

Prodigal Child

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Music: Mindy Jostyn

First Church
of **Christ,**
Scientist
Edmonton

I am a weary wanderer, I've travelled far and wide,
In search of satisfactions I could not find inside.
But everywhere I travel, I'm searching in the rain,
And every city floods me with emptiness and pain.

I left my homeland long ago with pockets full of gold.
I squandered my inheritance, I slept out in the cold.
Till in my darkest hour, I cried out in despair.
Oh, lead me back to my childhood home,
Back to my father's care.

And if he will not have me, I'll go down on bended knee
And ask my generous father if a servant I could be.
Though once I was his cherished one
I fear that in my shame
I am no longer privileged to bear our family name.

My father sees me coming from far across the field.
He runs to hold me in his arms before I reach his hill.
I beg for his forgiveness, I don't deserve his grace.
He cries, "I've found you, child of mine"
As tears stream down his face.

I am a weary wanderer come home at last to stay.
My restless soul has found it's peace,
My heart has found it's way.
I failed to win the world, but I've gained a greater prize
To know I am a worthy child in my gentle father's eyes