

234. HURRY HOME, SON

(Luke 15:18-20 "I will arise and go to my father...")

Arranged by Philip A. Benyola

Words and Music by Arlene L. Buffington

Moderato

1. Our na - tion rag - es, our coun - try cries, Few seem to see our day or rec - og -
2. The dark' - ning skies say that some - thing brews, With warn - ing voic - es heard now on the
3. Oh, hur - ry home, son, the sky grows dark, Time soon is gone, my son, run to the

nize. But God is call - ing, "Come and be saved," The high - way home a - waits, the path - way
news. "Trou - ble," they say, son, is nigh at hand, God's judg - ments loom - ing now ac - cross the
ark. A - void the cha - sm, the deep a - byss, The pro - phets spoke a - bout a day like

Chorus

paved.
land.
this. So hur - ry home, son, oh hur - ry home, Run while you can, son, no long - er

roam. God calls His chil - dren where 'ere they be, So hur - ry home, son, to God and Me.