

THE PRODIGAL

Tenor or Soprano Solo with Piano, Cello, and Oboe

Words by
Toni Thomas

Music by
Diane Tuiofu

mp Legato $\text{♩} = 70$

mp

a tempo mp

rit. dim. p

rit. dim. p

a tempo mp

5

9

12

Then the

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

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

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the piece 'The Prodigal'. It features three main parts: Cello, Piano, and a vocal line (Tenor or Soprano Solo). The score is in 4/4 time and begins with a tempo of *mp Legato* and a quarter note equal to 70 beats per minute. The Cello part starts with a melodic line, while the Piano provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The vocal line enters at measure 5 with the lyrics 'Then the'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mp*, *p*, and *rit. dim.*. Measure numbers 5, 9, and 12 are indicated at the start of their respective systems. The lyrics are: 'Then the fa - ther let him go, and the son did not look back, still the fa - ther watched while the 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.

Oboe *p* *cresc.* *dim.*

21

a tempo

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

mp

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

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

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

found! Bring a robe and a ring for this hand and we will

cresc.

mf

cresc.

cresc.

42 *f* *dim.*

dance, for my son is home a - gain!"

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

45 *a tempo*
mf

I have

mf *rit. dim.* *mp*

mf *rit. dim.* *mp*

49

wan - dered man - y roads; wast - ed time and pro - mise spent. Though my

mp

a tempo
mf

51

heart cries, I am not wor - thy, still a Fa - ther's love waits by an

cresc. *mf*

cresc.

54

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

mf

57

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

mp *mf* *mf*

7

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

63 *dim.*
 child who was lost is found! *dim.* Bring a robe and a ring for this

66 *cresc.* *f*
 hand and we will dance, *cresc.* *f* my — child is home

69 *rit. dim.* *mf*
a - gain!" A -

72
far off the Fa - ther watch - es, waits to clasp us

75 *cresc.* *dim.*
in His arms. *mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

Slow to end

Musical score for measures 79-82. The score is written for voice and piano. The tempo is marked *Slow to end*. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score consists of four measures. The vocal line (top two staves) begins with a rest in measure 79. In measure 80, the vocal line has a melodic phrase starting on G4, moving up to D5, with dynamics *mp* and *dim.*. In measure 81, the vocal line has a long note on D5, with dynamics *p* and a slur over the note. The piano accompaniment (bottom two staves) starts in measure 79 with a chord of G4, Bb4, and D5, with dynamics *dim.*. In measure 80, the piano accompaniment has a melodic line starting on G4, moving up to D5, with dynamics *mp* and *dim.*. In measure 81, the piano accompaniment has a long note on D5, with dynamics *p* and a slur over the note. In measure 82, the piano accompaniment has a chord of G4, Bb4, and D5, with dynamics *pp*.

THE PRODIGAL

Cello

Words by
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Music by
Diane Tuiofu

1 *mp Legato* ♩ = 70

4

7 *rit. dim.* *p*

Then the fa - ther let him go, and the

10

son did not look back, still the fa - ther watched while the dust e-rased his tracks. Though

13

spring then har - vest passed and his head grew gray with years, still he

15

watched and loved and feared, wait - ing for his son to come

18

home.

21 *a tempo*
mp

Where the road turns last toward home, there the

23

son saw his first glimpse of his fa - ther's house in the

25

dis - tance. How could he now re - turn clothed in shame, with emp - ty hands to

28

face his fa - ther's wrath? How could he ev - er go

31

home? A - far off, the fa - ther saw him, ran to

34

clasp him in his arms; he wept a - loud and

37

kissed him: "My son who was lost is found! Bring a

40

robe and a ring for this hand and we will dance, for my

43

son is home a - gain!"

46

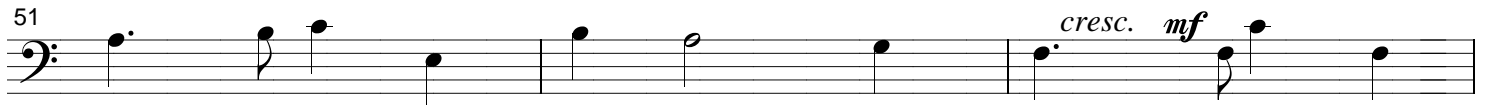
I have

49

wan - dered man - y roads; wast - ed time and pro - mise spent. Though my

3

51



heart cries, I am not wor - thy, still a Fa - ther's love waits by an

54



o - pen road that will lead me home a - gain. A -

57



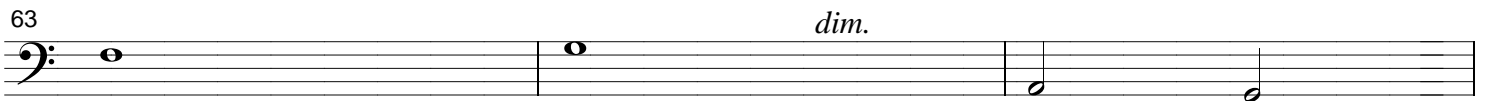
far off, the Fa - ther watch - es, waits to clasp me in His

60



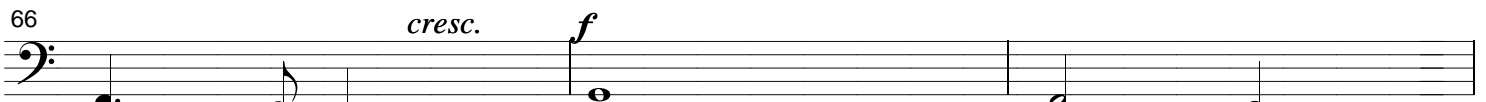
arms; He'll shout a - loud and kiss me: "My

63



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

66



hand and we will dance, my child is home

69



a - gain!" A -

72



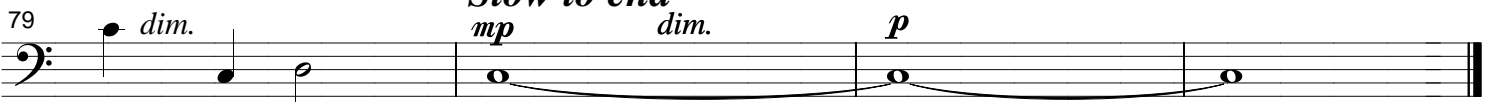
far off the Fa - ther watch - es, waits to clasp us in His

76



arms.

