

Behold the Wretch Whose Lust and Wine  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.  
Music: 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 fathers house has large supplies,  
And bounteous are his hands.

Ill go, and with a mournful tongue  
Fall down before his face  
Father, Ive done thy justice wrong,  
Nor can deserve thy grace.

He said, and hastened to his home,  
To seek his fathers 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 rebels 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.