

Lost Prodigals

Experience of Christ — As the Shepherd

(Guitar)

D A Bm D Em D G A A⁷
 1. A prod - i - gal, no need I sensed For God my folks had known;
 D A Bm D G A⁷
 The world's al - lure en - ticed me thence; Its friend-ship close had
 D D⁷ G A D Bm G A
 grown. My emp - ti - ness re - lent-less still, I searched, but naught did
 D Bm G F# Bm G Em⁷ A⁷ G D
 find. Confused, I tried what - ev - er thrilled; It more my void defined.

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