BLUES

arr./opr. Michał Kirkoff

VOL./CZ.

1

FOR PIANO / KEYBOARD

Wydawnictwo Muzyczne KORN

BACKWATER BLUES

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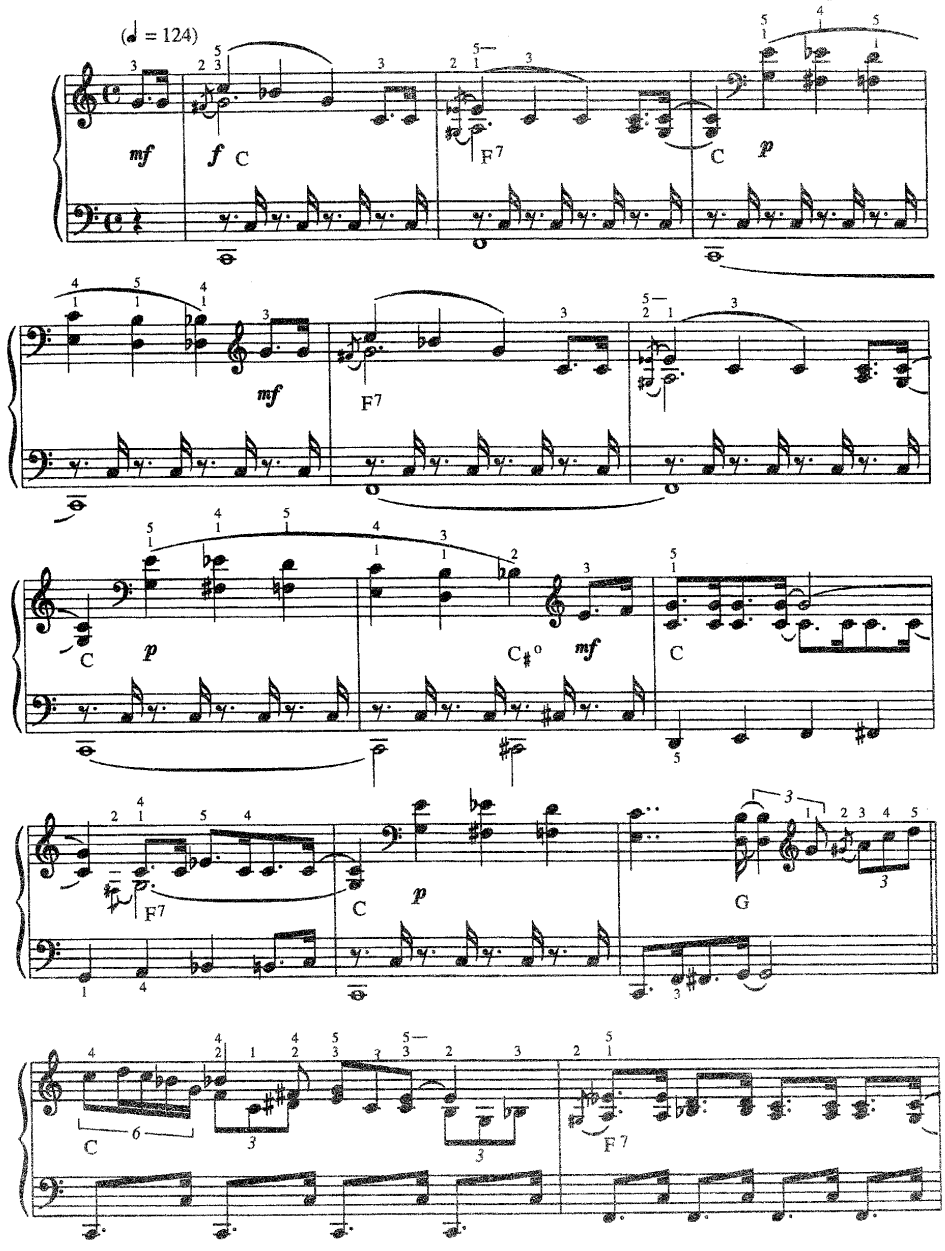
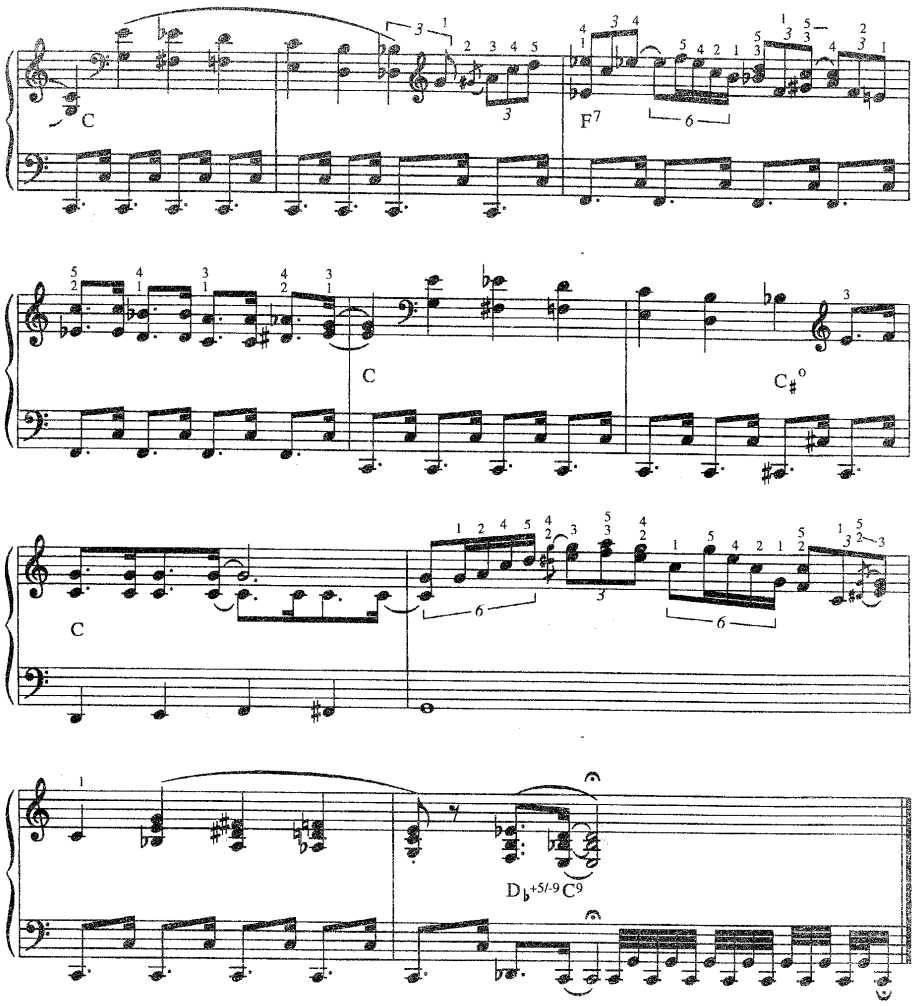
Opr.: M. Kirkoff





Well, it rained five days and the sky turned black as night
Yes, it rained five days and the sky turned black as night
There was trouble taking place in the lowlands that night.

Well, it thundered and it lightened and the winds began to blow 2x
There was thousands of people didn't have no place to go.

I woke up this morning, couldn't even get out my door 2x
Enough trouble to make a poor boy wonder where he gonna go.

BEALE STREET BLUES

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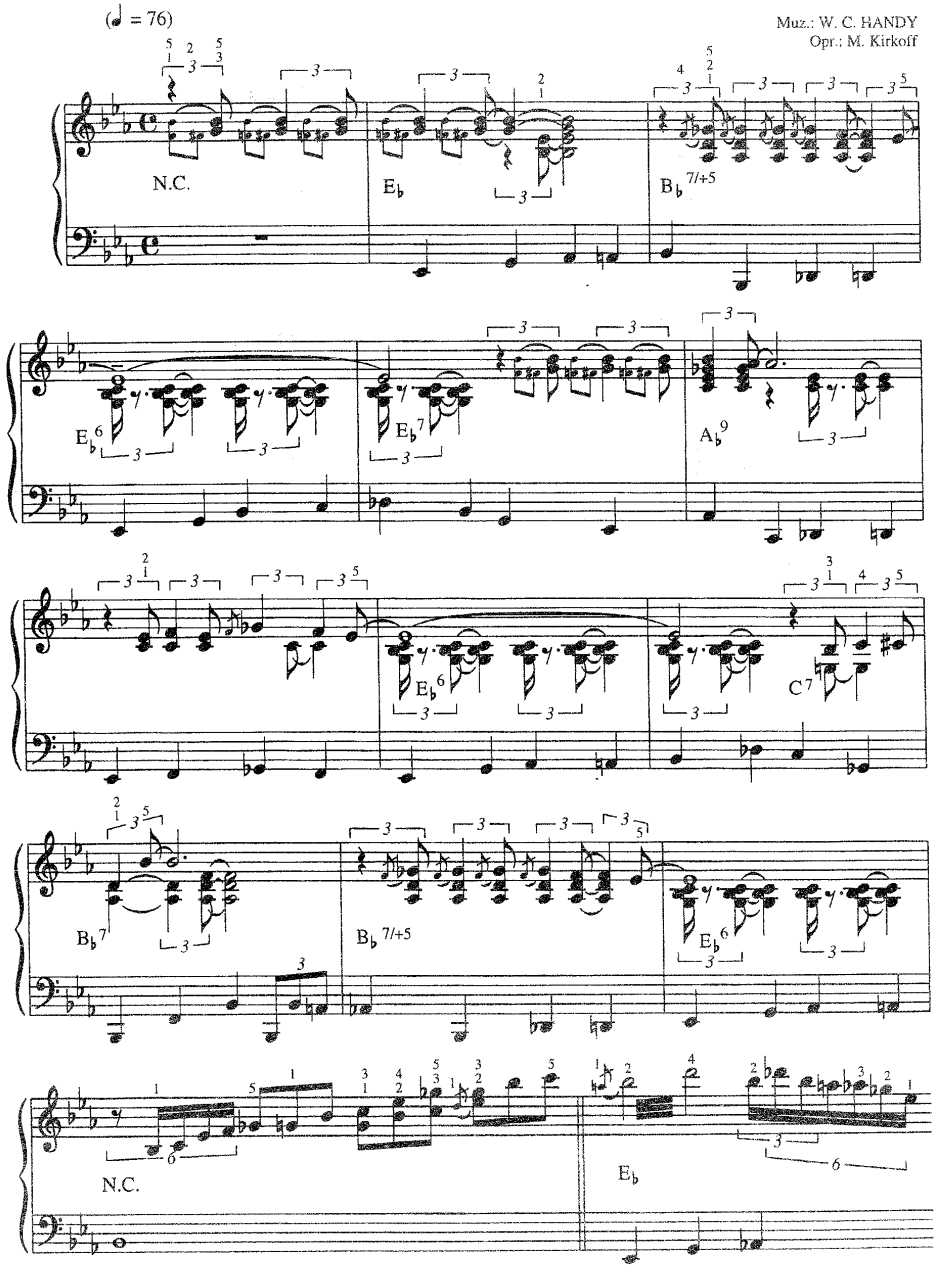
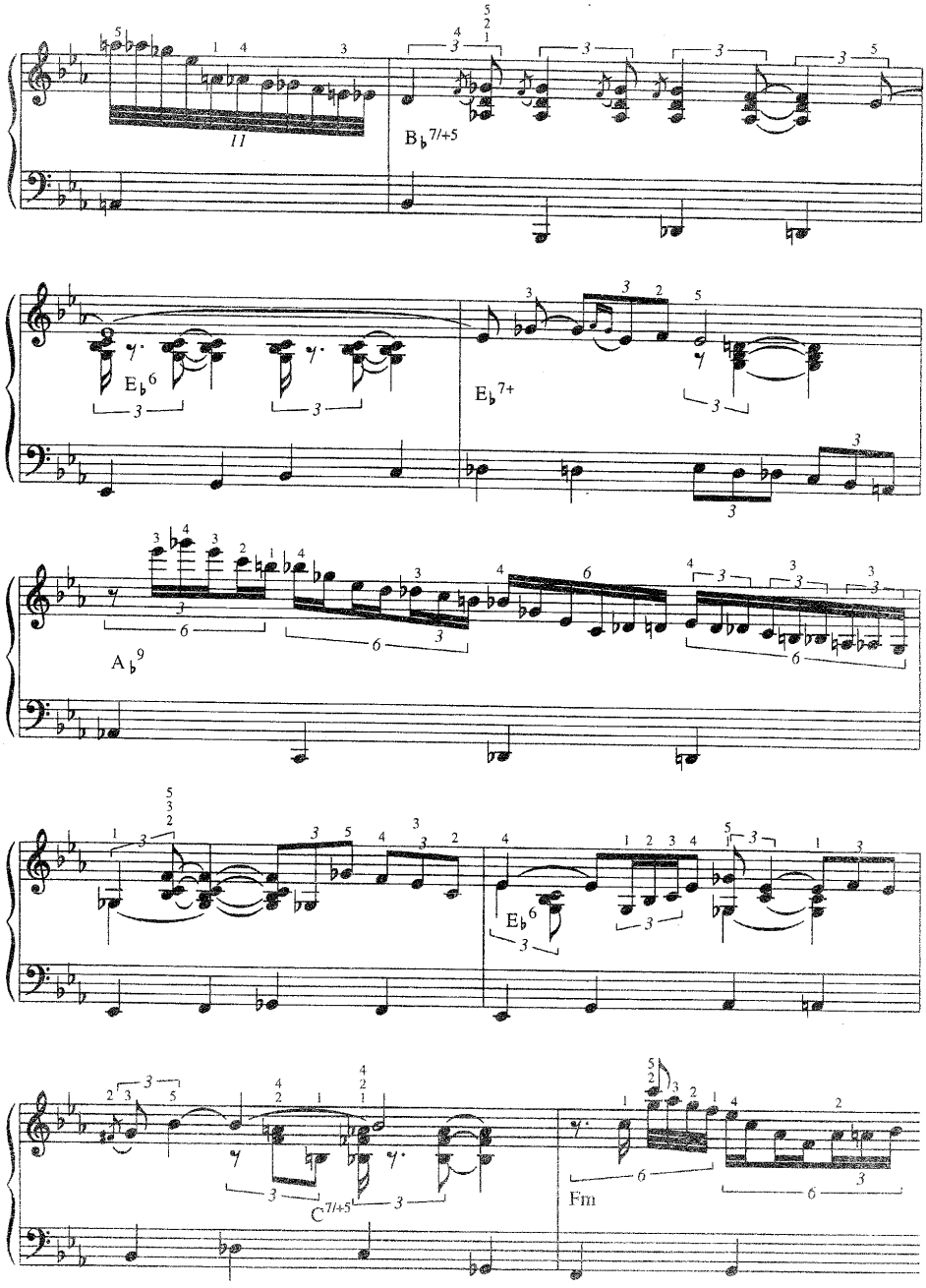
Muz.: W. C. HANDY
Opr.: M. Kirkoff

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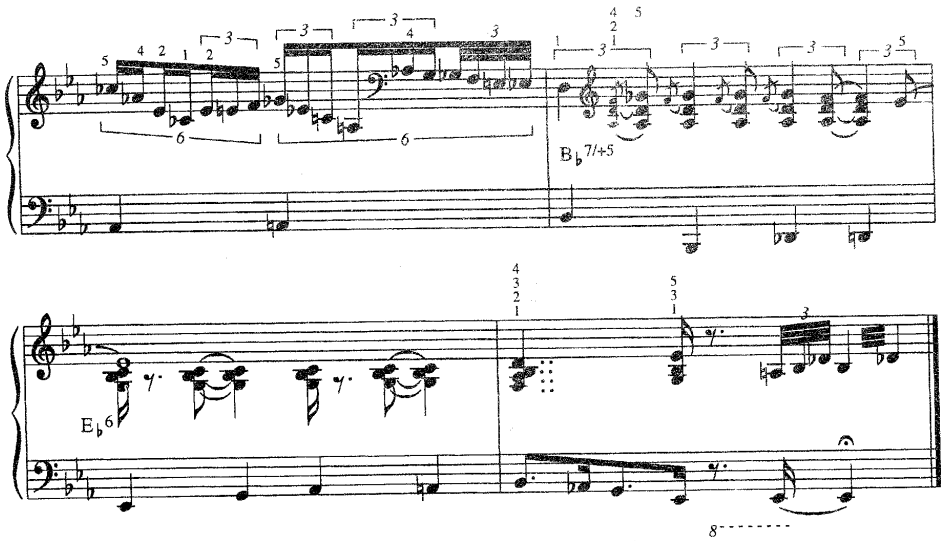
E♭7+
A♭9
E♭6
C7/+5
Fm



I'd rather be here, than any place I know,
I'd rather be here, than any place I know,
It's goin' to take the sergeans
For to make me go.

Goi'n to the river, may be bye and bye.
Goin' to the river, and there's a reason why
Because the river's wet,
And Beale Street's done gone dry.

