

# Lost Prodigals

Experience of Christ — As the Shepherd

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.

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