

# The Prodigal Son

John S. Stamp, "The Christian's  
Spiritual Song Book" (London, 1845)

"SWEET HOME," 11.11.11.11.5.11  
David Denham (1791-1848)

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1. My fa - ther he gave me a por - tion in hand, But  
2. A fa - mine en - su - ed for want of true bread, I  
3. Though na - ked I am, now my fa - ther I'll see, And  
4. As home - ward re - tur - ning all loa - ded with shame, And  
5. My fa - ther con - duc - ted and wel - comed me home, Had

6

1. short - ly I wan - dered to a for - eign land; With  
2. then cra - ved the husks on which the swine fed, In  
3. ask for re - cep - tion, a ser - vant I'll be; I've  
4. thus to re - lieve me my fa - ther he came; With  
5. mu - sic and dan - cing be - cause I was come; A

11

1. ri - o - tous li - ving I spent all my store, And no man re -  
2. deep - est dis - tress a thought sei - zed my mind, To go to my  
3. sinned a - gainst Hea - ven, my cause of dis - tress, I'll go to my  
4. lov - ing em - bra - ces he kiss - ed his son, And ne - ver up -  
5. ring on my fin - ger and shoes on my feet, A rich robe he

1. lieved me when I be - came poor. Home,  
 2. fa - ther, who was lov - ing and kind. Home,  
 3. fa - ther my sins to con - fess. Home,  
 4. braid - ed for what he had done. Home,  
 5. gave me be - cause it was meet. Home,

1. home, sweet, sweet home, I'd  
 2. home, sweet, sweet home, I'd  
 3. home, sweet, sweet home, I'd  
 4. home, sweet, sweet home, My  
 5. home, sweet, sweet home, My

1. no one to help me when far from my home.  
 2. no one to help me when far from my home.  
 3. no one to help me when far from my home.  
 4. fa - ther for - gave me for what I had done.  
 5. fa - ther for - gave me when I re - turned home.

6. My father with kindness his son he caressed,  
 The fat calf was kill-ed to welcome the guest;  
 With songs of rejoicing, how charming the sound,  
 The dead's now alive and the lost he is found.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 My father forgave me when I returned home.

7. This picture was given ourselves for to see,  
 And the loving Father, though sinners we be,  
 Rich mansions he has, now he bids us all come --  
 All sinners returning, he welcomes them home.  
 Home, home, sweet home,  
 All sinners returning, he welcomes them home.