BASIN STREET BLUES

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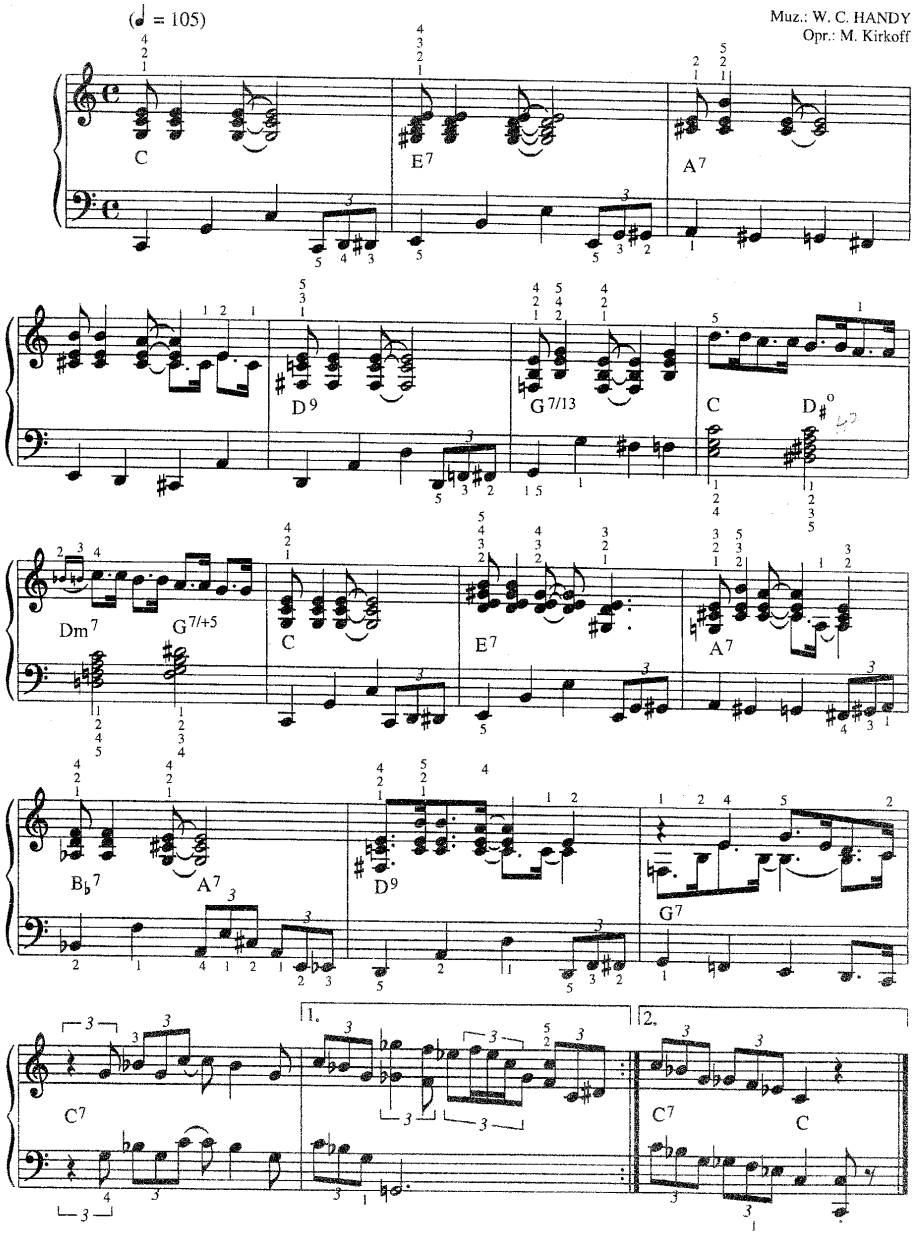
Muz.: W. C. HANDY
Opr.: M. Kirkoff



BOLL WEEVIL BLUES

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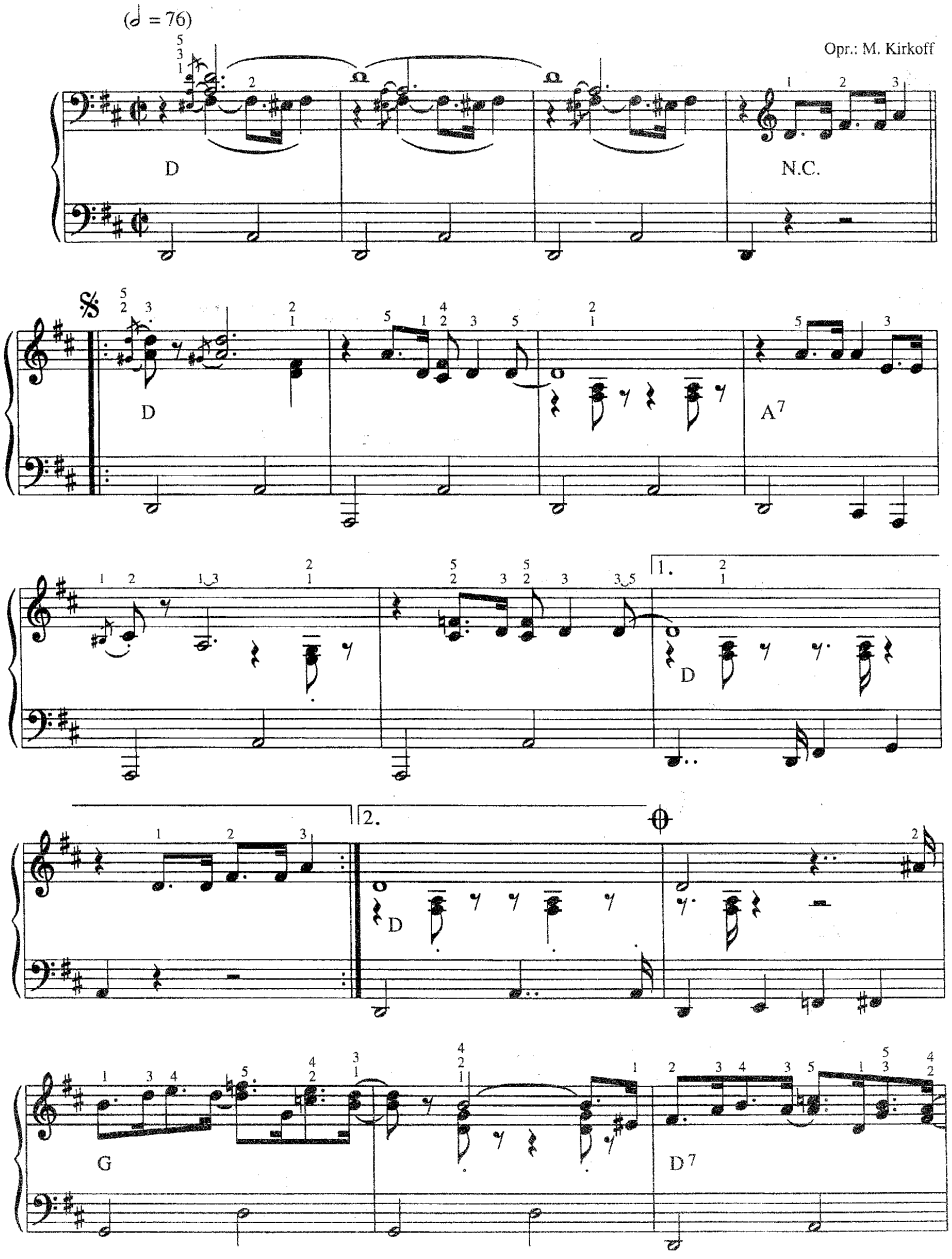

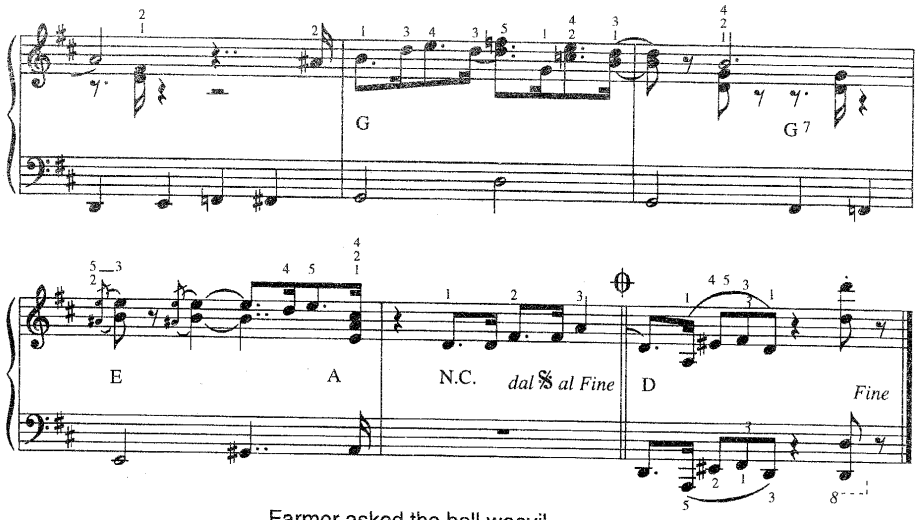

Farmer asked the boll weevil,
"Where you been so long?"
"I been down in the cotton,
With my long clothes on"

Farmer take the boll weevil
Put him in the ice.
Boll weevil say to the farmer,
"You treat me mighty nice."

Farmer take the boll weevil,
He put him in the sand.
Boll weevil say to the farmer,
"You just like a man."

Man said to the old lady,
"What do you think of that?
I got one of them boll weevils
Out of my Stetson hat."

Farmer said to the boll weevil,
"Yes, I wish you well."
He said to the boll weevil,
"I hope you burn in hell."

Boll weevil said to the farmer,
"I'm gonna swing on your gate,
When I get through with your cotton,
You'll sell your Cadillac eight."

Boll weevil said to the farmer,
"I'm gonna treat you mean,
When I get through with your cotton,
You buy no gasoline."

CARELESS LOVE

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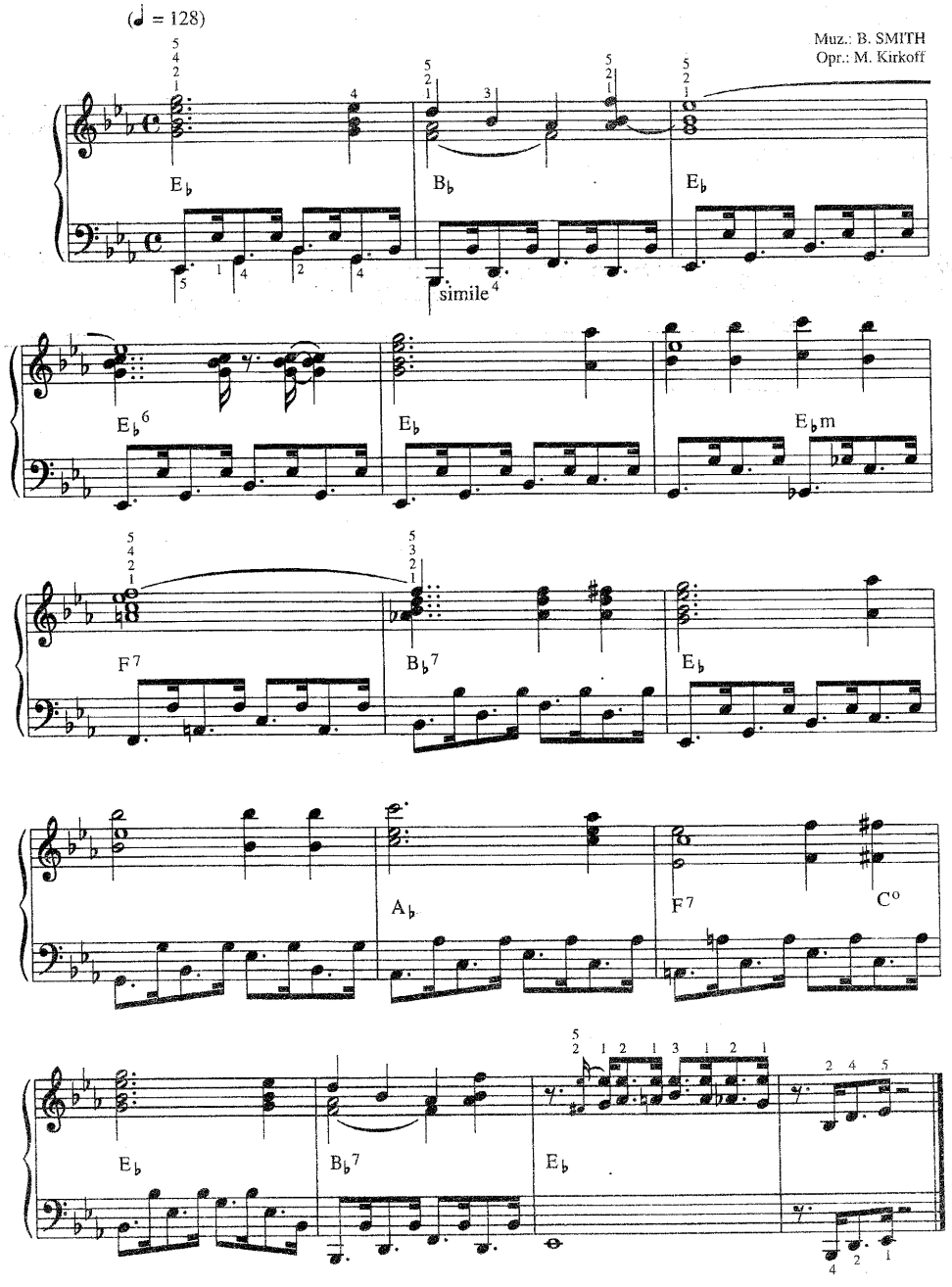
Muz.: B. SMITH
Opr.: M. Kirkoff



Love, oh love, oh careless love 3x
You see what careless love has done.

I cried last night and night before, 3x
Gonna cry tonight and cry no more.

I love my momma and my poppa too, 3x
But I'd leave them both to go with you.

When I wore an apron low, 3x
You'd follow me through rain and snow.

Now I wear my apron high, 3x
You see my door and pass on by.

How I wish that train would come, 3x
And take my back where I come from.

DALLAS BLUES

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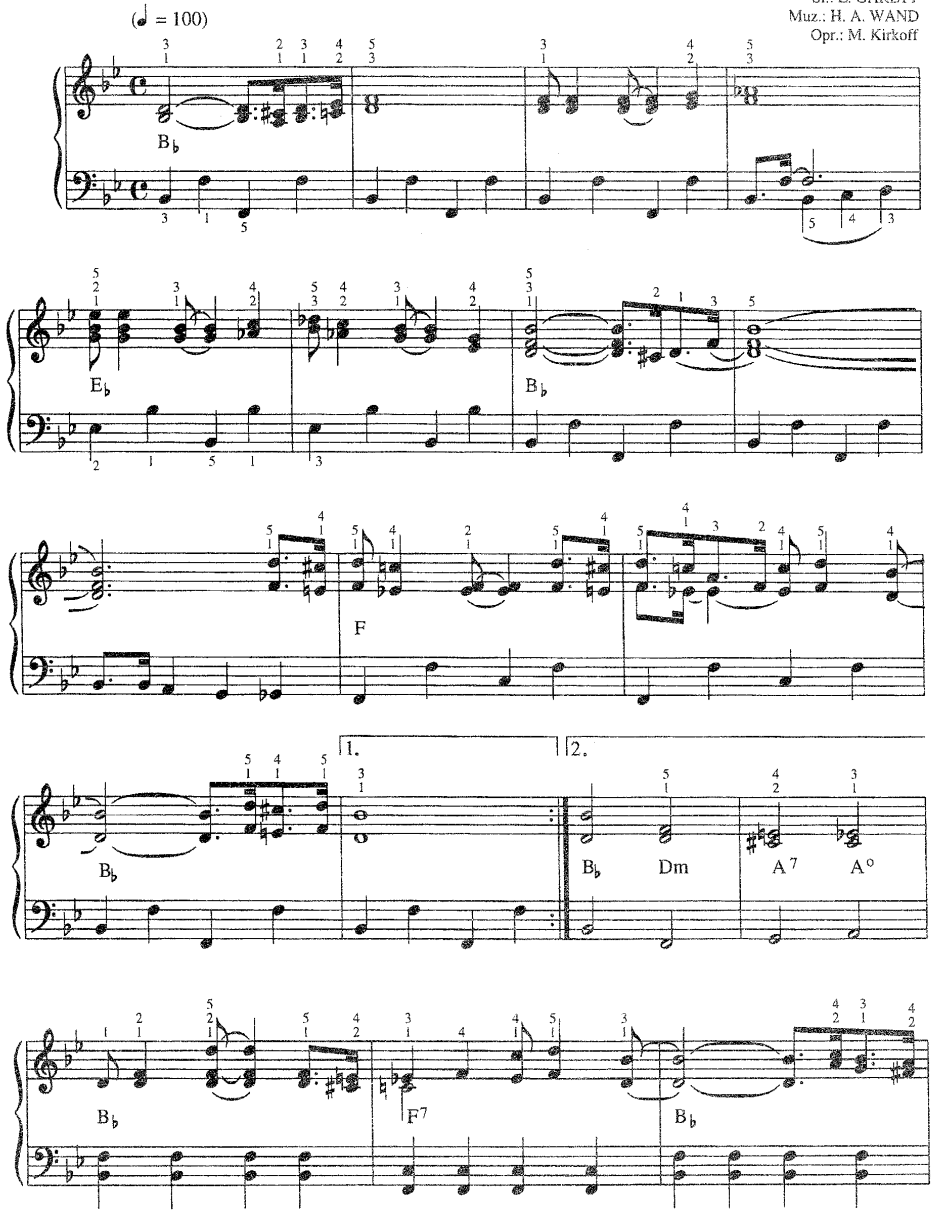
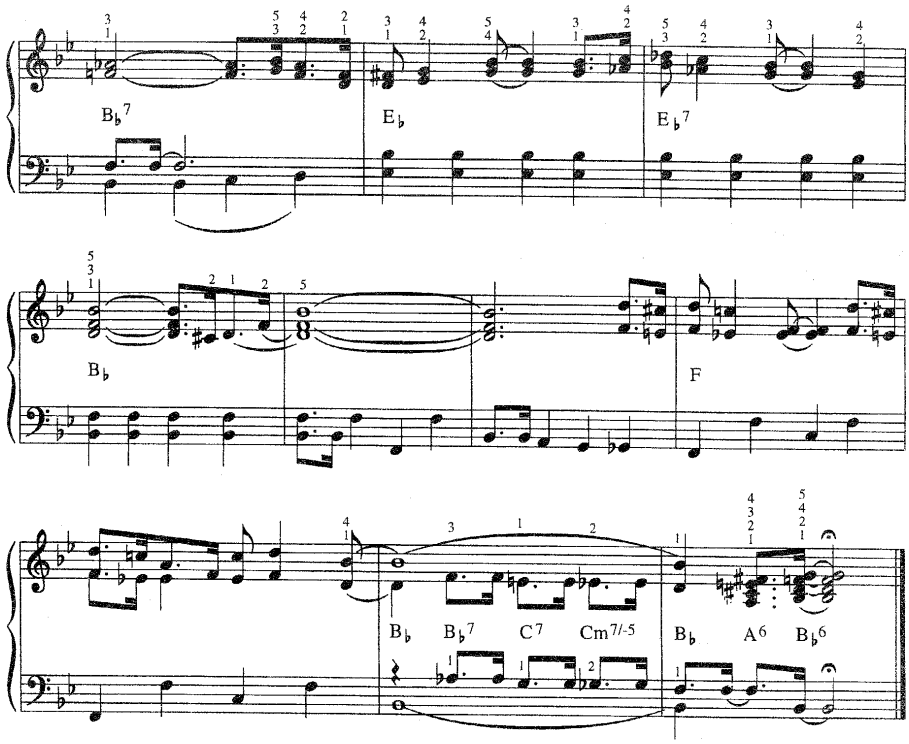
Sł.: L. GARETT
Muz.: H. A. WAND
Opr.: M. Kirkoff





When your mone'y gone, friends have turned you down,
And you wander 'rand just like a houn' (a lone some houn'),
Then you stop to say, "Let me go away from this old town, (this awful town)."

