

# FRANKIE BLUES

Not fast

Arr. E. C.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics range from *mf* to *p*.

The first vocal phrase is: "Frank - ie was a good wom - an, . Ev - 'ry bo - dy knows, Gave". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

The second vocal phrase is: "for - ty - one dol - lars to buy Al - bert A suit of clothes;". The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line. Dynamics include *f*, *cresc.*, and *ril.*

## FRANKIE BLUES

*p* slower

“Yes, he’s my man, . . . . but he done me wrong.” . . .

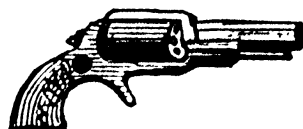
*rit. pp ff*

1 Frankie was a good woman,  
Ev’rybody knows,  
Gave forty-one dollars to buy Albert  
A suit of clothes:  
“Yes, he’s my man, but he done me wrong.”

2 Frankie went to the corner,  
Took a forty-four gun,  
Shot her Albert a-rooty-ti-toot,  
And away he tried to run:  
“He was my man, but he done me wrong.”

3 “Roll me over easy,  
Roll me over slow,  
Roll me over on my right side,  
'Cause the bullet hurt me so;  
I was your man, but I done you wrong.”

4 Frankie sit in a parlor,  
Cool herself with a fan,  
Tell all the other women and girls,  
“Don’t trust any doggone man,  
He’ll do you wrong, he’ll do you wrong.”



# JOSIE

The restless sons of Man in the mountains of Kentucky sometimes descend to the plains and live in the big cities, in the centers of wickedness, in the tents of the ungodly, where night is turned into day by the bright lights. When they go back to the mountains sometimes they have songs their lips have learned in strange places. Perhaps one of the children of the mountains learned a Frankie song in one of the cities and brought it back to the mountains where the name of the heroine was changed to Josie. Or, perhaps, it was in the mountains that the first Frankie song was born and the name of the leading character was Josie and it was in the city that her name was changed. When the song history of America is definitively written, we shall know about these things.

Arr. A. G. W.

Jo - sie she's a good girl, as ev - 'ry-bod - y knows, She gave one hun-dred

*mp*

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics, and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mp* (mezzo-piano).

dol - lars for an i - vo - ry suit of clothes; "He is my man, . . . . .

This system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The piano part features a prominent melodic line in the right hand.

*All verses but last / Last verse*

but he won't come home." . . . . .

*sf*

This system contains the third line of the song. It includes a performance instruction: *All verses but last / Last verse*. The piano part features a dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando) and includes a fermata over a chord.

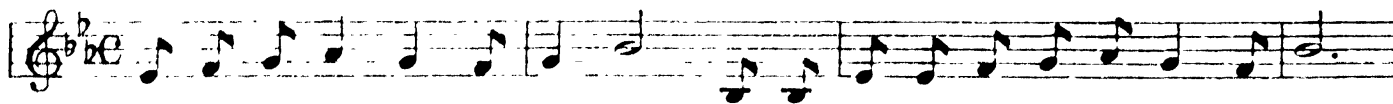
## JOSIE

- 1 Josie she's a good girl, as everybody knows,  
She gave one hundred dollars for an ivory suit of clothes;  
"He is my man, but he won't come home."
- 2 She went down the street as far as I could see,  
And every band that she passed by played "Nearer My God to Thee,"  
"Oh, he's my man, but he won't come home."
- 3 She went down the street, a revolver in her hand,  
Saying, "Stand back, gents and ladies; I'm searching for my man,  
Oh, he's my man, but he won't come home."
- 4 She stepped into the barroom, and there her husband stood,  
She drew her revolver from her side and shot him thru and thru;  
"He's my man, but he wouldn't come home."
- 5 She went down to the jail-house, keys all in her hand,  
Saying, "Here, Mr. Jailer, lock me up, for I've shot my man;  
He's my man, but he wouldn't come home."
- 6 One thing hurt Mrs. Josie, one thing made her cry,  
Standing there in the courthouse door when the hurst (hearse) came rolling by;  
"Oh, he's my man, but he wouldn't come home."
- 7 "I'm not going to wear no mourning, not going to wear no black,  
But I'll go down to the graveyard and bring my Iva back;  
Oh, he's my man, but he done me wrong."
- 8 She went down to the graveyard and fell down on her knees,  
And prayed to the Lord in heaven to send her heart some ease;  
"Oh, he's my man, but he wouldn't come home."
- 9 Sitting in the parlor by an electric fan,  
Pleading with the youngest girl never to marry a gambling man;  
"He'll be your man, but he'll not come home."



## SADIE

This is a woman's version of the old story of Frankie and her man. Six young women from six old cities sang it at White Lake, Michigan. They wrap Sadie in a "sky-blue kimono." They have Sadie kill her man, he is hauled to the graveyard, and that's all. No arrest, no murder trial, neither acquittal nor execution. Text and tune here are from Julia Peterson of Ann Arbor.



Sad - ie went in - to the bar - room, and she ordered up a big glass of beer.



She said, "Tell me the truth, Mis - ter Bar - ten - der, has my Hen - ry Brown been



here? 'Cause he's my man, . . . and he's do - in' me wrong, he won't come home."

- 1 Sadie went into the bar-room, and she ordered up a big glass of beer.  
She said, "Tell me the truth, Mister Bartender, has my Henry Brown been here?  
'Cause he's my man, and he's doin' me wrong, he won't come home."
- 2 "Well I ain't goin' to tell you no secrets, and I ain't goin' to tell you no lies,  
But I saw Henry Brown just a moment ago, and I could hardly b'lieve my eyes,  
'Cause he's your man, what's been doin' you wrong, he won't come home."
- 3 Sadie drank up all her beer, and she ordered up a big glass of gin,  
She said, "Ain't it a shame, Mister Bartender, that I've a-takin' to drinkin' again,  
On account of my man, what's a-doin' me wrong, he wouldn't come home."
- 4 Sadie went up a dark alley, and she didn't go up there for fun,  
For under her sky-blue kimono, she had a great big forty-four gun,  
On account of her man, what was doin' her wrong, he wouldn't come home.
- 5 "Roll me over easy, now roll me over slow,  
Oh, roll me over on my right side because my left side hurts me so,  
'Cause I'm Sadie's man, what's a done her wrong, I wouldn't come home."
- 6 They hauled out the rubber-tired carriage, and they hauled out the rubber-tired hack,  
They were haulin' a guy to the grave-yard, and they weren't gonna haul him back,  
He was Sadie's man, that had done her wrong, he wouldn't come home.