

The Younger Son

a dramatization from Jesus' parable in Luke 15:11-32
for baritone voice, guitar, bass, piano, and percussion

Constance Morgenstern

with motion (♩ = c. 84) Strumming

E7 D Am7 D D Em7 Bm Esus4

Things had been build-ing, and one day, they blew. —

9 D Em7 Gmaj7/B A D Em7 D Esus4

I said to Fa-ther, "I want what I'm due." So it sounds bet-ter, I tack on a thought:

17 D Dsus4 Em D E7 D A

"Men make de - ci-sions. Is-n't that what you want?" So he breaks up his hold-ings, and I make mine

24 G D Dsus4 A7 D Bm7 D A7 Bm7 D Dsus4 Quieter strumming

cash— then take it to go start my own life at last. Now — coins in your bag make a

33 D Esus4 D Dsus4 Gmaj7/B A D Dsus4

mu-sic that's strong. The coun-try was diff-'rent, but new friends were drawn. Laugh-ing, at - trac-tive folk

41 D Esus4 D Dsus4 G D E7 D

gath-ered all right. Our feasts and wine ran long through the nights.... We toast-ed each o - ther, the

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49 A G D Em7 A7 D G D G

inn, and that land, — far and free — from my old man. He's fun-ny, my fa-ther.

58 D A7 D A7 D Dsus4 Am7 C D A7sus4 Am7 D

My friends would a-gree he's so far off, — I shrink as I think how he comes a - cross.

67 D A7sus4 Am7 Bbmaj7 Dm Am Bb Gm7 Am Dm

Darker guitar, more irregular

Then things got tight-er. My friend-ships felt dead when I had to

76 Am Dm C Dm Am Dm Bb

ask for a flop or some bread. "Em - ploy - ment with live-stock" I heard of one day, and

83 Dm Bb Gm6 Dm E7 D Em

I quick-ly took it, though out-side our ways. But yes, it did of - fer me fin - 'ly one

90 G D Em7 G D Bm A G

laugh: Feed-ing those pigs, I said, "Don't squeal to Dad." He's fun-ny, my

98 D G D A7 D A7 D Dsus4 Am7 C D

fa-ther. Most folk would de-clare him so far off, I won-dered how,

106 A7sus4 Am7 D Quieter single strums Dm Am Bb

there, he'd have come a - cross. Lean times got lean-er as ev-'ry month

114 Gm7 Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am

passed. My life and mon-ey bag both re - mained flat. Last week, I trad-ed that

121 Gm7 Bb Dm Am Gm6 Dm E7

bag for some food. My comp-an - y, pigs now, I call to them, "Soo! "Hey, pig-gies! Come,

128 Dm Am Gm Dm Am Gm Dm

get ___ it! This slop looks fine," and, may-be, I mean it. No hu-mor. No line.

135 E7 Dm Am Bb Dm

Then I say how ser - vants at Fa-ther's had food; how e - ven a

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143 Am Dm C Dm *Guitar very quiet* Am Dm Gm Dm

ser-vant was al-ways seen to. If I went to Fa-ther, con-fessed what I'd done, asked in as a

151 Am Gm7 Dm Dm Bb Am Dm

hired man— no way, a son.... So, I've stum-bled home-ward, and this far, I've come.

162 *Single strums, slightly louder* D Dsus4 Dm Gm Dm Dsus4

There! It's our home-stead, but will my feet work? Now Fa-ther comes run-ning! It's

172 Dm Am D Dsus4 Dm Gm D

wrong! It's re-versed. He holds me tight-ly, and weak is my speech. But Fa-ther shouts,

179 *Louder and more lively* Dsus4 A D G D G D A7 D A7 D A7

"Bring the best robe! Start a feast!" It's true, he's a-stound-ing-ly

188 Am7 C D A7sus4 *rit.* Am7 D D

so far off, _____ It floors me, still now, how he comes a - cross. _____