

LEFT COLUMN

5  
This calf I'll dress with greatest speed  
Because it may the hungry feed.

6  
Lo this many years I have served thee  
Yet thou never killed the kid that I might  
Make merry with my friends.

4  
The father fell upon his neck  
Embraced & kissed his son  
The rebel's heart with sorrow break  
For crimes that he had done.

CENTER

7  
A day of feasting I ordain, let joy & mirth  
Abound. My son was dead yet lives again  
Was lost & now is found.

8  
And now my young companions  
A warning take by me  
Leave off your rambling  
And shun bad company.

RIGHT COLUMN

1  
In spite of the father's entreaties  
The son became a prodigal and  
Departed to spend his portion in riotous living

2  
If money will buy pleasure  
Here is pleasure yet for me  
And freely will I part with it  
All for your company

3  
Then said the prodigal  
Although I lose the game  
I'll still play on for pleasure  
With me it's all the same.

Finch R493