

The Prodigal Child
Ellen Gates, before 1876.
Howard Doane.

Come home! come home!
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild.
O prodigal child!
Come home! oh come home!

Refrain

Come home!
Come, oh come home!

Come home! come home!
For we watch and we wait,
And we stand at the gate,
While the shadows are piled.
O prodigal child!
Come home! oh come home!

Refrain

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!

Refrain

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!

Refrain