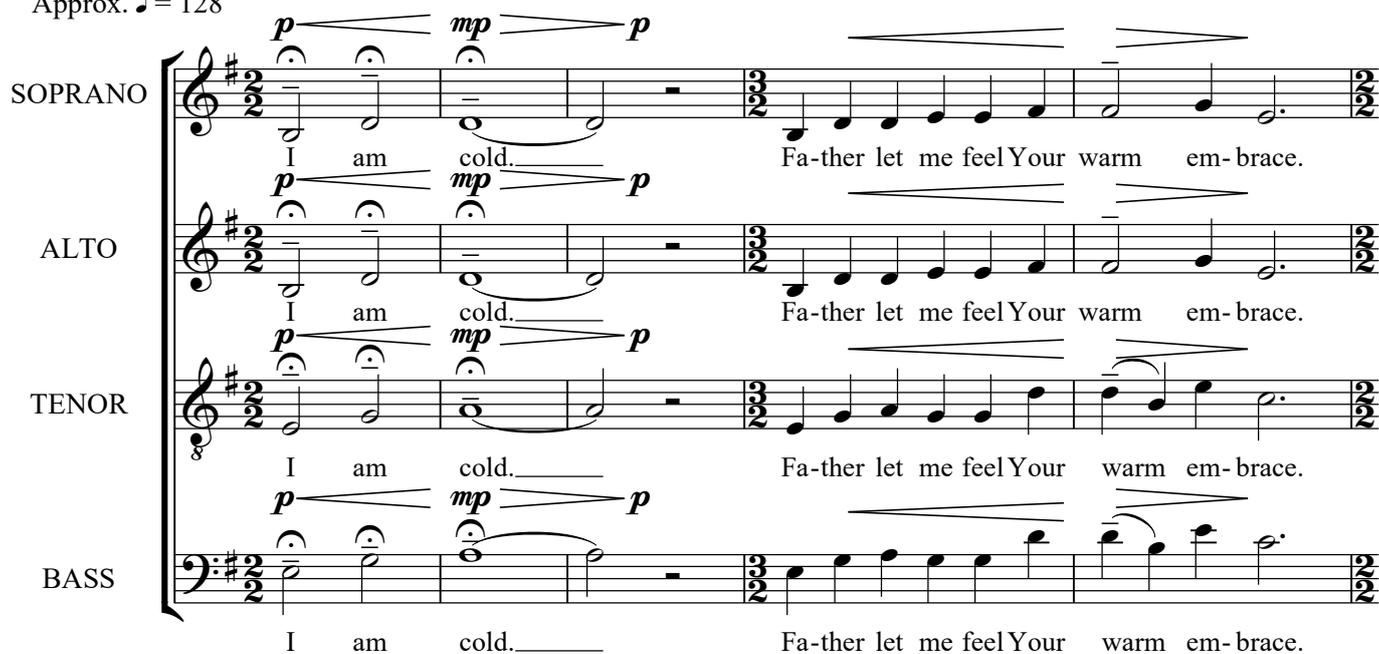


# Prodigal Son

Words and Music by  
Frances Matthews

Fluid speed, story-telling  
Approx. ♩ = 128

SOPRANO  
ALTO  
TENOR  
BASS



I am cold. Fa-ther let me feel Your warm em-brace.

S.  
A.  
T.  
B.



I am lost, let me come near. Far, help me re - turn. I

S.  
A.  
T.  
B.



hear Your voice: "Come home, come home, come home to Your

PRODIGAL SON - FRANCES MATTHEWS

2

17

S. Dad - dy who loves you so, who loves you so." "How can I

A. Dad - dy who loves you so, who loves you so." "How can I

T. Dad - dy who loves you so, who loves you so." "How can I

B. Dad - dy who loves you so, who loves you so." "How can I

22

S. find you?" "How can I fol - low?"

A. find you?" "I will lead you." "How can I fol - low?"

T. find you?" "How can I fol - low?"

B. find you?" "How can I fol - low?"

*mf* *pp* *mp* *mp* *mp* *mp* *mp* *mp*

*mf* *pp* *mp* warm, tender

27

S. "I will hold you in my arms."

A. "I will hold you in my arms."

T. "I will hold you in my arms."

B. "I will hold you in my arms."

*p* warm, gentle

*p* warm, gentle

*p* warm, gentle

*p* warm, gentle

*rit.*