, More than the fa - ther's love he feels, And bids the sin - ner come.