

The Prodigal Son



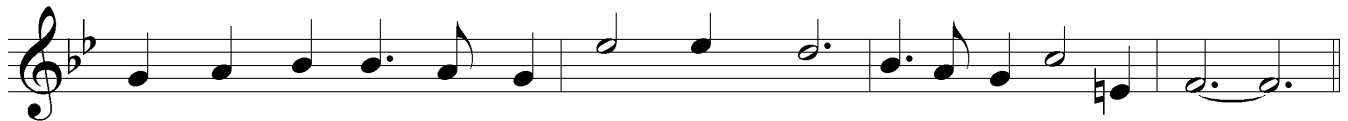
1. Out in the wil - der-ness wild and drear, Sad - ly I've wan-dered for man-y a year,
 2. Why should I per - ish in dark de-spair, Here where there's no one to help or care,
 3. Sweet are the mem-'ries that come to me, Fac - es of loved ones a - gain I see,
 4. O that I nev - er had gone a - stray! Life was all ra - dian-t with hope one day,



Driv - en by hun - ger and filled with fear, I will a-rise and go;
 When there is shel - ter and food to spare? I will a-rise and go;
 Vi - sions of home where I used to be,- I will a-rise and go;
 Now all its treas - ures I've thrown a - way, Yet I'll a-rise and go.



Back - ward with sor - row my steps to trace, Seek - ing my heav - en - ly Fa - ther's face,
 Deep - ly re - pent - ing the wrong I've done, Wor - thy no more to be called a son,
 Oth - ers have gone who had wan - dered, too, They were for - giv - en, were clothed a - new,
 Some - thing is say - ing, "God loves you still, Tho' you have treat - ed His love so ill,"

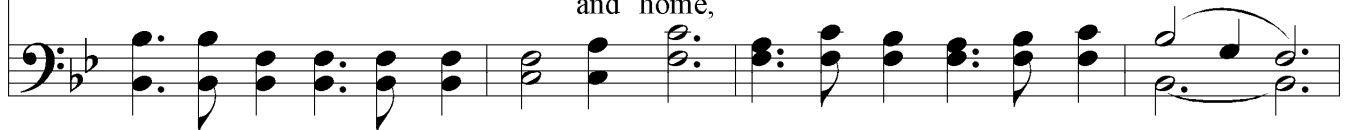


Will - ing to take but a ser - vant's place,- I will a - rise and go,-
 Hop - ing my Fa - ther His child may own, I will a - rise and go,-
 Why should I lin - ger with home in view? I will a - rise and go,-
 I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go,-

Chorus



Back to my Fa - ther and home, Back to my Fa - ther and home,
 and home,



I will a - rise and go Back to my Fa - ther and home.
 and go