There's a place I know folks won't pass me by,
Dallas, Texas, that's the town I cry! (oh hear me cry!).
And I'm going back, going back to stay there till I die, (until I die).

I've got the Dallas Blues and the Main Street heart disease (it's buzzin' round) 2x
Buzzin' 'round my head like a swarm of little honey bees (of honey bees).
I'm goin' to put myself on a Santa Fe and go (I'm goin' to go), 2x
To that Texas town where you never see the ice and snow (the ice and snow).

When I got up north, clothes I had to spare,
Sold'en all to pay my railroad fave (my railroad fave),
Just to come back there, riding in a Pullman parlor chair, (a parlor chair).

Sent a telegram, this is what I said:
"Baby, bring a cold towel for my head (my aching head).
Got the Dallas blues, and your lovin' man is almost dead, (is almost dead).

EASY RIDER

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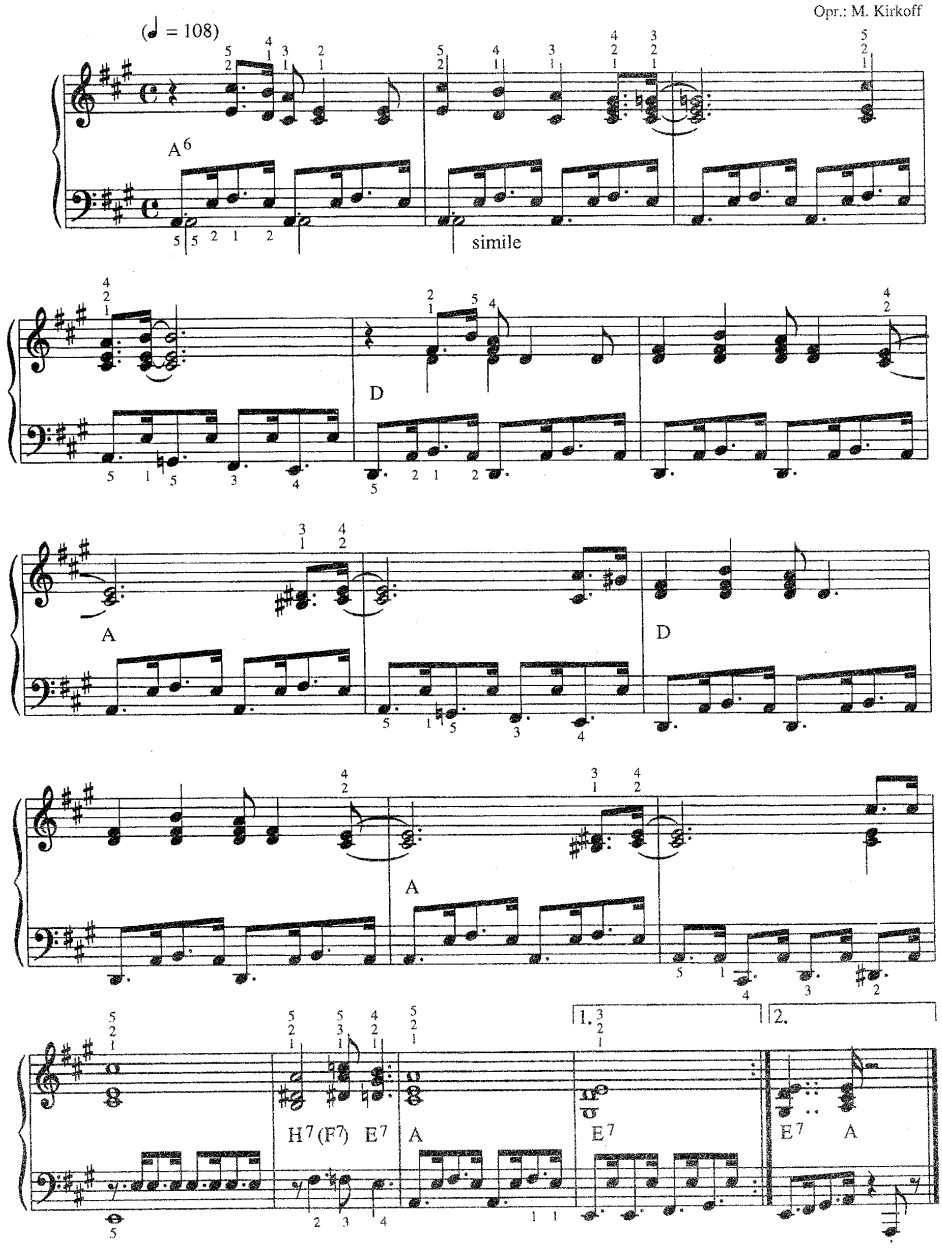
Opr.: M. Kirkoff



Easy rider just see what you have done, oh Lord,
Easy rider just see what you have done, oh Lord,
Well, you made me love you, now your gal has come
Well, it's hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

If I was a catfish, swimmin' in the deep blue sea,
If I was a catfish, swimmin' in the deep blue sea,
I would swim across the ocean, bring my baby back to me,
Well, it's hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

I'm goin' away, Rider, and I won't be back till fall,
I'm goin' away, Rider, and I won't be back till fall,
And if I find me a good man, I won't be back at all.
Well, it's hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

√ EMPTY BED BLUES

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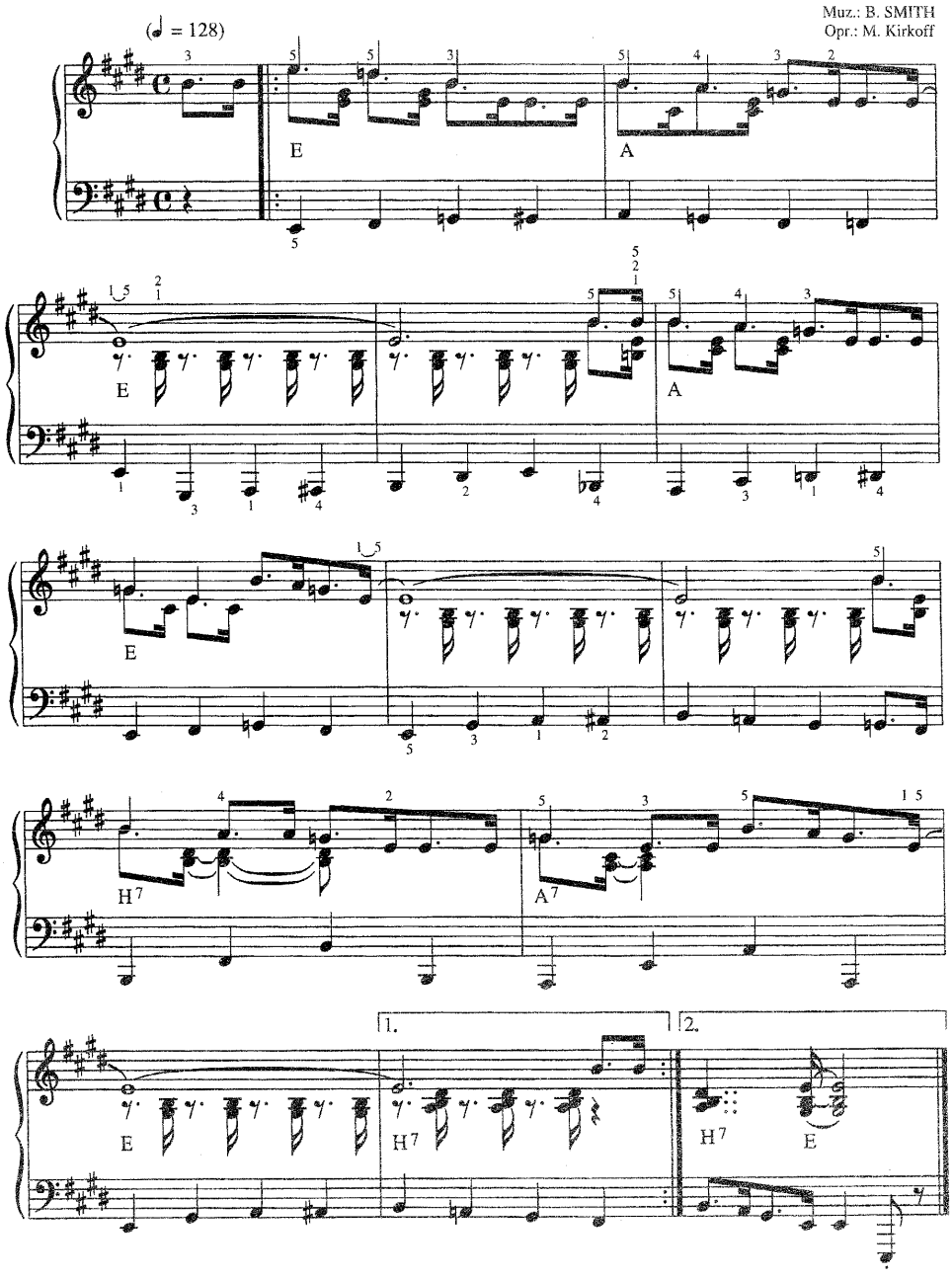
Muz.: B. SMITH
Opr.: M. Kirkoff



I woke up this morning with an awful aching head, 2x
My new man had left me just a room and an empty bed.

He's a coffee grinder - grinding all the time 2x
He can gring my coffee, 'cause he's got a brand - new grind.

He came home one evening with his spirit 'way up high 2x
What he had to give me made me wring my hands and cry .

Well, he knows how to thrill me, and I told my girl friend, Lou, 2x
And the way she's raving she must have gone and tried it too.

If you get good loving, never go and spread the news 2x
Gals will double - cross you and leave you with the Empty Bed Blues.

FAREWELL BLUES

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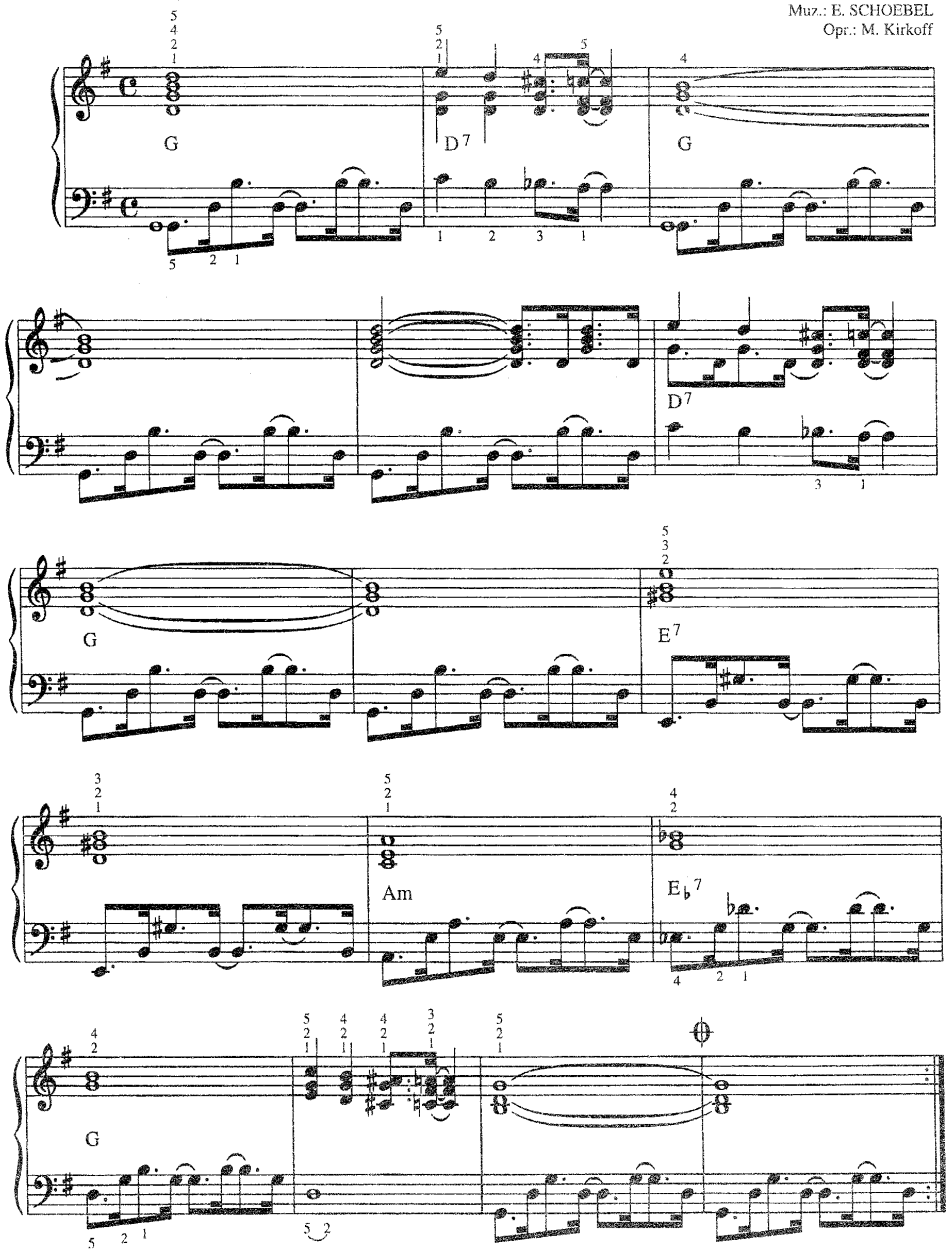
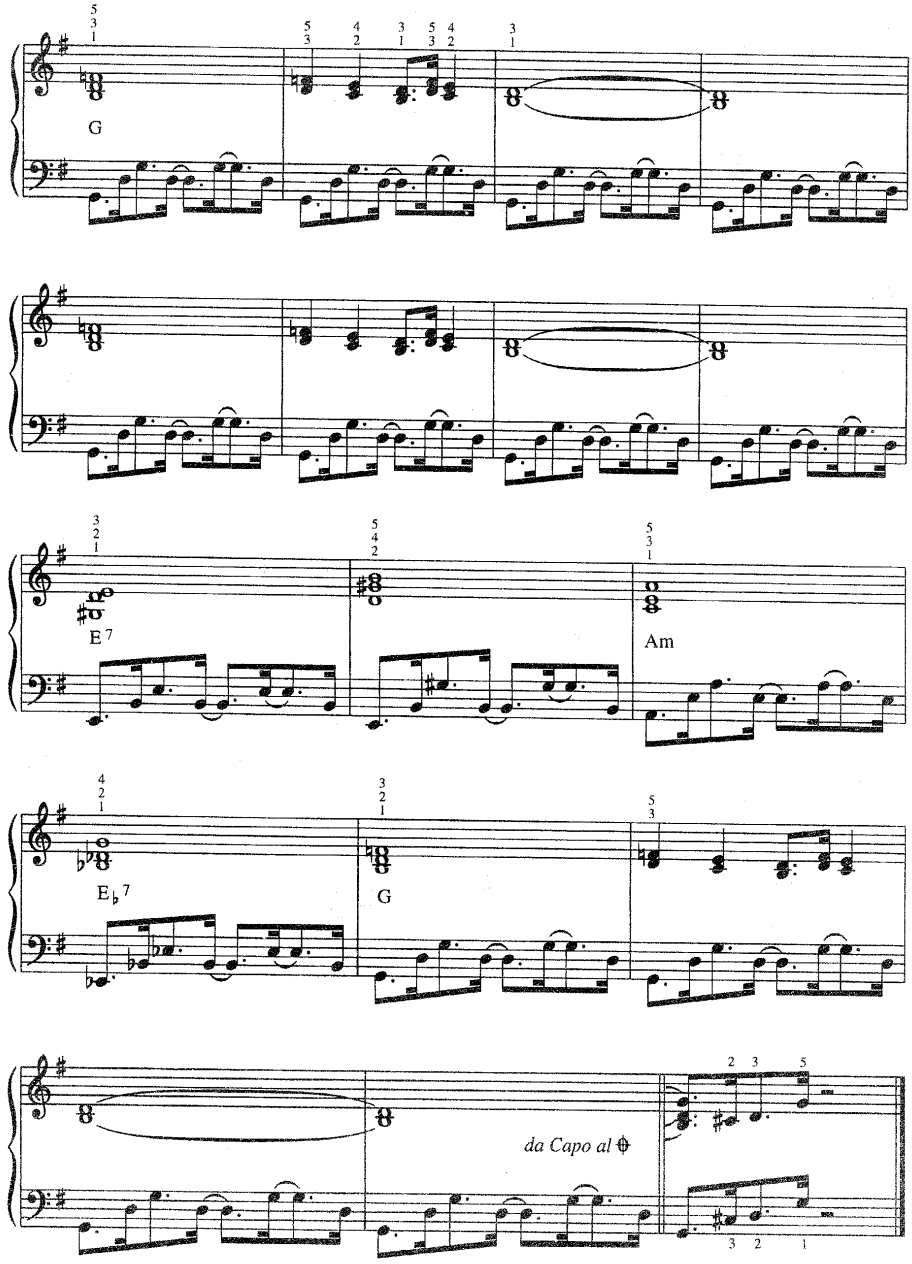
Muz.: E. SCHOEBEL
Opr.: M. Kirkoff

(♩ = 105)

