

Four Sons

To the tune of "Four Brothers"

Music by Jimmy Giuffre

Lyrics by Les Deutsch

The musical score is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of 28 measures of music, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at the beginning of each measure or group of measures. The lyrics tell a story about a father and his four sons, with the father explaining their past and the future.

I'll tell you 'bout a fath - er and his le - gen - dar - y child - ren as he
 wick - ed son said wick - ed - ly, "What does this mean to you, be - cause it

led them in their fam' - ly sei - der. This fath - er had no daugh - ters but its
 clear - ly means no - thing to me, Dad. The fath - er ans - wered cross - ly, "Had you

not so bad, He had four sons and that was e - nough. The
 been a slave then, Then you would be a slave still to - day." The

first son was the wise one and the se - cond one was wick - ed, while the third one was sim - ple, the
 sim - ple son asked sim - ply for his fath - er to ex - plain to him what is this whole thing all a -

dumb one. His sole re - main - ing son was still too young and small, To
 bout, Dad. The fath - er ans - wered sim - ply that we once were slaves. God

un - der - stand this stuff was too tough. The wise son asked his fath - er if he
 freed us and that's just what we say. And then the young - est son looked like he

please could ex - plain, The sei - der and its cus - toms and laws? The
 want - ed to speak, He could - n't for he still was too young. His

fath - er glad - ly ans - wered him for he was show - ing int' - rest in the Sei - der, and said with - out
 fath - er told the sto - ry of our ex - o - dus from E - gypt while his son sat and list - ened a -

pause. That ev' - ry - one in ev' - ry age should al - ways be be - hav - ing as though
 long. And now you've heard my sto - ry 'bout a fath - er and his child - ren who con -

God freed them each for their own sake. 'Casue on - ly by par - ti - ci - pa - ting
 sis - ted as I just have told you, Of not a sing - le so - li - tar - y

30 Cm7 F7 Bbm7 Eb7 Ab6 Bbm7

we'll stay free, And be al- lowed to still sing this song. Four sons

daught- er, no, But lots of sons as told in this song.

34 Eb7 Ab F7 Bbm7 F7 Bbm7 B°

Four sons Four sons That's all there were,

40 Ab Bbm7 Eb7 Ab F7 Bbm7 F7

just four. Four sons Four sons Four sons We're

47 Bbm7 B° Ab C#m7 F#7 BMaj7

sure glad there weren't more. We eat the mat-za, drink the wine, spread the cha-

51 Em7 A7 DMaj7 Dm7 G7 CMaj7 C#°

ro-set, wash our hands, o - pen the door. An-swer the questions, sing the Hal-el, slouch a -

55 Dm7 G7 F7 Bbm7 Eb7 Ab

gainst our chairs, and par - take of ma-ror, Four sons Four sons

60 F7 Bbm7 F7 Bbm7 B° Ab

Four sons And now we tell some more. The

65 Bbm7 B° Ab DbMaj7 3

now we say once more. First there was the wise son whom the

68 Gb7 3

fath-er treat-ed smart-ly, Then there was the wick - ed son who still would be in slave'-ry,

71 Ab 3 Cb7 3

And there was the sim-ple son who bare-ly un-der-stood it, And last-ly the young-est one who

74 Bbm7/Eb Bb/Ab

list-ended so in-tent-ly, And so you've heard the sto-ry of the fath-er and a-bout his four sons!