

ANGELA DAVIS  
**BLUES ET FÉMINISME NOIR**

*Annexe numérique*  
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*Paroles des chansons enregistrées par*

**GERTRUDE « MA » RAINEY**

ARMY CAMP HARMONY BLUES

(Hooks Tilford et Gertrude Rainey)

My man is leavin', cryin' won't make him stay  
Lord, my man is leavin', cryin' won't make him stay  
If cryin'd do any good, I'd cry my poor self away

If I had wings, I'd fly all over this land  
If I had wings, I'd fly all over this land  
When I stop flyin', I'm right there over my man.

## BAD LUCK BLUES

(Lovie Austin)

Hey, people, listen while I spread my news  
Hey, people, listen while I spread my news  
I want to tell you people all about my bad luck blues

Did you ever wake up, just at the break of day  
Did you ever break up, just at the wake of day  
With your arms around the pillow where your daddy used to lay?

Lord, look where the sun done gone  
Lord, Lord, look where the sun done gone  
Hey, Lord, there's something going on wrong

What's the use of living, you can't get the man you love  
What's the use of living, you can't get the man you love  
You might as well to die, give your soul to the Maker above.

## BARREL HOUSE BLUES

(Lovie Austin)

Got the barrel house blues, feelin' awf'ly dry  
Got the barrel house blues, feelin' awf'ly dry  
I can't drink moonshine, 'cause I'm 'fraid I'd die

Papa likes his sherry, mama likes her port  
Papa likes his sherry, mama likes her port  
Papa likes to shimmy, mama likes to sport

Papa likes his bourbon, mama likes her gin  
Papa likes his bourbon, mama likes her gin  
Papa likes his outside women, mama like her outside men.

## BESSEMER BOUND BLUES

(Everett Murphy)

Woke up this morning looking for my diamond jewels  
I woke up this morning looking for my diamond jewels  
'Cause mama's goin' home singin' those Bessemer blues

Papa, sugar papa, how come you do me like you do?  
Papa, sugar papa, how come you do me like you do?  
I've done everything you asked me, tryin' to get along with you

I wade in the water, walk through the ice and snow  
I wade in the water, I walk through the ice and snow  
But from now on, papa, I won't be your dog no more

State Street's all right and lights shine nice and bright  
State Street's all right and lights shine nice and bright  
But I'd rather be in Bessemer reading by a candle light.

BIG BOY BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Oh, run here, daddy, tell me what's on your mind

Oh, run here, daddy, tell me what's on your mind

Oh, keeps me worried, grieving all the time

There's two things I can't understand

There's two things I can't understand

Why these married women crazy 'bout the back door man

*[Parlé]* Lord, toot it, big boy, toot it

Lord, that's my back door man

*[Chanté]* I'm goin' up on the mountain, goin' by the railroad tracks

Lord, going up on the mountain, going by the railroad tracks

I lost my daddy and I can't turn back

I got a letter this morning, it didn't read just right

I got a letter this morning, it didn't read just right

That means I'm leaving to walk the streets all night.

BIG FEELING BLUES  
(Selma Davis et Gertrude Rainey)

*[Parlé]* All these many years I been pleadin' for a man  
How come I can't get me a real monkey man?  
I'm not no triffin' woman

*[Chanté]* I've been looking for a man I can call my own  
Been married many times, but they left my home  
Ah, big feeling blues, worst I ever had  
I've got the big feeling blues, I mean I've got 'em bad

*Charlie Jackson:* If you looking for a brown, come get this chocolate queen  
I'm a big kid man, just out of my teens

*Rainey:* Ah, big feeling blues, worst I've ever had  
I've got the big feeling blues, I mean I've got 'em bad  
Unlucky with my yellow, unlucky with my brown  
The blacks they just keep on throwing me down  
Ah, big feeling blues, worst I've ever had  
I've got the big feeling blues, I mean I've got 'em bad

*Jackson:* If you need a good man, why don't you try me?  
I sho can put you out of your misery

*Rainey:* Ah, big feeling blues, worst I've ever had  
I've got the big feeling blues, I mean I've got 'em bad  
There's a whole lot left, what's left is good  
Gimme a chance, honey, I'll make you change your neighborhood  
Ah, big feeling blues, worst I've ever had  
I've got the big feeling blues, I mean I've got 'em bad.

## BLACK CAT HOOT OWL BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey)

Black cat on my doorstep, black cat on my windowsill  
Black cat on my doorstep, black cat on my windowsill  
If one black cat don't cross me, another black cat will

It's bad luck if I'm jolly, bad luck if I cry  
It's bad luck if I'm jolly, bad luck if I cry  
It's bad luck if I stay here, it's still more bad luck if I die

Last night a hootin' owl come and sit right over my door  
Last night a hootin' owl come and sit right over my door  
A feeling seemed to tell me I'd never see my man no more

I feel my left side a-jumping, my heart a-bumping, I'm minding my p's and q's  
I feel my brain a-thumping, I've got no time to lose  
Mama's superstitious, trying to overcome those blues.

BLACK DUST BLUES  
(Selma Davis et Gertrude Rainey)

It was way last year when my trouble began  
It was way last year when my trouble began  
I had a fuss with a woman, she said I took her man

She sent me a letter, says she's gonna turn me down  
She sent me a letter, says she's gonna turn me down  
She's gonna fix me up so I won't chase her man around

I begin to feel bad, worse than I ever before  
I began to feel bad, worse than I ever before  
Started out one morning, found black dust all 'round my door

I began to get thin, had trouble with my feet  
I began to get thin, had trouble with my feet  
Throwing stuff out my mouth whenever I tried to eat

Black dust in my window, black dust on my doormat  
Black dust in my window, black dust on my doormat  
Black dust got me walking on all fours like a cat.

## BLACK EYE BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey)

Down in Hogan's Alley lived Miss Nancy Ann  
Always fussin', squabbling with her man  
Then I heard Miss Nancy say  
"Why do you treat your gal that way?"

I went down the alley, other night  
Nancy and her man had just had a fight  
He beat Miss Nancy 'cross the head  
When she rose to her feet, she said

"You low down alligator, just watch me  
Sooner or later gonna catch you with your britches down  
You 'buse me and you cheat me, you dog around and beat me  
Still I'm gonna hang around

"Take all my money, blacken both of my eyes  
Give it to another woman, come home and tell me lies  
You low down alligator, just watch me  
Sooner or later gonna catch you with your britches down  
I mean, gonna catch you with your britches down."

BLAME IT ON THE BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey)

I'm so sad and worried, got no time to spread the news  
I'm so sad and worried, got no time to spread the news  
Won't blame it on my trouble, can't blame it on the blues

Lord, Lord, Lord, Lordy Lord  
Lord, Lord, Lordy Lordy Lord  
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord

*[Parlé]* Lord, who'm I gonna blame it on, then?

I can't blame my daddy, he treats me nice and kind  
I can't blame my daddy, he treats me nice and kind  
Shall I blame it on my nephew, blame it on that trouble of mine?

This house is like a graveyard, when I'm left here by myself  
This house is like a graveyard, when I'm left here by myself  
Shall I blame it on my lover, blame it on somebody else?

Can't blame my mother, can't blame my dad  
Can't blame my brother for the trouble I've had  
Can't blame my lover that held my hand  
Can't blame my husband, can't blame my man  
Can't blame nobody, guess I'll have to blame it on the blues.

BLUES, OH BLUES  
(Gertrude Rainey)

*[Parlé]* Now it's the blues, boys, play 'em whilst I sing 'em

*[Chanté]* Oh blues, oh blues, oh blues  
Oh blues, oh blues, blues, oh blues  
I'm so blue, so blue, I don't know what to do  
Oh blues, oh blues, oh blues

I'm going away, I'm going to stay  
I'm going away, I'm going to stay  
I'm going away, oh, mama's going to stay  
I'm going to find the man I love some sweet day

*[Parlé]* Lord, b'lieve it, I've changed my mind

*[Chanté]* Oh blues, oh blues, oh blues  
Oh blues, oh blues, blues, oh blues  
I'm so blue, so blue, oh, mama don't know what to do  
Oh blues, I'm blue, oh blues.

BLUES THE WORLD FORGOT, PART I  
(Compositeur inconnu)

[Parlé]

*Rainey:* Lord, Lord, Lord, I got the blues this mornin' and don't care who know it. I want all you boys to lock your doors, and don't let nobody in but the police.

*Unknown man:* Look here, Ma.

*Rainey:* What is it?

*Man:* What's the matter with you?

*Rainey:* I got the blues.

*Man:* What kinda blues?

*Rainey:* The blues that the world forgot.

*Man:* Woman, I believe you is drunk.

*Rainey:* Drunk? Don't gimme no hambone! Mm, mm, mm, mm. Lord have mercy! The way I feel this morning, I don't mind going to jail!

*Man:* Ma, don't talk so loud! Don't you see the sergeant standing out there on the corner?

*Rainey:* Tell the sergeant I said come on in, and bring all the corn mash he have with him! Lord have mercy!

Now, that does it!

*Man:* Look it here, Ma.

*Rainey:* What is it?

*Man:* They done turn all them black cats loose there in that alley.

*Rainey:* Turn all the cats loose? What do I care if they turn them cats loose? Let them bring all the drunken cats! Where is the bootlegger? Tell him I'm going to drink all the whiskey he made this week! I feel like going to jail!

*Man:* Uh-oh!

*Rainey:* What is it?

*Man:* Uh-oh!

*Rainey:* What's the matter?

*Man:* Old Tack Annie's done cut her old man's head again.

*Rainey:* Cut her old man's head? Tell Tack Annie t'come on down here! I ain't scared of her! Bring all the Tack Annies! The way I feel this morning, I'll tackle any Tack Annie! I wouldn't mind seein' Tack Annie!

*Man:* Well, it won't be long now.

*Rainey:* I know'd it, I know'd it, I know'd it; we'll all land up in jail. I'm going to tell the judge I don't know a thing about it!

*Man:* Well, it wasn't me!

BLUES THE WORLD FORGOT, PART II  
(Compositeur inconnu)

*[Parlé]*

*Rainey:* I told that judge I didn't know a thing about it.  
*Unknown man:* Yeah, but you're doin' time right here with me, sister. Huh!  
*Rainey:* All right, but I'm doin' my time for nothin'.  
*Man:* Yeah, I heard that before.  
*Rainey:* Everybody said I wasn't a little old drunk.  
*Man:* No, you don't get drunk.  
*Rainey:* How I feel this week, brother, I'm gonna tell you right now.  
*Man:* Until Thursday. You go to jail every Friday mornin'.  
*Rainey:* That's all right.  
*Man:* Biggest whiskey head in town.

*[Rainey chante, l'homme parle]*

*Rainey:* Everybody cryin' mercy, tell me what mercy means.  
*Man:* Now, ain't that one evil woman?  
*Rainey:* Everybody cryin' mercy, tell me what mercy means.  
*Man:* Mm, mm, mm, mm!  
*Rainey:* If it means feelin' good, Lord, have mercy on me.  
*Man:* Aw, that's what I thought.  
*Rainey:* When your man start to quit you, you know there's somethin' goin' on wrong.  
*Man:* That's it? That's it! Got one of them things in the bag.  
*Rainey:* When your man start to quit you, somethin' goin' on wrong.  
*Man:* Ought to take that graveyard dust out your pocket!  
*Rainey:* Lay down in your bed, can't sleep all night long.

*[Ils parlent tous les deux]*

*Rainey:* Well, I'm drunk all right now, but I know just what I'm doin'!  
*Man:* Yeah, yeah, woman, yeah! Stop shaking that mess in here!  
*Rainey:* Yeah, well, look like the time ain't gonna be long now!  
*Man:* You goin' back to jail again if you don't stop shakin' that thing here. Don't allow that in here!  
*Rainey:* Can anybody come help poor little bitty old me? Lord, Lord.  
*Man:* 'Round here carryin' a groundhog in your pocket.  
*Rainey:* Oh, how I feel this evening!  
*Man:* Aw! Somebody come here! Ma! Have you... have you completely lost your head?  
*Rainey:* I'm drunk!

## BOOZE AND BLUES

(T. Guy Suddoth)

Went to bed last night and, folks, I was in my tea  
I went to bed last night and I was in my tea  
Woke up this morning, the police was shaking me

I went to the jail house, drunk and blue as I could be  
I went to the jail house, drunk and blue as I could be  
But the cruel old judge sent my man away from me

They carried me to the courthouse, Lordy, how I was cryin'  
They carried me to the courthouse, Lordy, how I was cryin'  
They give me sixty days in the jail and money couldn't pay my fine

Sixty days ain't long when you can spend them as you choose  
Sixty days ain't long when you can spend them as you choose  
But they seem like years in a cell where there ain't no booze

My life is all a misery when I cannot get my booze  
My life is all a misery when I cannot get my booze  
I can't live without my liquor, got to have the booze to cure those blues.

## BO-WEEVIL BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Hey, hey, bo-weevil, don't sing them blues no more

Hey, hey, bo-weevil, don't sing them blues no more

Bo-weevils here, bo-weevils everywhere you go

I'm a lone bo-weevil, been out a great long time

I'm a lone bo-weevil, been out a great long time

I'm gonna sing these blues to ease the bo-weevil's lonesome mind

I don't want no man to put no sugar in my tea

I don't want no man to put no sugar in my tea

Some of 'em so evil, I'm 'fraid he might poison me

I went downtown, and bought me a hat

I brought it back home, I laid it on the shelf

Looked at my bed, I'm gettin' tired sleepin' by myself.

BROKEN HEARTED BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Lord, I wonder, what is it worryin' me  
Lord, I wonder, what is it worryin' me  
If it ain't my regular, must be my used to be

I'm going to buy me a pair of meat hounds to lead this lonesome trail \*  
I'm going to buy me a pair of meat hounds to lead this lonesome trail  
If I don't find my good man, I'll spend the rest of my life in jail

Good morning, judge, Mama Rainey's done raised sand  
Good morning, judge, Mama Rainey's done raised sand  
She killed everybody, judge, she's even killed her man.

\* *Cette partie est quasiment inaudible.*

## BROKEN SOUL BLUES

(H. Strathedene Parham)

My soul is broken, my heart aches too  
Days I spend longing, daddy, for you  
Nights I spend weeping, weeping for you  
You gonna miss the day you took your love away  
Then you'll know just how it feels  
When you got the broken soul blues

You made me love you, you made your mama care  
You demanded money, I didn't scold  
When you asked for loving, I give you my soul  
I'm crying now, but still I feel somehow  
You'll be laughing, dearie  
When I got the broken soul blues

*[Parlé]* Ah, my soul is broken  
Seems the whole world's gone back on me  
I'm crying now, but still I feel somehow  
I'll be laughing, dearie  
When you got the broken soul blues.

## CELL BOUND BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Hey, hey, jailer, tell me what have I done  
Hey, hey, jailer, tell me what have I done  
You've got me all bound in chains, did I kill that woman's son?

All bound in prison, all bound in jail  
All bound in prison, all bound in jail  
Cold iron bars all around me, no one to go my bail

I've got a mother and father, livin' in a cottage by the sea  
I've got a mother and father, livin' in a cottage by the sea  
Got a sister and brother, wonder do they think of poor me

I walked in my room the other night  
My man walked in and begin to fight

I took my gun in my right hand,  
"Hold him, folks, I don't wanta kill my man."

When I did that, he hit me 'cross my head  
First shot I fired, my man fell dead

The paper came out and told the news  
That's why I said I got the cell bound blues  
Hey, hey, jailer, I got the cell bound blues.

## CHAIN GANG BLUES

(Charles J. Parker et Thomas Dorsey)

The judge found me guilty, the clerk he wrote it down  
The judge found me guilty, the clerk he wrote it down  
Just a poor gal in trouble, I know I'm county road bound

Many days of sorrow, many nights of woe  
Many days of sorrow, many nights of woe  
And a ball and chain, everywhere I go

Chains on my feet, padlock on my hand  
Chains on my feet, padlock on my hand  
It's all on account of stealing a woman's man

It was early this mornin' that I had my trial  
It was early this mornin' that I had my trial  
Ninety days on the county road and the judge didn't even smile.

## COUNTIN' THE BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

*[Parlé]* Lord, I got the blues this mornin'  
I want everybody to go down in prayer, Lord, Lord

*[Chanté]* Layin' in my bed with my face turned to the wall  
Lord, layin' in the bed with my face turned to the wall  
Tryin' to count these blues, so I could sing them all

Memphis, Rampart, Beale Street, set them free  
Lord, Memphis, Rampart, Beale Street, set them free  
Graveyard and 'Bama Bound, Lord, Lord, come from Stingaree

Lord, sittin' on the Southern, gonna ride, ride all night long  
Lord, sittin' on the Southern, gonna ride all night long  
Down Hearted, Gulf Coast, they was all good songs

Lord, 'rested at Midnight, Jail House made me lose my mind  
Lord, 'rested at Midnight, Jail House made me lose my mind  
Bad Luck and Bo-Weevil made me think of old Moonshine

Lord, going to sleep, boys, mama's just now got bad news  
Lord, going to sleep now, just now I got bad news  
To try to dream away my troubles, countin' these blues.

## DADDY GOODBYE BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Left my man this mornin', standin' in my door  
When I got back he said, "I don't want you no more."  
Goodbye, goodbye, daddy, goodbye

Can't always tell when you ain't treated right  
Your man go out from you, stay out all day and night  
Goodbye, goodbye, daddy, goodbye

Now daddy wrote me a letter, said, "Mama please come home."  
When I got home last night, I found my man had gone  
Goodbye, goodbye, daddy, goodbye

Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
Goodbye, goodbye, daddy, goodbye

Ain't got nobody to tell my troubles to  
Laid down in my bed, cried all night 'bout you  
Goodbye, goodbye, daddy, goodbye

Goodbye, daddy, daddy, please tell me goodbye  
If you don't want me, daddy, mama'll sure lay down and die  
Goodbye, goodbye, daddy, goodbye

Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
Goodbye, goodbye, daddy, goodbye.

DAMPER DOWN BLUES

(Compositeur inconnu)

Lord, Lord, Lord Lord Lord  
Lord, Lord Lord, Lord Lord Lord Lord  
The man I'm lovin' treats me like a dog

I woke up this mornin', trouble all 'round my bed  
I woke up this mornin', trouble all 'round my bed  
I had the blues so bad, I couldn't hold up my head

Lord, ain't gwine cry no more  
Lord, ain't gwine cry no more  
I cried here, cried everywhere I go

If I had wings, I'd fly all over this town  
If I had wings, I'd fly all over this town  
When I'd found my man, I'd turn his damper down

Lord, ain't gwine cry no more  
Lord, ain't gwine cry no more  
I cried here, cried everywhere I go.

## DEAD DRUNK BLUES

(George W. Thomas)

*[Parlé]* My man is friggin' drunk this morning, daddy, say, be yourself!

*[Chanté]* Oh, give me Houston, that's the place I crave

Oh, give me Houston, that's the place I crave

So when I'm dry, I drink whiskey's just made

Oh, whiskey, whiskey is some folks' downfall

Oh, whiskey, whiskey is some folks' downfall

But if I don't get whiskey, I ain't no good at all

When I was in Houston, drunk most every day

When I was in Houston, drunk most every day

*[Parlé]* Lord, where the police?

*[Chanté]* I drank so much whiskey, I thought I'd pass away

Have you ever been drunk, slept in all your clothes

Have you ever been drunk, slept in all your clothes

And when you wake up, feel like you've had a dose?

Daddy, I'm going to get drunk just one more time

*[Parlé]* Where's the whiskey bottle?

*[Chanté]* Honey, I'm going to get drunk, papa, just one more time

'Cause when I'm drunk, nothing's gonna worry my mind.

DEEP MOANING BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Mmmm Mmmm Mmmm

MmmMmmmMmm

Mmmm Mmm Mmmm

My doorbell this morning, don't know whichaway to go  
My bell rang this morning, didn't know whichaway to go  
I had the blues so bad, I set right down on my floor

I felt like going on the mountain, jumping over in the sea  
I felt like going on the mountain, jumping over in the sea  
When my daddy stay out late, he don't care a thing 'bout me

Mmmm Mmm Mmm

Mmm Mmm Mmm

*[Parlé]* Lord, where I'm gonna stay at tonight?

Mmm Mmm Mm Mm

Daddy, daddy, please come home to me  
Daddy, daddy, please come home to me  
I'm on my way, crazy as I can be.

DON'T FISH IN MY SEA  
(Bessie Smith et Gertrude Rainey)

My daddy come home this mornin', drunk as he could be  
My daddy come home this mornin', drunk as he could be  
I know my daddy's done gone bad on me

He used to stay out late, now he don't come home at all  
He used to stay out late, now he don't come home at all  
*[Parlé]* Won't kiss me, either\*  
I know there's another mule been kickin' in my stall

If you don't like my ocean, don't fish in my sea  
Don't like my ocean, don't fish in my sea  
Stay out of my valley and let my mountain be

I ain't had no lovin' since God knows when  
I ain't had no lovin' since God knows when  
That's the reason I'm through with these no-good triflin' men

Never miss the sunshine 'til the rains begin to fall  
Never miss the sunshine 'til the rains begin to fall  
You never miss your ham 'til another mule's in your stall.

\* Cette voix parlée semble être celle de Bessie Smith, qui aurait très bien pu être présente lors de cette session d'enregistrement de manière informelle. Cet enregistrement, réalisé à Chicago, date de décembre 1926.

## DOWN IN THE BASEMENT

(H. Strathedene Parham)

*[Parlé]* Oh, this is one of my low down days, boys. Take me to the basement.

*[Chanté]* I've got a man, piano hound  
Plays anything that's going around  
When he plays that highbrow stuff  
I shout, "Brother, that's enough!"

Take me to the basement, that's as low as I can go  
I want something low down, daddy, want it nice and slow  
I would shimmy from A to Z, if you'll play that thing for me  
Take me to the basement, that's as low as I can go

Take me to the basement, that's as low as I can go  
I want something low down, daddy, want it nice and slow  
I can shimmy from A to Z, if you'll play that thing for me  
Take me to the basement, that's as low as I can go.

DREAM BLUES  
(Gertrude Rainey)

Had a dream last night and the night before  
Had a dream last night and the night before  
Gonna get drunk now, I won't dream no more

Dreamed my man didn't treat me right  
Lord, I dreamed my man didn't treat me right  
Packed my clothes in a corner and walked the streets all night

I saw my man fall on his knees and cry  
Lord, I saw my man fall on his knees and cry  
"Take me back, mama, or else I'll die."

Lord, I wonder, what am I to do  
Lord, Lord, I wonder, what am I to do  
When everybody try to mistreat you

My heart is aching, mama feel like cryin'  
Lord, my heart is aching, mama feel like cryin'  
Since I had that dream last night, mama don't mind dyin'.

## EXPLAINING THE BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey)

Whole world seems against me, if I could just explain  
Whole world seems against me, if I could just explain  
Man I love left me, 'cause I called another man's name

Too sad to whistle, too broken hearted to sing  
Too sad to whistle, too broken hearted to sing  
Let me explain the trouble that a jealous man will bring

Explain why you left me, and tell me why you went away  
Explain why you left me, and tell me why you went away  
And I'll explain why I need you and want you back today

I'm goin' on that island where women never hear bad news  
I'm goin' on that island where women never hear bad news  
Then I'll never be down hearted, tryin' to explain these blues.

## FAREWELL DADDY BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

I'm wild about my daddy, I want him all the time  
Wild about my daddy, I want him all the time  
But I don't want you, daddy, if I can't call you mine

Got the farewell blues, see, and my trunk is packed  
Got the farewell blues, see, and my trunk is packed  
But I don't want no daddy because'n I ain't comin' back

Oh, fare you well, daddy, honey, it's your turn now  
Fare you well, daddy, honey, it's your turn now  
After all I've done, you mistreated me anyhow

Going through the wood field feeling sad and blue  
Going through the wood field feeling sad and blue  
Lord, I jumped a rabbit, said, "Mama, I've got 'em too."

Pig starts to singin', oh, how his voice could ring  
Pig starts to singin', oh, how his voice could ring  
He says, "I'm no yellow jacket, but lord how I can sting."

Since my man left me, the others can't be found  
Since my man left me, others can't be found  
But before he left me, the other men was hangin' around

So fare you well, daddy, someday you'll hear bad news  
So farewell, daddy, someday you'll hear bad news  
When you look for your mama, she's gone with the farewell blues.

'FORE DAY HONRY SCAT  
(Billie McOwens et Gertrude Rainey)

Yes, I'm mad, I feel so blue, I don't know what to do  
My man left me this mornin', every cloud was black and blue  
He got up and packed his grip  
And he'll be gone a long, long time

I went to the fortune-teller to find my man, because he's layin' heavy on my mind  
He said: "Your man has caught that 'fore day scat  
And left here tipping like a Maltese cat  
Poor girl, I know your man has done you wrong  
Hit high timber, now he's long, long gone."

He left here ridin' that Cannonball  
He was so handsome, and so long and tall  
I want all you women to spread the news  
Want you to tell'em to who you choose  
My man left me with them 'fore day honry blues, I said blues

He said: "Your man has caught that 'fore day scat  
And left here tipping like a Maltese cat  
Poor girl, I know your man have done you wrong  
Hit high timber, now he's long, long gone."

He left here ridin' that Cannonball  
He was so handsome, and so long and tall  
Want all you women to spread the news  
Want y'all to tell them to who you choose  
My man left me with the 'fore day honry blues.

GEORGIA CAKE WALK  
(Compositeur inconnu)

*[Parlé]*

*Unknown man:* Say, Ma.

*Rainey:* What is it?

*Man:* Where'd you get that primrose from?

*Rainey:* From a cake walk last night.

*Man:* Down at where?

*Rainey:* Cake walk last night.

*Man:* What you know about a cake walk, woman?

*Rainey:* At the Georgia camp meetin' cake walk.

*Man:* Georgia camp meetin'?

*Rainey:* Yes.

*Man:* Hal Say, you must be from Gaston, Georgia.

*Rainey:* I don't care where I'm from, I can cake walk all right!

*Man:* I guess you can cake walk.

*Rainey:* Yes.

*Man:* Well, let me see you.

*Rainey:* All right, you believe I can cake walk?

*Man:* Yeah, go ahead.

*Rainey:* Here I go. Oh, do it.

*Man:* Look at that fool dance! Ma, you done lost your head, haven't you?

*Rainey:* No, I'm just cake walkin', boy.

*Man:* Well, it's one thing, I'm gonna cake walk with you.

*Rainey:* Ah, do it. Turn the other way.

*Man:* If you shimmy in here, you gon' waffle outside. Here, here, woman, here, here. Stop that mess in here, you can't do that in here! Look out, Ma, here comes Big Dixon Middleton.

*Rainey:* Let him come on.

*Man:* I'm goin' home, Ma. You gon' get this place raided. Oh, shake it, Ma, shake it, honey. Ma, you going home with me?

*Rainey:* Yes.

*Man:* Well, let's go. Ah, do that thing, Ma, do that thing. Ah, shake it now.

GONE DADDY BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

*[Quelqu'un frappe à la porte]*

*[Parlé] Unknown man:* Who's that knockin' on that door?

*Rainey:* It's me, baby.

*Man:* Me who?

*Rainey:* Don't you know I'm your wife?

*Man:* What?! Wife?!

*Rainey:* Yeah!

