

A WORSHIP MINUTE

“The Prodigal Son” written by John Newton

Afflictions, though they seem severe
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal’s career,
And forced him to repent

Although he no relentings felt
Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.

“What have I gained by sin,” he said
“But hunger, shame and fear;
My father’s house abounds with bread
While I am starving here.”

“I’ll go and tell him all I’ve done,
And fall before his face
Unworthy to be called his son,
I’ll seek a servants place.”

His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran and smiled;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

“Father, I’ve sinned — but O forgive!”
“I’ve heard enough,” he said.
“Rejoice, my house, my son’s alive
For whom I mourned as dead!”

“Now let the fatted calf be slain
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again
Was lost, but now is found.”

‘Tis thus the Lord His love reveals
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father’s love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.