

LEFT COLUMN

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

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

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

CENTER

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

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

RIGHT COLUMN

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

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

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