

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.

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!