

THOSE GAMBLER'S BLUES

This may be what polite society calls a gutter song. In a foreign language, in any lingo but that of the U. S. A., it would seem less vulgar, more bizarre. Its opening realism works on toward irony and fantasy, dropping in its final lines again to blunt realism. Texts and melody are from the song as given (A) by Henry McCarthy of the University of Alabama, and (B) by Jake Zeitlin and Jack Hagerty of Fort Worth and Los Angeles.

Arr. R. C.

Slow, drowsy

1. It was down in old Joe's bar - room . . . On a
left stood Joe Mc - Ken - ny, . . . His

cor - ner by the square, The drinks were served as us - u - al, And a
eyes blood-shot and red, He gazed at the crowd a-round him, And

good - ly crowd was there. 2. On my 3. As I
these are the words he said:

ritard.

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passed by the old in - fir - mar - y, . . . I saw my sweet-heart there, . . . All

pp

stretched out on a ta - ble, . . . So pale, so cold, so fair.

4. Six - teen coal - black hors - es, All hitched to a rub - ber - tired

R.H.

hack, . . . Car - ried sev - en girls to the grave-yard, . . . And on - ly

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six of 'em com - in' . back

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "six of 'em com - in' . back". The piano accompaniment includes a right-hand part with a "R.H." marking and a left-hand part with a "P." marking.

5. O when I . die just bur-y me . In a box - back coat and hat, . . Put a
6. Six crap shooters as pall bearers, . . Let a cho-rus girl sing me a song With a

The second system contains two lines of lyrics. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are: "5. O when I . die just bur-y me . In a box - back coat and hat, . . Put a" and "6. Six crap shooters as pall bearers, . . Let a cho-rus girl sing me a song With a". The piano accompaniment includes a left-hand part with "8va" markings.

twent-y dol-lar gold-piece on my watch chain To let the Lord know I'm standin' pat.
jazz band on . my . hearse . . . To raise hell as we go a - long."

The third system continues the lyrics from the previous system. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are: "twent-y dol-lar gold-piece on my watch chain To let the Lord know I'm standin' pat." and "jazz band on . my . hearse . . . To raise hell as we go a - long." The piano accompaniment includes a left-hand part with "8va" markings.

7. And now you've heard my sto-ry, . . I'll take an-other shot o' booze; If

ritard.

The fourth system contains the final line of lyrics: "7. And now you've heard my sto-ry, . . I'll take an-other shot o' booze; If". The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The piano accompaniment includes a left-hand part with "8va" markings and a "ritard." marking.

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molto ritard.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (F major). The lyrics are: "an - y - bod - y hap - pens to ask you, . . . Then I've got those gambler's blues." The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *molto ritard.* and *a tempo ritard. un poco*. The score ends with a double bar line and the word *8va...* below it.

A

- 1 It was down in old Joe's bar-room
On a corner by the square,
The drinks were served as usual,
And a goodly crowd was there.
- 2 On my left stood Joe McKenny,
His eyes bloodshot and red,
He gazed at the crowd around him
And these are the words he said:
- 3 "As I passed by the old infirmary,
I saw my sweetheart there,
All stretched out on a table,
So pale, so cold, so fair.
- 4 Sixteen coal-block horses,
All hitched to a rubber-tired hack,

Carried seven girls to the graveyard,
And only six of 'em comin' back.

- 5 O, when I die, just bury me
In a box-back coat and hat, [chain
Put a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch
To let the Lord know I'm standin' pat.
- 6 Six crap shooters as pull bearers,
Let a chorus girl sing me a song
With a jazz band on my hearse
To raise hell as we go along."
- 7 And now you've heard my story,
I'll take another shot o' booze;
If anybody happens to ask you,
Then I've got those gambler's blues.

B

- 1 Went down to St. Joe's infirmary,
To see my woman there;
She was layin' on the table,
So white, so cold, so fair.
- 2 Went up to see the doctor,
"She's very low," he said;
Went back to see my woman,
Good God! she's layin' there dead,
Spoken: She's dead!
- 3 Let her go, let her go, God bless her,
Wherever she may be!
There'll never be another like her,
There'll never be another for me.

- 4 I may be killed on the ocean,
I may be killed by a cannonball,
But let me tell you, buddy,
That a woman was the cause of it all.
- 5 Seventeen girls to the graveyard,
Seventeen girls to sing her a song,
Seventeen girls to the graveyard —
Only sixteen of 'em comin' back.
- 6 O sixteen coal-black horses,
To carry me when I'm gone.
O flowers on the coffin,
While the burial's carried on.