

The Prodigal Son

Thomas Obediah Chisholm, 1914

George Coles Stebbins

♩ = 137

1. Out in the wil - der - ness wild and drear, Sad - ly I've wan - dered for many 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 - ories 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 - dian - t with hope one day,

Driv - en by hun - ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go; Back - ward with sor - row my
When there is shel - ter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go; Deep - ly re - pent - ing the
Vi - sions of home where I used to be, I will a - rise and go; O - thers have gone who had
Now all its trea - sures I've 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, Will - ing to take but a
wrong I've done, Wor - thy no more to be called a son, Hop - ing my Fa - ther His
wan - dered, too, They were for - giv - en, were clothed a - new, Why should I lin - ger with
loves you still, Tho' you have treat - ed His love so ill," I must not wait, for the

Refrain

ser - vant's place, I will a - rise and go.
child may own, I will a - rise and go. Back to my Fa - ther and home, Back to my Fa - ther and
home in view? I will a - rise and go. and home,
night grows chill, I will a - rise and go.

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