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√ FRANKIE AND JOHNY

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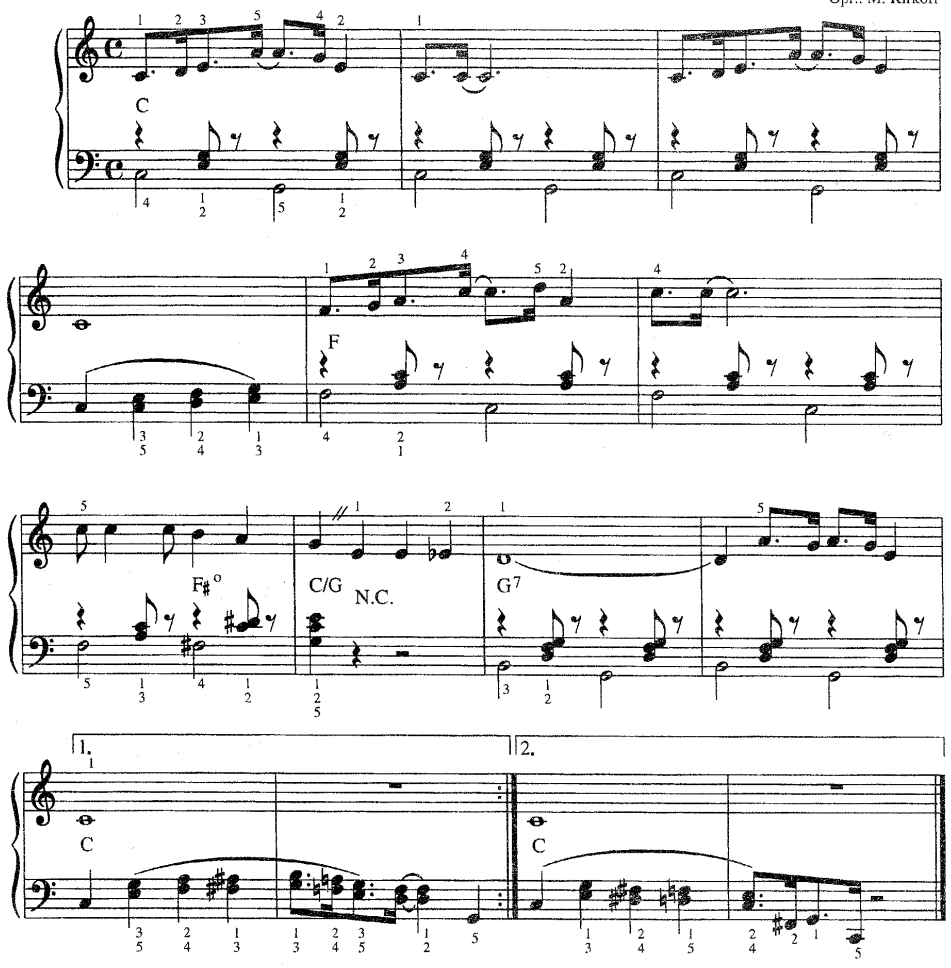
(♩ = 105)

Opr.: M. Kirkoff



Frankie and Johnny were sweet hearts, oh Lordy how they could love.
Swore to be true to each other, True as the stars above.
He was her man, but he done her wrong. *Chorus*

Frankie and Johnny went walking, Johnny in his brand new suit.
"Oh good Lord." said Frankie, "Don't my Johnny man look cute?" *Chorus*

Johnny said, "I've got to leave you, but I won't be very long,
Don't wait up for me, honey, or worry while I'm gone." *Chorus*

Frankie went down to the corner to get a bucket of beer,
She said to the fat bartender, "Has my lovin' man been here?" *Chorus*

"Well, I ain't gonna tell you no story, I ain't gonna tell you no lie.
I saw your Johnny 'bout an hour ago with a gal named Nellie Bly." *Chorus*

Frankie pulled out her six-shooter, pulled out her old forty-four.
Her gun went rooty-toot-toot-toot, and Johnny rolled over the floor. *Chorus*

"Oh, roll me over so easy; oh, roll me over so slow.
Oh, roll me over easy, boys, for my wounds, they hurt me so" *Chorus*

Frankie got down on her knees, took Johnny into her lap.
She started to hug and to kiss him, but there was no bringing him back. *Chorus*

"Oh, get me a thousand policemen, and throw me into your cell,
"Cause I've shot my Johnny so dead, I know I'm going to hell." *Chorus*

Roll out your rubber-tired carriage. Roll out your old-time hack.
There,s twelve men going to the graveyard and eleven coming back. *Chorus*

The judge said to the jury. "It's plain as plain can be;
This woman shot her lover, it's murder in the second degree." *Chorus*

Now, it was not murder in the second degree, and it was not murder in the third.
The woman simply dropped her man, like a hunter drops a bird. *Chorus*

Frankie mounted to the scaffold as calm as a girl can be,
And turning her eyes to heaven, she said, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." *Chorus*

Now, this story has no moral-this story has no end.
But man,s the cause of all trouble ever since the world began. *Chorus*

GOOD MORNING

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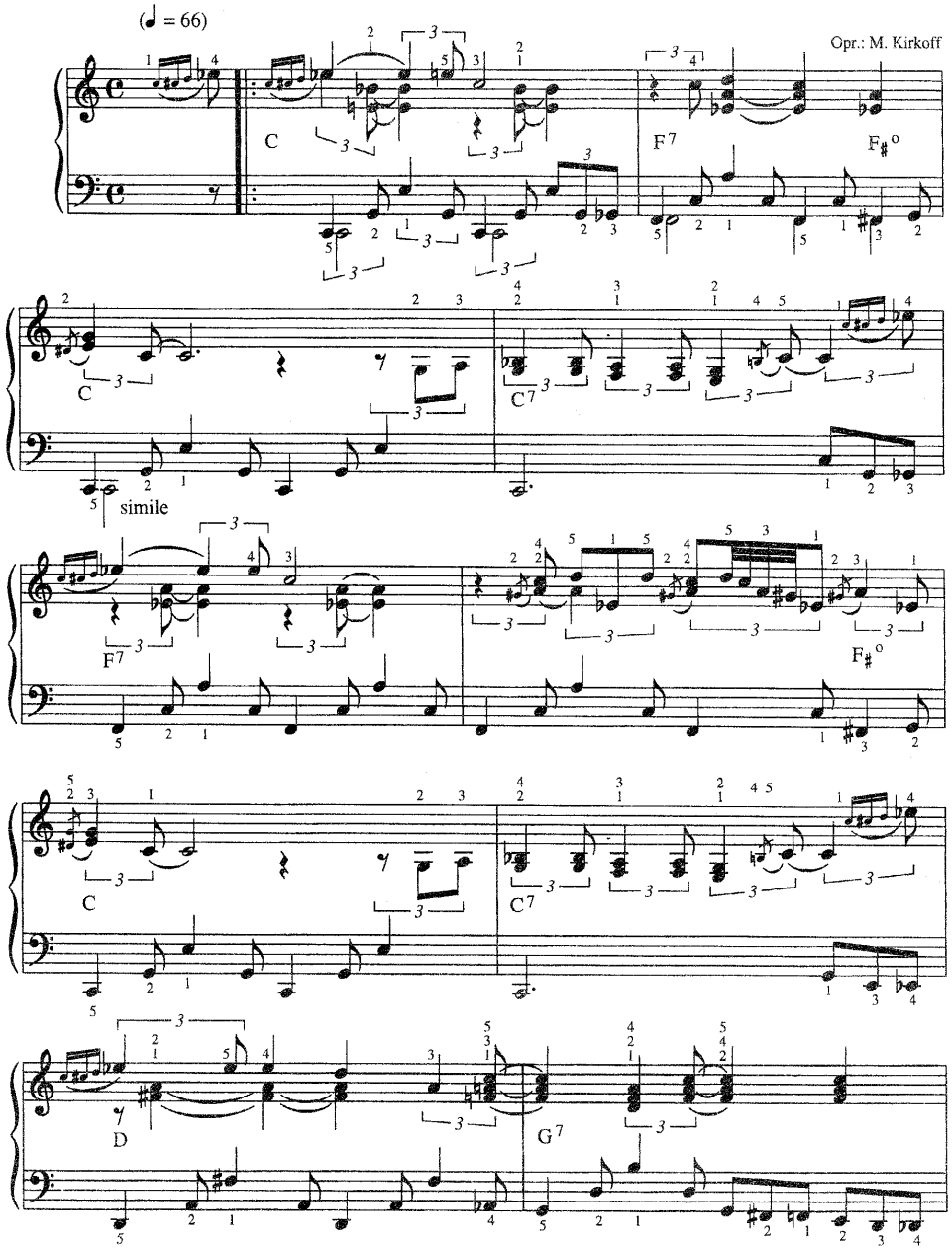

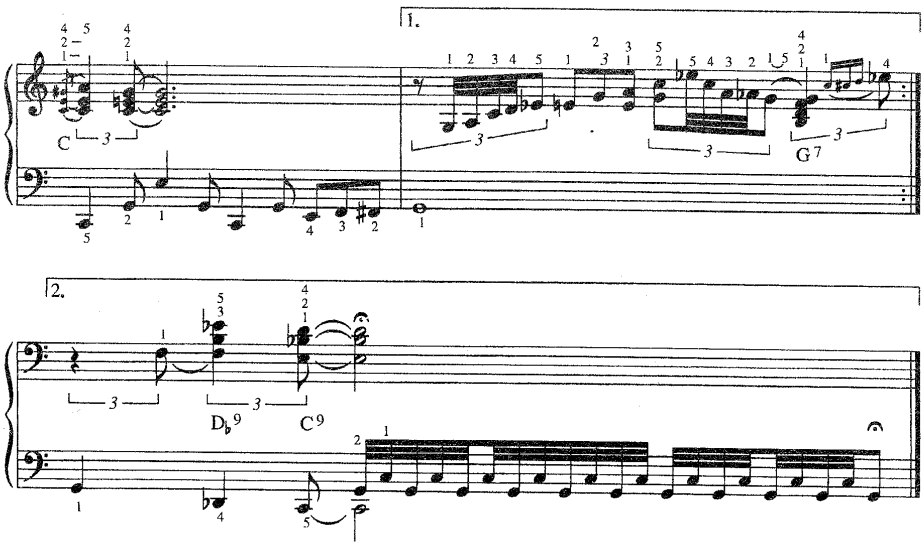

Good morning blues, Blues how do you do?
Good morning blues, Blues how do you do?
I'm doing all right good morning how are you?

I laid down last night, turnin' from side to side,
Aw, turnin' from side to side,
I was not side, but I was just dissatisfied.

When I got up this mornin', blues walkin' 'round my bed,
Aw, blues walkin' 'round my bed,
I went to eat my breakfast, the blues was all in my bread.

I got a new way of spelling, Memphis, Tennessee,
Aw, Memphis, Tennesseee,
Double E, double T, Lord, double N, X-Y-Z.

I sent for you yesterday, here you come a-walking today,
Sent for you yesterday, here you come a-racking today,
You got your mouth wide open - you don't know what to say.

GULF COAST

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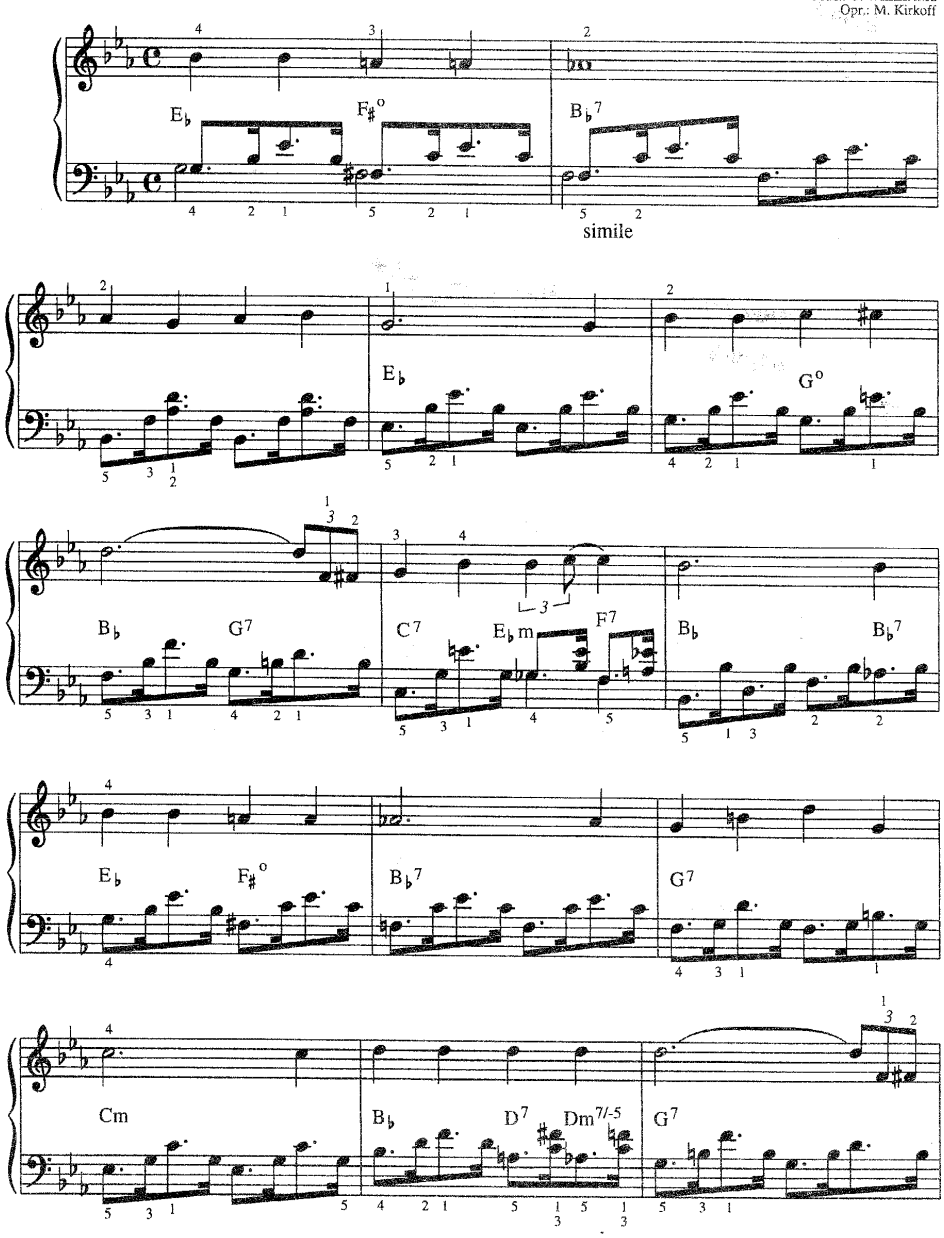
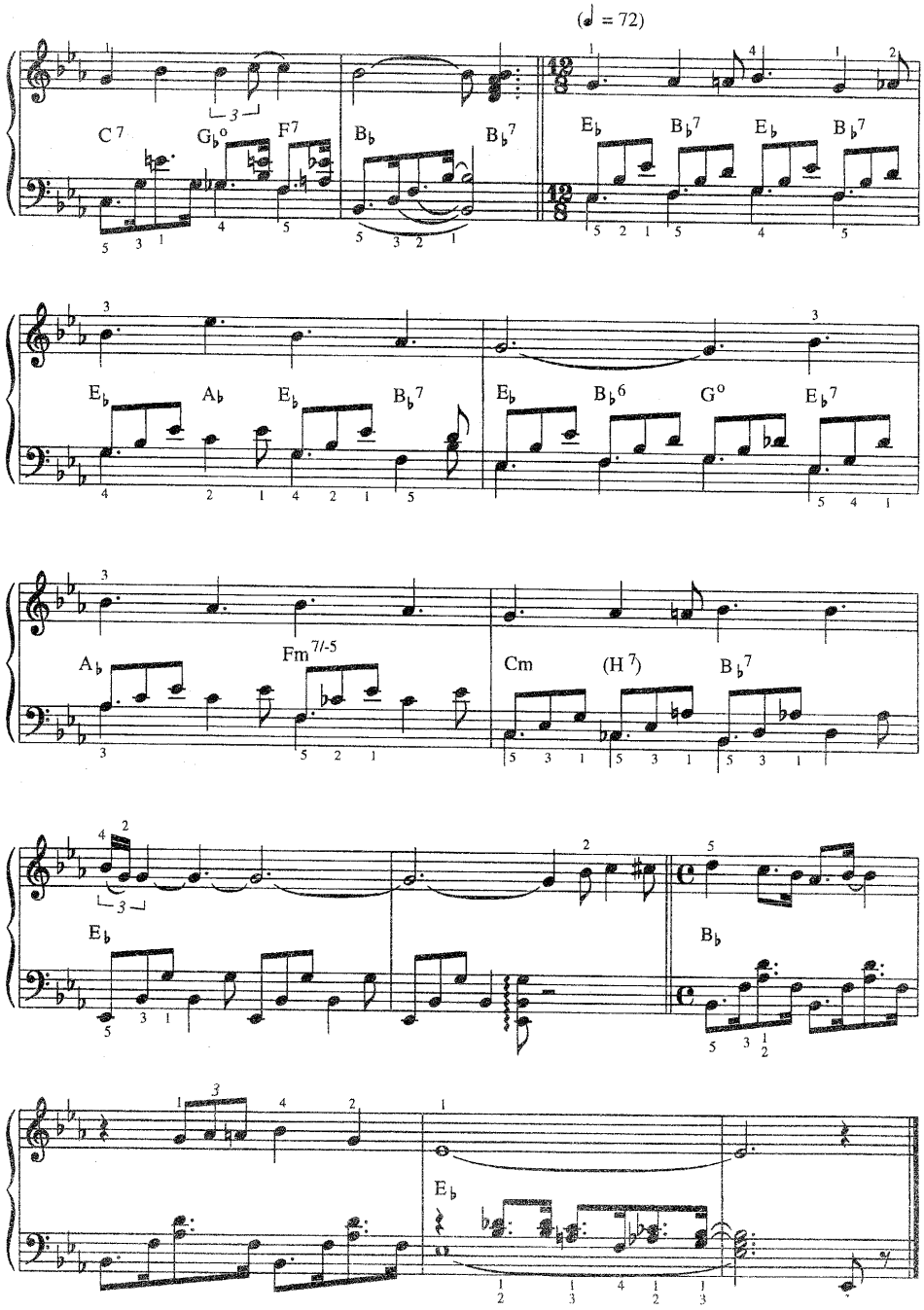
(♩ = 96)

Muz.: C. WILLIAMS
Opr.: M. Kirkoff




(♩ = 72)
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(H7)
B♭7
E♭
B♭
E♭

I've been blue all day,
My man's (gal's) gone away,
He (she) left his mamma (her daddy) cold
For another gal (man) I'm told,
I tried to treat her (him) kind
I thought he (she) would be mine,
That man (gal) I hate to lose,
That's why man-ma's (daddy's) got the blues.

Chorus:
Man (Gal) that I love he (she) has left me in this town,
The man (gal) I love has gone left in this town,
And if it keeps on snowing
I will be Gulf Coast bound.

I've done packed my clothes,
Gonna leave my woes,
Goin' to a better place
With a smile upon my face,
Say, when the steamboat blows.
And when that Gulf train goes,
You'll hear me say "Good bye"
Because here's the reason why.

Chorus:
Mailman passed by, but he didn't leave no news,
The mailman passed by he didn't leave no news
I'll tell the world he (she) left me
Crying the Gulf Coast Blues.