*Man:* Ain't that awful? I don't let no woman quit me but one time.

*Rainey:* But I just quit one li'l old time, just one time!

*Man:* You left here with that other man, why didn't you stay?

*Rainey:* Well, I'll tell you why I didn't stay, baby. I got home and I had to come on back home to you!

*Man:* Well, I'm leavin' here today, what have you got to say?

*Rainey:* Well, all right, I'll tell it, baby.

*Man:* Talk fast, then.

*[Chanté] I'm going away, I'm going to stay*

*I'll find the man I love some day*

*I've got my ticket, clothes in my hand*

*Trying to find that South bound land*

*I'm gonna ride 'til I find that South bound land*

*I'm gonna ride 'til I find that South bound land*

*Gon' keep on ridin' 'til I shake hands with my man*

*I'm going away, I'm going to stay*

*I'll come back for my daddy someday*

*But, dad, you'll never know how much I've missed you 'til I'm gone*

*I'm going away, I'm going to stay*

*I'll long for my daddy some day*

*But, dad, you'll never know how much I've missed you 'til I'm gone.*

## GOODBYE DADDY BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Sitting in my room, all by myself  
Sitting in my room, all by myself  
Thinkin' the man I love might be with someone else

Daddy, when you left me all cold in mind  
Daddy, when you left me all cold in mind  
If you knowed how much I love you, you'd stay home all the time

When your daddy kisses you, and looks you in your eye  
When your daddy kisses you, and looks you in your eye  
Then he left with your heart, and that man's kiss means goodbye

Lord, goodbye, dad, mama'll soon be gone  
Lord, goodbye, dad, mama'll soon be gone  
She's gotta find another daddy to show her right from wrong

Every woman's got a dad, some dads tells them lies  
Every woman's got a dad, some dads tells them lies  
You can give your man your money, but his love you cannot buy

Lord, goodbye, dad, someday you'll bring good news  
Lord, goodbye, dad, someday you'll bring good news  
But he kills me with his lovin', tryin' to bring goodbye daddy blues.

GOODBYE MAMA FOREVER BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Here comes that train to take my man away  
Here comes that train to take my man away  
I'm gonna stay right here, he might come back some day

Mr. Conductor, why do you treat me so bad?  
Mr. Conductor, why do you treat me so bad?  
You've got the man I love, the only man I've ever had

My heart's on fire, I'm going round and round  
My heart's on fire, I'm going round and round  
It's the man I love, he leaves 'em burning down.

## GRIEVIN' HEARTED BLUES

(Compositeur inconnu)

You throwed me away, you treated me mean

I love you better than any man I've seen

My heart is grievin', I've been refused

I've got those grievin' hearted blues

You'll find you love me, daddy, some sweet day

You'll find you love me, daddy, some sweet day

It's true I love you, but I can't take mistreatment thisaway

Lord, I wants my ticket, show me my train

I wants my ticket, show me my train

I'm gonna ride till I can't hear them call your name

I'm gon' start cryin', my love's been refused

Gon' start cryin', my love's been refused

Gon' keep on cryin' till I lose these grievin' hearted blues.

HEAR ME TALKIN' TO YOU

(Gertrude Rainey)

Ramblin' man makes no change in me  
I'm gonna ramble back to my used to be

Ah, you hear me talkin' to you, I don't bite my tongue  
You want to be my man, you got to fetch it with you when you come

Eve and Adam, in the garden takin' a chance  
Adam didn't take time to get his pants

Ah, you hear me talkin' to you, don't bite my tongue  
You want to be my man, you got to fetch it with you when you come

Our old cat swallowed a ball of yarn  
When the kittens was born, they had sweaters on

Ah, you hear me talkin' to you, I don't bite my tongue  
You want to be my man, you got to fetch it with you when you come

Hello, Central, give me 609  
What it takes to get it in these hips of mine

Ah, you hear me talkin' to you, I don't bite my tongue  
You want to be my man, you got to fetch it with you when you come

Grandpa got grandma told  
He says her jelly roll was 'most too old

Ah, you hear me talkin' to you, I don't bite my tongue  
You want to be my man, you got to fetch it with you when you come.

HONEY, WHERE YOU BEEN SO LONG?

(Fred Fisher)

My honey left me, he's gone away  
I've had the worried blues all day

My heart is aching about that man  
What makes me love him, I can't understand

He'll soon be returning and glad tidings he will bring  
Then I'll throw my arms around him, then begin to sing

Honey, where you been so long?  
Honey, where you been so long?

Ever since the day, the day you went away  
I been crying, felt like dying, I'm not ashamed to say

Never thought you'd treat me wrong  
Look how you have dragged me down

I have been almost insane  
But I'm so glad to see you home again

Honey, where you been so long?  
Never thought you would treat me wrong  
Look how you have dragged me down

I have been almost insane  
But then I'm so glad to see you home again  
Honey, where you been so long?

## HUSTLIN' BLUES

(Malissa Nix et Thomas Dorsey)

It's rainin' out here and tricks ain't walkin' tonight  
It's rainin' out here and tricks ain't walkin' tonight  
I'm goin' home, I know I've got to fight

If you hit me tonight, let me tell you what I'm going to do  
If you hit me tonight, let me tell you what I'm going to do  
I'm gonna take you to court and tell the judge on you

I ain't made no money, and he dared me to go home  
I ain't made no money, and he dared me to go home  
Judge, I told him he better leave me alone

He followed me up and he grabbed me for a fight  
He followed me up and he grabbed me for a fight  
He said, "Oh, do you know you ain't made no money tonight?"

Oh, judge, tell him I'm through  
Oh, judge, tell him I'm through  
I'm tired of this life, that's why I brought him to you.

## JEALOUS HEARTED BLUES

(Lovie Austin)

You can have my money and everything I own  
But for God's sakes, leave my man alone

'Cause I'm jealous, jealous, jealous hearted me  
Lord, I'm just jealous, jealous as I can be

It takes a rocking chair to rock, a rubber ball to roll  
Takes the man I love to satisfy my soul

Yes, I'm jealous, jealous, jealous hearted me  
Lord, I'm just jealous, jealous as I can be

Got a range in my kitchen, cooks nice and brown  
All I need is my man to turn my damper down

Yes, I'm jealous, jealous, jealous hearted me  
Lord, I'm just jealous, jealous as I can be

Gonna buy me a bulldog to watch him while I sleep  
To keep my man from making his midnight creep

Yes, I'm jealous, jealous, jealous hearted me  
Lord, I'm just jealous, jealous as I can be.

JEALOUSY BLUES  
(Glasco et Glasco)

All the days have passed and gone, still my blues they lingers on  
Used to be da-daddy, used to be da-daddy, your used to be baby's blue for you

Jealousy, jealousy, that's who stole my daddy, my loving sweet daddy from me  
Jealousy, oh me, oh my, poor me, I've got the cruel jealousy blues

If all the world is evil, all the world is evil, oh jealousy is the worst of all  
It'll make you mad and lonely, your sweet love will feel so pale  
It'll steal your loving daddy, have many folks in jail

Jealousy, oh me, oh my, poor me, I've got the cruel jealousy blues.

## JELLY BEAN BLUES

(Lena Arrant)

Did you ever wake up with your good man on your mind?  
Did you ever wake up with your good man on your mind?  
My daddy left me this morning, that's why I moan and cry

He'll make you laugh, he'll make you cry, to drive those blues away  
You'll sit right down, you'll weep and moan and then you'll finally say  
Lord, I've been wonderin' where my jelly bean done gone

I can sit right here and look a thousand miles away  
I just can't remember what my baby had to say  
He said see, see rider, today I'm going away  
And I won't be back until you change your ways

So fare thee well, heartache  
To day that means goodbye  
If you did not want me you had no right to lie.

## LAST MINUTE BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey)

Minutes seem like hours, hours seem like days  
Minutes seem like hours, hours seem like days  
It seem like my daddy won't stop his evil ways

Seem like every minute going to be my last  
Seem like every minute going to be my last  
If I can't tell my future, I won't tell my past

The brook runs into the river, river runs into the sea  
The brook runs into the river, river runs into the sea  
If I don't run into my daddy, somebody'll have to bury me

If anybody ask you who wrote this lonesome song  
If anybody ask you who wrote this lonesome song  
Tell'em you don't know the writer, but Ma Rainey put it on.

LAWD, SEND ME A MAN BLUES  
(Gertrude Rainey)

Who gonna pay my board bill now?  
Had a good man, and he turned me down  
Landlord comin', knock on my door  
I told him my good man don't stay here no more

Girls, take my advice  
Ask the good Lord to help you twice

Oh, Lord, send me a man  
I'm the loneliest woman in the land  
I work hard both night and day  
Tryin' to find a good man to come my way

Send me a Zulu, a voodoo, any old man  
I'm not particular, boys, I'll take what I can  
I've been worried, almost insane  
Oh, Lordy, send me a man  
Oh, Lordy, send me a man

Oh, Lord, send me a man  
I'm the loneliest woman in the land  
I work hard every night and day  
Tryin' to find a good man to come my way

Send me a Zulu, a voodoo, any old man  
I'm not particular, boys, I'll take what I can  
I've been worried, almost insane  
Oh, Lordy, send me a man  
Oh, Lordy, send me a man.

LEAVIN' THIS MORNING  
(Selma Davis et Gertrude Rainey)

See me reelin' and rockin', drunk as I can be  
Man I love tryin' to make a fool of me  
I'm leavin' this mornin', I'm leavin' this mornin'  
I'm leavin', tryin' to find a man of my own

When I get through drinkin', gon' buy a Gatlin gun  
Find my man, he better hitch up and run  
'Cause I'm leavin' this mornin', I'm leavin' this mornin'  
I'm going to Kansas City to bring Jim Jackson home

I give him all my money, treat him nice as I can  
Got another woman, wait 'til I find my man  
Lord, I'm leavin' this mornin', I'm leavin' this mornin'  
I'm leavin', tryin' to find a man of my own

I went up Eighteenth Street, found out where the other woman stays  
Cure my man of his triflin' ways  
'Cause I'm leavin' this mornin', honey, I'm leavin' this mornin'  
I'm goin' to Kansas City to bring Jim Jackson home

I walked down the street, didn't have on no hat  
Asking everybody I see where my daddy's at  
I'm leavin' this mornin', honey, I'm leavin' this mornin'  
I'm leavin', tryin' to find a man of my own.

LEVEE CAMP MOAN  
(Compositeur inconnu)

My man has left me and he's gone away  
Back to the levee, where he used to stay  
I miss his huggin' and his kissin' too  
I feel so lonesome and awf'ly blue  
That's the reason, hear my lonesome cry, can't help but cry

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
Each night and morning I might go roaming  
Back to the levee where my man's home\*  
That's the reason I'm hummin' the levee camp moan

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
I miss his huggin', I miss his kissin'  
And that ain't all that I've been missin'  
That's the reason you hear me moan the levee camp moan

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
He called me honey, took all my money  
Lord, he's a mean ol' dog\*  
That's the reason you hear me moanin' the levee camp moan.

\* *Quasiment inaudible.*

LITTLE LOW MAMA BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Mmmm, Lordy Lordy Lord  
Mmmm, Lordy Lordy Lord  
The man I'm loving treats me like a dog

I know I've been your dog since I've been your gal  
I been your dog since I've been your gal  
I loves you, pretty papa, follow you everywhere

If you don't want me, papa, why don't you tell me so?  
If you don't want me, papa, why don't you tell me so?  
I'm little and low, can get a man anywhere I go

I'm gonna build me a scaffold, papa, to hang myself  
I'm gonna build me a scaffold, papa, to hang myself  
Can't get the man I love, don't want nobody else

Aiii, Lord Lord Lord  
Aiii, Lordy Lordy  
Aiii, Lord, ain't gonna sing no more.

## LOG CAMP BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey et Gertrude Rainey)

Down in Mississippi, where the air is low and damp  
Down in Mississippi, where the air is low and damp  
Low down on the Delta is a great big logging camp

I can see my daddy, jumpin' 'round from log to log  
I can see my daddy, jumpin' 'round from log to log  
And down in Onacaga\* everybody's on the hog

Throwaway your pinchback, burn up your Prince of Wales  
Throwaway your pinchback, burn up your Prince of Wales  
Get your overalls and jumpers, start to rolling cotton bales

Meal is in my meat-box, chickens runs around my yard  
Meal is in my meat-box, chickens runs around my yard  
Yearlings in my cowpen, I never knowed that times was hard

If I can't get no ticket, put on my walking shoes  
If I can't get no ticket, put on my walking shoes  
I'm going to Mississippi, singing those logging camp blues.

\* *Ce mot est quasiment inaudible, mais semble être le nom d'une petite ville du Delta.*

## LOST WANDERING BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

I'm leavin' this mornin' with my clothes in my hand  
Lord, I'm leavin' this mornin' with my clothes in my hand  
I won't stop movin' 'til I find my man

I'm standin' here wonderin' will a matchbox hold my clothes  
Lord, I'm standin' here wonderin' will a matchbox hold my clothes  
I got a trunk too big to be botherin' with on the road

I went up on the mountain, turned my face to the sky  
Lord, I went up on the mountain, turned my face to the sky  
I heard a whisper, said, "Mama, please don't die."

I turned around to give him my right han'  
Lord, I turned around to give him my right han'  
When I looked in his face, I was talkin' to my man

Lord, look-a yonder, people, my love has been refused  
I said, look-a yonder, people, my love has been refused  
That's the reason why mama's got the lost wandering blues.

## LOUISIANA HOODOO BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Going to Louisiana bottom to get me a hoodoo hand  
Going to Louisiana bottom to get me a hoodoo hand  
Gotta stop these women from taking my man

Down in Algiers where the hoodoos live in their den  
Down in Algiers where the hoodoos live in their den  
Their chief occupation is separating women from men

The hoodoo told me to get me a black cat bone  
The hoodoo told me to get me a black cat bone  
And shake it over their heads, they'll leave your man alone

Twenty years in the bottom, that ain't long to stay  
Twenty years in the bottom, that ain't long to stay  
If I can keep these tush-hog women from taking my man away

So I'm bound for New Orleans, down in goofer dust land  
So I'm bound for New Orleans, down in goofer dust land  
Down where the hoodoo folks can fix it for you with your man.

LUCKY ROCK BLUES  
(Katie Winters et Lovie Austin)

Feelin' kind of melancholy, made up my mind to go away  
And though some folks says it's folly, sometimes it helps and sails away

You'll forget the man you love, although he may be mean  
Goodbye, folks, I'm on my way, way down to New Orleans

Goin' to New Orleans to find that lucky rock  
Goin' to New Orleans to find that lucky rock  
Tryin' to rid myself of this bad luck I've got

On my way to find that lucky rock  
Oh, I'm on my way to find that lucky rock  
Just to ease my mind of all this trouble I've got.

MA AND PA POORHOUSE BLUES

(Selma Davis et Gertrude Rainey)

*[Parlé]*

*Rainey:* Hello there, Charlie.

*Jackson:* Hello, Ma.

*Rainey:* Charlie, where's that big banjo you had?

*Jackson:* Oh, that big banjo's in pawn.

*Rainey:* In pawn?

*Jackson:* Yes, ma'am.

*Rainey:* Too bad, Jim.

*Jackson:* Hello, Ma.

*Rainey:* All right, Charlie.

*Jackson:* What become of that great big bus you had?

*Rainey:* Child, somebody stole that bus.

*Jackson:* Stole it?

*Rainey:* Yes.

*Jackson:* Mmmmmmmmmmm.

*Rainey:* Charlie, do you know I'm broke?

*Jackson:* Ma, don't you know I'm broke, too?

*Rainey:* I tell you what let's do.

*Jackson:* What we gonna do?

*Rainey:* Let's both go to the poorhouse together.

*Jackson:* All right, let's go.

*[Chanté]*

*Rainey:* Too bad, too bad, too bad, too bad, too bad

Too bad, too bad, too bad, too bad, too bad

I've lost all my money, lost everything I had

*Jackson:* Ma, being broke's all right when you know you got some more money comin'in

Ah, being broke's all right when you know you got some more money comin'in

But when you lose your money, that's when friendship ends

*Rainey:* Oh, here I'm on my knees

*Jackson:* *[Parlé]* Don't worry, Ma, I'll soon be down on my knees with you

*Rainey:* Pa, here I am, on my knees,

I want the whole world to know mama's broke and can't be pleased

*Jackson:* When you had lots of money, you had plenty friends

*Rainey:* Lord, lost all my money, that was my end, oh, ain't got no money now

*Jackson:* *[Parlé]* Oh, moan it, Ma!

*Tous les deux:* We better go to the poorhouse, and try to live anyhow

We better go to the poorhouse, and try to live anyhow.

MA RAINEY'S BLACK BOTTOM

(Gertrude Rainey)

[*Parlé*]

*Unknown man:* Now, you've heard the rest. Ah, boys, I'm gonna show you the best. Ma Rainey's gonna show you her black bottom!

[*Chanté*]

*Rainey:* Way down South in Alabama  
I got a friend they call dancin' Sammy  
Who's crazy about all the latest dancin'  
Black bottom stomps and the new baby prancin'

The other night at a swell affair  
Soon as the boys found out that I was there  
They said, "Come on, Ma, let's go to the cabaret."  
When I got there, you ought to hear me say

Want to see the dance you call the black bottom  
I wanna learn that dance  
Want to see the dance you call your big black bottom  
They put you in a trance.

All the boys in the neighborhood  
They say your black bottom is really good  
Come on and show me your black bottom  
I want to learn that dance.

I want to see the dance you call the black bottom  
I want to learn that dance  
Come on and show that dance you call your big black bottom  
It puts us in a trance

Early last morning 'bout the break of day  
Grandpa told my grandmama, I heard him say  
"Get up and show your good old man your black bottom  
I want to learn that dance."

Now I'm gon' show you all my black bottom  
They stay to see that dance  
Wait until you see me do my big black bottom  
It'll put you in a trance

[*Parlé*]

*Man:* Ah, do it, Ma, do it, honey. Look out, now, Ma, you's gettin' kinda rough there! You bet' be yourself, now, careful now, not too strong, not too strong, Ma!

[*Chanté*]

*Rainey:* I done showed y'all my black bottom  
You ought to learn that dance.

MA RAINEY'S MYSTERY RECORD

(Guy Early et Thomas Dorsey)

Lord, I'm down with the blues, blue as I can be  
Lord, I'm down with the blues, blue as I can be  
Nobody knows my trouble but the good Lord and me

Ooh, there's something going all wrong  
Ooh, ooh, there's something going all wrong  
The way I'm thinking, I know I can't last long

I've had the blues a solid week, every night and day  
Had the blues a solid week, every night and day  
Man I love broke my heart, and I'm 'bout to pass away

I'm down with the blues, just as blue as I can be  
I'm down with the blues, blue as I can be  
I think I hear an angel singing "Nearer My God to TheeÒ."

## MEMPHIS BOUND BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey)

You got your grip to leave me, you're going to leave your home today  
You got your grip to leave me, you're going to leave your home today  
But drop it for a minute, and listen to what I've got to say

You can fly up high, you can spread your feathers all around  
You can fly up high, you can spread your feathers all around  
But when you get in trouble, you got to fall back to the ground

Some folks born with riches, some folks born with pain  
Some folks born with riches, some folks born with pain  
But I'm here to tell you, when you leave they all leave the same

I talk because I'm stubborn, I sing because I'm free  
I talk because I'm stubborn, I sing because I'm free  
My daddy's gone and left me, bound for Memphis, Tennessee.

MISERY BLUES  
(Gertrude Rainey)

I love my brownskin, indeed I do  
Folks I know used to me being a fool  
I'm going to tell you what I went and done  
I give him all my money just to have some fun

He told me that he loved me, loved me so  
If I would marry him, I needn't to work no mo'  
Now I'm grievin', almost dyin'  
Just because I didn't know that he was lyin'

I've got the blues, I've got the blues  
I've got those misery blues  
Love my brownskin, he's done left town  
Goodbye, dearie, you used to be so cheery  
Hold on, honey, took all my money  
I worry, worry so

I've got the blues, down in my shoes  
I've got those misery blues  
I've got to go to work now, get another start  
Work is the thing that's breaking my heart  
I've got those mean old misery blues

I've got the blues, I've got the blues  
I've got those misery blues  
I've got to go to work now, get another start  
Work is the thing that's breaking my heart  
I've got those mean old misery blues.

## MOONSHINE BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)\*

*[Parlé]*

Hold it, Luke, it might be a bootlegger!

*[Chanté]*

I been drinkin' all night, babe, and the night before  
But when I get sober, I ain't gonna drink no more  
'Cause my friend left me, standin' in my door

My head goes 'round and around, babe, since my daddy left town  
I don't know if the river runnin' up or down  
But there's one thing certain, it's mama's going to leave town

You'll find me wrigglin' and a-rockin', howlin' like a hound  
Catch the first train that's runnin' South bound

Oh, stop, you'll hear me say, stop right to my brain  
Oh, stop that train, so I can ride back home again

Here I'm upon my knees, play that again for me  
'Cause I'm about to be losin' my mind

Boys, I can't stand up, can't sit down  
The man I love is done left town

I feel like screamin', I feel like cryin'  
Lord, I've been mistreated, folks, and don't mind dyin'

I'm going home, I'm going to settle down  
I'm going to stop my running around

Tell everybody that come my way  
Lord, I got the moonshine blues, I say  
I got the moonshine blues.

\* Cette retranscription se base sur l'enregistrement de 1923.  
Une autre version, datant de 1927, a des paroles légèrement différentes.

MORNING HOUR BLUES  
(Gertrude Rainey et Bessie Smith)

I woke up this morning, something was worrying me  
I woke up this morning, something was worrying me  
Must have been the man I love, that man I'll never see

I went to the graveyard, cried, "Gravedigger, please..."  
I went to the graveyard, cried, "Gravedigger, please..."  
Show me the grave, the grave of my used to be."

Lord, look where the sun's done gone  
Lord, see now, I just said it, look where the sun's done gone  
You made me love you, now you love some other one

*[Parlé]* That's all right!

The man I got here, he's so cruel to me  
The man I got here, he's so cruel to me  
There'll never be a man to love me like Stingaree.

## MOUNTAIN JACK BLUES

(Sid Harris)

Early this morning, everything was still  
Early this morning, everything was still  
I spied my good man goin' over the hill

He said, "I'm goin', sweet mama, cryin' won't make me stay."  
He said, "I'm goin', sweet mama, cryin' won't make me stay  
The more you cry, the further you drive me away."

If I could holler just like a mountain jack  
If I could holler just like a mountain jack  
I'd go up on the mountain, call my good man back

Sometimes I want to crown him, but I know it's wrong  
Sometimes I want to crown him, but I know it's wrong  
I'd rather air out and leave you to weep and moan

You think I want every man I see  
You think I want every man I see  
That's why you nag and squabble with me

Now I've run my man away, I don't know what to do  
Now run my man away, don't know what to do  
My heart is achin', babe, I'm so sad and blue.

NIGHT TIME BLUES  
(Gertrude Rainey et Thomas Dorsey)

*[Parlé]* It's three o'clock in the morning, and my man hasn't come home yet!

*[Chanté]* Nighttime's falling, the day is almost gone  
Nighttime is falling, the day is almost gone  
My man leaves at midnight, folks, and don't come back 'til early morn

The night is dark and dreary, I can't see what to do  
The night is dark and dreary, I can't see what to do  
I wonder why he leave me, to roll and cry the whole night through

*[Parlé]* Lord have mercy!

*[Chanté]* It's three o'clock in the morning, by the clock hanging on the wall  
It's three o'clock in the morning, by the clock hangin' on my wall  
He used to come at midnight, but now he don't come home at all

When day starts to breaking, it seems to bring good news  
When day starts to breaking, it seems to bring good news  
It finds me broken hearted, trying to overcome these blues.

## OH MY BABE BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Some of these days I'm going to leave my home, oh my babe  
Now I know I'm going and it won't be long  
If I go, let me go, if I stay, let me stay  
Maybe I'll ask let me come back home

Tell my dad I won't be home tonight, oh my babe  
My heart aches and I'm not treated right  
My heart's down, it's a shame, and I just can't call his name  
Still I'll ask to let me come back home

Lordy Lord, have mercy on poor me, oh my babe  
Tell somebody to let my heart go free  
When I go, leave me alone and still I'll stay from now on  
Tell my dad I want to come back home

I'm feelin' now I'm sorry we have to part, oh my babe  
'Cause you tried to break my aching heart  
But someday you will say, "Come back home, babe, and stay."  
Then I'll know my dad wants me back home.

OH PAPA BLUES  
(E. Herbert et W. Russell)

Just like a rainbow I am faded away  
My daddy leaves me 'most every day  
But he don't mean me no good, why?  
Because I only wish he would  
I've almost gone insane  
I'm forever tryin' to call his name

Oh, papa, look what you doin', look what you doin'  
Oh, papa, you caught me ruinin', you caught me ruinin'  
All my money, I give you  
You treat me mean and made me awfully blue  
When you miss me, you're going to kiss me  
You'll regret the day that you ever quit me

Oh, papa, think when you away from home  
I give you money, don't want me nohow  
But you will love me someday, not now  
Papa, papa, now you won't have no mama at all

Oh, papa, look what you doin', look what you doin'  
Oh, papa, you caused me ruinin', you caused me ruinin'  
All my money, I give you

You treat me mean and make me feel so blue  
You're going to miss me, you'll long to kiss me  
You'll 'gret the day that you ever quit me

Oh, papa, think when you away from home  
You just don't want me now, wait and see  
You'll find some other man makin' love to me, now  
Papa, papa, you ain't got no mama now.

PROVE IT ON ME BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Went out last night, had a great big fight  
Everything seemed to go on wrong  
I looked up, to my surprise  
The gal I was with was gone

Where she went, I don't know  
I mean to follow everywhere she goes  
Folks say I'm crooked, I didn't know where she took it  
I want the whole world to know

They said I do it, ain't nobody caught me  
Sure got to prove it on me  
Went out last night with a crowd of my friends  
They must've been women, 'cause I don't like no men

It's true I wear a collar and a tie  
Make the wind blow all the while  
'Cause they say I do it, ain't nobody caught me  
They sure got to prove it on me

Say I do it, ain't nobody caught me  
Sure got to prove it on me  
I went out last night with a crowd of my friends  
They must've been women, 'cause I don't like no men

Wear my clothes just like a fan  
Talk to the gals just like any old man  
'Cause they say I do it, ain't nobody caught me  
Sure got to prove it on me.

## ROUGH AND TUMBLE BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

I'm going to the Western Union, type the news all down the line  
I'm going to the Western Union, type the news all down the line  
'Cause mama's on the warpath this mornin' and don't mind dyin'

My man's so good lookin' and his clothes fit him so cute  
My man's so good lookin' and his clothes fit him so cute  
I cut up his box-back and bought him a struttin' suit

Then every little devil got on my man's road  
Then every little devil got on my man's road  
Mama Tree Top Tall and Miss Shorty Toad

Tree Top Tall give a stomp as I stepped in the door  
Tree Top Tall give a stomp as I stepped in the door  
Miss Shorty Toad and my man was shimmying down to the floor

I got rough and killed three women 'fore the police got the news  
I got rough and killed three women 'fore police got the news  
'Cause mama's on the warpath with those rough and tumble blues.

