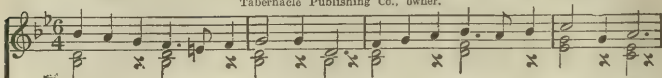


The Prodigal Son.

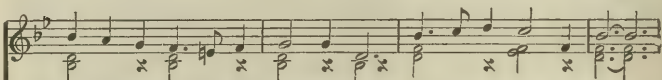
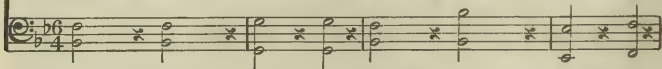
T. O. Chisholm.

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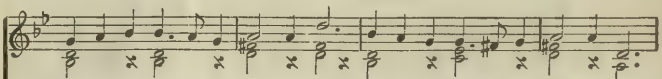
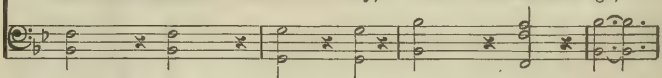
Geo. C. Stebbins.



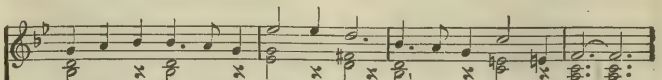
1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sad-ly I've wandered for many a year,
2. Why should I perish in dark de-spair, Here where there's no one to help or care,
3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Fac-es of loved ones a - gain I see,
4. O that I nev - er had gone a-stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day,



Driv-en by hun - ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;
 When there is shel-ter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;
 Vi - sions of home where I used to be,— I will a - rise and go;
 Now all its treasures I've thrown a - way, Yet I'll a - rise and go;



Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seek-ing my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's face,
 Deep-ly re-pent-ing the wrong I've done, Wor-thy no more to be called a son,
 Others have gone who had wandered, too, They were forgiven, were clothed a-new,
 Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill,"



Will-ing to take but a serv-ant's place,— I will a - rise and go,—
 Hop-ing my Fa - ther His child may own,— I will a - rise and go,—
 Why should I lin - ger, with home in view? I will a - rise and go,—
 I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go,—

