**Afflictions though they seem severe**

**Afflictions, though they seem severe;
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.**

**"I'll not pine here for bread,
I'll not pine here for bread,"he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are His hands."**

**Although he no relentings felt
Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.**

**"I'll not pine here for bread,
I'll not pine here for bread,"he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are His hands."**

**"What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear;
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.**

**"I'll not pine here for bread,
I'll not pine here for bread,"he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are His hands."**

**I'll go, and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."**

**"I'll not pine here for bread,
I'll not pine here for bread,"he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are His hands."**

**His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.**

**"I'll not pine here for bread,
I'll not pine here for bread,"he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are His hands."**

**"Father, I've sinnedbut O forgive!"
I've heard enough, he said,
Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.**

**"I'll not pine here for bread,
I'll not pine here for bread,"he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are His hands."**

**Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.**

"I'll not pine here for bread,
I'll not pine here for bread,"he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are His hands."

'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

"I'll not pine here for bread,
I'll not pine here for bread,"he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are His hands."

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