## RUNAWAY BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

I'm running away tomorrow, they don't mean me no good

I'm running away tomorrow, they don't mean me no good

I'm gon' run away, have to leave this neighborhood

Ah, the sun's gonna shine someday in my backyard

Ah, the sun's gonna shine someday in my backyard

I got my man, but I had to work so hard

Lord, what's the matter, mama can't be treated just right

Lord, what's the matter, mama can't be treated just right

Got my clothes in my hand, walk the streets all night.

SCREECH OWL BLUES  
(J. Sammy Randall et Gertrude Rainey)

When a hog makes a bed, you know the storm is due  
When a hog makes a bed, you know the storm is due  
When a screech owl hollers, mean bad luck for you

Screech owl hollered this mornin', twice in front of my back door  
Screech owl hollered this mornin', twice in front of my back door  
I know when he hollered, bad luck comin' back once more

I got a taxi, begged the driver to show me some speed  
I got a taxi, begged the driver to show me some speed  
Screech owl brought me bad luck, money's what my baby needs

I called all over town, tryin' to find that good brown of mine  
I called all over town, tryin' to find that good brown of mine  
He called me from the station, said, « Fifty dollars was my fine »

When I got to the station, bad luck was waitin' there too  
When I got to the station, bad luck was waitin' there too  
When they need more money, « We've got a warrant for you ».

SEE SEE RIDER BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

I'm so unhappy, I feel so blue

I always feel so sad

I made a mistake, right from the start

Lord, it seems so hard to part

Oh, but this letter that I will write

I hope he will remember, when he receives it

See, see, rider, see what you done done, Lord, Lord, Lord

Made me love you, now your gal done come

You made me love you, now your gal done come

I'm going away, baby, won't be back 'til fall, Lord, Lord, Lord

Goin' away, baby, won't be back 'til fall

If I find me a good man, I won't be back at all

I'm gonna buy me a pistol, just as long as I am tall, Lord, Lord, Lord

Gonna kill my man and catch the Cannonball

If he don't have me, he won't have no gal at all.

## SEEKING BLUES

(L. McCallister)

My daddy left me crying, I hate to see him go  
My daddy left me crying, I hate to see him go  
I can't live without him, 'cause I love him so

I walked on the railroad, stood up on the tracks  
I walked on the railroad, stood up on the tracks  
I wondered if my daddy would take me back

Oh, daddy, please come back to me  
You know I'm lonesome as can be  
You left me and why you broke up my fun  
You left me to fight for myself alone  
That's why I've got those mean ole seeking blues

Oh, my daddy, please come back to me  
You know I'm lonesome as can be  
You left me but why you broke up my fun  
You left me to fight for myself alone  
That's why I've got those mean ole seeking blues.

## SHAVE 'EM DRY

(Gertrude Rainey et William Jackson)

There's one thing I don't understand  
Why a good lookin' woman likes a workin' man  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry

Goin' away to where you off my mind  
You keep me hungry and broke, daddy, all the time  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry

Don't see how you hungry women can sleep  
They shimmies all day without a bite to eat  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry

Going downtown to spread the news  
State Street women wearin' brogan shoes  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry

If it wasn't for their powder and their store-bought hair  
State Street gals couldn't go nowhere  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry

There's one thing I can't understand  
Some women drivin' State Street like a man  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry

Went to the show the other night  
Everybody on State Street was tryin' to fight  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry

Ain't crazy 'bout my yellow, I ain't wild about my brown  
You can't tell the difference when the sun goes down  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry

When you see two women running hand to hand  
Bet your life one's got the other's man  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry

Come here, daddy, lay in my arms  
When your wife comes, tell her I don't mean no harm  
Hey, hey, hey, daddy, let me shave 'em dry.

SISSY BLUES  
(Thomas Dorsey)

I shimmied last night, the night before  
I'm going home tonight, I won't shimmy no more

Ah, hello, Central, it's 'bout to run me wild  
Can I get that number, or will I have to wait a while ?

I dreamed last night I was far from harm  
Woke up and found my man in a sissy's arms

Ah, hello, Central, it's 'bout to run me wild  
Can I get that number, or will I have to wait a while ?

Some are young, some are old  
My man says sissies got good jelly roll

Ah, hello, Central, it's 'bout to run me wild  
Can I get that number, or will I have to wait a while ?

My man's got a sissy, his name is Miss Kate  
He shook that thing like jelly on a plate

Ah, hello, Central, it's 'bout to run me wild  
Can I get that number, or will I have to wait a while ?

Now all the people ask me why I'm all alone  
A sissy shook that thing and took my man from home

Ah, hello, Central, it's 'bout to run me wild  
Can I get that number, or will I have to wait a while ?

## SLAVE TO THE BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey)

Ain't robbed no bank, ain't done no hangin' crime  
Ain't robbed no bank, ain't done no hangin' crime  
Just been a slave to the blues, dreamin' 'bout that man of mine

Blues, please tell me do I have to die a slave ?  
Blues, please tell me do I have to die a slave ?  
Do you hear me pleadin', you going to take me to my grave

I could break these chains and let my worried heart go free  
If I could break these chains and let my worried heart go free  
But it's too late now, the blues have made a slave of me

You'll see me raving, you'll hear me cryin'  
Oh, Lord, this lonely heart of mine  
Whole time I'm grieving, from my hat to my shoes  
I'm a good hearted woman, just am a slave to the blues.

## SLEEP TALKING BLUES

(J. Sammy Randall et Gertrude Rainey)

You got a bad habit, daddy, talkin' in your sleep  
You got a bad habit, daddy, talkin' in your sleep  
You talk so much some of these nights, it should be worth one dollar a peep

Do all your talkin', daddy, before you go to bed  
Do all your talkin', daddy, before you go to bed  
If you speak out of turn, your friends will hear of you being dead

When you talk in your sleep, be sure your mama's not awake  
When you talk in your sleep, be sure your mama's not awake  
You call another woman's name, you'll think you wake up in a earthquake

Do all your talkin', be careful as you can  
Do all your talkin', be careful as you can  
The insurance will bring in take for my man

I warned you, daddy, nice as a mama could do  
I warned you, daddy, nice as mama could do  
You hear me talkin' to you, undertaker will be visitin' you.

SLOW DRIVING MOAN

(Gertrude Rainey)

I've rambled 'til I'm tired, I'm not satisfied  
I've rambled 'til I'm tired, I'm not satisfied  
Don't find my sweet man gon' ramble 'til I die

Ah, Lord, Lord, Lordy Lord  
Ah, Lord, Lordy, Lordy Lord  
Ah, Lord, Lord, Lordy Lord

Got the slow driving blues, blue as I can be  
Got the slow driving blues, blue as I can be  
Don't play that band, mister, just play the blues for me

Oh, you've been feeling the same, I know our love is just the same  
And now you know mama'll be home some day, I'll hear you call my name  
I'm a common old rollin' stone, just got the blues for home sweet home

*[Parlé]* Yes, sir !

*[Chanté]* I'm a common old rollin' stone, just got the blues for home sweet home.

SOON THIS MORNING  
(Gertrude Rainey et Bessie Smith)

Longing for Chicago, ain't got no railroad fare  
Longing for Chicago, ain't got no railroad fare  
'Cause I got a easy rider, up the road somewhere

He ain't good looking, ain't got no Poro hair  
He ain't good looking, ain't got no Poro hair  
He's got a disposition to take him any ole where

Soon this morning, just about the break of day  
Soon this morning, just about the break of day  
I caught my good man making his getaway

*[Parlé]* Goodbye and farewell

Lord, I feel my trouble rising with the sun  
Lord, I feel my trouble rising with the sun  
'Cause I know my daddy is loving some other one.

## SOUTH BOUND BLUES

(Tom Delaney)

Yes I'm mad, my heart's sad  
The man I love treat me so bad  
He brought me out of my home town  
Took me to New York and throwed me down

Without a cent to pay my rent  
I'm left alone without a home  
I told him I would leave him and my time ain't long  
My folks done sent me money, and I'm Dixie bound

Oh, you done me wrong, you throwed me down  
You caused me to weep and to moan  
I told him I'd see him, honey, some of these days  
And I'm going to tell him 'bout his low down dirty ways

Done bought my ticket, Lord, and my trunk is packed  
Goin' back to Georgia, folks, I sure ain't comin' back  
My train's at the station, I done sent my folks the news  
You can tell the world I've got those South bound blues

Done bought my ticket, Lord, and my trunk is packed  
Goin' back to Georgia, folks, mama sure ain't comin' back  
My train's at the station, I done sent my folks the news  
You can tell the world I've got those South bound blues.

## SOUTHERN BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

House catch on fire, and ain't no water 'round  
If your house catch on fire, ain't no water 'round  
Throw your trunk out the window, buildin' burn on down

I went to the gypsy, to have my fortune told  
I went to the gypsy, to have my fortune told  
He said, « Doggone you, girlie, doggone your bad luck soul »

I turned around, went to that gypsy next door  
I turned around, went to that gypsy next door  
He said, « You can get a man, anywhere you go »

Let me be your rag doll, until your Chinee come  
Let me be your rag doll, 'til your Chinee come  
If she beats me raggin', she's got to rag it some.

## STACK O'LEE BLUES

(Jasper Taylor)

Stack O'Lee was a bad man, everybody knows  
And when they see Stack O'Lee comin', they give him the road  
He was my man, but he done me wrong

Stack O'Lee, Stack O'Lee was so desperate and bad  
He'd take everything his women would bring, and everything they had  
He was my man, but he done me wrong

Stack O'Lee's on the warpath, and you'd better run  
'Cause Stack O'Lee, oh he's a bad man and he'll kill you just for fun  
He was my man, but he done you wrong

Stack O'Lee's in jail now, with his face turned to the wall  
Dirty women and old corn whiskey was the cause of it all  
He was my man, but he done you wrong

Eight-hundred-dollar coffin and a eighty-dollar hat  
Carried him to the cemetery, but they did not bring him back  
He was my man, but he done me wrong.

## STORMY SEA BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey)

Rainin' on the ocean, it's stormin' on the sea  
Rainin' on the ocean, it's stormin' on the sea  
The blues in that shower, stormin' down on me

I hear thunder, I'm caught out in the storm  
I hear thunder, I'm caught out in the storm  
Man I love done packed his grip and gone

I hear the wind blowin', I'm left here all alone  
I hear the wind blowin', I'm left here all alone  
That storm won't be over 'til my daddy come back home

I see the lightnin' flashin', I see the waves a-dashing, I'm tryin' to spread the news  
I feel this boat a-crashin', I'm trying to spread the news  
My man has done quit me, and left me with the stormy sea blues.

## SWEET ROUGH MAN

(J. Sammy Randall et Gertrude Rainey)

I woke up this mornin', my head was sore as a boil  
I woke up this mornin', my head was sore as a boil  
My man beat me last night with five feet of copper coil

He keeps my lips split, my eyes as black as jet  
He keeps my lips split, my eyes as black as jet  
But the way he love me makes me soon forget

Every night for five years, I've got a beatin' from my man  
Every night for five years, I've got a beatin' from my man  
People says I'm crazy, I'll explain and you'll understand

My man, my man, Lord, everybody knows he's mean  
My man, my man, Lord, everybody knows he's mean  
But when he starts to lovin', I wring and twist and scream

Lord, it ain't no maybe 'bout my man bein' rough  
Lord, it ain't no maybe 'bout my man bein' rough  
But when it comes to lovin', he sure can strut his stuff.

THOSE ALL NIGHT LONG BLUES

(J. Guy Suddoth)

I haven't slept for maybe a week  
'Cause my man and I don't speak  
There's no reason why he should treat me this way  
'Cause the way I worry, I will soon be old and gray

Don't want to do nothing that's wrong  
But can't stand this treatment long  
I just lay and suffer, cry and cry all night long  
'Cause the way I'm worried, Lordy, it sure is wrong

All night long, all night long, there's just one man on my mind  
Can't sleep a wink at night for cryin'  
All night long, Lord, my worries just renews  
And I suffer with those all night blues

All night long, all night long, there's just one man on my mind  
Can't sleep a wink at night for cryin'  
All night long, Lord, my worries just renews  
And I suffer with those all night blues.

## THOSE DOGS OF MINE

(Gertrude Rainey)

Looka here, people, listen to me  
Believe me, I'm telling the truth  
If your corns hurt you, just like mine  
You'd say these same words too

Out for a walk, I stopped to talk  
Oh, how my corns did burn  
I had to keep on the shady side of the street  
To keep out the light of the sun

Oh, Lord, these dogs of mine  
They sure do worry me all the time  
The reason why, I don't know  
Sometimes I soak 'em in Sapolio

Lord, I beg to be excused  
I can't wear me no sharp-toed shoes  
Oh, Lordy, how the sun do shine  
Down on these hounds of mine

Oh, Lordy, these dogs of mine  
They sure do worry me all the time  
The reason why, I don't know  
Sometimes I soak 'em in Sapolio

Lord, I beg to be excused  
I can't wear me no sharp-toed shoes  
Oh, Lordy, how the sun do shine  
Down on these hounds of mine.

TITANIC MAN BLUES  
(Gertrude Rainey et J. Mayo Williams)

Everybody fall in line, going to tell you 'bout that man of mine  
It's the last time, Titanic, fare thee well

Now you've always had a good time, drinking your high-priced wine  
But it's the last time, Titanic, fare thee well

Feel you're like a ship at sea, but you certainly made a fool of me  
It's the last time, Titanic, fare thee well

It's a hard and bitter pill, but I've got somebody else that will  
It's the last time, Titanic, fare thee well

Now I won't worry when you're gone, another brown's got your water on  
It's the last time, Titanic, fare thee well

Now I'm leavin' you, there's no doubt, yes, your mama's gonna put you out  
It's the last time, Titanic, fare thee well.

## TOAD FROG BLUES

(J. Guy Suddoth)

Lord, hear me prayin', my man treats me like a hound  
Lord, hear me prayin', my man treats me like a hound  
I got the toad low blues and I can't get no lower down

When you hear a frog croaking, you'll know they're cryin' for more rain  
When you hear a frog croaking, you'll know they're cryin' for more rain  
But when you hear me cryin', I'm cryin' because I can't ride a train

You gonna look for me some morning, but baby, I will be long gone  
You gonna look for me some morning, but baby, I will be long gone  
Then your low down ways will bring those mean blues on

If I don't lose these blues, I'll be in some undertaker's morgue  
If I don't lose these blues, I'll be in some undertaker's morgue  
I'm tired of eating one meal, hopping, too, just like a frog

I can't get no higher, sure can't get no lower down  
I can't get no higher, sure can't get no lower down  
I got the toad frog blues and I'm sure Lordy Dixie bound.

## TOUGH LUCK BLUES

(J. Sammy Randall et Gertrude Rainey)

When a black cat crosses you, bad luck I heard it said  
When a black cat crosses you, bad luck I heard it said  
One must've started 'cross me, got halfway and then fell dead

Things sure breakin' hard, worse than ever before  
Things sure breakin' hard, worse than ever before  
My sugar told me, speak to him no more

Yeah, my right hand's raised to the good Lord above  
Yeah, my right hand's raised to the good Lord above  
If they was throwin' away money, I'd have on boxing gloves

If it was rainin' down soup, thick as number one sand  
If it was rainin' down soup, thick as number one sand  
I'd have a fork in my pocket and a sifter in my hand

My friend committed suicide, while I was away at sea  
My friend committed suicide, while I was away at sea  
They want to lock me up for murder in the first degree.

TRAVELING BLUES  
(Compositeur inconnu)

Train's at the station, I heard the whistle blow  
The train's at the station, I heard the whistle blow  
I done bought my ticket and I don't know where I'll go

I went to the depot, looked up and down the board  
I went to the depot, looked up and down the board  
I asked the ticket agent, « Is my town on this road ? »

The ticket agent said, « Woman, don't sit and cry »  
The ticket agent said, « Woman, don't you sit and cry  
The train blows at this station, but she keeps on passing by »

I hear my daddy calling some other woman's name  
I hear my daddy calling some other woman's name  
I know he don't need me, but I'm gonna answer just the same

I'm dangerous and blue, can't stay here no more  
I'm dangerous and blue, can't stay here no more  
Here come my train, folks, and I've got to go.

TRUST NO MAN  
(Lillian Hardaway Henderson)

I want all you women to listen to me  
Don't trust your man no further'n your eyes can see  
I trusted mine with my best friend  
But that was the bad part in the end

Trust no man, trust no man, no further than your eyes can see  
I said, trust no man, no further than your eyes can see  
He'll tell you that he loves you and swear it is true  
The very next minute he'll turn his back on you  
Ah, trust no man, no further than your eyes can see

Just feed your daddy with a long-handled spoon  
Be sure to love him, morning, night, and noon  
Sometimes your heart will ache and almost bust  
That's why there's no daddy good enough to trust

Trust no man

*[Parlé]* Say ! Take Ma Rainey's advice ! Don't trust no man.  
I mean, not even your own man !  
All right now ! You're goin' with me, but just don't trust nobody !  
You see where it got me, don't you ?  
He sure will leave you.

*[Chanté]* Ah, trust no man, trust no man, no further than your eyes can see  
Ah, trust no man, no further than your eyes can see  
He'll stay with you in the winter, like the money you loan  
Look out in the summer, you'll find your cheater gone  
I said, trust no man, no further than your eyes can see.

## VICTIM TO THE BLUES

(Thomas Dorsey)

My man left this morning just about half past four  
My man left this morning just about half past four  
He left a note on his pillow, said he couldn't use me no more

Then I grasped my pillow, turned over in my bed  
I grasped my pillow, turned over in my bed  
I cried about my daddy 'til my cheeks turned cherry red

It's awful hard to take it, it's such a bitter pill  
It's awful hard to take it, it's such a bitter pill  
If the blues don't kill me, that man and mean treatment will

Too sad to worry, too mean to fight  
Too slow to hurry, too good to lie  
That man he left me, never said goodbye  
Too well to stay and too sick to die  
Folks they think I'm crazy, I'm just a victim to the blues.

WALKING BLUES  
(Gertrude Rainey et Lovie Austin)

Woke up this morning, up this morning, with my head bowed down, hey, hey, hey  
Woke up this morning, with my head bowed down  
I had that mean old feelin', I was in the wrong man's town

Mailman's been here, mailman's been here, but didn't leave no news, hey, hey, hey  
Mailman's been here, but didn't leave no news  
That's the reason why mama's got the walkin' blues

Walked and walked 'til I, walked and walked 'til I almost lost my mind, hey, hey, hey  
Walked and walked 'til I almost lost my mind  
I'm afraid to stop walking, 'cause I might lose some time

Got a short time to make it, short time to make it, and a long ways to go, Lord, Lord, Lord  
Short time to make it, and a long ways to go  
Tryin' to find the town they call San Antonio

Thought I'd rest me, thought I'd rest me, I couldn't hear no news, Lord, Lord, Lord  
Thought I'd rest me, I couldn't hear no news  
I'll soon be there, 'cause I got the walkin' blues.

WEEPING WOMAN BLUES  
(Bessie Smith et Gertrude Rainey)

Lord, you see me weepin', and you hear me cryin'  
Lord, you see me weepin', and you hear me cryin'  
I ain't weepin' 'bout no money, just that man of mine

Lord, this mean old engineer, cruel as he could be  
This mean old engineer, cruel as he could be  
Took my man away and blowed the smoke back at me

I'm going down South, won't be back 'til fall  
I'm going down South, won't be back 'til fall  
If I don't find my easy rider, ain't comin' back at all

I'd rather be in the river, drifting like a log  
I'd rather be in the river, drifting like a log  
Than to be in this town, treated like a dog.

## WRINGING AND TWISTING BLUES

(Paul Carter)

I had my fortune told, and the gypsy took my hand  
And she made me understand, that I had lost my man  
She said I had the wringin' and the twistin' blues

I twisted my nervous hands and then I shook my head  
Went home and jumped in bed, and when I heard what she said  
And now I've got the wringin' and the twistin' blues

He told me that he loved me, I found it wasn't true  
'Cause he's done gone and left me, I've nothing else to do

But if I know that woman that caused my heart to moan  
I'd cook a special dinner, invite her to my home

I had some green cucumbers, some half-done tripe and greens  
Some buttermilk and codfish, some sour kidney beans

If she eats what's on my table, she will be graveyard bound  
I'll be right there to tell her, when they put her in the ground  
« You're the cause of me having those wringin' and a-twistin' blues »

Get a paper in the morn, and you will read the news  
Where a poor gal's dead and gone, with the wringin' and twistin' blues  
Now I've got the wringin' and the twistin' blues.

YA DA DO  
(Lovie Austin)

Every evenin' 'bout half past four  
Sweet piano playin' near my door  
And turn to raggin', you never heard such blues before

There's a pretty little thing they play  
It's very short, but folks all say  
« Oh, it's a-pickin' », when they start to want to cry for more  
I don't know the name, but it's a pretty little thing, goes

Ya da da do, ya da da do  
Fill you with harmonizing, minor refrain  
It's a no-name blues, but'll take away your pains

Ya da da do, ya da da do  
Everybody loves it, ya da do do do

Ya da da do, ya da da do  
Fill you with harmonizing, minor refrain  
It's a no-name blues, but'll take away your pains

Ya da da do, ya da da do  
Everybody loves it, ya da do do do.

## YONDER COME THE BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

I worry all day, I worry all night  
Every time my man comes home he wants to fuss and fight  
When I pick up the paper to read the news  
Just when I'm satisfied, yonder come the blues

I went down to the river each and every day  
Tryin' to keep from cryin' and do myself away  
I walked and walked 'til I wore out my shoes  
I can't walk no further, yonder come the blues

Some folks never worry, things all come out right  
Poor me, lie down and suffer, weep and cry all night  
When I get a letter, it never bring good news  
Every time I see the mailman, yonder come the blues

Go back blues, don't come this way  
Lordy, give me something else besides the blues all day  
Every man I've loved, I've been misused  
And when I want some lovin', yonder come the blues

People have different blues and think they're mighty bad  
But blues about a man the worst I've ever had  
I been disgusted and all confused  
Every time I look around, yonder come the blues.



*Paroles des chansons enregistrées par*

**BESSIE SMITH**

AFTER YOU'VE GONE  
(T. Layton et H. Creamer)

Now, listen, honey, while I say  
How can you tell me that you're going away ?  
Don't say that we must part  
Don't break my achin' heart

You know I love you true for many years  
Love you night and day  
How can you leave me, can't you see my tears ?  
So listen while I say

After you've gone and left me cryin'  
After you've gone, there's no denyin'  
You'll feel blue, you'll feel sad  
You'll miss the dearest pal you ever had

There'll come a time, now, don't forget it  
There'll come a time when you'll regret it  
Some day when you grow lonely  
Your heart will break like mine and you'll want me only

After you've gone, after you've gone away  
After you've gone, left me cryin',  
After you've gone, there's no denyin'  
You'll feel blue, you'll feel sad  
You'll miss the best pal you ever had, Lord

There'll come a time, now, don't forget it  
There'll come a time when you'll regret it  
Some day when you grow lonely  
Your heart'll break like mine and you'll want me only  
After you've gone, after you've gone away.

## AGGRAVATIN' PAPA

(R. Turk, J.R. Robinson et A. Britt)

I know a triffin' man, they call him Triffin' Sam  
He lives in Birmingham way down in Alabam'

Now the other night he had a fight with a gal named Mandy Brown  
She plainly stated she was aggravated as she shouted out to him

Aggravatin' papa, don't you try to two-time me  
I said don't two-time me

Aggravatin' papa, treat me kind or let me be  
I mean just let me be

It's been a while, I'll get you told  
Stop messin' 'round sweet jelly roll

If you stay out with a high brown baby  
I'll smack you down and I don't mean maybe

Aggravatin' papa, I'll do anything you say, anything you say  
But when you go strutting, do your strut around my way

So papa, just treat me pretty, be nice and kind  
The way you treatin' me will make me lose my mind

Aggravatin' papa, don't you try to two-time me  
Just treat me pretty, be nice and sweet

I've got a darn forty-four that don't repeat  
Aggravatin' papa, don't you try to two-time me.

## ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

(Irving Berlin)

Oh, my honey, oh, my honey, you better hurry and let's go down there  
Ain't you goin', ain't you goin' to that leaderman, ragged meter man  
Oh, honey, oh, honey, let me take you to Alexander's grandstand brass band  
Ain't you coming along ?

Come on and hear, come on and hear Alexander's ragtime band  
Come on and hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land  
They can play the bugle call like you never heard before  
Sounds so natural that you'll wanna go to war  
That's just the best band in the land, oh honey lamb

Come on along, come on along, let me take you by the hand  
Up to the man, up to the man, who is the leader of the band  
And if you care to hear the Swanee River played in ragtime  
Come on and hear, come on and hear Alexander's ragtime band  
Come on and hear, come on and hear Alexander's ragtime band

Come on and hear, come on and hear, it's the best band in the land  
Listen to the bugle call  
Yeah, it's the best band in the land, oh, honey lamb

Come on along, come on along, let me take you by the hand  
Up to the man, up to the man, who is the leader of the band  
And if you care to hear the Swanee River played in ragtime  
Come on and hear, come on and hear Alexander's ragtime band.

ANYWOMAN'S BLUES

(Lovie Austin)

My man ain't actin' right  
He stays out late at night  
And still he says he loves no one but me

But if I find that gal  
That tried to steal my pal  
I'll get her told, just you wait and see

I feel blue, I don't know what to do  
Every woman in my fix is bound to feel blue, too

Lord, I love my man better than I love myself  
Lord, I love my man better than I love myself  
And if he don't have me, he won't have nobody else

My man got teeth that light up on the street  
My man got teeth that light up on the street  
And every time he smiles he throws them lights on me

His voice sound like chimes, I mean the organ kind  
His voice sound like chimes, I mean the organ kind  
And every time he speak, his music ease my troublin' mind.

AT THE CHRISTMAS BALL

(Fred Longshaw)

*[Parlé]*

*Unknown man:* Hey, Bessie, Christmas here.

*Smith:* Hear, hear ! Hooray for Christmas !

*[Chanté]* Christmas comes but once a year, and to me it brings good cheer

And to everyone who likes wine and beer

Happy New Year is after that, happy I'll be, that is a fact

That is why I like to hear, folks, I say, that Christmas is here

Christmas bells will ring real soon, even in the afternoon

There'll be no chimes shall ring

At the Christmas ball

Everyone must watch their step, or they will lose their rep

Everybody's full of pep

At the Christmas ball

Grab your partner, one and all, keep on dancin' round the hall

And there's no one to fall, don't you dare to stall

If your partner don't act fair, don't worry, there's some more over there

Takin' a chance everywhere

At the Christmas ball.

## BABY DOLL

(Bessie Smith)

Honey, there's a funny feelin' 'round my heart and it's 'bout to drive your mama wild  
It must be somethin' they call the Cuban doll, it weren't your mama's angel child  
I went to see the doctor the other day, he said I's well as well could be  
But I says, « Doctor, you don't know really what's worryin' me »  
I wanna be somebody's baby doll so I can get my lovin' all the time  
I wanna be somebody's baby doll to ease my mind  
He can be ugly, he can be black, so long as he can eagle rock and ball the jack  
I want to be somebody's baby doll so I can get my lovin' all the time,  
I mean, to get my lovin' all the time  
Lord, I went to the gypsy to get my fortune told  
She said, « You in hard luck, Bessie, doggone your bad luck soul »  
I wanna be somebody's baby doll so I can get my lovin' all the time,  
I mean, to get my lovin' all the time.