79



THE PRODIGAL

Oboe

Words by
Toni Thomas

Music by
Diane Tuiofu

1 *Legato* ♩ = 70 2-3 2 4

5-7 3 8 9

Then the fa - ther let him go, and the

10 11 12

son did not look back, still the fa - ther watched while the dust e - rased his tracks. Though

13 14

spring then har - vest passed and his head grew gray with years, still he

15 16 17

watched and loved and feared, wait - ing for his son to come

Oboe 18 *p* 19 *cresc.* 20 *dim.*

home.

21 22 23

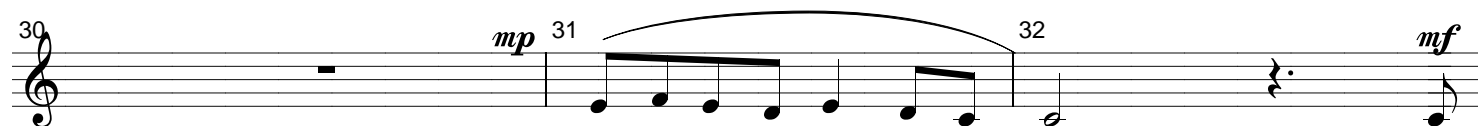
Where the road turns last toward home, there the son saw his first glimpse of his

24 25 26

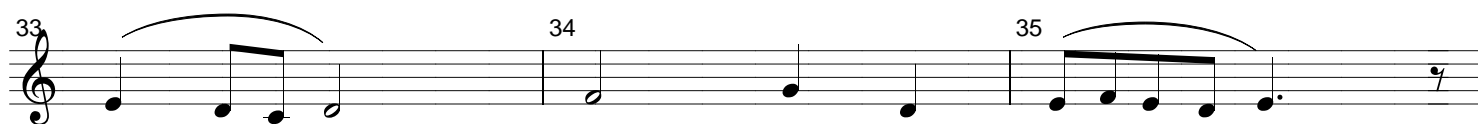
fa - ther's house in the dis - tance. How could he now re - turn clothed in

27 28 29

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



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



saw him, ran to clasp him in his arms; he wept a -



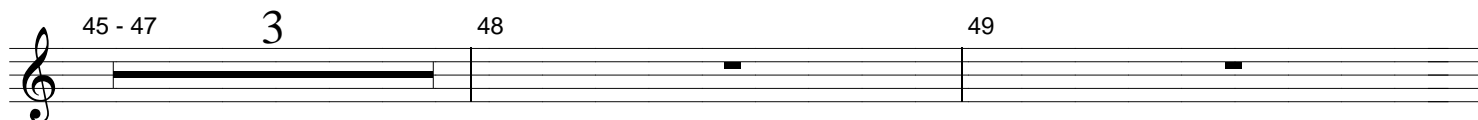
loud and kissed him: "My son who was lost is



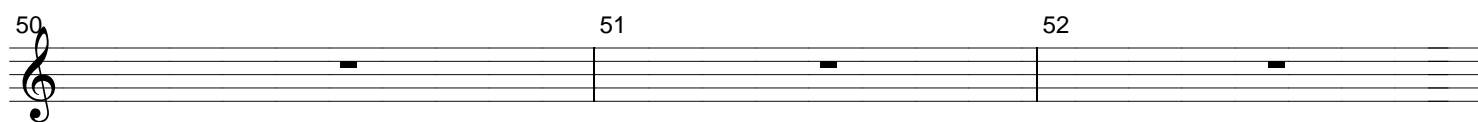
found! Bring a robe and a ring for this hand and we will



dance, for my son is home a - gain!"



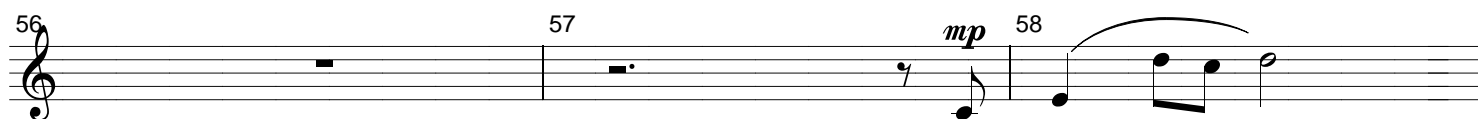
I have wan - dered man - y roads; wast - ed



time and pro - mise spent. Though my heart cries, I am not wor - thy, still a



Fa - ther's love waits by an o - pen road that will lead me home a -



gain. A - far off, the Fa - ther watch - es, waits to

59 60 61 *mf* *cresc.*
 clasp me in His arms; He'll shout a - loud and

62 63 64 *dim.*
 kiss me: "My child who was lost is found! Bring a

65 66 *cresc.* *f* 67
 robe and a ring for this hand and we will dance, my

68 69 70 *rit. dim.*
 child is home a - gain!"

71 72 73
 A - far off the Fa - ther watch - es,

74 75 76
 waits to clasp us in His arms.

77 78 79

Slow to end

80 *mp* *dim.* *p* 82