

The Prodigal Son - song lyrics

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THE PRODIGAL SON.

Words by Nella, Music by Henry Parker.

Weary and foot-sore, sad and faint,
By grief and sin opprest;
Father, unworthy as I am,
To thee I turn for rest.

Wide open stand the palace gates
To welcome rich and poor,
But one looks on from far, and fears
To seek the friendly door.
Not long he waits, a father's love
Can pierce that sad disguise,
Not long he fears, nor change, nor time,
Deceives a father's eyes.
With songs of joy the halls resound,
The erring son, long lost, is found,
With songs of joy the halls resound,
The erring son, long lost, is found.

In welcome now the servants bend,
Another son draws near;
"What mean these sounds of festive mirth?"
"My lord, thy brother's here!"

He turns away, his father pleads,
My son, my all is thine,
My son, my all is thine;
But this, our dead returns alive,
Our lost attain is mine,
For this in joy our songs resound,
Beg lad with me, our lost is found.
For tl his in joy our songs resound,
Be glad with me. our lost is found;
For this in joy our songs resound,
Be glad with me, our lost is found.