

THE PRODIGAL SON. C.M.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." -- Ps. 34:19.

A Major John Newton, 1779.

Arr. - E. J. King, 1844.

1. Af - flic-tions, tho' they seem se-vere, Are oft in mer - cy sent:
2. Al - though he no re - lent - ing felt Till he had spent his store,

They stopped the prodigal's ca-reer, And caused him to re - pent. Oh, I die with
His stubborn heart began to melt When famine pinched him sore.

3. What have I gained by sin, he said, But hun-ger, shame and fear?
4. I'll go and tell him what I've done, Fall down before his face;

My Father's house abounds with bread Whilst I am starving here. Oh, I die with
Not wor - thy to be called his son, I'll ask a ser-vant's place.

5. He saw his son re - tum-ing back, He looked, he ran, he smiled,

And threw his arms a-round the neck Of his re - bel-l'ous child.

hun-ger, here he cries, Oh! I die with hunger, here, he cries, And starve in a foreign land,

My Father's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

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