The Prodigal Son

1. Out in the wild-ness wild and drear, Sadly 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-diant 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-u res 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,

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

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