BABY, HAVE PITY ON ME  
(B. Moll et Clarence Williams)

You show your sympathy to every bird and bee  
But when it comes to me, dear, you laugh at every plea  
Sweetheart, I need the bliss, the bliss of your sweet kiss  
What can the answer be, dear, I can't go on like this

Like a beggar, what can I do ?  
Hungry for kisses and starvin' for you  
Press your lips to my lips, Lord, have pity on me

Cravin' for affection, my cravin' is strong  
Put your arms around me where they belong  
Press me, caress me, oh, have pity on me

One kiss and I'll know, I'll go riding on a rainbow  
Straight up to heaven, I will fly right to the sky  
Can't you hear me cryin' for sweet sympathy ?  
No love like your love can answer my plea  
Press your lips to my lips, Lord, have pity on me

One kiss and I'll know, I'll go riding on a rainbow  
Straight up to heaven, Lord, I'll fly right to the sky  
Can't you hear me cryin' for sweet sympathy ?  
No love like your love can answer my plea  
Press your lips to my lips, have pity on me.

BABY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

(Clarence Williams)

I've got the blues, I feel so lonely  
I'd give the world if I could only  
Make you understand  
It surely would be grand

I'm gonna telephone my baby  
Ask him won't you please come home  
'Cause when you gone  
I'm worried all day long

Baby, won't you please come home  
Baby, won't you please come home

I have tried in vain  
Never more to call your name  
When you left you broke my heart  
That will never make us part  
Every hour in the day  
You will hear me say

Baby, won't you please come home, I mean  
Baby, won't you please come home

Baby, won't you please come home  
'Cause your mama's all alone  
I have tried in vain  
Never more to call your name

When you left you broke my heart  
That will never make us part  
Landlord's gettin' worse  
I got to move May first

Baby, won't you please come home, I need money  
Baby, won't you please come home.

## BACKWATER BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night  
When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night  
Then trouble's takin' place in the lowlands at night

I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door  
I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door  
That's enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she wanna go

Then they rowed a little boat about five miles'cross the pond  
Then they rowed a little boat about five miles 'cross the pond  
I packed all my clothes, throwed 'em in and they rowed me along

When it thunders and lightnin', and the wind begins to blow  
When it thunders and lightnin', and the wind begins to blow  
There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go

Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill  
Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill  
Then looked down on the house where I used to live

Backwater blues done caused me to pack my things and go  
Backwater blues done caused me to pack my things and go  
'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no mo'

Mmmmmmmmm, I can't move no mo'  
Mmmmmmmmm, I can't move no mo'  
There ain't no place for a poor old girl to go.

BEALE STREET PAPA  
(R. Turk et J.R. Robinson)

Jennie Neal down in Beale killed her papa there  
Left him cold, got him told that she didn't care

Oh Joe, her beau, looked just like he would die  
If you were near him you would hear him start his mournsome cry

Beale Street papa, why don't you come back home ?  
It isn't proper to leave your mama all alone

Sometimes I was cruel, that was true  
But papa, you know mama never two-timed you  
Mmmm-hmmmm, I'm blue, so how come you do me like you do ?

I'm cryin', Beale Street papa, don't mess around with me  
There's plenty pettin' that I can get in Tennessee

I'll still get my sweet cookin' constantly  
But not the kind you serve to me

So Beale Street papa, come back home  
So how come you do me like you do ?

I'm cryin', Beale Street papa, don't mess around with me  
There's plenty pettin' that I can get in Tennessee

I bought a rifle, razor, and a knife  
A poster card can't save my life

So, Beale Street papa, come back home.

## BLACK MOUNTAIN BLUES

(H. Cole)

Back in Black Mountain, a child will smack your face  
Back in Black Mountain, a child will smack your face  
Babies cryin' for liquor, and all the birds sing bass

Black Mountain people are bad as they can be  
Black Mountain people are bad as they can be  
They uses gunpowder just to sweeten their tea

On this Black Mountain, can't keep a man in jail  
On this Black Mountain, can't keep a man in jail  
If the jury finds them guilty, the judge'll go they bail

Had a man in Black Mountain, sweetest man in town  
Had a man in Black Mountain, the sweetest man in town  
He met a city gal, and he throwed me down

I'm bound for Black Mountain, me and my razor and my gun  
Lord, I'm bound for Black Mountain, me and my razor and my gun  
I'm gonna shoot him if he stands still, and cut him if he run

Down in Black Mountain, they all shoots quick and straight  
Down in Black Mountain, they all shoots quick and straight  
The bullet'll get you if you starts a-dodgin' too late

Got the Devil in my soul, and I'm full of bad booze  
Got the Devil in my soul, and I'm full of bad booze  
I'm out here for trouble, I've got the Black Mountain blues.

## BLEEDING HEARTED BLUES

(Lovie Austin)

When you sad and lonely  
Thinkin' about you only  
Feelin' destructive and blue

Ah, your heart is achin'  
Yes, it's almost breakin'  
No one to tell your troubles to

That's the time you hang you head and begin to cry

All your friends forsake you  
Trouble overtakes you  
And your good man turns you down

People talk about you  
Everybody doubts you  
And your friends can't be found

Not a soul to ease your pain  
You will plead in vain  
You've got those bleeding hearted blues

Yeah, baby, tell me what's on your mind  
Pretty papa, tell me what's on your mind  
You keep my poor heart achin', I'm worried all the time

I'd give up every friend that I have  
Yes, I'd give up every friend that I have  
I'd give up my mother, I'd even give up dear old Dad.

BLUE, BLUE  
(Bessie Smith)

Blue, blue, I got a tale to tell you, I'm blue  
Something comes over me, daddy, and I'm blue about you

Listen to my story and everything'll come out true  
When your man is gone, your rent is all due  
He's not comin' back, you know he's all through

You weep and cry, feel like you could die  
If you was a bird, you'd take wings and fly

Here is one thing'll make you blue, blue  
When you ain't got a daddy to tell your troubles to

Step right out and think, start right in to wink  
Keep feeling in your heart, you'll start right in to drink

If you've ever been blue, you know how a woman feels  
If you've ever been blue, you know how a good woman feels  
You are worried, child, honey, yes indeed

Blue, blue, I had a tale to tell you, I was blue  
Something fell on me, daddy, and I was blue over you  
You done listened to my story, and everything come out true.

## BLUE SPIRIT BLUES

(Spencer Williams)

Had a dream last night that I was dead  
Had a dream last night that I was dead  
Evil spirits all around my bed

The Devil came and grabbed my hand  
The Devil came and grabbed my hand  
Took me way down to that red hot land

Mean blue spirits stuck they forks in me  
Mean blue spirits stuck they forks in me  
Made me moan and groan in misery

Fairies and dragons spittin' out blue flames  
Fairies and dragons spittin' out blue flames  
Showin' their teeth, for they was glad I came

Demons with their eyelids drippin' blood  
Demons with their eyelids drippin' blood  
Draggin' sinners through that brimstone flood

« This is hell », I cried, cried with all my might  
« This is hell », I cried, cried with all my might  
Oh, my soul, I can't bear the sight

Started runnin' 'cause it is my cup  
Started runnin' 'cause it is my cup  
Run so fast 'til someone woke me up.

BO-WEEVIL BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey et Lovie Austin)

Hey, bo-weevil, don't sing them blues no more  
Hey, be-weevil, don't sing them blues no more  
Bo-weevils here, bo-weevils everywhere you go

I'm a lone be-weevil, been out a great long time  
I'm a lone be-weevil, been out a great long time  
Gonna sing this song to ease be-weevil's troublin' mind

I don't want no sugar put into my tea  
I don't want no sugar put into my tea  
Some mens are so evil, I'm scared they might poison me

I went downtown, I bought myself a hat, I brought it back home, I laid it on the shelf  
I looked at my bed, I'm tired sleepin' by myself  
I'm tired sleepin' by myself.

BYE BYE B LUES

(P. Carter)

I feel blue, I'm going to do something that may look wrong  
When my man comes, he'll be surprised to find that I'm gone  
I done found out we can't agree, no matter how I try  
I wrote a note will get his goat when he reads this last goodbye

I've got those bye bye blues, I mean those long gone blues  
I'm goin' to where you off my mind  
I've got those low down blues, I mean those graveyard blues  
They keep me worried all the time

*[Chanté deux fois]* So I'm makin' a change I think will do me good  
Because everybody told me in my neighborhood  
As long as I stay I'm gonna be confused  
I'm sorry, sweet papa, I've got those bye bye blues, I mean those bye bye blues.

CAKE WALKING BABIES (FROM HOME)  
(Chris Smith, H. Troy et Clarence Williams)

Cake walkers may come, cake walkers may go  
But I wanna tell you 'bout a couple I know  
High steppin' pair, they'll be there  
When it comes for bizness, not a soul can compare

Here they come, look at 'em demonstratin'  
Goin' some, and they syncopatin'  
Talk of the town, easin' 'round  
Pickin' 'em up and layin' 'em down

Dancin' fools, ain't they demonstratin'  
They in a class of they own  
Now, the only way to win is to cheat 'em  
You may tie 'em, but you'll never beat 'em  
Strut your stuff, they're cake walkin' babies from home

Here they come, look at 'em syncopatin'  
Goin' some, ain't they demonstratin'  
Talk of the town, easin' 'round  
They pickin' 'em up and layin' 'em down

Dancin' fools, ain't they syncopatin'  
They in a class of they own  
Oh, the only way to win is to cheat 'em  
You may tie 'em, but you'll never beat 'em  
Strut your stuff, strut your stuff, cake walkin' babies from home.

## CARELESS LOVE BLUES

(W.C. Handy)

Love, oh love, oh careless love  
You fly through my head like wine  
You wrecked the life of a many poor gal  
And you let me spoil this life of mine

Love, oh love, oh careless love  
In your clutches of desire  
You made me break a many true vow  
Then you set my very soul on fire

Love, oh love, oh careless love  
All my happiness I've left  
You fill my heart with them worried ole blues  
Now I'm walkin', talkin' to myself

Love, oh love, oh careless love  
Trusted you now it's too late  
You made me throw my only friend down  
That's why I sing this song of hate

Love, oh love, oh careless love  
Night and day I weep and moan  
You brought the wrong man into this life of mine  
For my sin 'til judgment I'll atone.

## CEMETERY BLUES

(S. Laney et Spencer Williams)

Folks, I know a gal named Cemetery 'Lize down in Tennessee  
She has got a pair of mean old graveyard eyes full of misery  
Every night and day, you can hear her sing the blues away

I'm goin' down to the cemetery, 'cause the world is all wrong  
I'm goin' down to the cemetery, 'cause the world is all wrong  
Out there with the spooks to hear'em sing my sorrow song

Got a date to see a ghost by the name of Jones  
Got a date to see a ghost by the name of Jones  
Makes me feel happy to hear him rattle his bones

He's one man I always know just where to find  
He's one man I always know just where to find  
When you want true lovin', go and get the cemetery kind

He ain't no fine dresser, he don't wear nothin' but a sack  
Say, he ain't no fine dresser, he don't wear nothin' but a sack  
Every time he kisses me, that funny feelin' creeps up my back.

## CHICAGO BOUND BLUES

(Lovie Austin)

Late last night I stole away and cried  
Late last night I stole away and cried  
That's a blues for Chicago, and I just can't be satisfied

Blues on my brain, my tongue refused to talk  
Blues on my brain, my tongue refused to talk  
I was followin' my daddy, but my feet refused to walk

Mean old fireman, cruel old engineer  
Lord, mean old fireman, cruel old engineer  
You took my man away and left his mama standin' here

Big red headline, tomorrow *Defender* news  
Big red headline, tomorrow *Defender* news  
Woman dead down home with old Chicago blues, I said blues.

COLD IN HAND BLUES  
(Jack Gee\* et Fred Longshaw)

I've got a hard workin' man  
The way he treats me, I can't understand

He works hard every day  
And on Thursday throws away his pay

Now I don't want that man  
Because he's done gone cold in hand

Now I've tried hard to treat him kind  
I've tried hard to treat him kind  
But it seems to me his love is gone blind

The man I've got must have lost his mind  
The man I've got must have lost his mind  
The way he quit me, I can't understand

I'm gonna find myself another man  
I'm gonna find myself another man  
Because the one I've got has done gone cold in hand.

\* Edward Brooks, dans *The Bessie Smith Companion*, suggère que ce serait Smith et non pas Gee, qui aurait co-écrit la chanson avec Longshaw.

## DEVIL'S GONNA GET YOU

(Porter Grainger)

It's a long, long lane that has no turnin'  
There's a fire that always keeps on burnin'

Mr. Devil down below, pitchfork in his hand  
And that's where you are goin' to go, do you understand ?

Devil's gonna get you, Devil's gonna get you  
Ah, the Devil's gonna get you, man, just as sure as you born

Devil's gonna get you, Devil's gonna get you  
Ah, the Devil's gonna get you, the way you carryin' on

You'll go away, stay for weeks, on your doggone freak  
Come back home, get in my bed and turn your back on me

Oh, the Devil's gonna get you, I mean, the Devil's gonna get you  
Man, the Devil's gonna get you, sure as you born

Dirty two-timer, dirty two-timer, dirty two-timer, you ain't comin' clean  
Oh, the Devil's gonna get you, I mean, the Devil's gonna get you  
Oh, the Devil's gonna get you, you know what I mean

I don't want no two-time stuff from my regular man  
Don't want nothin' that's been used, 'cause it's second hand

The Devil's gonna get you, oh, the Devil's gonna get you  
Man, the Devil's gonna get you, sure as you born to die.

## DIRTY NO-GOODERS BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

Did you ever fall in love with a man that was no good ?  
Did you ever fall in love with a man that is no good ?  
No matter what you did for him, he never understood

The meanest things he could say would thrill you through and through  
The meanest things he could say would thrill you through and through  
And there wasn't nothin' too dirty for that man to do

He'd treat you nice and kind 'til he win your heart and hand  
He'd treat you nice and kind 'til he win your heart and hand  
Then he get so cruel, that man you just could not stand

Lawd, I really don't think no man's love can last  
Lawd, I don't think no man's love can last  
They'll love you to death, then treat you like a thing of the past

There's nineteen men livin' in my neighborhood  
There's nineteen men livin' in my neighborhood  
Eighteen of them are fools and the one ain't no doggone good

Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd. oh Lawd  
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd  
That dirty no-good man treats me just like I'm a dog.

DIXIE FLYER BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

*[Parlé]*

*Unknown man:* Hold that train !

*[Chanté]* Hold that engine, let sweet mama get on board  
Hold that engine, let sweet mama get on board  
'Cause my home ain't here, it's a long way down the road

Come back, choo-choo, mama's gonna find a berth  
Come back, choo-choo, mama's gonna find a berth  
Goin' to Dixieland, it's the grandest place on earth

Dixie Flyer, come on and let your drivers roll  
Dixie Flyer, come on and let your drivers roll  
Wouldn't stay up North to save nobody's doggone soul

Blow your whistle, tell'em mama's comin' through  
Blow your whistle, tell'em mama's comin' through  
Pick it up a little bit, 'cause I'm feel in' mighty blue

Here's my ticket, take it, please, conductorman  
Here's my ticket, take it, please, conductorman  
Goin' to my mammy way down in Dixieland.

DON'T CRY BABY  
(S. Unger et S. Bernie)

Honey, please don't cry, listen to me  
There's no reason why we shouldn't agree  
If I hurt your feelin's, I apologize  
You the only one that I idolize

*[Chanté deux fois]*

Don't cry baby, don't cry baby, dry your eyes and let's be sweethearts again  
I didn't mean to make you feel blue  
Honest, I'll never do it again  
Won't you forgive, won't you forget  
Do as I ask you to  
I'll never let you regret, just start anew  
You know I'm sorry, oh, so sorry  
Don't cry baby, there's no one but you.

DOWN HEARTED BLUES  
(Alberta Hunter et Lovie Austin)

Gee, but it's hard to love someone  
When that someone don't love you  
I'm so disgusted, heartbroken too  
I've got those down hearted blues

Once I was crazy 'bout a man  
He mistreated me all the time  
The next man I get has got to promise me  
To be mine, all mine

Trouble, trouble, I've had it all my days  
Trouble, trouble, I've had it all my days  
It seem like trouble going to follow me to my grave

I ain't never loved but three mens in my life  
I ain't never loved but three men in my life  
My father, my brother, the man that wrecked my life.

It may be a week, it may be a month or two  
It may be a week, it may be a month or two  
But the day you quit me, honey, it's comin' home to you

I got the world in a jug, the stopper's in my hand  
I got the world in a jug, the stopper's in my hand  
I'm gonna hold it until you men come under my command.

## DO YOUR DUTY

(Wesley Wilson)

If I call three times a day, baby  
Come and drive my blues away  
When you come, be ready to play  
Do your duty

If you want to have some luck  
Give your baby your last buck  
Don't come quackin' like a duck  
Do your duty

I heard you say you didn't love me, baby, yesterday at Mrs. Brown's  
I don't believe a word she said, she's the lyin'est woman in town

Oh, babe, when I need attention at home  
I'll just call you on the telephone  
Come yourself, don't send your friend Jones  
Do your duty

If my radiator gets too hot  
Cool it off in lots of spots  
Give me all the service you've got  
Do your duty

If you don't know what it's all about  
Don't sit around my house and pout  
Do, you'll catch your mama tippin' out  
Do your duty

If you make your own bed hard, that's the way it lies  
If I'm tired of sleepin' by myself, you're too dumb to realize

Oh, babe, I'm not tryin' to make you feel blue  
I'm not satisfied with the way that you do  
I've got to help you find somebody to  
Do your duty.

## DYIN' BY THE HOUR

(G. Brooks)

It's an old story, every time it's a doggone man  
It's an old story, every time it's a doggone man  
But when that thing is on you, you just drift from hand to hand

I'd drink up all that acid if it wouldn't burn me so  
I'd drink up all that acid if it wouldn't burn me so  
And telephone the Devil, that's the only place I'd go

Once I weighed two hundred, I'm nothin' but skin and bones  
Once I weighed two hundred, I'm nothin' but skin and bones  
I would always laugh, but it's nothin' but a moan and a groan

Lord, I'm dyin' by the hour about that doggone man of mine  
I'm dyin' by the hour 'bout that doggone man of mine  
He said he didn't love me, that is why I'm dyin' and losin' my mind.

## DYING GAMBLER'S BLUES

(Jack Gee)\*

Listen here, all you nice men  
Listen here, all you nice men  
My best friend is dyin' today  
This morning I left at half past nine  
All the gamblers on the line  
One kneeled down and tried to pray  
My best friend passed away  
Last night I hear my man cryin'  
Everybody says he was dyin'  
Hold me, hold me, they cried  
All the women, they cried  
Little children, they cried  
Nobody wants to see a good gambler die  
My man said before he died  
Place a deck of cards at his side  
Lay a pair of dice on his chest  
He's one more good gambler and he's gone to rest  
Oh me, oh me, have mercy, have mercy on me  
I ain't got nobody to pity poor old me  
I fell down on my knees, I raised my hands, and I wanted to scream  
Because there's nobody wants to see a good gambler die.

\* Edward Brooks, dans *The Bessie Smith Companion*, suggère que ce serait probablement Smith et non pas Gee, qui aurait écrit cette chanson.

## EASY COME, EASY GO BLUES

(W. Jackson et E. Brown)

Some folks they always cryin', cryin' them mean old blues  
Not me, you never even see me frown  
Some folks just walk around tryin', tryin' hard love to lose  
But I said let it come, good, bad, or bum  
I'm the happiest gal in the town

Easy come, easy go, nothin' ever worries me  
Shuffle on like this song, don't know old misery

If my sweet man trifles, or if he don't  
I'll get someone to love me anytime he won't  
Easy come, easy go, right from my head to shoes

Don't want to be no skinny vamp or nothin' like that  
Daddy always knows just where his sweet mama's at  
I'm overflowing with those easy come, easy go blues

This world owes me a plenty lovin', hear what I say  
Believe me, I go out collectin' 'most every day  
I'm overflowing with those easy come, easy go blues.

## EAVESDROPPER'S BLUES

(J.C. Johnson)

I heard the folks a talkin' here yesterday  
As I listened by the door  
But eavesdroppers they never hear no good, they say,  
And I heard things that hurt me so

They said I had a man I give my money to  
They said I had a man I give my money to  
And if I was broke he would turn my eyes all blue

They talked about my pa who was blind in one eye  
They talked about my pa who was blind in one eye  
They said he was a sinner and was too mean to cry

I never knocked nobody, wonder why they pick on me  
I never knocked nobody, wonder why they pick on me  
There's going to be a funeral if they don't let me be

I never stop to listen to try and hear no good news  
I never stop to listen to try and hear no good news  
I hear things about me give me those eavesdropper's blues.

EMPTY BED BLUES, PART I

(J.C. Johnson)

I woke up this mornin' with an awful achin' head  
I woke up this mornin' with a awful achin' head  
My new man had left me just a room and a empty bed

Bought me a coffee grinder, got the best one I could find  
Bought me a coffee grinder, got the best one I could find  
So he could grind my coffee, 'cause he had a brand new grind

He's a deep sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong  
He's a deep sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong  
He can touch the bottom and his wind holds out so long

He knows how to thrill me and he thrills me night and day  
Lord, he knows how to thrill me, he thrills me night and day  
He's got a new way of lovin' almost takes my breath away

Lord, he's got that sweet somethin', and I told my gal friend Lou  
He's got that sweet somethin', and I told my gal friend Lou  
From the way she's ravin', she must have gone and tried it too.

## EMPTY BED BLUES, PART II

(J.C. Johnson)

When my bed get empty, make me feel awful mean and blue  
When my bed get empty, make me feel awful mean and blue  
My springs are gettin' rusty, sleepin' single like I do

Bought him a blanket, pillow for his head at night  
Bought him a blanket, pillow for his head at night  
Then I bought him a mattress so he could lay just right

He came home one evening with his spirit way up high  
He came home one evening with his spirit way up high  
What he had to give me made me wring my hands and cry

He give me a lesson that I never had before  
He give me a lesson that I never had before  
When he got through teachin' me, from my elbow down was sore

He boiled my first cabbage and he made it awful hot  
He boiled my first cabbage and he made it awful hot  
Then he put in the bacon, it overflowed the pot

When you get good lovin', never go and spread the news  
Yeah, it will double cross you and leave you with them empty bed blues.

FAR AWAY BLUES

(G. Brooks)

*Chanté en duo avec Clara Smith*

We left our southern home and wandered north to roam

Like birds, went seekin' a brand new field of corn

We don't know why we are here

But we're up here just the same

And we are just the loneliest girls that's ever born

Some of these days we are going far away

Some of these days we are going far away

Where we have got a lot of friends and don't have no roof rent to pay

Oh, there'll come a day when from us you'll hear no news

Oh, there'll come a day when from us you'll hear no news

Then you will know that we have died from those lonesome far away blues.

## FLORIDA BOUND BLUES

(Clarence Williams)

Goodbye North, hello South

Goodbye North, hello South

It's so cold up here that the words freeze in your mouth

I'm goin' to Florida where' can have my fun

I'm goin' to Florida where' can have my fun

Where' can layout in the green grass and look up at the sun

Hey, hey, redcap, help me with this load

Redcap porter, help me with this load

Step aside, hold that steamboat, Mr. Captain, let me get on board

I got a letter from my daddy, he bought me a sweet piece of land

I got a letter from my daddy, he bought me a small piece of ground

You can't blame me for leavin', Lord, , mean I'm Florida bound

My papa told me, my mama told me too

My papa told me, my mama told me too

Don't let them bell-bottomed britches make a fool outa you.

FOLLOW THE DEAL ON DOWN

(T. Delaney)

*[Parlé]* Stop rollin' them bones and listen to me !

*[Chanté]* I had a gamblin' man, he's hard to understand  
He just kept me worried and goin' around  
He would skin and shoot his dice, couldn't give him no advice  
He followed the deal on down

He was a gambler, , mean, he was a gambler  
And he'd always lay his money down  
If he win or if he lose, he would never sing the blues  
He followed the deal on down

He took sick the other day, and his bills' had to pay  
None of his good friends could be found  
Not a penny to his name, of course he's not to blame  
Lord, he followed the deal on down

He was a gambler, yes, he was a gambler  
And he would always go from town to town  
The gamblin' life he craved, it laid the poor boy in his grave  
He followed the deal on down.

## FOOLISH MAN BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

Men sure deceitful, they getting worse every day  
Lord, men sure deceitful, they getting worse every day  
Actin' like a bunch of women, they just gabbin', gabbin', gabbin' away

There's two things got me puzzled, there's two things I can't understand  
There's two things got me puzzled, there's two things I can't understand  
That's a mannish actin' woman and skippin', twistin', woman actin' man

Lord, I used to love that man, he always made my poor heart ache  
Yes, I love that man, he makes my poor heart ache  
He's crooked as a corkscrew, and evil as a copperheaded snake

I knew a certain man who spent years runnin' a poor gal down  
I knew a certain man who spent a year runnin' a poor gal down  
And when she let him kiss her, the fool blabbed it all over town.

## FRANKIE BLUES

(E. Johnson)

Frankie was a good fellow  
To everyone he knew  
I had some trouble with Frankie  
That made me feel so blue

He packed his grip for a trip  
And said, « I'm leaving here, honey dear »  
He called to see me next day  
I was mad and this is what I said

« I'm worried now, I won't be worried long »  
I miss sweet Frankie since he's been gone, yes I do  
He went away, he knows he's done me wrong

I'll tell you, now I'm weepin' like a willow tree  
Since sweet Frankie's went away from me  
Where he's gone I do not know  
He will see some place near Baltimo'

Yes, I will pay 'most any fair reward  
If you will find Frankie, Lord  
I been to Frisco, Hackensack  
Tryin' to find Frankie and bring him back

Somebody find that sweet Frankie of mine, ease my mind  
Yes, I will pay 'most any fair reward  
If you will find Frankie, Lord

I phoned my angels, they didn't hear  
I phoned Saint Peter, « Send a brown down here »  
Somebody find that sweet Frankie of mine  
And ease my mind.

## FROSTY MORNING BLUES

(E. Brown)

How come I'm blue as can be, how come I need sympathy ?  
I know what's troublin' me, listen and you'll see, because  
The good man that I love left me all alone  
Woke up this morning at four, when I heard him slammin' my door

Did you ever wake up on a frosty morning and discover your good man gone ?  
Did you ever wake up on a frosty morning and discover your good man gone ?  
If you did you'll understand why I'm singin' this mournful song

Well, he didn't provide and he wasn't handsome, so he might not appeal to you  
Well, he didn't provide and he wasn't handsome, so he might not appeal to you  
But he give me plenty lovin' and I never had to beg him to

Now my damper is down and my fire ain't burnin' and a chill's all around my bed  
My damper is down and my fire ain't burnin' and a chill's all around my bed  
When you lose a man you love, then a gal is just as good as dead.

## GIMME A PIGFOOT

(Wesley Wilson)

*[Parlé]* Twenty-five cents ? Hah ! No, no, I wouldn't pay twenty-five cents to go in  
nowhere, 'cause listen here...

