

THE PRODIGAL

Soprano or Tenor Solo with Piano

Words by
Toni Thomas

Music by
Diane Tuiofu

Legato ♩ = 70

5

a tempo
mp

Then the

rit. dim. p

9

Fa - ther let him go, and the son did not look back, still the Fa - ther watched while the

a tempo
mp

12

dust e - rased his tracks. Though spring then har - vest passed, and his

14

head grew gray with years, still he watched, and loved and feared, wait - ing

17

for his son to come home.

cresc. *dim.*

21

a tempo mp

Where the road turns last toward home, there the son saw his first glimpse of his

rit. dim. p *a tempo mp*

24

fa - ther's house in the dis - tance. How could he now re - turn clothed in

27

shame with emp - ty hands? to face his fa - ther's wrath? How could

30

mf

he ev - er go home? A - far off, the fa - ther

mf

33

saw him, ran to clasp him in his arms. He wept a -

36

loud and kissed him, my son who was lost is

39 *cresc.*
 found! Bring a robe and a ring for his hand and we will

42 *f* *dim.*
 dance, for my son is home a - gain!"

45 *a tempo*
mf
 I have

49 *a tempo*
mf
 wan - dered man - y roads; with wast - ed time and pro - mise spent. Though my

51 *cresc.*
heart cries, I am not wor - thy. Still a Fa - ther's love waits by an

54 *mf*
o - pen road that will lead me — home a - gain. A -

57 *mf*
far off, the Fa - ther watch - es, waits to clasp me in His

60 *cresc.*
arms; He'll shout a - loud and kiss me: "My

cresc.

63 *dim.*

child who was lost is found! Bring a robe and a ring for this

dim.

66 *cresc.* *f*

hand and we will dance, my child is home

cresc. *f*

69 *rit. dim.* *mf*

a - gain!" A -

rit. dim.

72 *mf*

far off the Fa - ther watch - es, waits to clasp us

75

in His arms.

mp

79

Slow to end

dim. *mp* *dim.* *p* *dim.* *pp*