BUDDY BOLDEN'S BLUES

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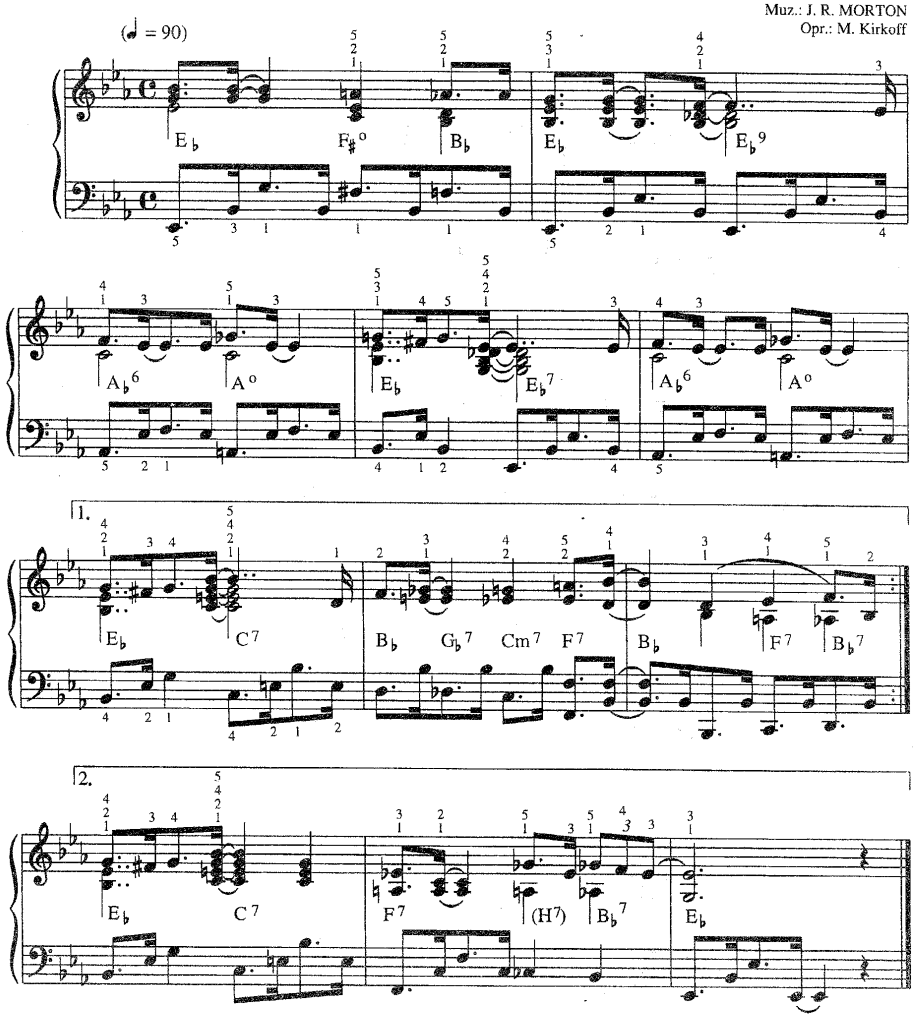
Muz.: J. R. MORTON
Opr.: M. Kirkoff



HOW LONG

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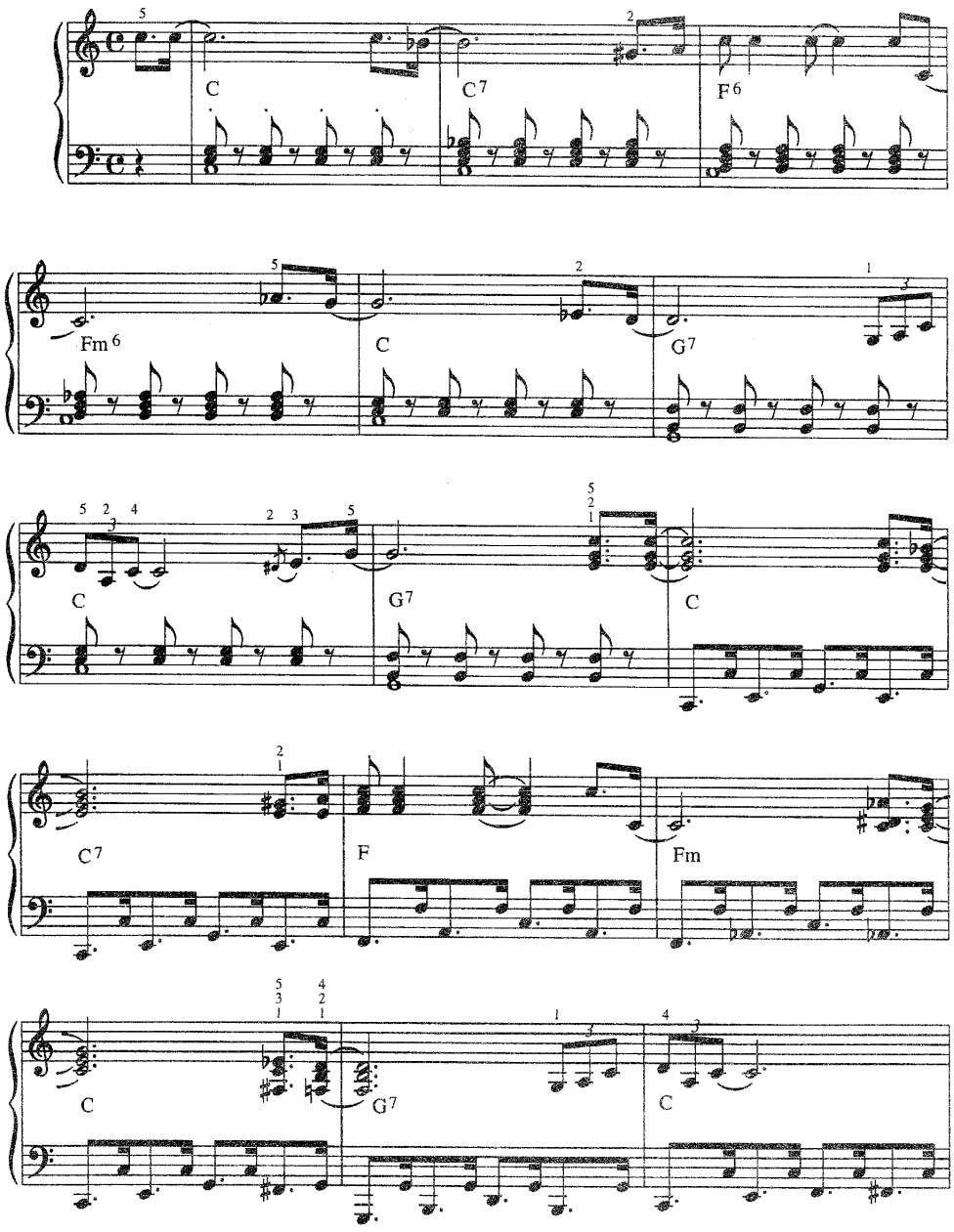
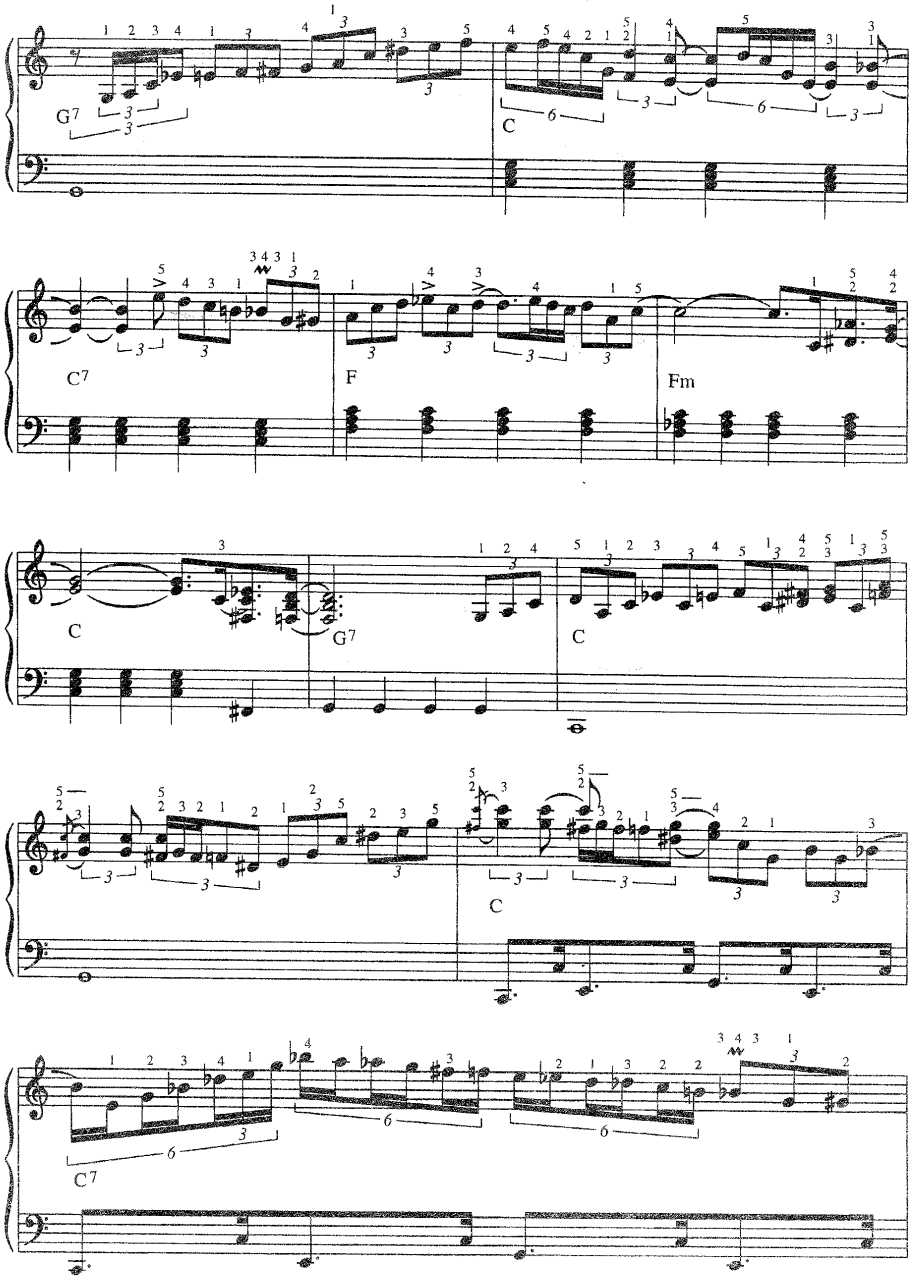
(♩ = 125)

Opr.: M. Kirkoff

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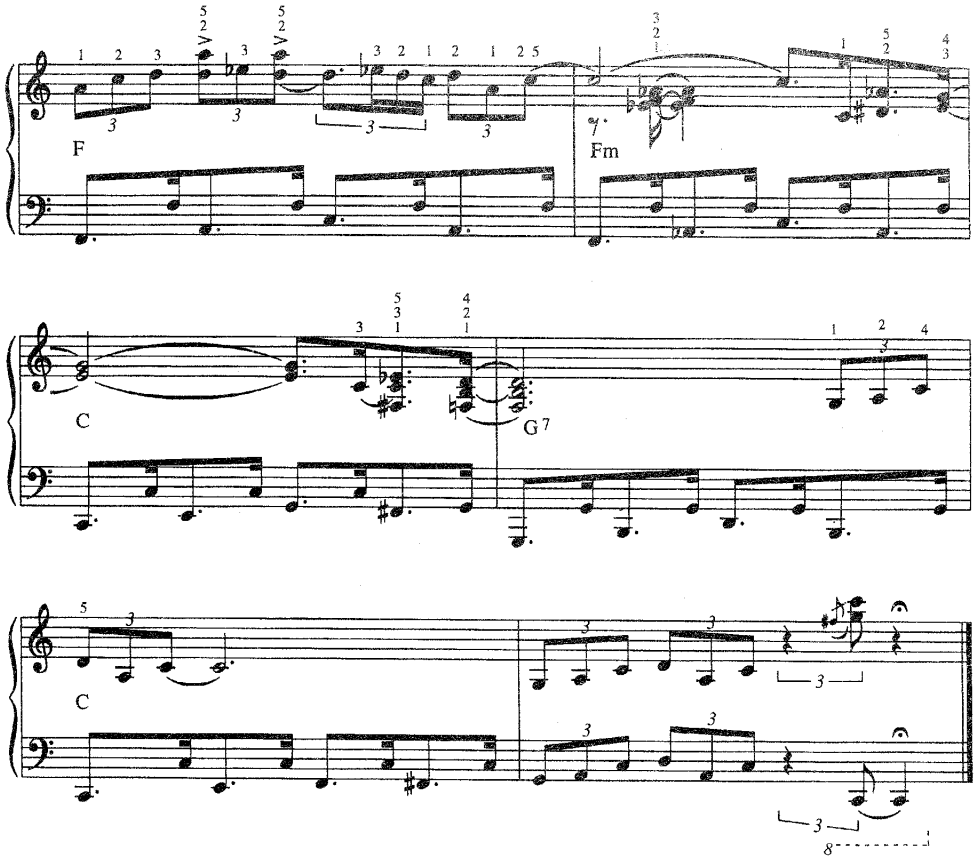
F
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YOU GONNA QUIT ME BABE

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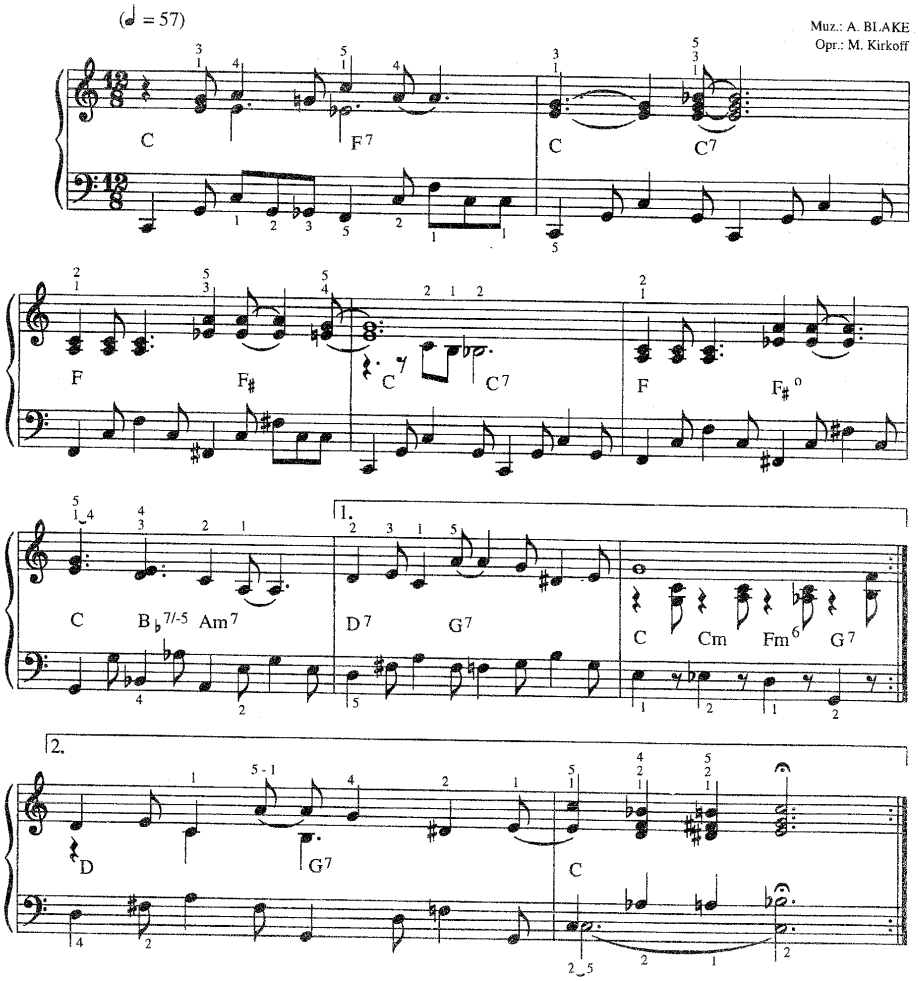
Muz.: A. BLAKE
Opr.: M. Kirkoff



You're gonna quit me baby, Good as I been to you,
Good as I been to you, Lord, Lord:
Good as I been to you.

Give me my money, money, buy your shoes and clothes, Lord, Lord,
Buy your shoes and colthes, Lord, Lord,
Buy your shoes and clothes.

You're gonna quit me baby, put me out of doors
Put me out of doors, Lord, Lord.
Put me out of doors.