*[Chanté]* Up in Harlem every Saturday night  
When the highbrows get together it's just too tight

They all congregates at an all night strut  
And what they do is tut, tut, tut

Ole Hannah Brown from 'cross town  
Gets full of corn and starts breakin' 'em down

Just at the break of day  
You can hear old Hannah say

Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer  
Send me, gate, I don't care

I feel just like I wanna clown  
Give the piano player a drink because he's bringin' me down

He's got rhythm, yeah, when he stomps his feet  
He sends me right off to sleep

Check all your razors and your guns  
We gonna be rasslin' when the wagon comes

I want a pigfoot and a bottle of beer  
Send me, 'cause I don't care  
Slay me, 'cause I don't care

Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer  
Send me, gate, I don't care

I feel just like I wanna clown  
Give the piano player a drink because he's bringin' me down

He's got rhythm, yeah, when he stomps his feet  
He sends me right off to sleep

Check all your razors and your guns  
Do the shim sham shimmy 'til the risin' sun

Gimme a reefer and a gang 0' gin  
Slay me, 'cause I'm in my sin  
Slay me, 'cause I'm full of gin.

GIN HOUSE B L U E S  
(H. Troy et Fletcher Henderson)

I've got a sad sad story today  
I've got a sad sad story today  
I'm goin' to the gin house when the whistle blows  
My troubles come like rain, that starts then pours and pours

My man keeps me cryin' all night  
My man keeps me cryin' all night  
I'm goin' to the gin house, set out by myself  
I mean to drown my sorrows, my sweet somebody else

I've got those worse kind of gin house blues  
I've got those worse kind of gin house blues  
I'll make one trip there to see can I ease my mind  
And if I do I'm gonna make it my last time

It takes a good smart woman these days  
It takes a good smart woman these days  
To hold her man when these gals have got so many different ways  
I mean to watch my man, don't care what these other gals say

I've got to see the conjure man soon  
I've got to see the conjure man soon  
Because these gin house blues is campin' 'round my door  
I want him to drive them off so they won't come back no more.

## GOLDEN RULE BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

I can't understand, I can't keep my man  
Won't someone please find him if you can  
Tell him this for me

Give me back my key I let him have five years ago  
Bring me back my key I let him have five years ago  
You don't know how to use it, you don't need it no more

Looked for you at home, you never can be found  
Looked for you at home, you never can be found  
That's the reason why you can't carry my key around

Pretty papa, you must learn the rule  
Pretty papa, you must learn the rule  
Go to work every morning like all the other men do

Bring me your pay after your work every day  
Bring me your pay after your work every day  
That's the only way you can make your pretty mama stay.

## A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

(E. Green)

My heart is sad and I'm all alone, my man treats me mean  
I regret the day that I was born and that man I ever seen  
My happiness has no space left today  
My heart is broke, that's why I say

Lord, a good man is hard to find, you always get another kind  
Yes, and when you think that he's your pal  
You look and find him fooling 'round some old gal  
Then you rave, you are crazed, you want to see him down in his grave

So if your man is nice, take my advice  
Hug him in the morning, kiss him at night  
Give him plenty lovin', treat your good man right  
'Cause a good man nowadays sho' is hard to find

Lord, a good man is so hard to find, we always get that rough old kind  
Yes, when you think that he's your pal  
You look and find him hangin' 'round some old gal  
Then you rave, child, you're crazed, you'll want to see him dead, layin' in his grave

So if your man is nice, take my advice  
Hug him in the morning, kiss him at night  
Give plenty smack, madam, treat your man right  
'Cause a good man nowadays sho' is hard to find.

## GRAVEYARD DREAM BLUES

(Ida Cox)

Blues on my mind, blues all around my head  
Blues on my mind, and blues all around my head  
I dreamed last night that the man that I love was dead

I went to the graveyard, fell down on my knee  
I went to the graveyard, fell down on my knee  
And I asked the gravedigger to give me back my real good man, please

The gravedigger looked me in the eye  
The gravedigger looked me in the eye  
Said « I'm sorry, lady, but your man has said his last goodbye »

I wrung my hand and I wanted to scream  
I wrung my hand and I wanted to scream  
But when I woke up, I found it was only a dream.

GULF COAST B L U E S

(Clarence Williams)

I've been blue all day  
My man's gone away

He has left his mama cold  
For another gal, I'm told

I tried to treat him kind  
I thought he would be mine

That man I hate to lose  
That's why mama's got the blues

The man I love, he has done left this town  
The man I love, he has done left this town  
And if it keeps on snowing, I will be Gulf Coast bound

The mailman passed, but he didn't leave no news  
The mailman passed, but he didn't leave no news  
I'll tell the world he left me with those Gulf Coast blues

Some of you men sure do make me tired  
Some of you men sure do make me tired  
You've got a mouthful of « gimme », a handful of « much obliged ».

## HARD DRIVING PAPA

(G. Brooks)

Lord, I wish I could die, 'cause my man treats me like a slave

Lord, I wish I could die, my man treats me like a slave

That's a why he drives me, I'm sinkin' low, low in my grave

He's a hard drivin' papa, drives me all the time

Drives me so hard, I'm 'fraid that I'll lose my mind

And when the sun starts sinkin', I start sinkin' into cryin'

Lord, I rise in the morning, dressed when the clock strikes four

Five o'clock, I'm washin' and scrubbin' somebody's floor

He takes all my money and starts to cry for more

I'm goin' to the river feel in' so sad and blue

I'm goin' to the river feel in' so sad and blue

Because I love him, 'cause there's no one can beat me like he do.

## HARD TIME BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

My man said he didn't want me, I'm getting tired of his dirty ways  
I'm going to see another brown  
I'm packin' my clothes, I'm leavin' town  
Getting outdoors, lettin' him know  
And he'll see a hard time  
Now there's no need of cryin', just put me off your mind  
And you'll see a hard time  
When your good woman is gone, you will see a hard time

*[Parlé]* Don't say a word, just listen.

The risin' sun ain't gonna set in the east no more  
The risin' sun ain't gonna set in the east no more  
Lord, I'm a good woman, I can get a man any place I go

You can say what you please, you will miss me  
There's a lots of things you are bound to see  
When your friends forsake you and your money's gone  
Then you'll look around, all your clothes in pawn  
Down on your knees, you'll ask for me  
There's no one else you will want to see  
Then you'll pray a prayer that men pray everywhere, Lord  
When your good woman is gone, when your good woman is gone.

## HATEFUL BLUES

(E. Johnson)

Woke up this mornin' hateful and blue' cause my daddy treated me wrong  
He's got his satchel, packed his clothes upon his back and gone, I say he's gone  
Yes, I'm low down, nothin' ever worries me long, I said long

I cried last night and I cried all night before, cried the blues  
And I said that I ain't gonna cry no more, no more  
If he can stand to leave me, I can stand to see him go, I said go

Yes, I'm hateful' cause he treats me so unkind  
If I find that man while hurt is on my mind

If I see him I'm gon' beat him, gon' kick and bite him, too  
Gonna take my weddin' butcher, gonna cut him two in two

The ambulance is waitin', the undertaker, too  
Asuit in doctor's office, all kinds of money for you

Ain't gonna sell him, gon' keep him for myself  
Gonna cut on him until a piece this big is left

'Cause my love has been abused  
Now I got the hateful blues.

## HAUNTED HOUSE BLUES

(J.C. Johnson)

*[Parlé]* Don't bring no ghosts in the front, carry'em 'round to the back door.

*[Chanté]* This house is so haunted with dead men I can't lose  
This house is so haunted with dead men I can't lose  
And a sneaky old feelin' gives me those haunted house blues

I can't sleep no more, I done lost my appetite  
I can't sleep no more, done lost my appetite  
'Cause my mistreatin' daddy hangs around me day and night

He moans when I'm sleepin', he wakes me at two A.M.  
He moans when I'm sleepin', he wakes me at two A.M.  
And he makes me swear I'll have no other man but him

Now I'm so worried and I'm blue all the time  
Now I'm so worried and I'm blue all the time  
Go tell the undertaker to fix that old coffin of mine

*[Parlé]* Lord, help us to get right !

*[Chanté]* I'm scared to stay here, I'm scared to leave this town  
I'm scared to stay here, I'm scared to leave this town  
But a feelin' just tell me to burn this house on down, hainted\* house on down.

\* Hanté (« *haint* » signifie fantôme).

## HE'S GONE BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

I feel blue, I want someone to cheer me  
So confused, because my man's not near me  
I'm getting tired of bein' alone  
I want my good man to come on home  
He's gone and left me  
He's gone away to stay

I never had a man in my whole life  
To treat me this-a-way  
I work hard both the night and day  
I even let him draw my pay  
He packed his grip and left on Christmas Day  
Oh well, I guess he's gone

Any fair-minded woman liable to go insane  
When the best man she had has gone astray  
Since my man has gone, he's gone away to roam  
All I can say, he's gone, gone, gone  
He's gone and left me  
He's gone away to stay

I never had a man in my whole life  
To treat me this-a-way  
I work hard both the night and day  
I even let him draw my pay  
He packed his grip and left on Christmas Day  
Oh well, I guess he's gone  
Oh well, I guess he's gone.

## HE'S GOT ME GOIN'

(Joe Davis)

Don't know what's come over me, done lost my self-control  
He's the sugar in my tea, the jelly in my roll  
Got me goin', he's got me goin', but I don't know where I'm headed for

Gee, I've got a lovin' man, one of them handsome brutes  
He's built according to that plan, too bad when it suits  
Got me goin', he's got me goin', but I don't know where I'm headed for

I can't sleep a doggone wink, unless he's by my side  
Mine's so different, I just can't think without my easy ride  
Got me goin', he's got me goin', but I don't know where I'm headed for

Lay and listen to the clock, ticks loud as a drum  
Hear the crowing of a cock, still my man ain't come  
Got me goin', got me goin', but I don't know where I'm headed for

Wouldn't be no two-time gal, just one man's enough  
I don't need no two men, 'cause my one man knows his stuff  
Got me goin', got me goin', but I don't know where I'm headed for

Got a heart, but just one man knows how to get to it  
For he's got the only key that's a perfect fit  
Got me goin', he's got me goin', but I don't know where I'm headed for

'Fraid to advertise my man, simply scared to death  
These gals'll hear about him and try him for they self  
Got me goin', got me goin', but I don't know where I'm headed for.

## HOMELESS BLUES

(Porter Grainger)

Mississippi River, what a fix you left me in  
Lord, Mississippi River, what a fix you left me in  
Mudholes of water, clear up to my chin

House without a steeple, didn't even have a door  
House without a steeple, didn't even have a door  
Plain old two-room shanty, but it was my home sweet home

Ma and Pa got drowned, and Mississippi, you to blame  
My Ma and Pa got drowned, and Mississippi, you to blame  
Mississippi River, I can't stand to hear your name

Homeless, yes, I'm homeless, might as well be dead  
Ah, you know I'm homeless, homeless, yes, might as well be dead  
Hungry and disgusted, no place to lay my head

Wished I was an angel, but I'm a plain old black crow  
Wished I was a nigger,' but I'm a plain old black crow  
I'm gonna flap my wings and leave here and never come back no more.

## HONEY MAN BLUES

(G. Brooks)

I've got the blues, and it's all about my honey man  
I've got the blues, and it's all about my honey man  
What makes me love him I sure don't understand

I'd rather be in the ocean floating like a log  
I'd rather be in the ocean floating like a log  
Than to stay with him and be mistreated like a dog

My heart's on fire, but my love is icy cold  
My heart's on fire, but my love is icy cold  
But I'm goin' right to his face and get him told

I'll fix him if it's twenty years from now  
I'll fix him if it's twenty years from now  
I'll have him belling just like a cow

I was born in Georgia, my ways are underground  
I was born in Georgia, my ways are underground  
If you mistreat me, I'll hunt you like a hound.

## HOT SPRINGS BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

If you ever get crippled, let me tell you what to do  
Lord, if you ever get crippled, let me tell you what to do  
Take a trip to Hot Springs, and let 'em wait on you

When they put you in the water and do the bathhouse rag  
Lord, they'll put you in the water and do the bathhouse rag  
And if you don't get well, you'll sure come back

With the steam and the sweat and the hot room too  
With the steamin' sweat, and hot room too  
If that don't cure you, tell me what will it do

Some come here crippled, some come here lame  
Some come here crippled, some come here lame  
If they don't go away well, we are not to blame

Hot spring water sure runs good and hot  
Hot spring water sure runs bailin' hot  
I want everybody know it sure comes from a rock.

## HOUSE RENT BLUES

(T. Wallace)

*[Parlé]* Where's that coal man ? I want a big lump of coal this morning.

*[Chanté]* On a cold, dark and stormy night  
On a cold, dark and stormy night  
They want to put me out and it wasn't daylight

There on my door they nailed a sign  
There on my door they nailed a sign  
I got to move from here if the rent man don't change his mind

See me comin', put your woman outdoors  
See me comin', put your woman outdoors  
You know I ain't no stranger, and I been here before

Lordy, what a feel in', rent man comes a-creepin', in my bed a-sleepin'  
He left me with those house rent blues.

## HUSTLIN' DAN

(J. Crawford)

Listen, sportin' fell as, all you brown and black gals, too  
Tell you 'bout a black man, best that ever wore a shoe  
Hustlin' Dan, he was my man

Talk about your lovers, he could more than satisfy me  
Master of my weakness, everything a man could be  
Hustlin' Dan, oh, he's my man

He was one good gambler, he would gamble anywhere  
Knows the game and plays it, always plays it on the square  
Hustlin' Dan, yes, he's my man

Yes, he was a hustler, ramblers called him Hustlin' Dan  
Born down on the levee, was a rough and tumble man  
Hustlin' Dan, mmmm, he's my man

He got sick one mornin' just about the break of day  
T.B. was upon him, had to send my man away  
Hustlin' Dan, he was my man

While he was in Denville, sent him money all the time  
Prayed to the Lord above me, please don't take that man of mine  
Hustlin' Dan, Lord, he's my man

Since he's gone and left me, bought myself a big forty-four  
Gonna join my good man, I don't wanna live no more  
Hustlin' Dan, Lord, he's my man.

AIN'T GOIN' TO PLAY NO SECOND FIDDLE

(Perry Bradford)

Let me tell you, daddy, mama ain't gon' set and grieve  
Pack up your duds and get ready to leave  
I've stood your foolishness long enough  
So now I'm gonna call your bluff

On certain things I'm gonna call your hand  
So now, daddy, here's my plan  
I ain't gonna play no second fiddle, I'm used to playin' lead

You must think that I am blind  
You been cheatin' me all the time  
Why did you still flirt ?

And you know just how it hurt  
To see you with my chum  
Do you think that I am dumb ?  
You cause me to drink  
When I set down and think  
And see that you never take heed

I called to your house the other night  
Caught you and your good gal havin' a fight  
I ain't gonna play no second fiddle, 'cause I'm used to playin' lead

I caught you with your good time vamp  
So now, papa, I'm gon' put out your lamp  
Now, papa, I ain't sore  
You ain't gon' mess up with me no more

I'm gonna flirt with another sheep  
Then you gonna hang your head and weep  
I ain't gonna play no second fiddle, 'cause I'm used to playin' lead.

AIN'T GOT NOBODY  
(R. Graham et Spencer Williams)

They've been sayin' all around, and I begin to think it's true  
It's hard to love some man when he don't care for you

Once I had a lovin' man, as good as any in this town  
But now I'm sad and lonely, he's done throwed me down

I ain't got nobody, nobody, nobody cares for me  
That's why I'm always sad and lonely  
Won't some good man take a chance with me ?

I sings good songs all the time  
Want some brown to be a pal of mine  
I ain't got nobody, nobody, ain't nobody cares for me

I sings good songs all the time  
Won't some man be a pal of mine ?  
I ain't got nobody, nobody, ain't nobody cares for me.

I'D RATHER BE DEAD AND BURIED IN MY GRAVE

(P. Fuller)

I'm like a fox without a hole, a ship without a sail  
Like a dog who's got a dozen cans danglin' on his tail  
I'd rather be dead and buried in my grave, mean old grave

Just soon to wallow in the mud as to be treated like a hog  
I feel like I'm somebody's old sheep killin' dog  
I'd rather be dead and buried in my grave, mean old grave

It's a man has got me sniffin', sniffin' dope and drinkin' gin  
Yes, it's another one that put me in this old hole I'm in  
He hurt me when he left, nobody but the Lord can tell  
I asked him where's he goin', he said, « Go to hell »  
I'd rather be dead and buried in my grave, mean old grave

Dug a hole for his picture, faced it to the ground  
Sprinkled salt around to keep him from around  
I'd rather be dead and buried in my grave, mean old grave

That man is my master and I'm nothin' but a slave  
That's why I'd rather be dead and buried in my grave, mean old grave.

IF YOU DON'T, I KNOW WHO WILL  
(Clarence Williams, S. Smith et T. Brymn)

Daddy, I want some furs and things  
Daddy, I want a diamond ring

Aeroplanes, motorcars, and such  
If your little mama ain't askin' too much

From you, from you  
Won't you give me what I want, daddy, do

If you don't, I know who will  
If you don't, I know who will

You may think that I'm just bluffin'  
But I'm one gal ain't s'posed to want for nothin'

I've got my wantin' habits on  
I've had 'em on since this morn'

Man, you've got to help me 'long  
If you don't, it's goodbye John

Squeeze me 'til I feel the thrill  
Love me 'til I get my fill

'Cause if you don't and say you won't  
I know who will, Mr. So-and-so, I know who will

If you don't, I know who will  
If you don't, I know who will

You might think that I'm just bluffin'  
But I'm one gal ain't s'posed to want for nothin'

I've got my wantin' habits on  
I've had 'em on since this morn'

Man, you've got to help me 'long  
If you don't, it's goodbye John

Squeeze me 'til I feel the thrill  
Love me 'til I get my fill

'Cause if you don't and say you won't  
I know who will, my other papa, I know who will.

## I'M DOWN IN THE DUMPS

(L. Wilson et W. Wilson)

My man's got something, he gives me such a thrill  
Every time he smiles at me I can't keep my body still

I done cried so much, look like I've got the mumps  
I can't keep from worryin' 'cause I'm down in the dumps

I had a nightmare last night when I laid down  
When I woke up this morning my sweet man couldn't be found

I'm going down to the river, into it I'm gonna jump  
Can't keep from worryin' 'cause I'm down in the dumps

Someone knocked on my do' last night when I was sleep  
I thought it was that sweet man of mine makin' his 'fore day creep

'Twas nothing but my landlord, a great big chump  
Stay 'way from my door, Mr. Landlord, 'cause I'm down in the dumps

When I woke up, my pillow was wet with tears  
Just one day from that man of mine seem like a thousand years

But I'm gonna straighten up, straighter than Andy Gump  
Ain't no use of me tellin' that lie 'cause I'm down in the dumps

I'm twenty-five years old, that ain't no old maid  
I got plenty of feel in' and vitality, I'm sure that I can make the grade

I'm always like a tiger, I'm ready to jump  
I need a whole lots of lovin' 'cause I'm down in the dumps.

I'M GOING BACK TO MY USED TO BE

(T. Cox)

*(Chanté en duo avec Clara Smith)*

I feel sad, you feel blue, I can hardly sleep at night  
For your man was so unkind and I know I didn't treat him right  
You goin' back to your first love, 'cause a good man is hard to find  
I say you have got some grand good man, believe me, he is sure on my mind

I'm goin' back, yeah, you're turnin' back  
I'm goin' back to my used to be  
You goin' back, I'm goin' back 'cause my man was so good to me  
Went out the window when times was rough

*[Parlé]* Look out there, Clara, you know your man was in the pool yard struttin' his stuff

Bessie, I'm goin' back, Clara, you say you're goin' back  
I'm goin' back to my used to be, and it's this morning

Back to my used to be, what can you use him for  
Crazy about my used to be, he ain't good lookin'  
I love my used to be.

## I'M WILD ABOUT THAT THING

(Spencer Williams)

Honey, baby, won't you cuddle near  
Let sweet mama whisper in your ear  
I'm wild about that thing  
It makes me laugh and sing  
Give it to me, papa, I'm wild about that thing

Do it easy, honey, don't get rough  
From you, papa, I can't get enough  
I'm wild about that thing  
Sweet joy it always brings  
Everybody knows it, I'm wild about that thing

Please don't hold it, baby, when I cry  
Gimme every bit of it, else I'll die  
I'm wild about that thing  
Sha-da-jing-jing-jing  
All the time I'm cryin', I'm wild about that thing

What's the matter, papa, please don't stall  
Don't you know I love it and I wants it all  
I'm wild about that thing  
Just give my bell a ring  
You can press my button, I'm wild about that thing

If you want to satisfy my soul  
Come on and rock me with a steady roll  
I'm wild about that thing  
Gee, I like your ting-a-ling  
Kiss me like you mean it, I'm wild about that thing

Come on, turn the lights down low  
When you say you're ready, just say let's go  
I'm wild about that thing  
Come on and make me feel it, I'm wild about that thing

All about it when you hold me tight  
Let me linger in your arms all night  
I'm wild about that thing  
My passion's got the fling  
Come on, hear me cryin', I'm wild about that thing.

## INTHE HOUSE BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

Settin' in the house with everything on my mind  
Settin' in the house with everything on my mind  
Lookin' at the clock and can't even tell the time

Walkin' to my window, and lookin' out of my door  
Walkin' to my window, and lookin' out of my door  
Wishin' that my man would come home once more

Can't eat, can't sleep, so weak I can't walk my floor  
Can't eat, can't sleep, so weak I can't walk my floor  
Feel like hollerin' murder, let the police squad get me once more

They woke me up before day with trouble on my mind  
They woke me up before day with trouble on my mind  
Wringin' my hands and screamin', walkin' the floor hollerin' and cryin'

Catch 'em, don't let them blues in here  
Catch 'em, don't let them blues in here  
They shakes me in my bed, can't set down in my chair

Oh, the blues has got me on the go  
Oh, they've got me on the go  
They runs around my house, in and out of my front door.

IT MAKES MY LOVE COME DOWN

(Bessie Smith)

When I see two sweethearts spoon  
Underneath the silvery moon  
It makes my love come down  
I wanna be around  
Kiss me, honey, it makes my love come down

Cuddle close, turn out the light  
Do just what you did last night  
It makes my love come down, I wanna be in town  
Sweet, sweet daddy, it makes my love come down

Wild about my toodle-oh  
When I get my toodle-oh  
It makes my love come down, want every pound  
Hear me cryin', it makes my love come down

Likes my coffee, likes my tea  
Daffy about my stingaree  
It makes my love come down, I wanna be around  
Oh, sweet papa, it makes my love come down

If you want to hear me rave  
Honey, give me what I crave  
It makes my love come down, actin' like a clown  
Can't help from braggin', it makes my love come down

Come on and be my desert sheik  
You so strong and I'm so weak  
It makes my love come down, to be loveland bound  
Red hot papa, it makes my love come down

If you want me for your own  
Kiss me nice or leave me alone  
It makes my love come down, it makes my love come down  
Take me bye bye, it makes my love come down

When you take me for a ride  
When I'm close up by your side  
It makes my love come down, ridin' all around  
Easy ridin' makes my love come down.

IT WON'T BE YOU  
(Bessie Smith et L. Miller)

You have really broke my heart  
I wished I knew before we start  
I thought you'd always be true  
That's why I left my home for you

But everything has turned out wrong  
And you have left me all alone  
'Til I made up my mind  
To get someone who always will be kind

*[Chanté deux fois]*

No matter how cruel he may be, it won't be you  
If he beats me and breaks my heart, it won't be you  
He may love me and treat me kind  
Love me so hard I'll lose my mind  
I'm satisfied to know it won't be you.

USED TO BE YOUR SWEET MAMA

(L. Miller et Fred Longshaw)

Yes, I'm mad and have a right to be  
After what my daddy did to me  
I lavished all my love on him  
But I swear I'll never love again  
All you women understand  
What it is to be in love with a two-time man  
The next time he calls me sweet mama in his lovin' way  
This is what I'm going to say

« I used to be your sweet mama, sweet papa  
But now I'm just as sour as can be  
So don't come stallin' around my way expectin' any love from me  
You had your chance and proved unfaithful  
So now I'm gonna be real mean and hateful  
I used to be your sweet mama, sweet papa  
But now I'm just as sour as can be. »

*[Parlé]* I ain't gonna let no man worry me sick  
Or turn this hair of mine gray  
Soon as I catch him at his two-time tricks  
I'm gonna tell him to be on his way  
To the world I scream, « No man can treat me mean  
And expect my love all the time »  
When he roams away, he'd better stay  
If he comes back he'll find

*[Chanté]* « You've had your chance and proved unfaithful  
So now I'm gonna be real mean and hateful  
I used to be your sweet mama, sweet papa  
But now I'm just as sour as can be. »

I'VE BEEN MISTREATED AND I DON'T LIKE IT  
(Fred Longshaw)

Folks, there is somethin' I can't understand  
Why a good woman gets a no-good man

I'm gonna leave here and the time ain't long  
Because my man has done me wrong

I've been mistreated and I don't like it, there's no use to say I do  
I've been mistreated and I don't like it, so I must tell to you

Once upon a time, I stood for all he did  
Those days are gone, believe me, kid  
I've been mistreated and I don't like it, there's no use to say I do

Once upon a time I stood for all he did  
Those days are gone, man, believe me  
I've been mistreated and I don't like it, Lord, no use to say I do  
I mean, no use to say I do.

I'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES  
(Clarence Williams et H. Jenkins)

Old stingy Jenny saved up all her pennies  
Straight to the bank she would go  
The sharks would hound her, hands around her  
But none could get her dough

Jenny's fella was a slick high yella  
Sent away to jail one day  
He cried for bail and turned real pale  
When I heard Jenny say

« I've got what it takes, but it breaks my heart to give it away  
It's in demand, they wants it every day  
I've been savin' it up for a long, long time  
To give it away would be more than a crime »

« Your eyes may roll, your teeth may grit  
But none of my money will you get  
You can look in my bankbook, but I'll never let you feel my purse  
'Cause I'm one woman b'lieve in safety first, safety first »

« Say, if you want my money, here's my plan  
I'm savin' it up for a real good man  
I've got what it takes, but it breaks my heart to give it away »

« I've got what it takes, but it breaks my heart to give it away  
It's in demand, folks cryin' for it every day  
I've been savin' it up for a long, long time  
To give it away would be more than a crime »

« Your eyes may roll, your teeth may grit  
But none of this small change will you get  
You can look in my bankbook, but I'll never let you put your hands on my purse  
Lord, I'm one woman b'lieve in safety first, safety first »

« Say, if you want my money, here's my plan  
I'm not savin' it up for no snake-hip man  
I've got what it takes, but it breaks my heart to give it away. »

WANT EVERY BIT OF IT  
(Clarence Williams et Spencer Williams)

Listen to my plea this mornin', mama's gonna get you told  
Pay attention to my warning, 'cause you been actin' quite too bold  
Everything you give me must suit me to a tee

I want every bit of it or none at all, 'cause I don't like it secondhand  
I want all your kisses or none at all, give me lots of candy, honey, love is grand  
Mama likes lovin' both night and day, I don't like no two-time, that is why I say  
I want every bit of it or none at all, 'cause I don't like it secondhand  
No, I don't like it secondhand

I want every bit of it or none at all, 'cause I don't like it secondhand  
I want all your kisses or none at all, love good aplenty, honey, that's my command  
Mama likes foolin' when lights are low, when you start to makin' love, no one knows  
I want every bit of it or none at all, 'cause I don't like it secondhand  
No, I can't use it secondhand.

