

Behold the Wretch Whose Lust and Wine

Isaac Watts, 1707.

English carol.

Behold the wretch whose lust and wine

Had wasted his estate,

He begs a share among the swine,

To taste the husks they eat!

"I die with hunger here," he cries,

I starve in foreign lands;

My father's house has large supplies,

And bounteous are his hands.

"I'll go, and with a mournful tongue

Fall down before his face

Father, I've done thy justice wrong,

Nor can deserve thy grace."

He said, and hastened to his home,

To seek his father's love;

The father saw the rebel come,

And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,

Embraced and kissed his son;

The rebel's heart with sorrow brake

For follies he had done.

"Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"

The father gives command,

Dress him in garments white and clean,

With rings adorn his hand.

"A day of feasting I ordain,

Let mirth and joy abound;

My son was dead, and lives again,

Was lost, and now is found."