

The Prodigal Son

Thomas Obediah Chisholm, 1914

George Coles Stebbins

♩=137

1. Out in the wil - der - ness wild and drear,
2. Why should I per - ish in dark de - spair,
3. Sweet are the mem - ories that come to me,
4. O that I nev - er had gone a - stray!

Sad - ly I've wan - dered for many a year, Driv - en by hun - ger and
Here where there's no one to help or care, When there is shel - ter and
Fac - es of loved ones a - gain I see, Vi - sions of home where I
Life was all ra - diant with hope one day, Now all its trea - sures I've

filled with fear, I will a - rise and go; Back - ward with sor - row my
food to spare? I will a - rise and go; Deep - ly re - pent - ing the
used to be, I will a - rise and go; O - thers have gone who had
thrown a - way, Yet I'll a - rise and go; Some - thing is say - ing, "God

steps to trace, Seek - ing my heav - en - ly Fa - ther's face,
wrong I've done, Wor - thy no more to be called a son,
wan - dered, too, They were for - giv - en, were clothed a - new,
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.

Refrain

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

go Back to my Fa-ther and home.
 and go