JAIL HOUSE BLUES  
(Bessie Smith et Clarence Williams)

Lord, this house is gonna get raided, yes sir !

Thirty days in jail with my back turned to the wall, turned to the wall  
Thirty days in jail with my back turned to the wall  
Look here, Mr. Jail Keeper, put another gal in my stall

I don't mind bein' in jail, but I got to stay there so long, so long  
I don't mind bein' in jail, but I got to stay there so long, so long  
When every friend I had is done shook hands and gone

You better stop your man from ticklin' me under my chin, under my chin  
You better stop your man from ticklin' me under my chin  
'Cause if he keeps on ticklin', I'm sure gonna take him on in

Good mornin', blues, blues, how do you do, how do you do  
Good mornin', blues, blues, how do you do  
Say, I just come here to have a few words with you.

JAZZBO BROWN FROM MEMPHIS TOWN

(G. Brooks)

Don't you start no crowin', lay your money down  
I've got mine on Jazzbo, that Memphis clarinet hound  
He ain't got no equal nowhere in this land  
So let me tell you people, 'bout this Memphis man

Jazzbo Brown from Memphis town, he's a clarinet hound  
He can't dance, he can't sing, but lordy, how he can play that thing  
He ain't seen no music school, he can't read a note  
But he's the playinest fool on that Memphis boat

When he wraps his big fat lips 'round that doggone horn  
Captain out on sea and ship, Lord, carryin' on  
I could dance a month or so if that fool would only blow  
Jazzbo Brown, that clarinet hound from Memphis town

Jazzbo Brown from Memphis town, he's a clarinet hound  
When he blows and pats his feet, makes a butcher leave his meat  
He don't play no classy stuff like them Hoffman Tales  
What he plays is good enough for the Prince of Wales

He can moan and he can groan, I ain't foolin' you  
There ain't nothin' on that horn that old Jazz can't do  
Set your dime, mark your card, then I'll give you all the odds on  
Jazzbo Brown, that clarinet hound from Memphis town.

## J. C. HOLMES BLUES

(G. Horsley)

Listen, people, if you want to hear a story told about a brave engineer  
J. C. Holmes was the rider's name, a heavyweight wheelman with a mighty fame

J. C. said with a smile so fine, « Woman gets tired of one man all the time  
Get two or three if you have to hide  
If the train go and leave you got a mule to ride »

In the second cabin said Miss Alice Brown  
« Born to ride with Mr. J. C. or die  
I ain't good-lookin' and I don't dress fine  
But I'm a ramblin' woman with a ramblin' mind »

Yes, the conductor hollered, « All aboard »  
And the porter said « We gotta unload  
Look-a here, son, we oughta been gone  
I feel like ridin' if it's all night long »

J. C. said just before he died  
Two more roads he wanted to ride  
Everybody wondered what road it could be  
He said the Southern Pacific and the K and the P\*

J. C. said, « I don't feel right  
I saw my gal with a man last night  
Soon as I get enough steam just right  
I been mistreated and I don't mind dyin' »

\* Cette phrase est difficile à comprendre. Un grand nombre de lignes de chemin de fer étaient désignées par des initiales (par exemple: M.6O. pour Mobile 6 Ohio, ou encore I.C. pour Illinois Central), mais il n'est pas certain qu'il soit ici question du K&P Rail Trail.

## KEEP IT TO YOURSELF

(Clarence Williams)

If your man is nice and sweet, servin' you lots of young pigmeat

Oh, yeah, keep it to yourself

If you know you are standin' fat, got him worried where you at

Oh, yeah, keep it to yourself

He don't fall for no one, he don't call for no one

He don't give nobody none of his L.O.V.E, 'cause it's yours

If your man is full of action, givin' you a lots of satisfaction

Oh, yeah, keep it to yourself

If he's gotta have a kiss and a squeeze, makes me weak way down in my knees

Oh, yeah, keep it to yourself

If he tries to treat you right, give you lovin' every night

Oh, yeah, keep it to yourself

He don't fall for no one, he don't call for no one

He don't give nobody none of his L.O.V.E, 'cause it's yours

With your man you've got the best go, don't broadcast it on nobody's radio

Oh, yeah, keep it to yourself.

KEEPS ON A-RAININ' (PAPA HE CAN'T MAKE NO TIME)  
(Spencer Williams et M. Kortlander)

One dark and stormy night Bill Jones was feelin' blue  
Things didn't seem just right, so he didn't know just what to do

I said, « Bill, please tell me, ain't you satisfied ? »  
Bill looked around so pitiful and to me he replied

« Keeps on a-rainin', look how it's rainin', papa he can't make no time  
Wind keep blowin', cold wind blowin', soon I'll find the seventh line. »

In the wintertime when it's ice and snow, you know your pretty mama's got to have some dough  
Keeps on a-rainin', look how it's raining, papa he can't make no time

« Ain't the snow just beautiful », some people say, but I'd rather see it in a movie picture play  
Keeps on snowin', look how it's snowin', papa he can't make no time.

KITCHEN MAN  
(Andy Razaf et A. Bellenda)

Madame Bucks was quite deluxe  
Servants by the score, Pullmans at each door  
Butlers and maids galore  
But one day Dan, her kitchen man  
Gave in his notice he's through  
She cried, « Oh, Dan, don't go  
It'll grieve me if you do »

« I love his cabbage, gravy, his hash  
Daffy about his succotash  
I can't do without my kitchen man  
Wild about his turnip tops  
Likes the way he warms my chops  
I can't do without my kitchen man »

« Anybody else can leave, and I would only laugh  
But he means too much to me, and you ain't heard the half  
Oh, his jelly roll is so nice and hot  
Never fails to touch the spot  
I can't do without my kitchen man »

« His frankfurters are oh, so sweet  
How I like his sausage meat  
I can't do without my kitchen man  
Oh, how that boy can open clams  
No one else can touch my hams  
I can't do without my kitchen man »

« When I eat his donuts, all I leave is the hole  
Anytime he wants to, why, he can use my sugar bowl  
Oh, his baloney's really worth a try  
Never fails to satisfy  
I can't do without my kitchen man. »

LADY LUCK BLUES  
(W. Weber et Clarence Williams)

Bad luck has come to stay, trouble never ends  
My man has gone away with a girl I thought was my friend

I'm worried down with tears\*  
Lordy, can't you hear my prayer

Lady luck, lady luck, won't you please smile down on me  
Now's the time, friend of mine, I need your sympathy

I've got a horseshoe on my door  
I've knocked on wood 'til my hands are sore

Since my man done turned me loose  
I've got those lady luck blues, I mean  
I've got those lady luck blues

Lady luck, lady luck, won't you please smile down on me  
Now's the time, friend of mine, I need your sympathy

I've got his picture turned upside down  
I've sprinkled goofer dust all around

Since my man is gone, I'm all confused  
I've got those lady luck blues, find my good man  
I've got those lady luck blues.

\* Le dernier mot de cette phrase est quasiment inaudible.

LOCK AND KEY  
(H. Creamer et J. Johnson)

I can see that you and me will have a terrible fallin' out  
No one at the barbers' ball will know what it's all about

They'll hear a shot and see you duck, and when the smoke is cleared away  
Then the band will crawl from behind the stand, and then you'll hear me say

When I get home I'm gonna change my lock and key  
When you get home you'll find an awful change in me

If I don't change my mind, another thing you will find  
That your baby maybe has got another baby on the Pullman line

You did your stuff, so get yourself another home  
I said it long enough, so pack your little trunk and roam

I used to love you once but you took and made a fool out of me  
Oh, when I get home I'm gonna change this old lock and key

*[Parlé]* Take off that suit I bought you, gimme that hat and that red vest, too  
Take off my watch and gimme my ring, I want them shoes and everything  
You just got to be the ladies' squeeze, well, let 'em squeeze you in your BVDs  
If you say much, I'll shoot them off, I'll shoot them off if I hear you cough

*[Chanté]* 'Cause when I get home I'm gonna change my lock and key  
When you get home you'll find a place where home used to be

And if I don't change my mind, another thing you will find  
That your baby maybe has got another baby just as good and kind

You cheated on me, and that's the thing that made me sore  
I'll change that key, or get myself another door

As far as my concern, you're a gypsy homeless as a flea  
'Cause when I get home I'm gonna change my lock and key, believe me !

## LONESOME DESERT BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

A fly will stick to jelly, and wood will stick to glue  
But a man won't stick to a woman, no matter what she do  
The wrong way I'm bound to choose

That man of mine is triffin', and he don't mean me right  
He's got another sweetie, he stays out late at night  
That is why I've got those desert blues

I'm gonna travel to the desert, out in the western land  
I'm gonna end my troubles in the burnin' sand

Temptation I can't refuse  
For that man of mine I'm bound to lose

My mind is like a rowboat out on the stormy sea  
He's with me right now, in the morning where will he be ?

Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, oh, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord  
I'm so nervous, I'm shakin' in my shoes  
I'm burnin' up, I've got those lonesome desert blues.

## LONG OLD ROAD

(Bessie Smith)

It's a long old road, but I'm gonna find the end  
It's a long old road, but I'm gonna find the end  
And when I get there I'm gonna shake hands with a friend

On the side of the road, I sat underneath a tree  
On the side of the road, I sat underneath a tree  
Nobody knows the thought that came over me

Weepin' and cryin', tears fallin' on the ground  
Weepin' and cryin', tears fallin' on the ground  
When I got to the end I was so worried down

Picked up my bag, baby, and I tried it again  
Picked up my bag, baby, and I tried it again  
I got to make it, I've got to find the end

You can't trust nobody, you might as well be alone  
You can't trust nobody, you might as well be alone  
Found my long lost friend and I might as well stayed at home.

## LOOKIN' FOR MY MAN BLUES

(Compositeur inconnu)

Lookin' for my man, he can strut his stuff  
Lookin' for my man, he can strut his stuff  
And when he starts a-struttin', I don't know when I've got enough

Hello, Central, give me long distance phone  
Hello, Central, give me long distance phone  
I'm lookin' for my man, 'cause he done left me all alone

He's a short black man, listen, people, that ain't all  
He's a short black man, listen, people, that ain't all  
He's got what it takes to make these monkey women fall

He's a red hot papa, melt hearts as cold as ice  
He's a red hot papa, melt hearts as cold as ice  
Girls, if he ever love you once, you bound to love him twice

I'm lookin' for that man, I'm gonna stop singin' these blues  
I'm lookin' for that man, I'm gonna stop singin' the blues  
I'll walk 'til I find him, if I wear out this last pair of shoes.

## LOST YOUR HEAD BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

I was with you, baby, when you didn't have a dime  
I was with you, baby, when you didn't have a dime  
Now that you got plenty money, you have throwed your good gal down

Once ain't for always, two ain't for twice  
Once ain't for always, two ain't for twice  
When you get a good gal, you better treat her nice

When you were lonesome, I tried to treat you kind  
When you were lonesome, I tried to treat you kind  
But since you've got money, it's done changed your mind

I'm gonna leave, baby, ain't gonna say goodbye  
I'm gonna leave, baby, ain't gonna say goodbye  
But I'll write you and tell you the reason why

Days are lonesome, nights are long  
Days are lonesome, nights are so long  
I'm a good old gal, but I've just been treated wrong.

LOUISIANA LOW DOWN BLUES

(Spencer Williams)

Lou'siana, Lou'siana, mama's got the low down blues  
Lou'siana, Lou'siana, mama's goin' on a cruise

Tonight when I start walkin', although the road is hard  
I'm gonna keep on walkin' 'til I get in my own backyard

Mississippi River, Mississippi River, I know it's deep and wide  
Mississippi River, I know it's deep and wide  
Won't be satisfied 'til I get on the other side

Gon' to keep on trampin', gon' keep on trampin' 'til I get on solid ground  
Gonna keep on trampin' 'til I get on solid ground  
On my way to Dixie, Lord, I'm Lou'siana bound

Got a low down feel in', a low down feelin', I can't lose my heavy load  
Got a low down feel in', I can't lose my heavy load  
My home ain't up North, it's further down the road.

LOVE ME DADDY BLUES

(Fred Longshaw)

I ain't got nobody, I want somebody  
That's why I'm sad and blue  
I feel mistreated, I don't know what to do  
And if the blues don't kill me, they will thrill me through and through  
Now I'm blue and lonesome too  
I ain't got nobody to tell my troubles to  
My man he left today and if he don't come back I'll go astray  
I love him and try to treat him kind all the time

*[Chanté deux fois]*

Now I know that my man's no good  
Because he knocked me down today with a six-foot rule  
Now that he's gone away I can't help but go astray  
He left me with them lovin' oh daddy blues.

MAMA'S GOT THE BLUES  
(S. Martin et Clarence Williams)

Some people say that the worried blues ain't bad  
Some people say the worried blues ain't bad  
But it's the worst old feeling that I've ever had

Woke up this morning with a jinx around my bed  
I woke up this morning with a jinx around my bed  
I didn't have no daddy to hold my achin' head

Brownskin's deceitful but a yella man is worse  
Brownskin's deceitful but a yella man is worse  
I'm gonna get myself a black man and play safety first

I got a man in Atlanta, two in Alabama, three in Chattanooga  
Four in Cincinnati, five in Mississippi, and six in Memphis, Tennessee  
If you don't like my peaches, please let my orchard be.

## ME AND MY GIN

(H. Burke)

Stay 'way from me 'cause I'm in my sin  
Stay 'way from me 'cause I'm in my sin  
If this place gets raided, it's me and my gin

Don't try me, nobody, 'cause you will never win  
Don't try me, nobody, 'cause you will never win  
I'll fight the Army, Navy, just me and my gin

Any bootlegger sho' is a pal of mine  
Any bootlegger sho' is a pal of mine  
'Cause a good ol' bottle of gin will get it all the time

When I'm feel in' high, ain't nothing I won't do  
When I'm feelin' high, 'tain't nothing I won't do  
Keep me full of liquor and I'll sho' be nice to you

I don't want no clothes and I don't need no bed  
I don't want no clothes and I don't need no bed  
I don't want no pork chops, just give me gin instead.

## MEAN OLD BEDBUG BLUES

(Joe Davis)

Well, bedbug sure is evil, they don't mean me no good  
Yeah, those bedbugs sure is evil, they don't mean me no good  
Thinks he's a woodpecker, and I'm a chunk of wood

When I lay down at night, I wonder how can a poor gal sleep  
When I lay down at night, I wonder how can a poor gal sleep  
When some is holding my hand, others eatin' my feet

Bedbugs as big as a jackass will bite you and stand and grin  
Bedbugs as big as a jackass will bite you and stand and grin  
Will drink all the bedbug poison, turn around and bite you again

Somethin' moaned in the corner, I tried my best to see  
Somethin' moaned in the corner, and I went over and see  
It was a bedbug was a-prayin', « Lord, give me some more to eat »

Got myself a wishbone, bedbugs done got my goat  
Got myself a wishbone, with it cut they own doggone throat.

## MIDNIGHT BLUES

(B. Thompson et Spencer Williams)

Daddy, daddy, please come back to me  
Daddy, daddy, please come back to me  
Your mama's lonesome as she can be

You left me at midnight, clock was strikin' twelve  
Left me at midnight, clock was strikin' twelve  
To face this cruel world all by myself

Woke up at midnight sad and blue  
Miss my daddy from my side

Left alone to be among my fate  
That's why I'm sighin', cryin'

I just can't refuse  
I feel so troubled, heartbroken too

Whoa, misery I can't hide  
At twelve o'clock, I unlock my hate

I've got the meanest kind  
Lonesome midnight blues.

MISTREATIN' DADDY  
(Porter Grainger et B. Ricketts)

Daddy, mama's got the blues, the kind of blues that's hard to lose  
'Cause you mistreated me and drove me from your door

Daddy, you ain't heard the news, there's another papa in your shoes  
You ain't even got a chance with me no more, so be on your p's and q's

Mistreatin' daddy, mistreatin' mama all the time  
Just because she wouldn't let you  
Mistreatin' daddy, mama's drew the danger line  
If you cross it I'll get you

If you see me setting on another daddy's knee  
Don't bother me, I'm as mean as can be

I'm like the butcher right down the street  
I can cut you all to pieces like I would a piece of meat

Mistreatin' daddy, you used to knock your mama down, when you knew I fell for you  
Had me so nervous I would start jumping 'round, yes, every time I saw you

But I have got you off of my mind  
And found another daddy who's just my kind  
Mistreatin' daddy, I've got another papa now

I've got a tip of people talkin' about  
I will grab my daddy and turn him wrongside out  
Mistreatin' daddy, I've got a good papa now.

MOAN, YOU MOURNERS  
(Spencer Williams)

*[Parlé]* Sisters and brothers, we met here on some serious business. It's been some backbitin' goin' on and the thing I want to know is, who's been doin' it. It's a shame, it's a shame, it's a shame. The thing I wants to know is what bit me on my – I mean who bit me on my back.

*[Chanté]* Hey, you sinners, hear my call  
Satan's waitin' for you all  
Better get your souls washed white  
Better see the light (Amen !)  
Fiery furnace down below  
If you ain't right, down you'll go  
To original hot brimstone  
Let you start right in to moan

*[Chanté deux fois]*  
You better get down on your knee  
And let the good Lord hear your plea  
'Cause if you want to rest with ease  
Moan, you mourners

Just bend your head way down and pray  
To have the Devil chased away  
Come, let your souls be saved today  
Moan, you mourners

Singin' hallelujah, blood of the lamb, let your voices rise  
Hear me talkin' to you, ain't got no time to sham if you want to get to paradise  
You must repent without a doubt  
And let the good Lord hear you shout  
Religion turns you inside out  
Moan, you mourners.

MONEY BLUES  
(D.K. Leader et H. Eller)

Samuel Brown from way down in Tennessee  
Had a wife made his life full of misery

Now his gal sure could sing and how she'd moan the blues  
And Sam said, « I sure like to hear, except this here bad news »

« 'Daddy, I needs money', gives it to you, honey  
'Daddy, I need money now.' »

« All day long I hear that song  
'Papa, it's your fault if I go wrong.' »

« Fast as I can lend it, how you like to spend it  
It disappears somehow »

« I've got beer money, you've got champagne  
If you don't stop spendin', I will have to wait »

« 'Daddy, I need money', gives it to you, honey  
'Daddy, I need money now, daddy, I need money now  
Daddy, I need money' gives it to you, honey  
'Daddy, I need money now' »

« All day long I hear that song  
'Papa, it's your fault if I go wrong' »

« Fast as I can lend it, how you like to spend it  
It disappears somehow »

« I've got beer money, you like champagne  
If you don't stop spendin', I will have to wait »

« 'Daddy, I need money', gives it to you, honey  
'I need a small piece of money now  
I can use a piece of small change now' ».

## MOONSHINE BLUES

(Gertrude Rainey)

Drunk all night, babe, drunk the night before  
But when I get sober, I ain't gon' drink no more  
Because my friend has left me standin' in my door

My head goes 'round and around, babe, since my baby left town  
I don't know if the river's runnin' up or down  
But there's one thing certain, mama's gonna leave this town

You'll find me reelin' and rockin', howlin' like a hound  
I'll catch the first train that's goin' South bound

Oh, stop, you'll hear me say stop, right through my brain  
Oh, stop that train, oh, stop that train, so I can go back home again

Yeah, I'm upon my knees, play that again for me  
'Cause I'm about to be a-losin' my mind

Can't stand up, can't sit down  
The man I love has left this town

Girls, I feel like screamin', I feel like cryin'  
I been mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'

I'm going home, going to settle down  
Going to stop my runnin' around

Tell everybody that comes my way  
I've got them moonshine blues, I say, I've got them moonshine blues.

## MOUNTAIN TOP BLUES

(Spencer Williams)

Feelin' sad and sorrowful, run over with the blues  
Feelin' sad and sorrowful, run over with the blues  
Someone buy me poison, that's the kind of death I'd use

Goin' up to the mountain top, throw myself down in the sea  
Climb up to a mountain, throw myself down in the sea  
Let the fishes and waves make a big fuss over me

Find a big high rock to jump from, stones all thick down on the ground.  
Big high rock to jump from, stones all thick down on the ground  
When you find me you will see lots of pieces layin' around

Deep hole in the river, mama's gonna step right in  
Deep hole in the river, mama's gonna step right in  
I feel the hopeless cannot pause and laugh out loud at me\*

Got myself a brand new hammock, placed it underneath a tree  
Got myself a hammock, placed it underneath a tree  
I hope the wind will blow so hard, the tree will fall on me.

\* Cette phrase est très difficile à dicerner, il se peut que la retranscription ne soit pas correcte.

## MUDDY WATER

(P. De Rose, H. Richman et J. Trent)

Dixie moonlight, Swanee shore  
Headed homebound just once more  
To my Mississippi Delta home

Southland has got grand garden spots  
Whether you believe or not  
I hear those trees a-whispering, « Come on back to me »

Muddy water 'round my feet  
Muddy water in the street  
Just God's own shelter  
Down on the Delta  
Muddy water in my shoes  
Reelin' and rockin' to them low down blues

They live in ease and comfort down there, I do declare  
Been away a year today to wander and roam  
I don't care, it's muddy there  
But, see, it's my home

Got my toes turned Dixie way  
'Round the Delta let me lay  
My heart cries out for muddy water.

MY MAN BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

*(Chanté en duo avec Clara Smith)*

*Bessie:* Clara, who was that man I saw you with the other day ?

*Clara:* Bessie, that was my smooth black daddy that we call Charlie Gray.

*Bessie:* Don't you know that's my man ? Yes, that's a fact.

*Clara:* I ain't seen your name printed up and down his back.

*Bessie:* You better let him be.

*Clara:* What, old gal ? Because you ain't talkin' to me.

*Bessie:* That's my man, I want him for my own.

*Clara:* *[Parlé]* No ! No ! *[Chanté]* He's my sweet daddy.

You'd better leave that man alone.

*Bessie:* See that suit he got on ? I bought it last week.

*Clara:* I been buyin' his clothes for five years, for that is my black sheik.

*[Charlie siffle]*

*[Parlé]*

*Bessie:* Is that you, honey ?

*Charlie:* 'Tain't nobody but – who's back there ?

*Clara:* It sounds like Charlie.

*Bessie:* It 'tis my man, sweet papa Charlie Gray.

*Clara:* Your man ? How do you git that way ?

*Bessie:* Now, look here, honey. I been had that man for sumpteen years.

*Clara:* Child, don't you know I'll turn your damper down ?

*Bessie:* Yes, Clara, and I'll cut you every way but loose !

*Clara:* Well, you might as well be get it fixed.

*Bessie:* Well, then.

*[Chanté]*

*Bessie:* I guess we got to have him on cooperation plan.

I guess we got to have him on cooperation plan.

*[Parlé]*

*Clara:* Bessie !

*Bessie:* Clara !

*[Chanté]*

*Toutes les deux:* Ain't nothin' different 'bout all those other two-time men.

*[Parlé]*

*Bessie:* How 'bout it ?

*Clara:* Suits me.

*Bessie:* Suits me too.

*Clara:* Well, then.

MY SWEETIE WENT AWAY

(L. Handman et R. Turk)

I've got a lovesick tale to tell to you, though it ain't no 'fair of mine  
It's 'bout a gal named Sue and a boy named Lou, they were fighting all the time

Sue came home one afternoon, and found an empty dining room  
Without a word, her turtle dove had flown  
She began to moan

My sweetie went away, but he didn't say where, he didn't say when, he didn't say why  
Or bid me goodbye, I'm blue as I can be

I know he loves another one, but he didn't say who, he didn't say when, he didn't say what  
His mama has got that took my sweetie from me

I'm like a little lost sheep and I can't sleep  
But I keep tryin' to forget my triflin' papa  
Has left his mama all alone, I groan

My sweetie went away, but he didn't say where, he didn't say when, he didn't say why  
I know I'll die  
Why don't he hurry home ?  
I'm like a little lost sheep and I can't sleep  
But I keep tryin' to forget my triflin' papa  
Has left his mama all alone, I groan

My sweetie went away, but he didn't say where, he didn't say when, he didn't say why  
I know I'll die  
Why don't he hurry home ?

NASHVILLE WOMAN'S BLUES

(Fred Longshaw)

Folks, I know you all have heard the blues  
But this is one you likely never knew

Down in Nashville, Tennessee  
Every night about half past three  
The women down there, they does the chivaree

Down in Nashville, Tennessee  
Down in Nashville, Tennessee  
Women down there, they does the chivaree

If you go down there you have no time to lose  
Just go uptown and buy a new pair of shoes

Folks down there, they drinks a lots of booze  
You can say just what you choose  
I have got those Nashville woman's blues

Down there, they strut they stuff  
Down there, they strut they stuff  
The way they strut, it really ain't no bluff

You can say what you choose  
I have got those Nashville woman's blues.

NEED A LITTLE SUGAR IN MY BOWL

(Clarence Williams, D. Small et T. Brymn)

Tired of bein' lonely, tired of bein' blue  
I wished I had some good man to tell my troubles to

Seem like the whole world's wrong since my man's been gone  
I need a little sugar in my bowl  
I need a little hot dog on my roll

I can stand a bit of lovin' oh so bad  
I feel so funny, I feel so sad

I need a little steam heat on my floor  
Maybe I can fix things up so they'll go

What's a matter, hard papa, come on and save your mama's soul  
'Cause I need a little sugar in my bowl, doggone it  
I need some sugar in my bowl

I need a little sugar in my bowl  
I need a little hot dog between my rolls

You gettin' different I've been told  
Move your finger, drop somethin' in my bowl

I need a little steam heat on my floor  
Maybe I can fix things up so they'll go

Get off your knees, I can't see what you're drivin' at  
It's dark down there, looks like a snake

Come on here and drop somethin' here in my bowl  
Stop your foolin', and drop somethin' in my bowl.

## NEW GULF COAST BLUES

(Clarence Williams)

I done packed my clothes, gonna leave my woes  
Goin' to a better place with a smile upon my face  
When that steamboat blows, when that Gulf train goes  
You'll hear me say goodbye, because here's the reason why

The Gulf of Mexico flows into the Mobile Bay  
The Gulf of Mexico flows into the Mobile Bay  
I'm gonna let that cold stream of water flow over my head some day

Tell me, Mr. Mailman, what is on your mind ?  
Tell me, Mr. Mailman, what is on your mind ?  
When you pass my door, look like you are blind

My eyes are brown, my teeth are pearly white  
My eyes are brown, my teeth are pearly white  
Because my skin is dark don't mean my heart ain't right.

NEW ORLEANS HOP SCOP BLUES

(G. W. Thomas)

Old New Orleans is a great big old southern town  
Where hospitality you will surely find  
The population there is very, very fair  
With everything they do, white folks do it too  
They have a dance, surely it's something rare there

Glide, slide, prance, dance, hop, stop  
Take it easy, honey, I can never get tired  
Of dancin' those hop scop blues

Once more you glide, slide, prance, dance  
The hop scop blues will make you do a lovely shake  
They'll make you feel so grand when you join hand in hand  
I'll never get tired of dancin' those hop scop blues

Once more, you glide, slide, prance, I said dance, oh, hop, now stop  
Take it easy, honey, oh, I can never get tired  
Of dancin' those hop scop blues

Look out now, you glide, slide, I said prance, dance  
Hop scop blues will make you do a lovely shake  
They'll make you feel so grand when you join hand in hand  
I'll never get tired of dancin' those hop scop blues.

