Afflictions, Though They Seem Severe

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Af- flictions, though they seem severe; In

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
mercy oft are sent; They

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
stopped the prodi- gal's career, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
forced him to re- pent.

The other verses

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

3 "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.

4 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."

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

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

7 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.

8 '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.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.