LIMEHOUSE BLUES

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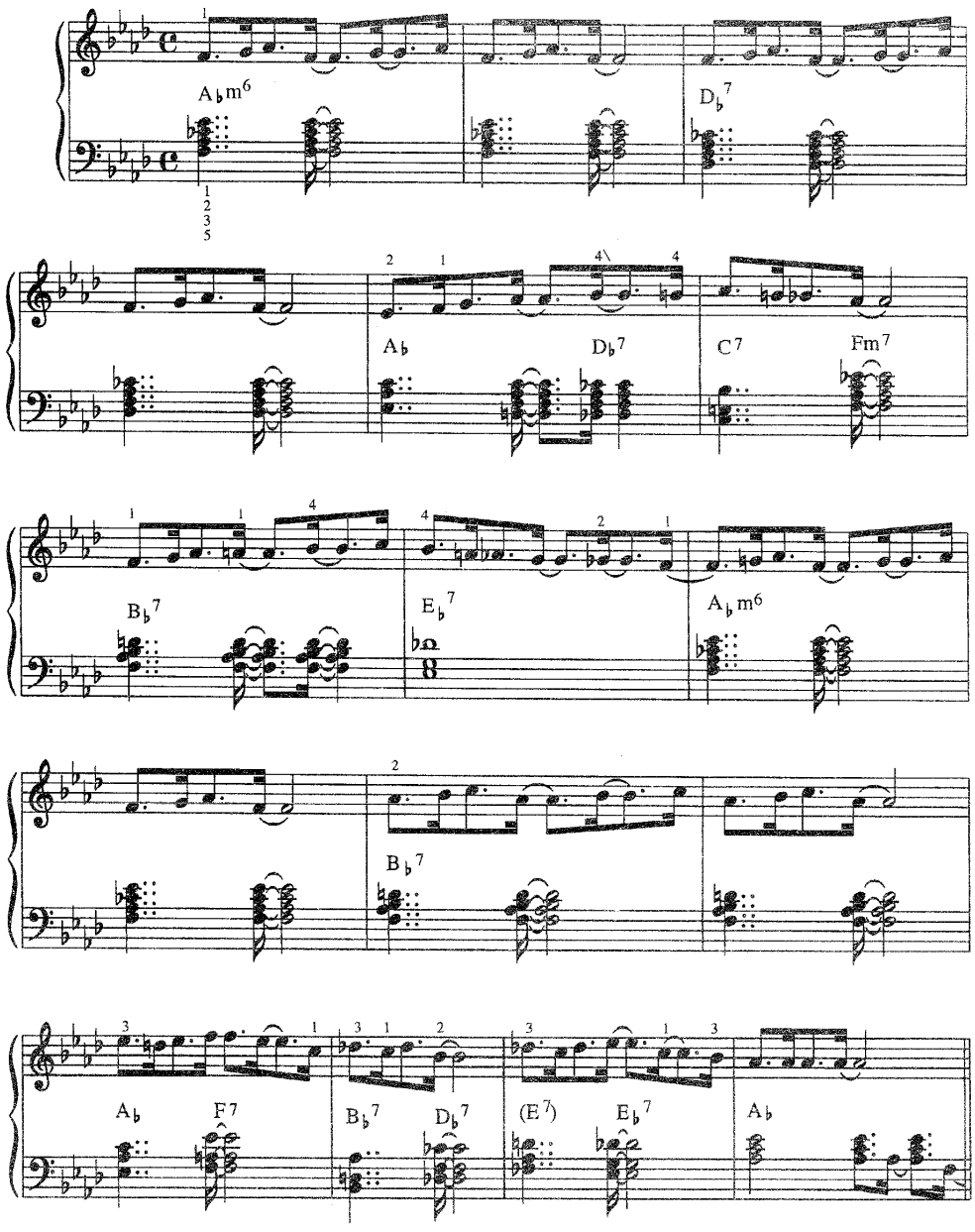
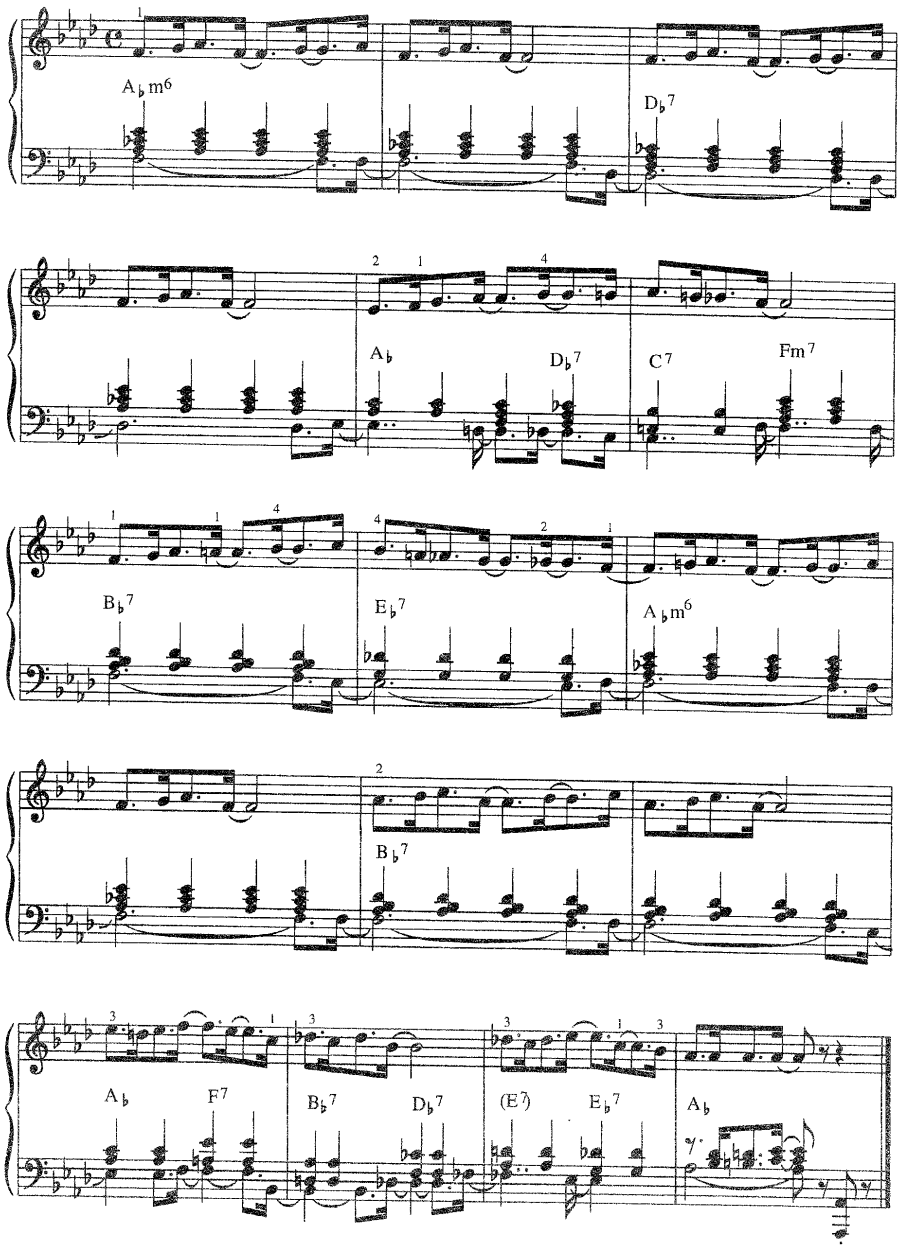
(♩ = 160)

Opr.: M. Kirkoff

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MEMPHIS BLUES

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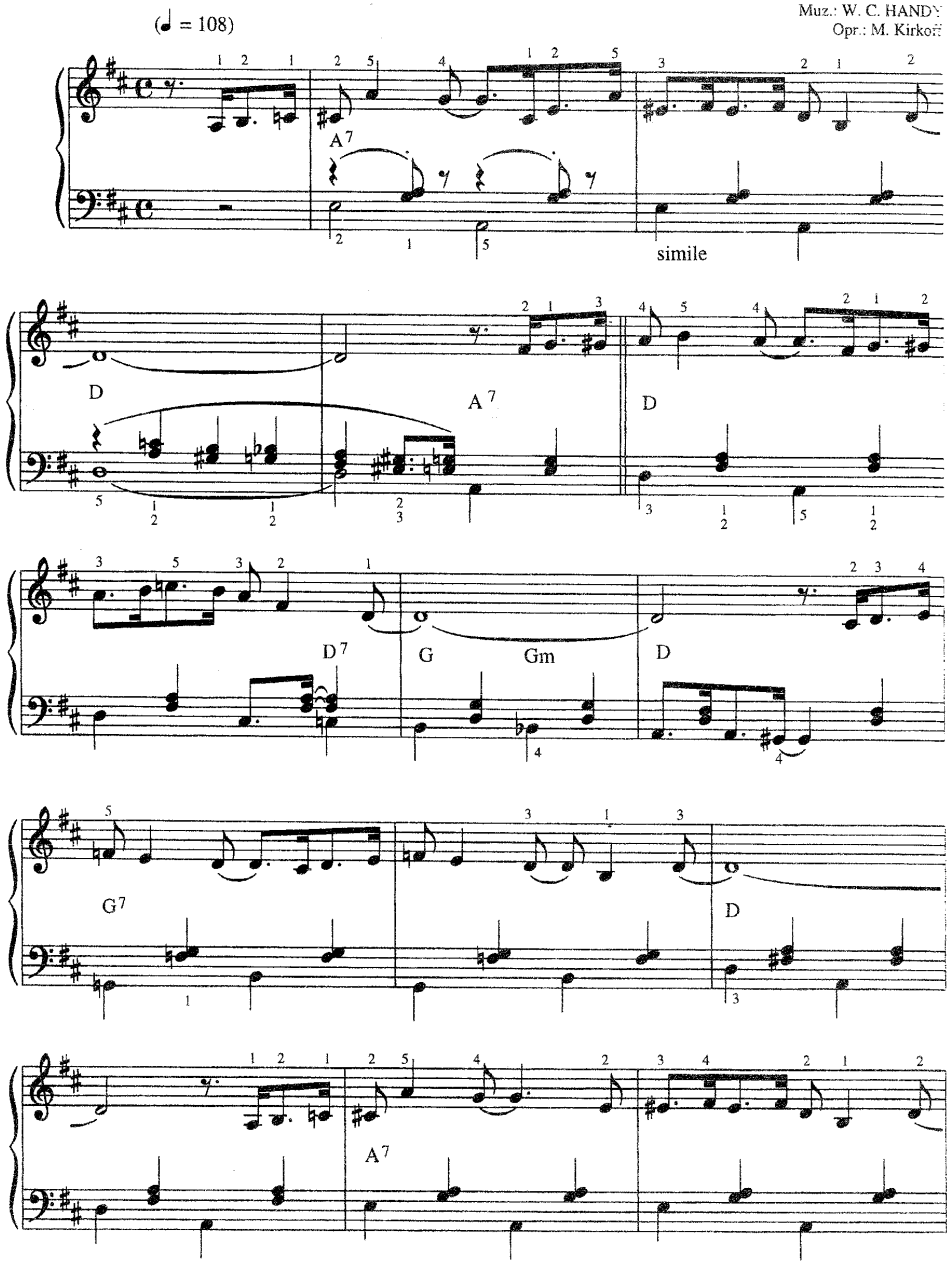
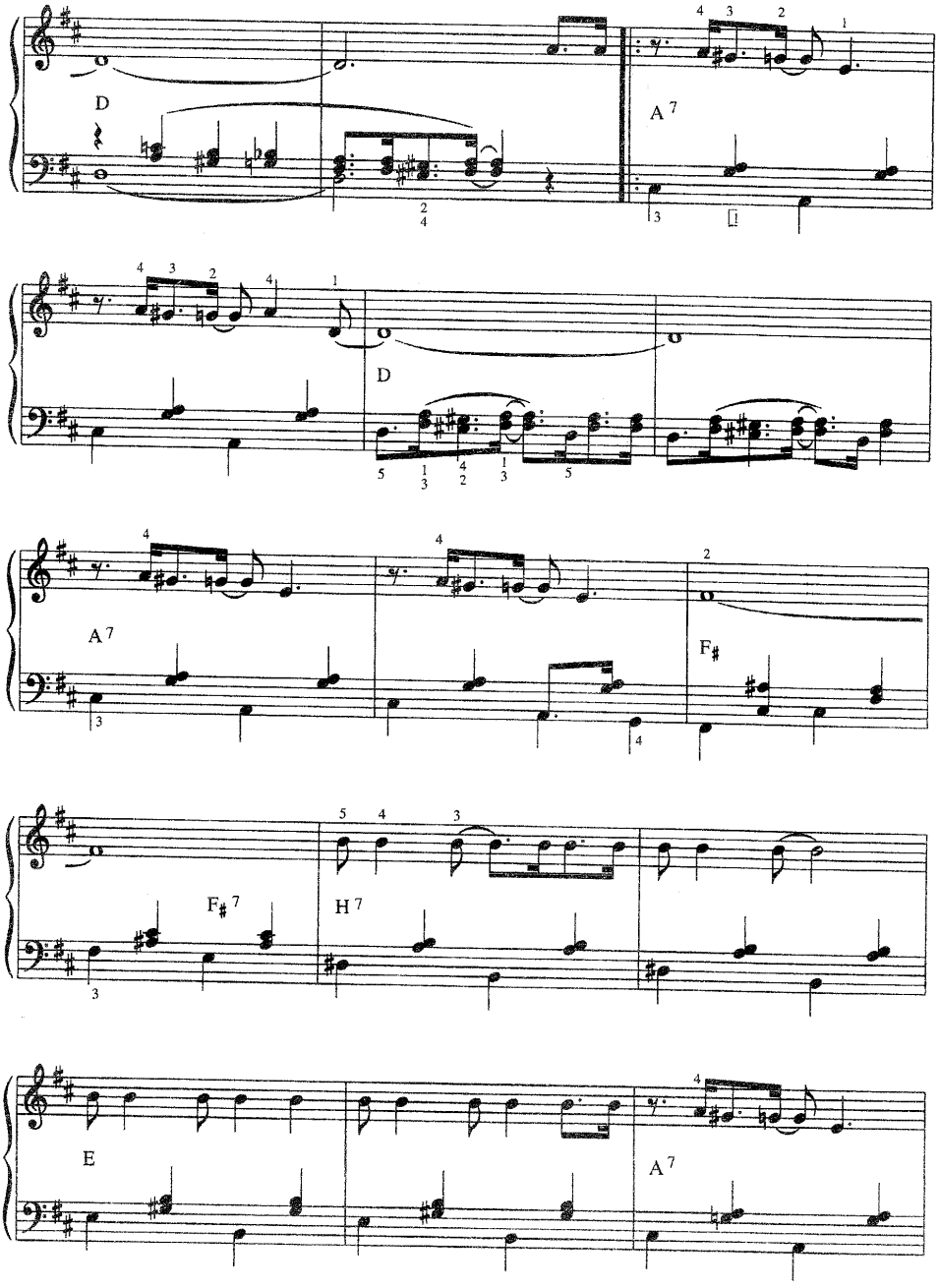
Muz.: W. C. HANDY
Opr.: M. Kirkor

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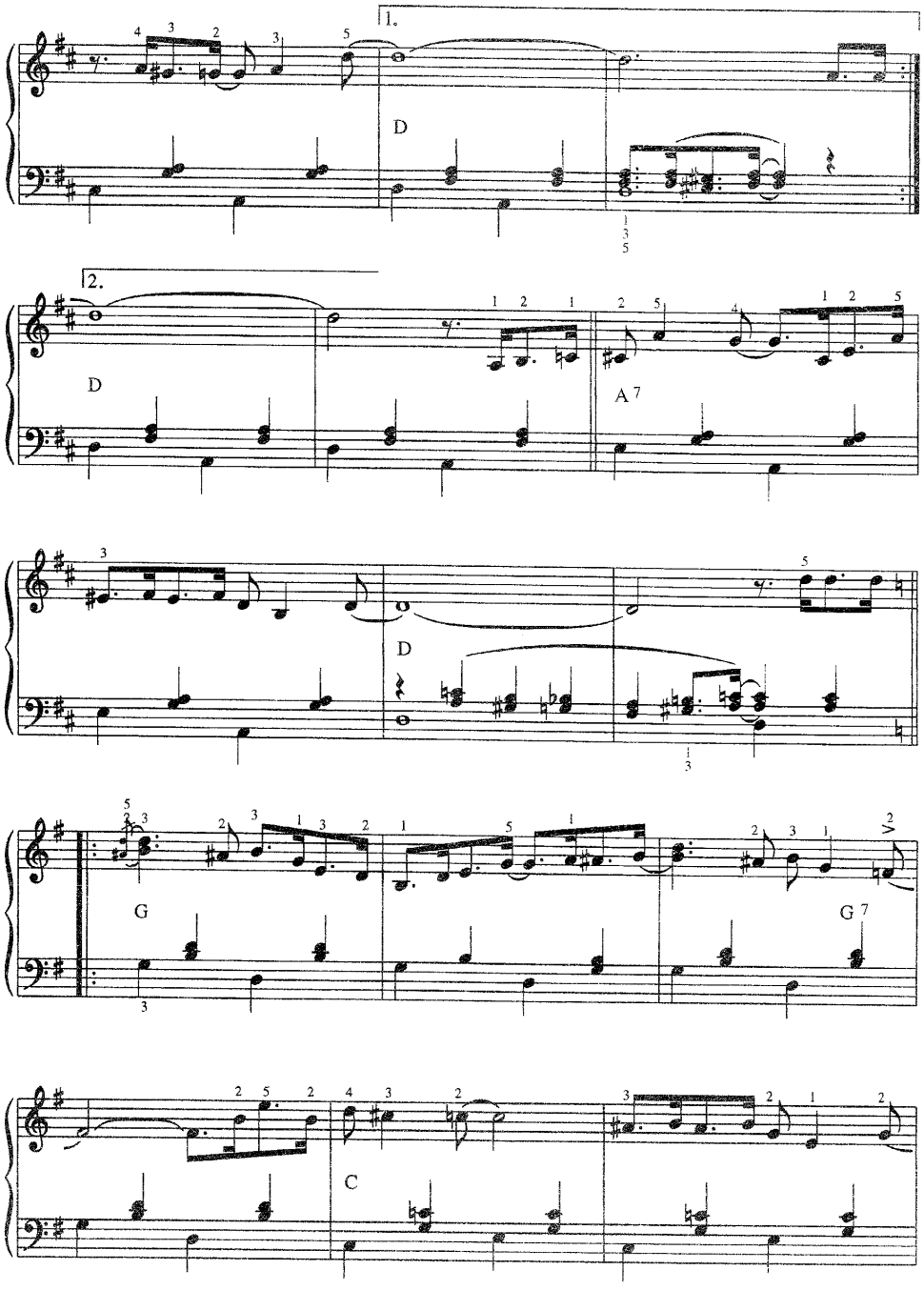
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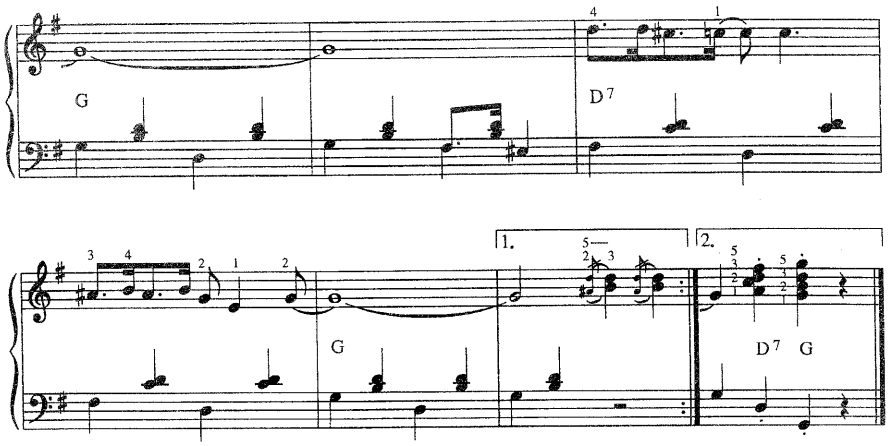

You want to be my man, (gal)
You got to give me forty dollars down.
You want to be my man, (gal)
You'll give me forty dollars down.