NOBODY IN TOWN CAN BAKE A SWEET JELLY ROLL LIKE MINE  
(Clarence Williams et Spencer Williams)

In a bakery shop today  
I heard Miz Mandy Jenkins say

She has the best cake, you see  
And they were fresh as fresh could be

And as the people would pass by  
You would hear Miz Mandy cry

« Nobody in town can bake a sweet jelly roll like mine, like mine  
No oven in town can bake a sweet jelly roll so fine, so fine »

« It's worth lots of dough  
The boys tell me so »

« It's fresh every day  
You hear 'em all say »

« Don't be no dunce  
Just try it once  
You'll be right in line »

« Somebody told me I made the best jelly roll in town, I say in town  
You must admit that I'm a jelly roll bakin' hound, bakin' hound »

« Good jelly roll, jelly roll, it's so hard to find  
We always get the other kind  
Nobody in town can bake a sweet jelly roll like mine »

« Somebody told me I made the best jelly roll in town, I say in town  
You must admit that I'm a jelly roll bakin' hound, bakin' hound »

« Good jelly roll, jelly roll, from the bakery shop  
Will surely make a bullfrog hop  
Nobody in town can bake a sweet jelly roll like mine, like mine ».

NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

(Jimmy Cox)

Once I lived the life of a millionaire  
Spending my money, I didn't care  
I carried my friends out for a good time  
Buying bootleg liquor, champagne and wine

When I began to fall so low  
I didn't have a friend and no place to go  
So if I ever get my hands on a dollar again  
I'm gonna hold on to it 'til them eagles grin

Nobody knows you when you're down and out  
In my pocket, not one penny  
And my friends, I haven't any  
But if I ever get on my feet again  
Then I'll meet my long lost friend  
It's mighty strange, without a doubt  
Nobody knows you when you're down and out  
I mean, when you're down and out

Mmmm, when you're down and out  
Mmmm, not one penny  
And my friends, I haven't any  
Mmmm, I done fell so low  
Nobody wants me 'round their door  
Mmmm, without a doubt  
No man can use you when you're down and out  
I mean, when you're down and out.

NOBODY'S BLUES BUT MINE

(Clarence Williams)

Daddy, daddy, where did you stay last night ?  
Daddy, daddy, where did you stay last night ?  
Don't you realize you ain't treatin' me right ?

Now that I'm grievin' and I may be sad  
'Tain't nobody's blues but mine

When I was with you I never was glad  
'Tain't nobody's blues but mine

When bad luck overtakes me and old time friends refuse  
I wake up in the morning with them heart sickening blues

If I play the game and I lose this time  
'Tain't nobody's blues but mine.

OH DADDY BLUES  
(E. Herbert et W. Russell)

Just like a flower I'm fading away  
The doctor calls to see me most every day  
But he don't do me no good  
Why ? Because I'm lonesome for you  
And if you care for me, then you will listen to my plea

Oh, daddy, look what you doing, look what you doing  
Oh, daddy, you with your fooling, think what you're losing  
All the little love I gave you  
Is going to make you feel so awfully blue  
When you miss me, and long to kiss me  
You'll curse the day that you ever quit me

Oh, daddy, think when you all alone  
You'll get to want me, just wait and see  
But there will be someone else making love to me  
Then, daddy, daddy, you won't have no mama at all

Oh, daddy, look what you doing, look what you doing  
Oh, daddy, you and your fooling, think what you're losing  
All the little love I gave you  
Is going to make me feel so awfully blue  
When you miss me, and long to kiss me  
You'll curse the day that you ever quit me

Oh, daddy, think when you all alone  
You know that you are getting old  
You'll miss the way I baked your jelly roll  
Then, daddy, daddy, you won't have no mama at all.

ON REVIVAL DAY  
(Andy Razaf et K. Macomber)

Have you ever seen a church begin to rock  
Heard a sundown deacon preachin' to his block  
Have you ever seen old Satan on a run ?  
Then follow me, see just how it's done

And have you ever heard a sermon stir your soul  
Make you crave the river Jordan as you go  
Have you ever felt as though you'd like to shout ?  
Then come on and let them feelin's out

Oh, Lord, just hear those sisters groanin'  
And hear those brothers moanin'  
Repentin' and atonin' on Revival Day

They're talkin' to the spirit  
Just like you see and hear it  
They're sinful and they fear it on Revival Day

When that congregation starts to sing  
Nothin' in this world don't mean a thing  
Oh, glory hallelujah  
Makes you feel so peculiar  
The Devil cannot rule you on Revival Day

Glory, glory, hymm are purifyin'  
Wash my sins away, Lordy, Lordy, feel just like a lion  
Lordy, Lordy, I's reborn today  
Oh, just hear those sisters groanin'  
And hear them brothers moanin'  
Repentin' and atonin' on Revival Day

Oh, they're talkin' to the spirit  
Just like you see and hear it  
They sinful and they fear it on Revival Day

When that congregation starts to sing  
Nothin' in this world don't mean a thing  
Oh, glory hallelujah  
Makes you feel so peculiar  
The Devil cannot rule you on Revival Day.

## ONE AND TWO BLUES

(G. Brooks)

Our love starts way down home below the Dixon line  
You pick cotton down on the farm and everything were fine  
But things have changed while you stayed still, you are in the rear  
So you have to catch up soon or they'll be some changes made

I've got them one and two blues what I can't lose  
They haunts me night and day  
And if you can't bring more, daddy, there's the door  
That small change won't pay

If you want me to love you heap a much  
Let mama feel that money touch  
From now on, small change I refuse  
Mama's got them one and two blues

Quit messin' around, you hear what I say  
Start in to bringin' eight hours a day  
If you must be a rat, here's the fact  
Be a long-tailed one, have plenty of jack  
Small change I refuse, mama's got them one and two blues  
I scream, mama's got them one and two blues.

OUTSIDE OF THAT  
(Clarence Williams et J.H. Trent)

I've got the meanest man in the land  
But his love is that thick and grand  
His kiss just lingers on my lips  
And thrills me to my fingertips

People say I'm a fool  
He's heartless and oh so cruel  
But outside of that he's all right with me  
Outside of that, he's as sweet as he can be

I love him as true as stars above  
He beats me up but how he can love  
I never loved like that since the day I was born

I said for fun I don't want you no more  
And when I said that I made sweet papa sore  
He blacked my eye, I couldn't see  
Then he pawned the things he gave to me  
But outside of that, he's all right with me

I said for fun I don't want you no more  
And when I said that I made sweet papa sore  
*[Parlé]* When he pawned my things, I said you dirty old thief  
Child, then he turned around and knocked out both of my teeth  
*[Chanté]* Outside of that, he's all right with me.

## PICKPOCKET BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

My best man, my best friend told me to stop peddlin' gin  
They even told me to keep my hands out people's pocket where their money was in

But I wouldn't listen or have any shame  
Long as someone else would take the blame

Now, I can see it all come home to me  
I'm settin' in the jail house now, I mean, I'm in the jail house now  
I done stop runnin' around with this one and these good lookin' browns

Any time you'd see me, I was good time bound  
With this one, that one, most all in town

I'm in the jail house now, I'm settin' in the jail house now  
I'm settin' in the jail house now, I mean, I'm in the jail house now  
I done stop runnin' around with all of my good lookin' browns.

PINCHBACK BLUES  
(Bessie Smith et Irving Johns)

*[Parlé]* Girls, I wanna tell you about these sweet men. These men goin' 'round here  
tryin' to play cute. I'm hard on ya, boys, yes sir.

*[Chanté]* I fell in love with a sweet man once, he said he loved me too  
He said if I'd run away with him what nice things he would do

I'd travel around from town to town, how happy I would feel  
But don't you know, he would not work, girls, take this tip from me

Get a workin' man when you marry, and let all these sweet men be  
Child, it takes money to run a business, and with me I know you girls will agree

There's one thing about this married life that these young girls have got to know  
If a sweet man enter your front gate, turn out your lights and lock your door

Yes, get a working man when you marry, let all these pinchbacks be  
Child, it takes money to run a business, and with me I know you girls will agree

And if this panic stay on much longer, I'll hear all these young girls say  
That it's a long way to Oklahoma, but these little pinchbacks, take'em away.

PLEASE HELP ME GET HIM OFF MY MIND

(Bessie Smith)

I've cried and worried, all night I've laid and groaned  
I've cried and worried, all night I've laid and groaned  
I used to weigh two hundred, now I'm down to skin and bones

It's all about a man who always kicked and dogged me 'round  
It's all about a man who always kicked and dogged me 'round  
And when I try to kill him that's when my love for him comes down

I've come to see you, gypsy, beggin' on my bended knees  
I've come to see you, gypsy, beggin' on my bended knees  
That man put something on me, oh, take it off of me, please

It starts at my forehead and goes clean down to my toes  
It starts at my forehead and goes clean down to my toes  
Oh, how I'm sufferin', gypsy, nobody but the good Lord knows

Gypsy, don't hurt him, fix him for me one more time  
Oh, don't hurt him, gypsy, fix him for me one more time  
Just make him love me, but please, ma'am, take him off my mind.

## POOR MAN'S BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

Mister rich man, rich man, open up your heart and mind  
Mister rich man, rich man, open up your heart and mind  
Give the poor man a chance, help stop these hard, hard times

While you're livin' in your mansion, you don't know what hard times means  
While you're livin' in your mansion, you don't know what hard times means  
Poor working man's wife is starvin', your wife's livin' like a queen

Please, listen to my pleading, 'cause I can't stand these hard times long  
Oh, listen to my pleading, can't stand these hard times long  
They'll make an honest man do things that you know is wrong

Poor man fought all the battles, poor man would fight again today  
Poor man fought all the battles, poor man would fight again today  
He would do anything you ask him in the name of the U.S.A.

Now the war is over, poor man must live the same as you  
Now the war is over, poor man must live the same as you  
If it wasn't for the poor man, mister rich man, what would you do ?

## PREACHIN' THE BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

Down in Atlanta GA under the viaduct every day  
Drinkin' corn and hollerin' hooray, pianos playin' 'til the break of day  
But as I turned my head I loudly said  
Preach them blues, sing them blues, they certainly sound good to me  
I been in love for the last six months and ain't done worryin' yet  
Moan them blues, holler them blues, let me convert your soul  
'Cause just a little spirit of the blues tonight  
Let me tell you, girls, if your man ain't treatin' you right  
Let me tell you, I don't mean no wrong  
I will learn you something if you listen to this song  
I ain't here to try to save your soul  
Just want to teach you how to save your good jelly roll  
Goin' on down the line a little further now, there's a many poor woman down  
Read on down to chapter nine, women must learn how to take their time  
Read on down to chapter ten, takin' other women men you are doin' a sin  
Sing 'em, sing 'em, sing them blues, let me convert your soul  
Lord, one old sister by the name of Sister Green  
Jumped up and done a shimmy you ain't never seen  
Sing'em, sing'em, sing them blues, let me convert your soul.

PUT IT RIGHT HERE (OR KEEP IT OUT THERE)

(Porter Grainger)

I've had a man for fifteen year, give him his room and board  
Once he was like a Cadillac, now he's like a old worn-out Ford

He never brought me a lousy dime, and put it in my hand  
So there'll be some changes from now on, accordin' to my plan

He's got to get it, bring it, put it right here  
Or else he's gonna keep it out there

If he must steal it, beg it, or borrow it somewhere  
Long as he gets it, child, I don't care

I'm tired of buying porkchops to grease his fat lips  
And he'd have to find another place for to park his old hips

He must get it and bring it and put it right here  
Or else he's gonna keep it out there

The bee gets the honey and brings it to the comb  
Else he's kicked out of his home sweet home

To show you that they brings it, watch the dog and the cat  
Everything, even, brings it from the mule to the gnat

The rooster gets the worm and brings it to the hen  
That ought to be a tip to all you no-good men

The groundhog even brings it and puts it in his hole  
So my man has got to bring it, doggone his soul

He's got to get it, bring it, and put it right here  
Or else he's gonna keep it out there

If he must steal it, beg it, borrow it somewhere  
Long as he gets it, child, I don't care

I'm gonna tell him like the Chinaman, when you don't bringem check  
You don't getem laundry if you breakem damn neck\*

You've got to get it, bring it and put it right here  
Or else you gonna keep it out there.

\* Cette caricature raciste de l'accent chinois est également employée dans d'autres chansons.  
Cette dernière phrase est quasiment incompréhensible.

## RAINY WEATHER BLUES

(G. Brooks)

The rain sure am fallin', pourin' down from the sky  
The rain sure am fallin', pourin' down from the sky  
Feelin' wet all over, I could lay right down and die

Ain't got no jug or stopper, so I don't need no water now  
Ain't got no jug or stopper, so I don't need no water now  
Seem like the sun oughta shine and dry things right now

Yes, I'll find myself a raincoat and a man to tote it 'round  
Yes, I'll find myself a raincoat and a man to tote it around  
'Cause I got to keep on walking in the rain in this man's town

Got myself a red hot iron, gonna keep it in my bed  
Got myself a red hot iron, gonna keep it in my bed  
Fill myself with good old moonshine, and lay there, let the rain fall 'til I'm dead.

RECKLESS BLUES

(Fred Longshaw)

When I was nothing but a child  
When I was nothing but a child  
All you men tried to drive me wild

Now I am growing old  
Now I am growing old  
And I got what it takes to get all of you men told

My mama says I'm reckless, my daddy says I'm wild  
My mama says I'm reckless, my daddy says I'm wild  
I ain't good looking, but I'm somebody's angel child

Daddy, mama want some loving  
Daddy, mama want some huggin'  
Darn it, pretty papa, mama want some loving, I vow  
Darn it, pretty papa, mama want some loving right now.

## RED MOUNTAIN BLUES

(H. Troy)

Goin' around Red Mountain in the morning  
Goin' around Red Mountain sure as you born  
And if you never never no more see me again  
Remember me when I'm gone

Now set down and write a letter for me  
And send it straight to the man I love  
Just tell him when you find him I'll be gone  
A-roamin' the roads above

Down in the valley, my head was hangin' low  
My poor heart was achin', gee, it hurt me so  
Fortune-teller told me what I had to do  
Get myself some snakeroot, start right in to chew

Got myself some snakeroot, John the Conqueror, too  
Chewed them both together, I know what they will do  
Took some in my pocket, put some in my boot  
That don't make him love me, I'll start right in to shoot

Goin' around Red Mountain in a hurry  
I'm going where I can't change my mind  
And if I can't get rid of all my worries  
Then I'll be gone for a long, long time.

## ROCKING CHAIR BLUES

(Bessie Smith et Irving Johns)

Did you ever wake up with Charlie all on your mind ?  
Did you ever wake up with Charlie all on your mind ?  
He plays the blues to his congregation, yeah, hear his trombone whine

He'll make you laugh, he'll make you cry  
He'll sit right down and moan  
He'll weep and moan, then I'll hear you say  
Lord, I wonder where my lovin' man has gone

See, see, rider, you see, I'm goin' away  
I won't be back until you change your way  
I won't be back until you change your way

I'm goin' to the river, carry a brand-new rocking chair  
I'm goin' to the river, carry a brand-new rocking chair  
I'm gonna ask Mr. Tadpole did the blues ever stop by here

Blues jumped a rabbit, runnin' for a solid mile  
Blues jumped a rabbit, runnin' for a solid mile  
The rabbit turned over and cried like a natural child.

SAFETY MAMA

(Bessie Smith)

Let me tell you how and what one no-good man done to me  
He called me pretty, young, and wild, after that he let me be

He'd taken advantage of my youth, and that you understand  
So wait awhile, I'll show you, child, just how to treat a no-good man

Make him stay at home, wash and iron  
Tell all the neighbors he done lost his mind

Give your house rent shake on Saturday night  
Monday morning you'll hold collectors good and tight

You see a man you really like  
Let him bite that monkey brother in his back

When his cruel heart turn, his love breaks down  
Hold him where you got him, make him stay in town

'Cause I'm a safety woman lookin' for a safety man  
I made him stay at home, help me wash and iron

The neighbors knows he done lost his mind  
I give a house rent shake one Saturday night

Monday morning I held collectors good and tight  
I've seen a man I really like

I let him bite the monkey brother smack in his back  
When his cruel heart turn, his love breaks down

I hold it where I had it and he stayed in town  
I'm a safety woman, and I had to have a safety man

Say, I ain't good looking, I'm built for speed  
I got everything a pigmeat need

'Cause I'm a safety woman lookin' for a safety man.

## SALT WATER BLUES

(G. Brooks)

I've got a man, he lives down by the sea  
I've got a man, he lives down by the sea  
But that doggone salty water sure ain't got'em for me

He sent me a letter, nothin' in it but a note  
He sent me a letter, nothin' in it but a note  
I sat right down and wrote him, man, I ain't no billy goat

I may be crazy, but mama ain't nobody's fool  
I may be crazy, but mama ain't nobody's fool  
Before I stand your doggin', I'll eat grass like a Georgia mule

Settin' on a church stone, worried in both heart and soul  
Settin' on a church stone, worried in both heart and soul  
Feelin' lower than a possum hidin' in a groundhog's hole

I'm crazy 'bout my sugar, my sugar and my ol' long sheik  
I'm crazy 'bout my sugar, my sugar and my ol' long sheik  
But that doggone salty water taste too doggone bad for me.

SAM JONES BLUES  
(A. Bernard, R. Turk et J.R. Robinson)

*[Parlé]* Who is that knockin' on that door ? Jones ? You better get away from there, Joe. I don't know nobody named Jones. You in the right church, brother, but the wrong pew.

*[Chanté]* Sam Jones left his lovely wife just to step around  
Came back home 'bout a year, lookin' for his high brown

Went to his accustomed door and he knocked his knuckles sore  
His wife she came, but to his shame, she knew his face no more

Sam said, « I'm your husband, dear »  
But she said, "Dear, that's strange to hear  
You ain't talkin' to Mrs. Jones, you speakin' to Miss Wilson now

« I used to be your lofty mate  
But the judge done changed my fate »

« Was a time you could have walked right in and called this place your home sweet home  
But now it's all mine for all time, I'm free and livin' all alone »

*[Parlé]* « Don't need your clothes, don't need your rent, don't need your ones and twos  
Though I ain't rich, I know my stitch, I earns my struttin' shoes »

« Say, hand me the key that unlocks my front door  
Because that bell don't read 'Sam Jones' no more, no  
You ain't talkin' to Mrs. Jones, you speakin' to Miss Wilson now ».

SEE IF I'LL CARE  
(Clarence Williams et A. Hill)

You say that you leavin' and that you're going away  
But before you leave, dear, please let me have my say

I know that you feel good now with nothin' on your mind  
But just mark my words, dear, there'll come a time

I know you're gonna pay  
You'll want me back some day  
To drive the blues away  
Then see if I care

And when you feel in' blue  
No one to talk to you  
And you don't know what to do  
Then see if I care

Though you think nothing of me and say that you don't love me  
The time is comin' when you won't feel like you do now

You're gonna call my name  
You know that you to blame  
And you won't be the same  
Then see if I'll care

Oh, you're gonna pay  
Lord, you'll want me back some day  
To drive your blues away  
Then see if I care

And when you feel in' blue  
No one to talk to you  
And you don't know what to do  
Then see if I care

Though you think nothin' of me and you don't love me  
The time is comin' when you won't feel like you do now

You're gonna call my name  
You know that you to blame  
Lord, you won't be the same  
Then see if I care.

## SEND ME TO THE 'LECTRIC CHAIR

(G. Brooks)

Judge, your honor, hear my plea before you open up your court  
But I don't want no sympathy, 'cause I done cut my good man's throat  
I caught him with a triffin' Jane I warned him 'bout before  
I had my knife and went insane, and the rest you ought to know

Judge, judge, please, mister judge, send me to the 'lectric chair  
Judge, judge, good mister judge, let me go away from here  
I want to take a journey to the Devil down below  
I done killed my man, I want to reap just what I sow  
Oh, judge, judge, Lordy, Lordy, judge, send me to the 'lectric chair

Judge, judge, hear me, judge, send me to the 'lectric chair  
Judge, judge, send me there, judge, I love him so dear  
I cut him with my barlow, I kicked him in the side  
I stood there laughing over him while he wallowed 'round and died  
Oh, judge, judge, Lordy, judge, send me to the 'lectric chair

Judge, judge, sweet mister judge, send me to the 'lectric chair  
Judge, judge, good, kind judge, burn me 'cause I don't care  
I don't want no bondsman to go my bail  
I don't want to spend no ninety-nine years in jail  
So, judge, judge, good, kind judge, send me to the 'lectric chair.

## SHIPWRECK BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

Captain, tell your men to get on board  
Heist your sail, just pull into another shore

I'm dreary in mind, and I'm so worried in heart  
Oh, the best of friends sure have got to part

Blow your whistle, captain, so your men'll know what to do  
Blow your whistle, captain, so your men'll know what to do  
When a woman gets dreary, t'ain't no tellin' what she won't do

It's cloudy outdoors, as can be, oh it's cloudy as can be  
That's the time I need my good man with me

It's rainin' and it's stormin' on the sea  
It's rainin', it's stormin' on the sea  
I feel like somebody has shipwrecked poor me.

## SINFUL BLUES

(Perry Bradford)

I got my opinion and my man won't act right  
So I'm gonna get hard on him right from this very night  
Gonna get me a gun long as my right arm  
Shoot that man because he done me wrong  
Lord, now I've got them sinful blues

Look here, folks, don't think I'm rough  
'Cause I'm a good woman and I knows my stuff  
That's why I'm sinful as can be

My man may look slow, but I can't kick  
'Cause he knows a lots of little dirty tricks  
That's why I'm sinful as can be

Goin' down to the river, take a rope and a rock  
Tie it around my neck, jump over the dock  
That's why I'm sinful as can be

I want all you girls to let my man be  
Everything he got belongs to me  
That's why I'm sinful as can be

Get your pistol, I got mine  
Been mistreated, don't mind dyin'  
That's why I'm sinful as can be

I told all you girls to leave my man alone  
There's nothin' in the streets he can't get at home  
That's why I'm sinful as can be.

## SING SING PRISON BLUES

(Porter Crainger et F. Johnson)

Gonna journey up the Hudson, goin' on a lonesome trail  
Gonna journey up the Hudson, goin' on a lonesome trail  
They can put me in the death house, or keep me in the Sing Sing Jail

I wrote and asked the warden why they call the jail the Sing Sing  
I wrote and asked the warden why they call the jail the Sing Sing  
He said stand here by this rock pile and listen to them hammers ring

Big doin' in the courthouse, paper sellin' for fifty cents  
Big doin's in the courthouse, papers sellin' for fifty cents  
All the judge tryin' to tell me, my lawyer pleadin' self-defense

The judge said, « Listen, Bessie, tell me why you killed your man »  
The judge said, « Listen, Bessie, tell me why you killed your man »  
I said, « Judge, you ain't no woman, and you can't understand »

You can send me up the river or send me to that mean old jail  
You can send me up the river or send me to that mean old jail  
I killed my man and I don't need no bail.

SLOW AND EASY MAN

(S. Red)

Don't care where he is, don't care what he does  
All my love is his, he's my only one  
Find my slow and easy man

Folks call him a rat, I don't care about that  
He's the one that knows where he's stayin' at  
Find my slow and easy man

Met them here and there, met them everywhere  
He's the only man that can make me care  
Find my slow and easy man

Don't care if he's up, don't care if he's down  
Kisses is my cup, sweetest man in town  
Find my slow and easy man

Though he curse and fight, wouldn't treat me right  
Love him just the same, so sweet and nice  
Find my slow and easy man

Hear my lonesome wail, if he's back in jail  
I would sell my soul just to raise his bail  
Find my slow and easy man.

## SOBBIN' HEARTED BLUES

(P. Bradford)

You treated me wrong, I treated you right  
I worked for you both day and night  
You bragged to women that I was your fool  
So now I've got them sobbin' hearted blues

The sun's gon' shine in my back door some day  
The sun's gon' shine in my back door some day  
It's true I love you, but I won't take mean treatments anymore

All I want is your picture, it must be in a frame  
All I want is your picture, and it must be in a frame  
When you're gone, I can see you just the same

I'm gon' start walkin' 'cause I got a wooden pair of shoes  
I'm gon' start walkin', I got a wooden pair of shoes  
Gon' keep on walkin' 'til I lose these sobbin' hearted blues.

## SOFT PEDAL BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

There's a lady in our neighborhood who runs a buffet flat  
And when she gives a party, she knows just where she's at

She give a dance last Friday night that was to last 'til one  
But when the time was almost up, the fun had just begun

But she walked into the room and yelled to the crowd  
« Have all the fun, ladies and gentlemen, but don't make it too loud »

« Oh, please, Mr. Leaderman, play it all night long  
I like the words and music to this little song  
How it moans away, it's nearly break of day »

« Early in the morn, so put that soft pedal on  
I'm drunk and full of fun – Yahoo !  
Go and spread the news, I've got them soft pedalin' blues »

« Early in the morn, so put that soft pedal on  
I'm drunk and full of fun – Yahoo !  
Co and spread the news, 'cause I've got them soft pedalin' blues  
Early in the mornin' – Yahoo ! – I've got them soft pedalin' blues ».

SORROWFUL BLUES  
(Bessie Smith et Irving Johns)

If you catch me stealin', I don't mean no harm  
If you catch me stealin', I don't mean no harm  
It's a mark in my family and it must be carried on

I got nineteen men and I want one mo'  
I got nineteen men and I want one mo'  
If I get that one more, I'll let that nineteen go

I'm gonna tell you, daddy, like the Chinaman told the Jew  
I'm gonna tell you, daddy, like the Chinaman told the Jew  
If you don't likey me, me sho' don't likey you  
It's hard to love another woman's man  
It's hard to love another woman's man  
You can't get him when you want him, you got to catch him when you can

Have you ever seen peaches grow on sweet potato vine ?  
Have you ever seen peaches grow on sweet potato vine ?  
Just step in my backyard and take a peep at mine.

SPIDER MAN BLUES  
(Bessie Smith et H. Gray)

Early in the mornin' when it's dark and dreary outdoors  
Early in the mornin' when it's dark and dreary outdoors  
Spider man makes a web and hides while you sleeps and snores

Never try to sleep, mean eyes watch me day and night  
Never try to sleep, mean eyes watchin' day and night  
Catch every fly as fast as she can light

That black man of mine sure has his spider ways  
That black man of mine sure has his spider ways  
Been crawlin' after me all of my natural days

I'm like a poor fly, spider man, please let me go  
I'm like a poor fly, spider man, please let me go  
You've got me locked up in your house and I can't break down your door

Somebody please kill me and throw me in the sea  
Somebody please kill me and throw me in the sea  
This spider man of mine is going to be the death of poor me.

## SQUEEZE ME

(Clarence Williams et Thomas « Fats » Waller)

Daddy, you've been doggone sweet on me  
Daddy, you the only one I see  
You know I need but you, 'cause you my man  
You can love me like no one can

Somethin' 'bout you I can't resist  
And when you kiss me, daddy, I stay kissed

Now, daddy, squeeze me, squeeze me again  
Oh, daddy, don't stop 'til I tell you when  
Now, daddy, squeeze me, kiss me some more  
Oh, Lord, like you did before

Your papa Cupid is standing close by  
Now, daddy, don't let sweet baby cry  
Pick me up on your knee  
I just get so, you know, when you squeeze me

Squeeze me, squeeze me again  
Now, daddy, don't stop 'til I tell you when  
Now, daddy, squeeze me, kiss me some more  
Oh, Lord, like you did before

Your papa Cupid is standing close by  
Daddy, don't let sweet mama cry  
Pick me up on your knee  
I just get so, you know, daddy, when you squeeze me.

