

# The Prodigal's Return

Mansfield

1. Af - flic - tions tho' they seem - se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent; They stopped the pro - di -  
I'll die no more for bread - he - cried, Nor starve in for - eign lands, My Fa - ther's house has  
2. What have I gained by sin, - he - said, But hun - ger, shame and fear? My fa - ther's house a -  
3. I'll go and tell him all - I've - done, Fall down be - fore his face, Un - worth - y to be  
4. His fa - ther saw him com - ing - back, He saw, and ran, and smiled, And threw his arms a -  
5. Fa - ther I've sinned, but O - for - give! E - nough! the fa - ther said: Re - joice, my house, my  
6. Now let the fat - ted calf - be - slain, And spread the news a - round; My son was dead, and  
7. 'Tis thus the Lord his love - re - veals, To call poor sin - ners home, More than a Fa - ther's

*D.C.*

*Fine*

- gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent. I'll die no more for bread,  
large sup - plies, And boun - teous are his hands.  
- bounds with bread, While I am starv - ing here. I'll die no more for bread,  
called his son, I'll seek a ser - vent's place,  
- round the neck Of his re - bell - ious child.  
son's a - live, For whom I mourned as dead,  
lives a - gain, Was lost, but now is found.  
love he feels And wel - comes all that come.