

The Prodigal Son

CHK

Charles & Elaine Kirkpatrick

$\text{♩} = 112$

Like a pro-di-gal son I left home, far a-way pla-ces to
led by God's spi-rit a - bove back in - to His arms of

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roam. I wan-ted to be on my own. To be sure I reaped what I'd sown. I was a pro-di-gal son,
love. No long-er do I care to roam. Like the pro-di-gal son I came home.

10

pro - di-gal son, but my Fa - ther loved me in spite of what I'd done. I was a pro - di-gal son, a

14

pro - di-gal son and like the pro - di-gal son I came home. I was home.