STANDIN' IN THE RAIN BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

Standin' in the rain and ain't a drop fell on me  
Standin' in the rain and ain't a drop fell on me  
My clothes is all wet, but my flesh is as dry as can be

It can rain all day, I ain't got no place to go  
It can rain all day, I ain't got no place to go  
Because it's cold outside in that ice and snow

If it rain five days, that won't give me no blues  
If it rain five days, that won't give me no blues  
I've got my raincoat and hat, umbrella, boots and shoes

Rain, rain, rain, don't rain on me all day  
Rain, rain, rain, don't rain on me all day  
'Cause if I get too wet, I've got to go into the house and stay.

ST. LOUIS BLUES

(W.C. Handy)

I hate to see the evening sun go down  
I hate to see the evening sun go down  
It makes me think I'm on my last go 'round

Feelin' tomorrow like I feel today  
Feelin' tomorrow like I feel today  
I'll pack my grip and make my getaway

St. Louis woman wears her diamond ring  
Pulls a man around by her apron string

Wasn't for powder and this store-bought hair  
The man I love wouldn't go nowhere, nowhere

I got them St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be  
He's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea  
Or else he would not go so far from me.

ST. LOUIS GAL  
(J.R. Robinson)

Worried in the nighttime, worried in the day  
'Cause another sweetie took my man away

Down in St. Louis, there I lost my pride and joy  
St. Louis woman stole the heart of my big boy

I'm cryin', St. Louis gal, just look what you done done, I said what you done done  
St. Louis gal, you gonna have some fun, I mean a lots of fun

I'm always cryin' the blues, both night and day  
Now that he's gone

But you will shake in your shoes, hear what I say  
'Cause some fine morn without any warning

St. Louis gal, I'm gonna handle you, I said manhandle you  
You'll find yourself in a jam, as sure as anything what am

Down in Missouri there'll come a time  
Your life won't be worth a dime  
You stole my pal, St. Louis gal

I'm going a huntin', root-dooti-doot  
You know just what I'm gonna shoot  
You stole my pal, St. Louis gal.

SWEET MISTREATER  
(H. Creamer et J. Johnson)

He was a Jack from Jacksonville, she was a Lou from Louisville  
Oh, this high brown daddy fell like old pussy in the well  
She used to vamp him now and then, then run around with other men  
So on the telephone every night, he'd call and moan

« Oh, you mistreater, oh, you lowdown cheater, no one can be so sweet when you're lovin' you  
But when you strut your Lizzy and you knock them dizzy  
When you mess around and cheat the way you do  
When you out, there's no doubt, you as smart as can be  
But how come you so dumb when you easin' home to me ?  
Oh, you lowdown cheater, oh, you red hot mistreater  
Oh, sweet mistreater, don't mistreat me so »

« Oh, you mistreater, oh, you dirty mistreater, no one can be so sweeter when you are lovin' you  
Oh, you look so willin', but this wait is killin'  
Tell me, how come you save it the way you do ?  
Yeah, you wring and you twist and you can't leave soon enough  
Unless someone insists they will let you do your stuff  
Oh, tell Saint Peter, you a no-good cheater  
Oh, sweet mistreater, don't mistreat me so. »

'TAIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS IF I DO

(Porter Grainger et E. Robbins)

There ain't nothin' I can do or nothin' I can say  
That folks don't criticize me  
But I'm going to do just as I want to anyway  
And don't care if they all despise me

If I should take a notion to jump into the ocean  
'Tain't nobody's bizness if I do, do, do  
If I go to church on Sunday, then just shimmy down on Monday  
'Tain't nobody's bizness if I do, if I do

If my friend ain't got no money and I say take all mine, honey  
'Tain't nobody's bizness if I do, do, do  
If I give him my last nickel and it leaves me in a pickle  
'Tain't nobody's bizness if I do, if I do

Well, I'd rather my man would hit me than to jump right up and quit me  
'Tain't nobody's bizness if I do, do, do  
I swear I won't call no copper if I'm beat up by my papa  
'Tain't nobody's bizness if I do, if I do.

TAKE IT RIGHT BACK ('CAUSE I DON'T WANT IT HERE)  
(H. Gray)

You came home about half past three  
Wakin' me up, papa, you was botherin' me  
Take it right back to the place where you got it  
I don't want a bit of it left here

You just leapin' and rollin' drunk  
Smellin' just like you been with any old skunk  
Take it right back to the place where you got it  
Mama don't want a bit of it left here

Please, let me understand  
I don't want nothin' that is secondhand  
Take it right back to the place where you got it  
You can't leave a bit of it in here

When I tell you that I'm good and through  
There ain't nothin' that your mama wouldn't do  
Take it right back to the place where you got it  
You can't leave a bit of it in here

Been your cook but I'm gettin' you told  
You got the last of my jelly roll  
Take it right back to the place where you got it, child  
You shan't leave a bit of it in here

You just like one of these old tomcats  
Always chasin' these no-good rats  
Take it right back to the place where you got it  
You can't leave a bit of it in here

Don't come shootin' your no-good sass  
You ain't got nothin' that I must have  
Take it right back to the place where you got it  
You can't leave a bit of it in here

I ain't worried, I'm doin' very fine  
You keep yours and I'll hold on to mine  
Take it right back to the place where you got it  
You can't leave a bit of it in here

If you think that I miss you, sir  
That's simply your D.B.A.  
Take it right back to the place where you got it  
I'm gonna pick up the broom and sweep it outta here.

TAKE ME FOR A BUGGY RIDE

(S. Wilson)

You my man, you so nice and brown  
Sweetest man in this town

I heard you say you was goin' away  
And leavin' here to stay

I feel like I could cry  
And here's the reason why

Daddy, you really knows your stuff when you take me for a buggy ride  
I like you when you got your habits on, you can shift your gear with so much pride

I gets a funny feel in' when you gaze into my eyes  
You give me such a thrill you make my thermometer rise

I'm happy when you by my side  
When you take me for a buggy ride

Daddy, you as sweet as you can be when you take me for a buggy ride  
When you set me down upon your knee and ask me to be your bride

When you hug and kiss me, it makes me feel fine  
I gets this funny feel in' up and down my spine

You don't need no teachin', you don't need no guide  
When you take me for a buggy ride

Your lovin' ain't so forte in the park  
But you a lovin' poor creature in the dark

You ain't so hot, what can it be  
That makes me say, « Daddy, take all of me »

You always ready every time that I call  
What I like about you, you never stall

You ain't no preacher, you a good old soul  
You done sent salvation to my sorry soul

I can't kick, but I'm satisfied  
When you take me for a buggy ride.

THEM « HAS BEEN » BLUES  
(W. E. Skidmore et M. Walker)

Maybe you'd like to know, know why I'm blue, know why I'm blue, know why I'm blue  
Maybe some day, it might happen to you, yes, it might happen to you  
When I tell my story, listen, please do  
It's sad but true, please hear it through  
Now, if you've got a papa, then you will know just why the blues affect me so

Did you ever wake up with the sun's early rise  
And feel around the place where your sweet sweet papa lies  
And when you find that he's gone, and his pillow ain't even warm  
Prepare yourself for the news, child, you've got them has been blues

You reach out for your stockings, you reach out for your skirt  
You don't know what you're doing, your feelings sho' is hurt  
You try to find your wrapper, can't even find your hat  
You stumble over the rocker, then you start to curse the cat

Rush to the front door and pull it open wide  
Then you find the message stickin' right outside  
It reads, « Goodbye, sweet mama, now don't you feel so blue  
I've got another woman that's a better gal than you »

Did you ever wake up with the sun's early rise  
And you feel around the place where your man used to lay  
And then you rush to hang your head, and climb right back in bed  
Be satisfied with the news, Lord, you got them has been blues.

## THEM'S GRAVEYARD WORDS

(G. Brooks)

I've got a man I had for a year, but he just won't treat me right  
He knocked me silly with a rocking chair 'cause I stayed out one night

But he done got my goat, 'cause he told me to my face  
That he done bought some gal a new fur coat, and she's done taken my place

Won't somebody open up his eyes, 'cause that is graveyard words  
And I'll show him before he dies that them is graveyard words

I can see the undertaker puttin' Aowers on doors  
And a traveler goin' where he never come back no mo'

Tell him that I'll fix him sure as two and two is four, 'cause them is graveyard words  
Go and tell him that he is slowly dyin', 'cause them is graveyard words  
Please don't let me lose my rightful mind, 'cause them is graveyard words

I done polished up my pistol, my razor's sharpened too  
He'll think the world done fell on him when my dirty work is through  
Tell him that I'll do just what I said I'll do, 'cause them is graveyard words.

THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT

(T. Metz)

Come along, get ready, wear your brand brand new gown  
For there's going to be a meeting in this good good old town  
When you know everybody and they all know you  
And you get a rabbit foot to keep away them hoodoo

When you hear that the preachin' has began  
Bend down low for to drive away your sin  
When you get religion you'll want to shout and sing  
There'll be a hot time in old town tonight, my baby

When you hear them bells go ding-a-ling  
All join around and sweetly you must sing  
When the birds ensue and the chorus will all join in  
There'll be a hot time in old town tonight

There'll be girls for everybody in this good good old town  
There's Miss Gonzola Davis and Miss Gondula Brown  
There's Miss Henrietta Beezer and she's all dressed in red  
I just hugged and kissed her, and to me then she said

« Please, oh, please, oh, do not let me fall  
You are mine and I love you best of all  
You'll be my man, or I'll have no man at all »  
There'll be a hot time in old town tonight, my baby

When you hear them bells go ding-a-ling  
All join around and sweetly you must sing  
When the birds ensue and the chorus will all join in  
There'll be a hot time in old town tonight.

## THINKING BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

Did you ever set thinkin' with a thousand things on your mind ?  
Did you ever set thinkin' with a thousand things on your mind ?  
Thinking about someone who has treated you so nice and kind

Then you get an old letter and you begin to read  
You'll get an old letter and you'll begin to read  
Got the blues so bad 'til that man of mine I want to see

Don't you hear me, baby, knockin' on your door ?  
Don't you hear me, baby, knockin' on your door ?  
Have you got the nerve to drive me from your door ?

Have you got the nerve to say that you don't want me no more ?  
Have you got the nerve to say that you don't want me no more ?  
The good book says you've got to reap what you sow

Take me back, baby, try me one more time  
Take me back, baby, try me one more time  
That's the only way I can get these thinkin' blues offmy mind.

TICKET AGENT, EASE YOUR WINDOW DOWN  
(Spencer Williams)

Tell me what's wrong with me  
My man we can't agree  
Now he's tried to steal away  
That is why you hear me say  
Now, I've got the blues, yes, I've got the blues  
Gonna sing'em night and day

Ticket agent, ease your window down  
Ticket agent, ease your window down  
'Cause my man's done quit me and tried to leave this town

I'd rather see this whole world sloppy drunk  
I'd rather see this whole world sloppy drunk  
Than to see my man startin' in to pack his trunk

If he don't want me, he had no right to stall  
If he didn't want me, he had no right to stall  
I can get more men than a passenger train can haul

He stole my money and he pawned my clothes  
He stole my money, he pawned my clothes  
And which way my daddy went, a gypsy only knows

I hate a man that don't play fair and square  
I hate a man that don't play fair and square  
'Cause you can get a crooked daddy 'most anywhere.

## TROMBONE HOLLY

(G. Brooks)

I know a fool that blows a horn, he came from way down South  
I ain't heard such blowin' since I was born  
When that trombone's in his mouth, he wails and moans, he grunts and groans  
He moans just like a cow  
Nobody else can do his stuff 'cause he won't teach 'em how  
Oh, Cholly, blow that thing, that slide trombone  
Make it talk, make it sing, Lordy, where did you get that tone?  
If Gabriel knowed how you could blow, he'd let you lead his band, I know  
Oh, Cholly, blow that thing, play that slide trombone  
Oh, Cholly, do you know you blows a horn  
Yes, I swing to and fro when you carryin' on  
You ain't seen such shakin' hips like when that horn is to your lips  
Oh, Cholly, blow that thing, that slide trombone  
Oh, Cholly, make it sing, that slide trombone  
You'll even make a king get down off his throne  
And he would break a leg, I know, by doin' the Charleston while you blow  
Oh, Cholly Green, play that thing, I mean that slide trombone.

## WASHWOMAN'S BLUES

(Spencer Williams)

All day long I'm slavin', all day long I'm bustin' suds  
All day long I'm slavin', all day long I'm bustin' suds  
Gee, my hands are tired, washin' out these dirty duds

Lord, I do more work than forty-'leven Gold Dust Twins  
Lord, I do more work than forty-'leven Gold Dust Twins  
Got myself a achin' from my head down to my shins

Sorry I do washin' just to make my livelihood  
Sorry I do wash in' just to make my livelihood  
Oh, the washwoman's life, it ain't a bit of good

Rather be a scullion cookin' in some white folks' yard  
Rather be a scullion cookin' in some white folks' yard  
I could eat aplenty, wouldn't have to work so hard

Me and my ole washboard sho' do have some cares and woes  
Me and my ole washboard sho' do have some cares and woes  
In the muddy water, wringin' out these dirty clothes.

## WASTED LIFE BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

I've lived a life but nothin' I've gained  
Each day I'm full of sorrow and pain  
No one seems to care enough for poor me  
To give me a word of sympathy

Oh, me ! Oh, my ! Wonder what will the end be ?  
Oh, me ! Oh, my ! Wonder what will become of poor me ?

No father to guide me, no mother to care  
Must bear my troubles all alone  
Not even a brother to help me share  
This burden I must bear alone

Oh, me ! Oh, my ! Wonder what will my end be ?  
Oh, me ! Oh, my ! Wonder what will become of poor me ?

I'm settin' and thinkin' of the days gone by  
They fills my heart with pain  
I'm too weak to stand and too strong to cry  
But I'm forgettin' it all in vain

Oh, me ! Oh, my ! Wonder what will my end be ?  
Oh, me ! Oh, my ! Wonder what will become of poor me ?

I've traveled and wandered almost everywhere  
To get a little joy from life  
Still I've gained nothin' but wars and despair  
Still strugglin' in this world of strife

Oh, me ! Oh, my ! Wonder what will my end be ?  
Oh, me ! Oh, my ! Wonder what will become of poor me ?

## WEEPING WILLOW BLUES

(P. Carter)

I went down to the river, sat beneath the willow tree  
The dew dropped on those willow leaves, and it rolled right down on me  
And that's the reason I've got those weepin' willow blues

I went up on the mountain, high as any gal could stand  
And looked out on the engine that took away my lovin' man  
And that's the reason I've got those weepin' willow blues

I heard the whistle blowin', the fireman rang the bell  
They're takin' away that willow tree that give me this weepin' spell  
And that's the reason I've got those weepin' willow blues

When you're broken hearted and your man is out of town  
Go to the river, take the chair and then set down

And if he don't come back to you I'll tell you what to do  
Just jump right overboard, 'cause he ain't no more to you

Folks, I love my man, I kiss him mornin', noon, and night  
I wash his clothes and keep him clean and try to treat him right

Now he's gone and left me after all I've tried to do  
The way he treats me, girls, he'll do the same thing to you  
That's the reason I've got those weepin' willow blues.

WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW ?  
(Clarence Williams et Spencer Williams)

Papa, papa, Tree Top Tall, hear your lovin' mama call  
You ain't doin' so good, you ain't treatin' me like you should  
Papa, papa, hear my plea, stop mistreatin' me  
You stay, stay away, that's why you hear me say

What's the matter now, what's the matter now ?  
Haven't seen you, honey, since way last spring  
Tell me, pretty papa, have you broke that thing ?  
What's the matter now, say we can't get along somehow  
I ain't had no sugar in a long time  
Tell me, what's the matter now, daddy, tell me what's the matter now ?

What's the matter now, what's the matter now ?  
You never give me lovin' like a daddy should  
Tell me, do you really think I'm made of wood ?  
What's the matter now, cruel daddy, we can't get along somehow  
Mama wants some honey from that honeycomb  
Tell me, what's the matter now, daddy, tell me what's the matter now ?

## WHOA, TILLIE, TAKE YOUR TIME

(T. Layton et H. Creamer)

Tillie Brown was a dancin' fool  
Spent her time in a dancin' school  
When the band would play  
Tillie would start ready to sway  
First one out on the ballroom floor  
She never got enough, she just craved for more  
When she start to sway, all the girls and boys would say

« Whoa, Tillie, take your time, whoa, Tillie, take your time  
There ain't no use to hurryin' 'cause you want to prance  
You got all night to do that dance  
Whoa, Tillie, lay'em down, whoa, Tillie Brown  
You don't know what to shake, when you shake, what you break  
Whoa, Tillie, take your time »

« Whoa, Tillie, take your time, whoa, Tillie, take your time  
There ain't no use to hurryin' 'cause you want to prance  
Look out there, Tillie, you got all night to do that dance  
Whoa, Tillie, lay 'em down, whoa, Tillie, Tillie Brown  
You don't know what to shake, when you shake, what you break  
Whoa, Tillie, take your time. »

## WOMAN'S TROUBLE BLUES

(Jack Gee\*)

When a woman gets in trouble, everybody throws her down  
When a woman gets in trouble, everybody throws her down  
She'll look for her friends, and none can be found

I got to go to jail innocent, I got to do my time  
I got to go to jail innocent, I got to do my time  
Because the judge is so cruel, he won't take no fine

When I get out I'm gonna leave this town  
When I get out I'm gonna leave this town  
Everybody'll miss me when they don't see me around

There ain't but one thing worries my troublin' mind  
There ain't but one thing worries my troublin' mind  
The man I love left me behind

My man left me, that's why I'm all confused  
My man left me, that's why I'm all confused  
He left me with them troublin' blues.

\* Dans The Bessie Smith Companion, Edward Brooks suggère que ce serait probablement Smith, et non pas Gee, qui aurait composée cette chanson.

## WORK HOUSE BLUES

(T. Wallace)

Everybody's cryin' the work house blues all day, oh Lord, oh Lord  
The work is so hard, thirty days is so long, oh Lord, oh Lord  
I can't plow, I can't cook, if I'd ran away, wouldn't that be good

'Cause I'm goin' to the Nation, goin' to the territor'  
Say I'm bound for the Nation, bound for the territor'  
I got to leave here, I got to get the next train home

Work house sets way out on a long old lonesome road  
Work house sets way out on a long old lonesome road  
I'm a hard luck gal, catch the devil everywhere I go

Say, I wished I had me a heaven of my own  
Say, I wished I had a heaven of my own  
I'd give all those poor girls a long old happy home

Say, he used to be mine, but look who's got him now  
Say, he used to be mine, but look who's got him now  
Say, she sure can keep him, he don't mean her no good nohow.

## WORN OUT PAPA

(Spencer Williams)

Papa, papa, you in a good man's way  
Papa, papa, you in a good man's way  
I can find one better than you any time of day

You ain't no good so you better haul your freight  
You ain't no good, you better haul your freight  
Mama wants a live wire, papa, you can take the gate

I'm a red hot woman, just full of flamin' youth  
I'm a red hot woman, just full of flamin' youth  
You can't call me, daddy, you no good, that's the truth

All my time I wasted havin' you to bother me  
All my time I wasted havin' you to bother me  
You give me the willies, now I'm glad I'm free

I'm one woman don't want no no-good man  
Yes, I'm one woman don't want no no-good man  
You just like a worn out, badly bent electric fan

Your youth done failed, all your pep's done gone  
Your youth done failed, all your pep's done gone  
Pick up that suitcase, man, and travel on.

## YELLOW DOG BLUES

(W.C. Handy)

Ever since Miz Suzy Johnson lost her jockey Lee  
There's been much excitement and more to be

You can hear moanin', moanin' night and morn  
She's wonderin' where her easy rider's gone

Cablegram goes off in inquiry  
Telegram goes off in sympathy

Letters came from down in 'Bam  
Everywhere that Uncle Sam  
Is the ruler of delivery\*

All day the phone rings, it's not for me  
At last good tidings fill my heart with glee  
This message came from Tennessee

« Dear Sue, your easy rider struck this burg today  
On a southbound rattler beside the Pullman car  
I seen him there, and he was on the hog »

All you easy riders got to stay away  
They had to vamp it but the hike ain't far  
He's gone to where the Southern cross the Yellow Dog.

\* Les paroles écrites par Handy sont: « Everywhere that Uncle Sam / Has the Rural Free Delivery ».

YES, INDEED HE DO

(Porter Grainger)

I don't know what makes it rain, can't tell what makes it snow  
Well, I don't claim to know it all, but there's some things I do know

There's one thing in particular that I never have to guess  
I ask myself this question, and I have to tell me yes

Oh, do my sweet, sweet daddy love me ? Yes, indeed he do  
Is he true as stars above me ? What kind of fool is you ?

He don't stay from home all night more than six times a week  
No, I know that I'm his Sheba, and I know that he's my sheik

And when I ask him where he's been, he grabs a rocking chair  
Then he knocks me down and says, « It's just a little love lick, dear »

But if some woman looks at him, I'll tear her half in two  
Oh, do my sweet, sweet daddy love me ? Yes, indeed he do

Of course my sweet daddy loves me, yes, indeed he do  
If he beats me or mistreats me, what is that to you ?

I don't have to do no work except to wash his clothes  
And darn his socks and press his pants and scrub the kitchen floor

I wouldn't take a million for my sweet, sweet daddy Jim  
And I wouldn't give a quarter for another man like him

Gee, ain't it great to have a man that's crazy over you ?  
Oh, do my sweet, sweet daddy love me ? Yes, indeed he do.

## YODELING BLUES

(Clarence Williams)

The blues, the blues, the yodeling blues  
They seem to haunt me all the time  
Because I ain't got no one that will console my mind

It seems to me no happiness will I ever find, no happiness will I find

Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord  
My man went out without a cause

I wonder who put them jinx on me, I said them jinx on me  
I wonder who put them jinx on me, low down jinx on me  
My man gone back to his used to be

I'm gonna yodel, yodel my blues away, I said my blues away  
I'm gonna yodel, yodel my blues away (Yee Hoo !)  
I'm gonna yodel 'til things come back my way

I've got the blues, oh spread the news  
I've got those doggone yodelin' blues.

## YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND

(Clarence Williams, Spencer Williams et J. Johnson)

Here I am, girls of mine, pleading but it's all in vain  
Gee, I am out of line, can't we make it up again  
You know, baby, there's no maybe, I love only you  
You the only one and no one else will do

It makes me forgive when you turn me away  
But I know, dear, that you don't understand  
Won't you believe anything I say  
But I know, dear, that you don't understand

Open up your heart, let me in your heart, I'm pleadin'  
No one else will do 'cause it's only you I'm needin'  
My faith you hold, my love in your hands  
But I know, dear, that you don't understand

I'm so blue, in despair, 'cause you have turned me down  
I don't know if you care I don't come around  
You know, honey, it's so funny when you treat me bad  
Won't you hear me pleadin', 'cause I'm goin' mad

It makes me cry when you laugh in my face  
But I know, dear, that you don't understand  
Now I see why I can't hold first place  
'Cause I know, dear, that you don't understand

For your love I've strived, sure as I'm alive, I'll bet you  
Then you'll forgive, soon you'll forgive, I'll get you  
Then you'll see all the things that I've planned  
But I know, dear, that you don't understand.

## YOUNG WOMAN'S BLUES

(Bessie Smith)

Woke up this mornin' when chickens were crowin' for day  
Felt on the right side of my pillow, my man had gone away

By his pillow he left a note  
Readin' « I'm sorry, Jane, you got my goat »

No time to marry, no time to settle down  
I'm a young woman and ain't done runnin' 'round  
I'm a young woman and ain't done runnin' 'round

Some people call me a hobo, some call me a bum  
Nobody knows my name, nobody knows what I've done

I'm as good as any woman in your town  
I ain't no high yella, I'm a deep killer brown

I ain't gonna marry, ain't gon' settle down  
I'm gon' drink good moonshine and run these browns down

See that long lonesome road, Lord, you know it's gotta end  
And I'm a good woman and I can get plenty men.

## YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED

(Porter Grainger)

You'll be sorry, daddy, you just wait and see, daddy, wait and see  
Wouldn't treat a dog the way you treatin' me, like you treatin' me  
I'm a total nervous wreck with a millstone 'round my neck, I'm as through as any gal can be  
Don't be surprised if you see me hangin' from a tree, hangin' from a tree  
You ought to be ashamed, shame, ashamed, shame of what you done to me

But daddy, I'm to blame, I'm to blame for lettin' you have my company  
I'm a poor weak vessel and I just can't help myself  
And daddy, when you quit me I can't crawl up on no shelf  
But you ought to be ashamed, shame, ashamed, shame of how you treatin' me  
You ought to be ashamed, shame, ashamed, shame of what you done to me

But daddy, I'm the same, just the same, you will find that I will always be  
You can dodge me and neglect me, treat me like a hound  
I'll be here waitin' for you when you tired a-runnin' 'round  
But you ought to be ashamed, shame, ashamed, shame of how you treatin' me.

## YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD OLE WAGON

(T. Henry)

Look-a here, daddy, I want to tell you, please get out of my sight  
I'm playin' quits now, right from this very night  
You've had your day, don't set around and frown  
You've been a good ole wagon, daddy, but you done broke down

Now, you better go to the blacksmith shop, and get yourself overhauled  
There's nothing about you to make a good woman fall  
Nobody wants a baby when a real man can be found  
You've been a good old wagon, daddy, but you done broke down

When the sun is shining, it's time to make hay  
Automobiles are the rage, you can't make that wagon pay  
When you were in your prime, you loved to run around  
You've been a good old wagon, honey, but you done broke down

There's no need to cry, and make a big show  
This man has taught me more about lovin' than you will ever know  
He is the king of lovin', this man deserve a crown  
He's a good ole wagon, daddy, and he ain't broke down.

YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME SOME

(Spencer Williams)

Lovin' is the thing I crave, for your love I'd be your slave

You gotta gimme some, yes, gimme some

Can't you hear me pleading, you gotta gimme some

Said Miss Jones to old Butcher Pete, « I want a piece of your good old meat

You gotta gimme some, oh, gimme some

I crave your round steak, you gotta gimme some. »

Sweet as candy in a candy shop, it's just your sweet, sweet lollipop

You gotta gimme some, please gimme some

I love all-day suckers, you gotta gimme some

To the milkman I heard Mary scream, said she wanted a lots of cream

You gotta gimme some, oh, gimme some

Fetch it when you come, sir, you gotta gimme some

Hear my cryin' on my bended knee, if you wanna put my soul at ease

You gotta gimme some, please gimme some

Can't stand it any longer, you gotta gimme some

Zebra called up camel's sugar lump, said, « I'm goin' crazy about your hump

You gotta gimme some, please gimme some

I can't wait a day, you gotta gimme some. »

Jaybird said to the peckerwood, « I'll let you peck like a pecker should

But gimme some, yes, gimme some

I'm crazy 'bout them worms, you gotta gimme some. »