

# Lost Prodigals

Experience of Christ — As the Shepherd

(Guitar)

1. A prod-i-gal, no need I sensed For God my folks had known;  
The world's al-lure en-ticed me thence; Its friend-ship close had  
grown. My emp-ti-ness re-lent-less still, I searched, but naught did  
find. Confused, I tried what-ev-er thrilled; It more my void de-fined.

Chord symbols: D, A, Bm, D, Em, D, G, A, A<sup>7</sup>, D, A, Bm, D, G, A<sup>7</sup>, D, D<sup>7</sup>, G, A, D, Bm, G, A, D, Bm, G, Em<sup>7</sup>, A<sup>7</sup>, G, D

2. God's vessels kind would not forget  
This poor soul, most decried.  
A God so real, through them I met;  
I could no more deny.

Alone, distressed, from peace apart,  
I for God's solace yearned;  
Their tender love warmed up my heart  
Until it Godward turned.

3. O precious faith! O sweetest love!  
O joy beyond compare!  
Life's every turn God's mercy proved,  
Unfailing, secret care.

Yet God would know my dreams remained;  
I craved what earthlings craved.  
By mercy I God's vision gained;  
His goal my path re-paved.

4. E'en if I take the wings of dawn,  
At ocean's limits dwell\*,  
God faithful, wise, will lead me on,  
His searchings keep me well.

My heart o'erflows with songs of praise;  
God's mercy is my crown.  
His love a wretched soul embraced,  
Transforms to glory-bound.

5. Go forth! Our Shepherd yearns that more  
Lost prodigals we'd find  
Into each wounded heart outpour  
Fresh, timely oil and wine!

Search out the weak, the wayward, lost;  
In meekness bring them home!  
Warm, tender love they need the most  
And God's acceptance shown.

6. The Lord is pleased to build His home  
In every contrite heart;  
The feeble in His hand become  
His warring counterpart.

Christ will all Satan's work efface  
Through wisdom full and grace;  
The church will e'er His foe disgrace  
To universal praise!

\* Psa. 139:9