

PRODIGAL. C.M.

E Minor. John Newton, 1779.

Davisson.

1. Af - flic - tions tho' they seem se - vere, Are oft in mer - cy sent;
They stopp'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 gained by sin, he said, 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. The fa - ther saw him co - ming back, He look'd, he ran, he smil'd,
And threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bel - lious child, Fa - ther, I've sin'd, but oh for-give;

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

'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 called his son, I'll seek a ser - vant's place.

E - nough, the fa - ther said; Re - joice, my house! My son's a - live, For whom I mourned as dead.
To call poor sin - ners home, More than the fa - ther's love he feels, And wel - comes all that come.