

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—LUKE xv. 18.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea-ry at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the

dark, And so lone-ly and wild. O pro-di-gal child! Come
gate, While the shadows are piled. O pro-di-gal child! Come

home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!
home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home, come home.

CHORUS. *rit.*

Come home, come home!

3.

Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4.

Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!