If you don't be my man, (gal)
Your baby's gonna shake this town.
Mister Crump don't 'low no easy riders here,
Crump don't 'low no easy riders here.

We don't care what Mister Crump don't 'low,
We gonna bar'lhouse any how
Mister Crump don't 'low no easy riders here.
Mister Crump don't low it ain't goin' have it here.

Crump don't low it ain't goin' have it here,
We don't care what Mister Crump don't low,
We gonna bar'lhouse any how,
Mister Crump can go and catch hisself some air.

I'm goin' down the river,
Goin' down to the river,
Goin' to take my rock in chair,
Goin' to the river, goin' to take my rock in' chair.

Blues overtake me, goin' to rock away from there
Oh the Mississippi River, Mississippi River so deep and wide
I said the Mississippi River So deep and wide,
Man (Gal) I love he (she) is on the other side.

MULE SKINNER

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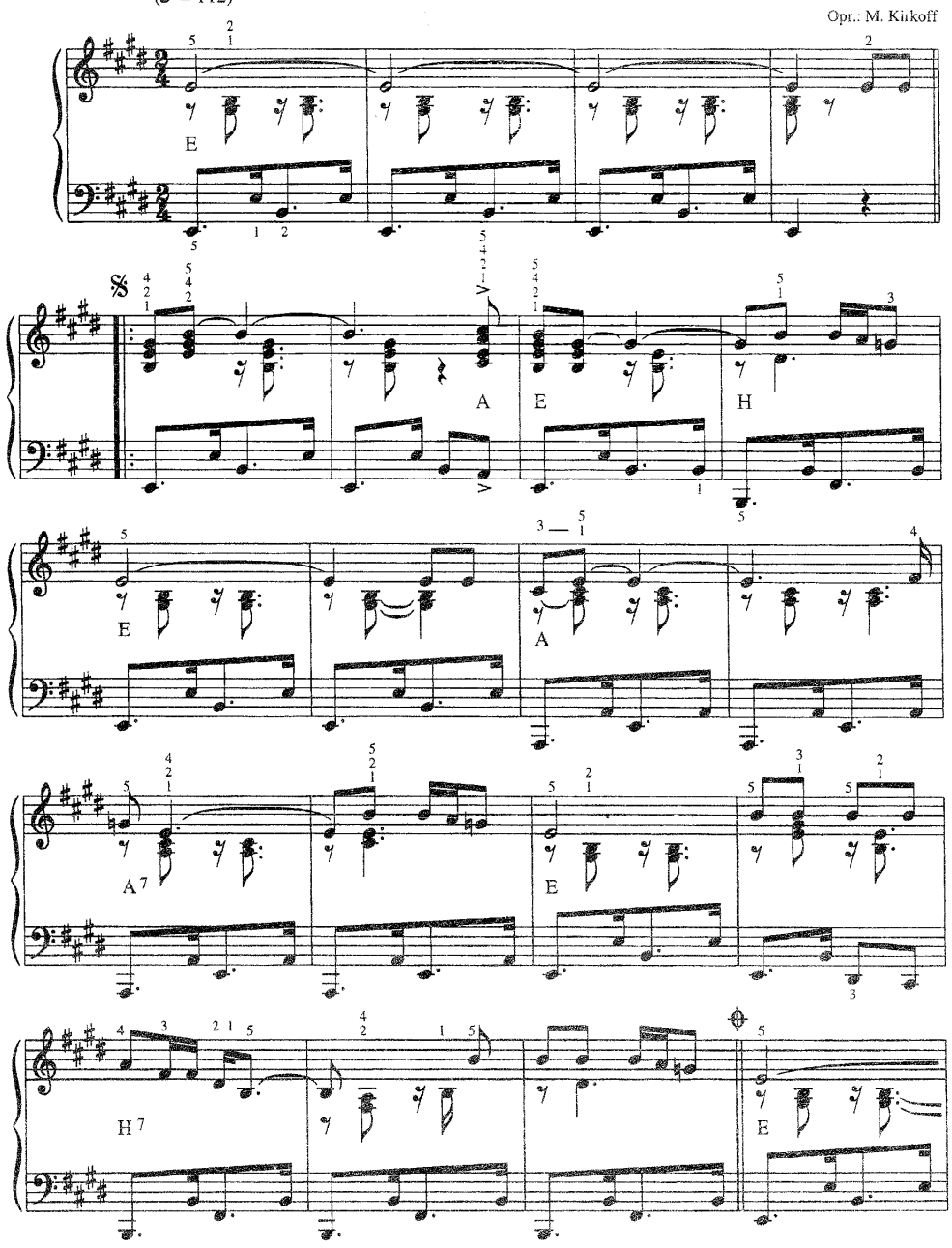
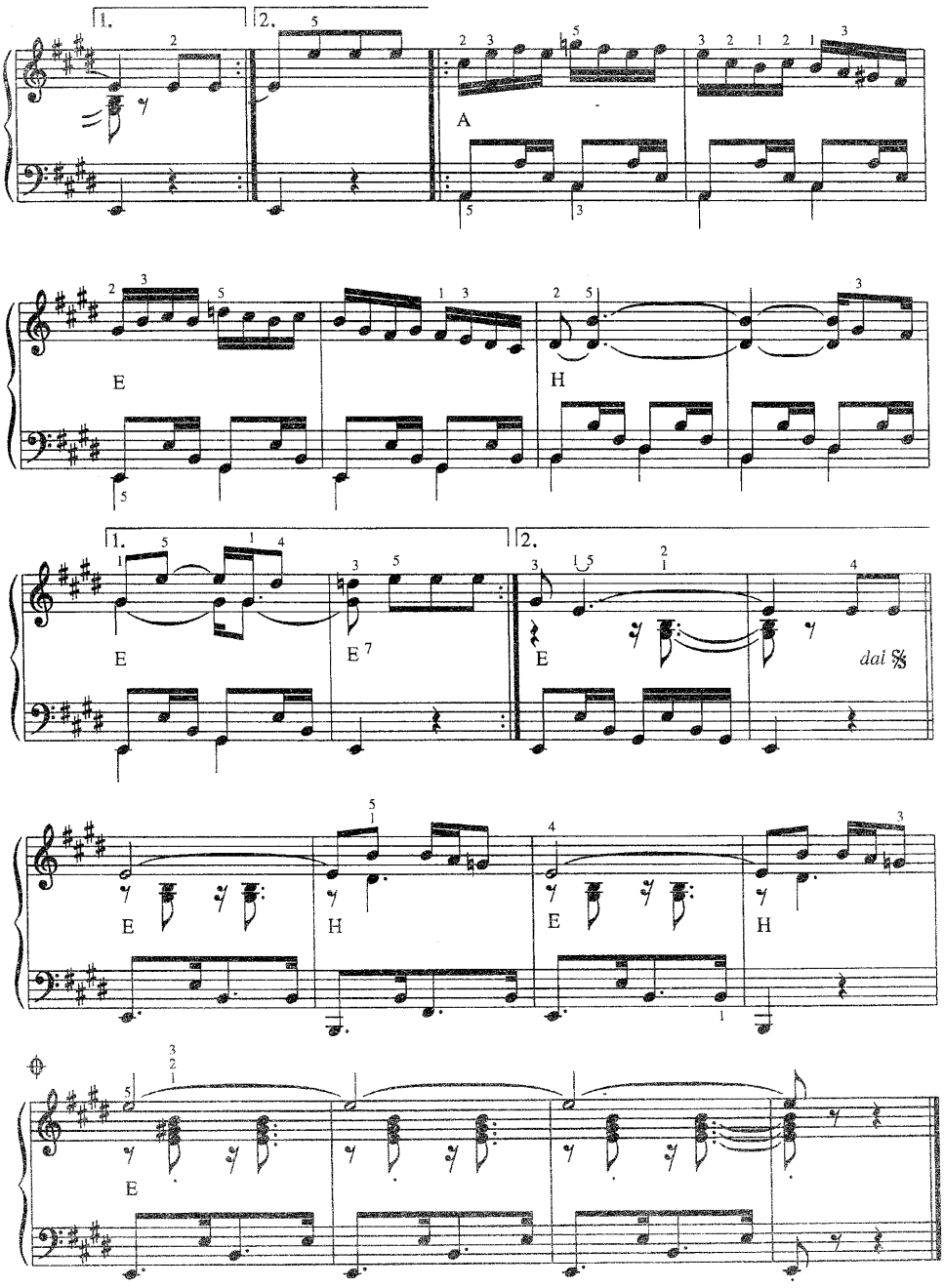
(♩ = 112)

Opr.: M. Kirkoff

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Well, it's good morning, Captain good morning, son,
And it's good morning Captain good morning, son,
Do you need another mule skinner out on your new road line?

Well, I like to work, I'm rolling all the time;
Yes, I like to work, I'm rolling all the time;
I can carve my initials right on a mule's behind.

Well, it's hey, little water boy, bring your water 'round:
And it's hey, little water boy, bring your water 'round;
If you don't like your job, set that water bucket down.

I'm a-workin' on that new road at a dollar and a dime a day,
Workin' on that new road - dollar and a dime a day;
I got three women waitin' on a Saturday night just a draw my pay.

ST LOUIS BLUES

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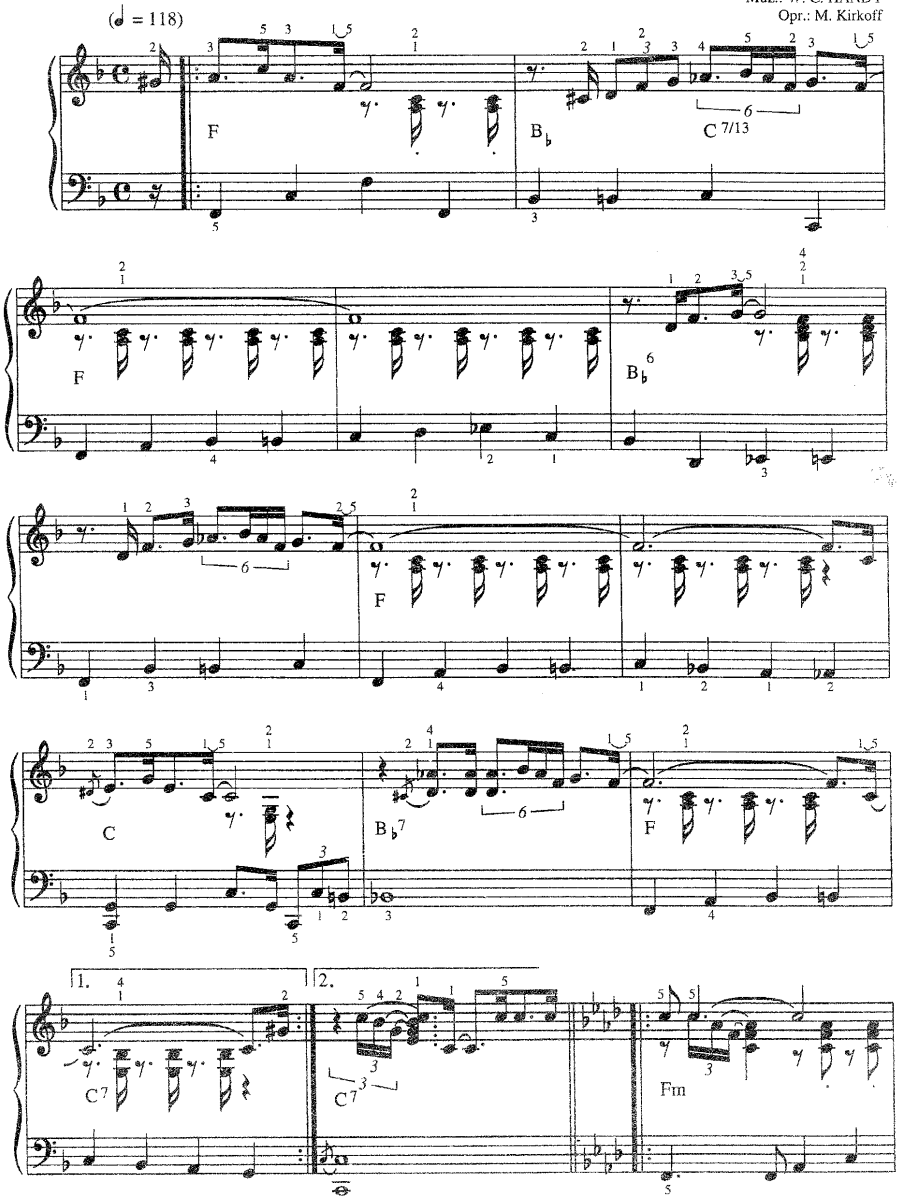
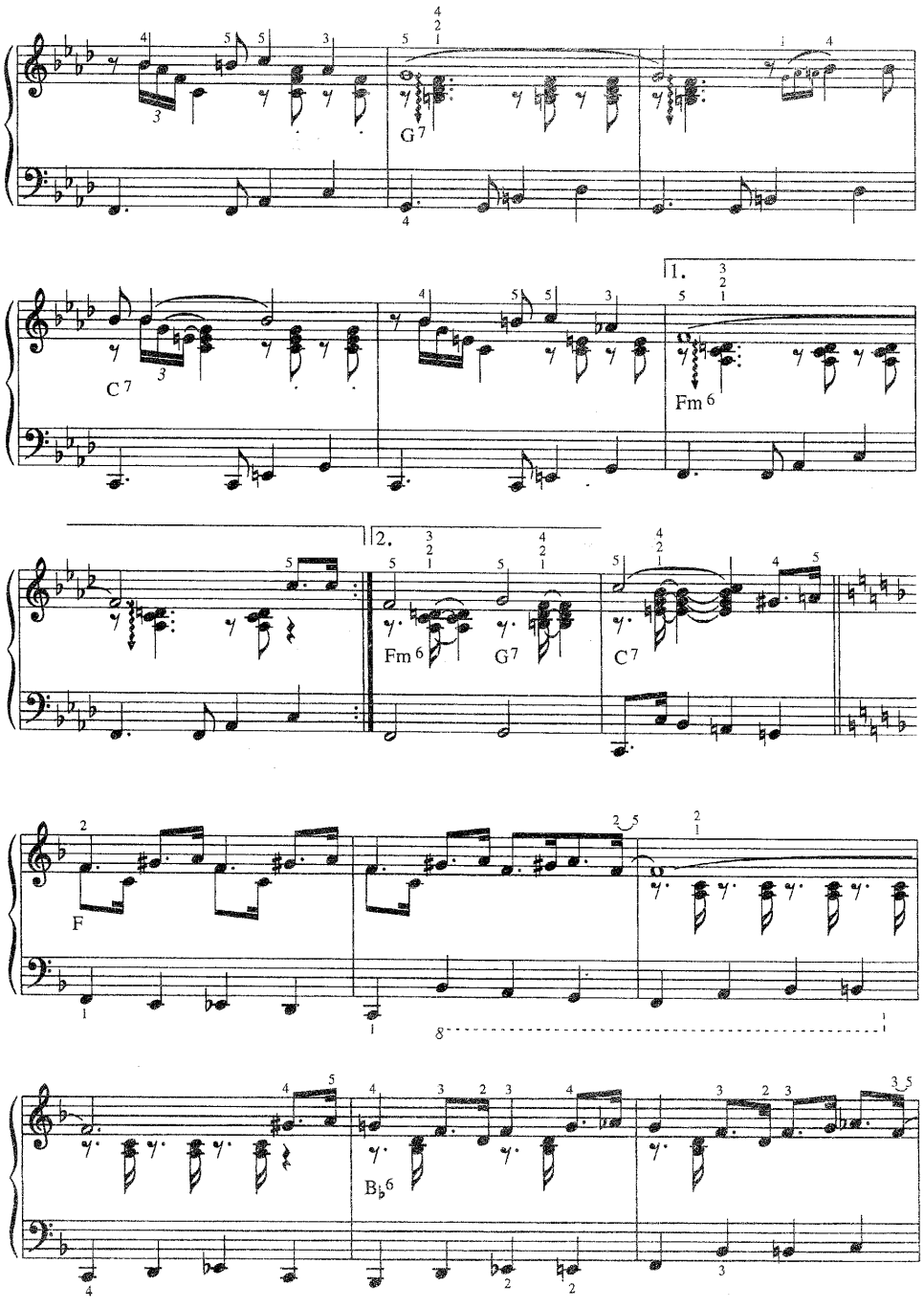
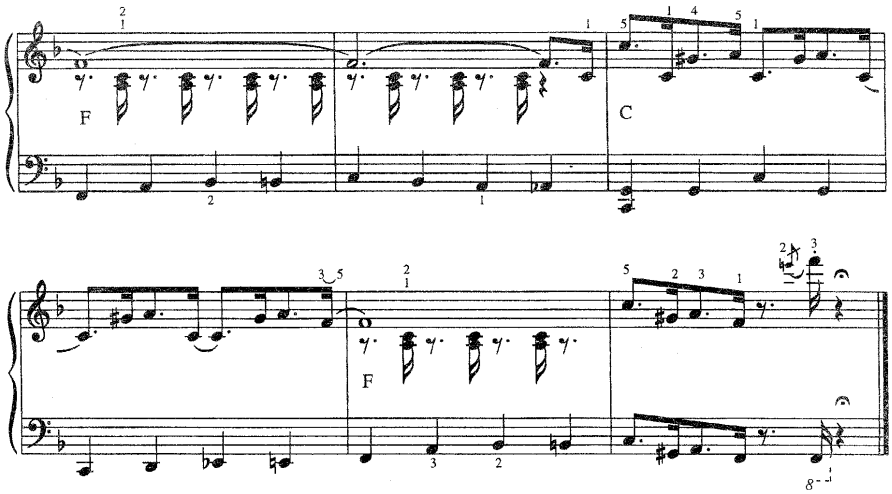
Muz.: W. C. HANDY
Opr.: M. Kirkoff




G7
C7
1.
Fm6
2.
Fm6
G7
C7
F
Bb6



I hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down,
Hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down,
Cause my baby, he done lef' dis town.

Feelin' tomorrow lak' I feel today,
Feel tomorrow lak' I feel today,
I'll pack mah trunk, make mah getaway.

St. Louis woman wid her diamon' rings
Pulls dat man roun' by her apron strings,
"Twan't for powder and for store bough hair,

The man I love would not gone
'Twant for powder an' fort store-bought hair -
De man I love would not gone nowhere.

