

## 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.