1. O soul in the far away country, A weary, and famished, and sad,
yet on the way; There’s rest in the home of thy Father,
worth thy may be; Assured of His tender compassion,

Come, Prodigal, Come
Words by Mabel C. Frost
Music by Ira D. Sankey

2. Arise! and come back to thy Father, He’ll meet thee while assured of His tender compassion,
oworthy may be; He offers thee full restoration,

Chorus
His welcome will make thy heart glad. Come, come, prodigal,
O why wilt thou longer delay. And pardon abundant and free.

3. Although thou hast sinned against heaven, And weak and un-
Come, And wander no longer afar from home; Come, come,
Come, Prodigal, Come

prod - i - gal, come, A wel - come a - waits in thy Fa - ther’s home.