Got de St. Louis Blues, jes as blue as I can be.
Dat man get a heart lak' a rock cast in de sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

ROYAL GARDEN

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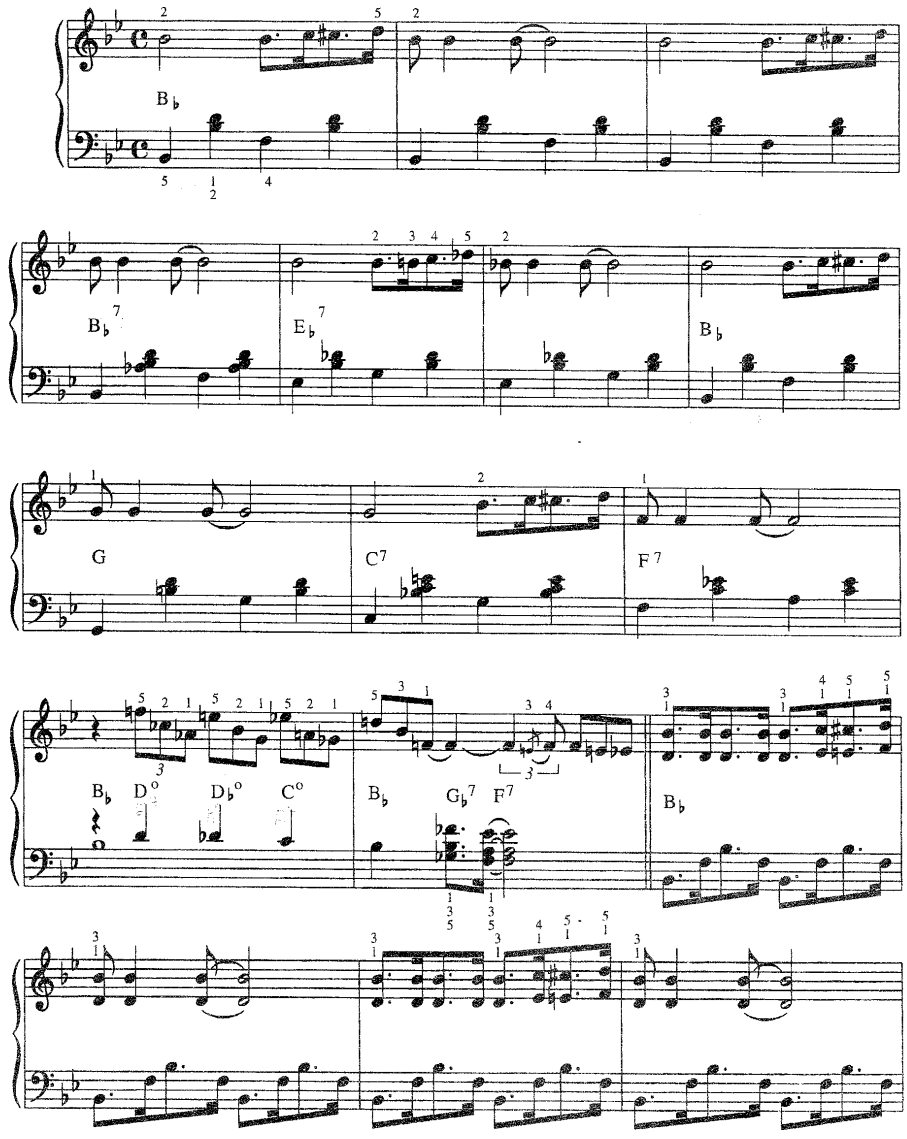
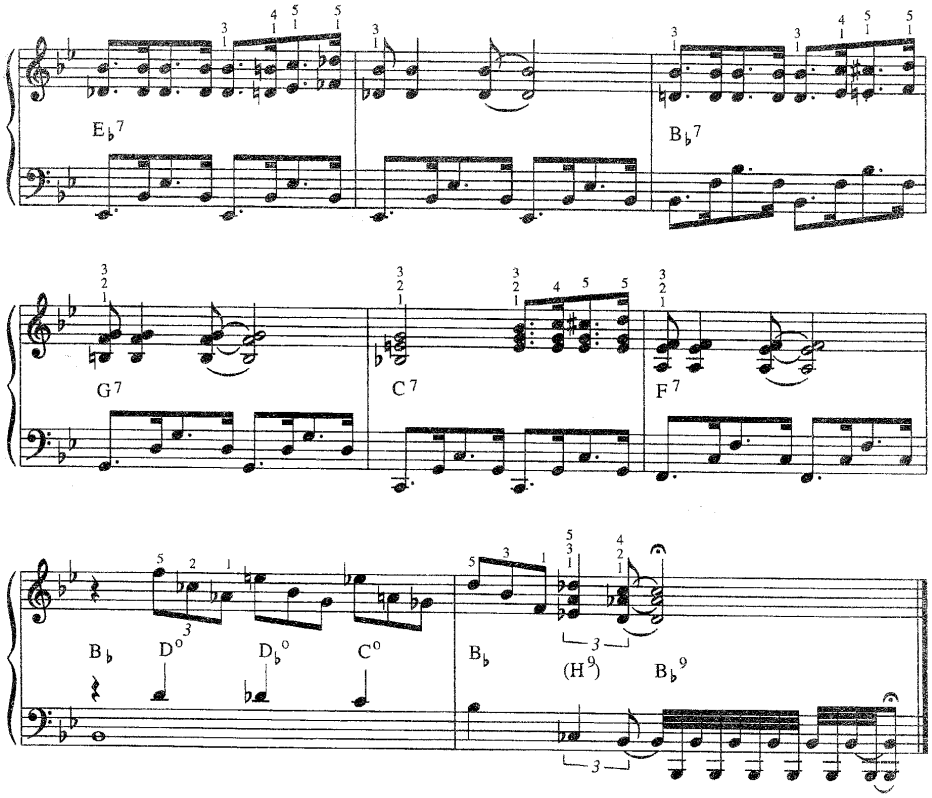
Muz.: C. WILLIAMS
Opr.: M. Kirkoff

(♩ = 112)




E♭7
B♭7
G7
C7
F7
B♭
D°
D♭°
C°
B♭
(H9)
B♭9

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY

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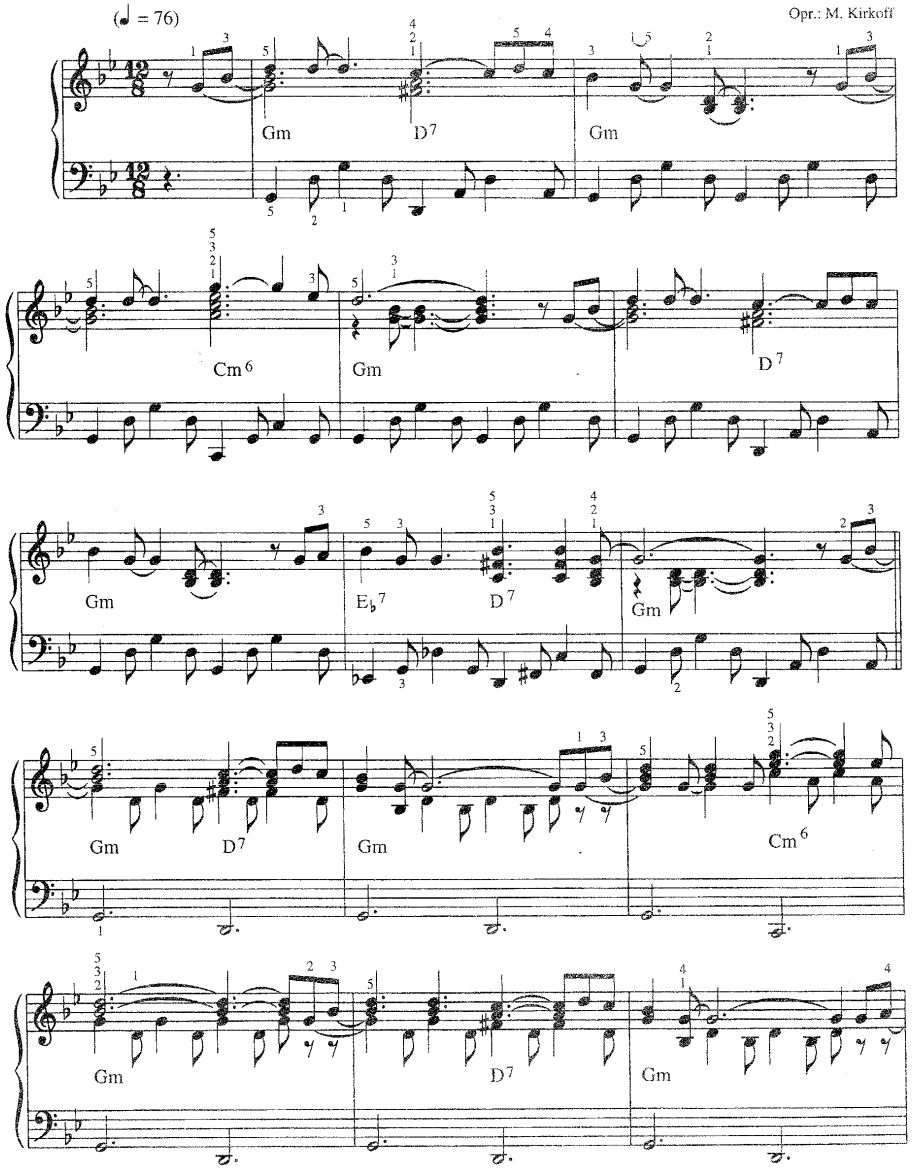

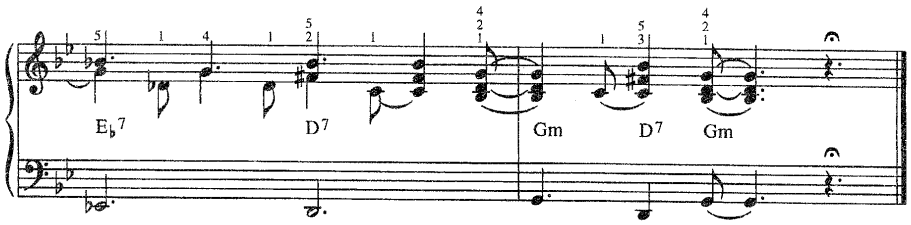

It was down in old Joe's barroom.
On the corner by the square.
The drinks were served as usual,
And the usual crowd was there.

On my left stood big Joe McKennedy,
His eyes were bloodshot red.
He turned to the crowd around him,
These were the very words he said.

"I went down to the St. James Infirmary
To see my baby there.
She was stretched out on a long white table,
So pale, so cold and so fair."

Let her go, let ger go, God-bless her,
Wherever she may be.
She may search this whole world over.
Never find a man as sweet as me.

When I die, please bury me
In my high-top Stetson hat.
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain,
So the gang'll know I died standing pat.

I want six crap shooters for pall bearers.
Six pretty gals to sing me a song.
Put a jazz band on my hearse wagon
To raise hell as we stroll along.

And now that you've heard my story.
I'll have another shot of booze.
And if anybody happens to ask you,
I've got the St. James Infirmary blues."

SEE SEE RIDER

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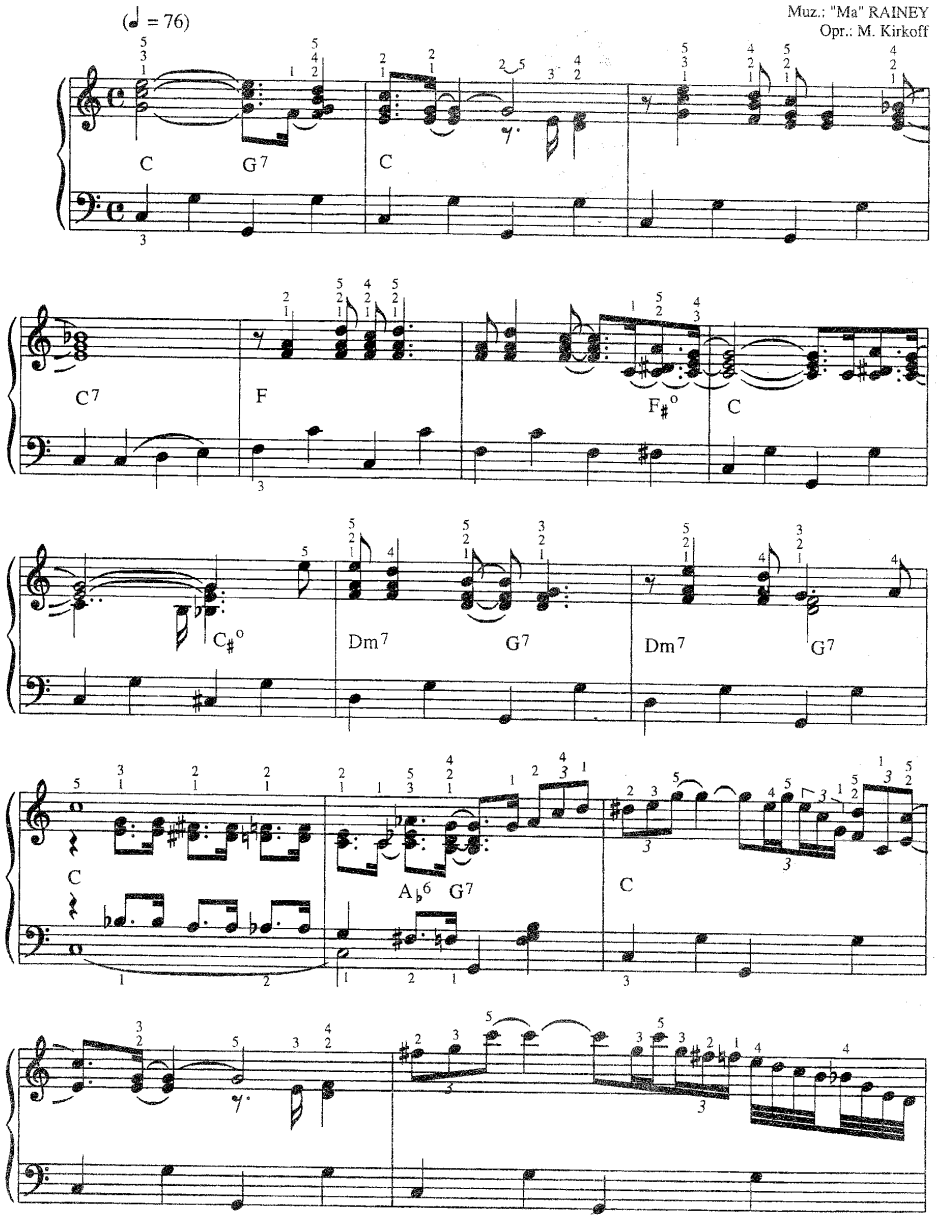
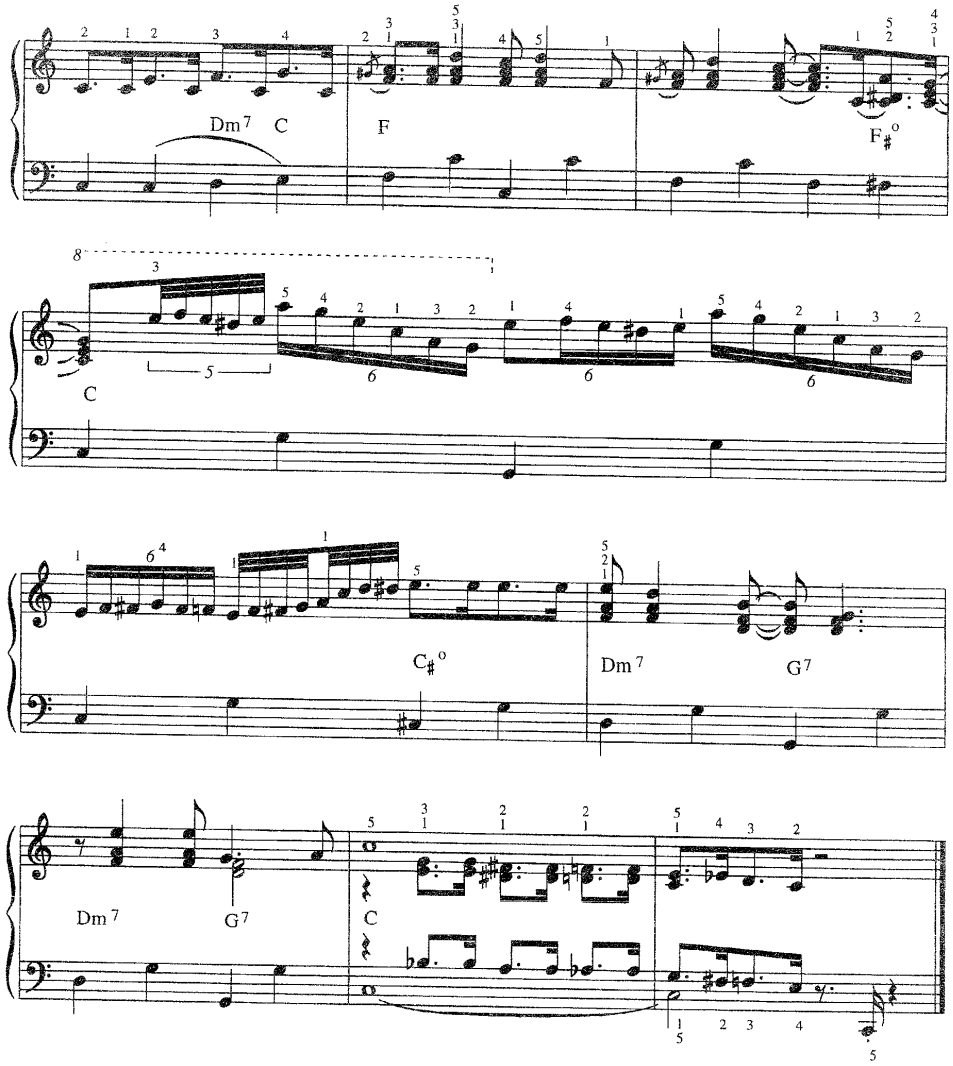
Muz.: "Ma" RAINEY
Opr.: M. Kirkoff




Dm7
C
F
F♯o
C
C♯o
Dm7
G7
Dm7
G7
C

See See Rider, see what you done done!
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd.
You made me love you, now your gal's done come.
You made me love you, now your gal's done come.

I'm goin' away, baby, won't be back 'till Fall.
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd.
Goin' away, baby, won't be back 'till 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.
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd.
Gonna kill my man and catch the Cannon Ball,
If he don't have me, he won't have no gal at all.

WORRIED BLUES

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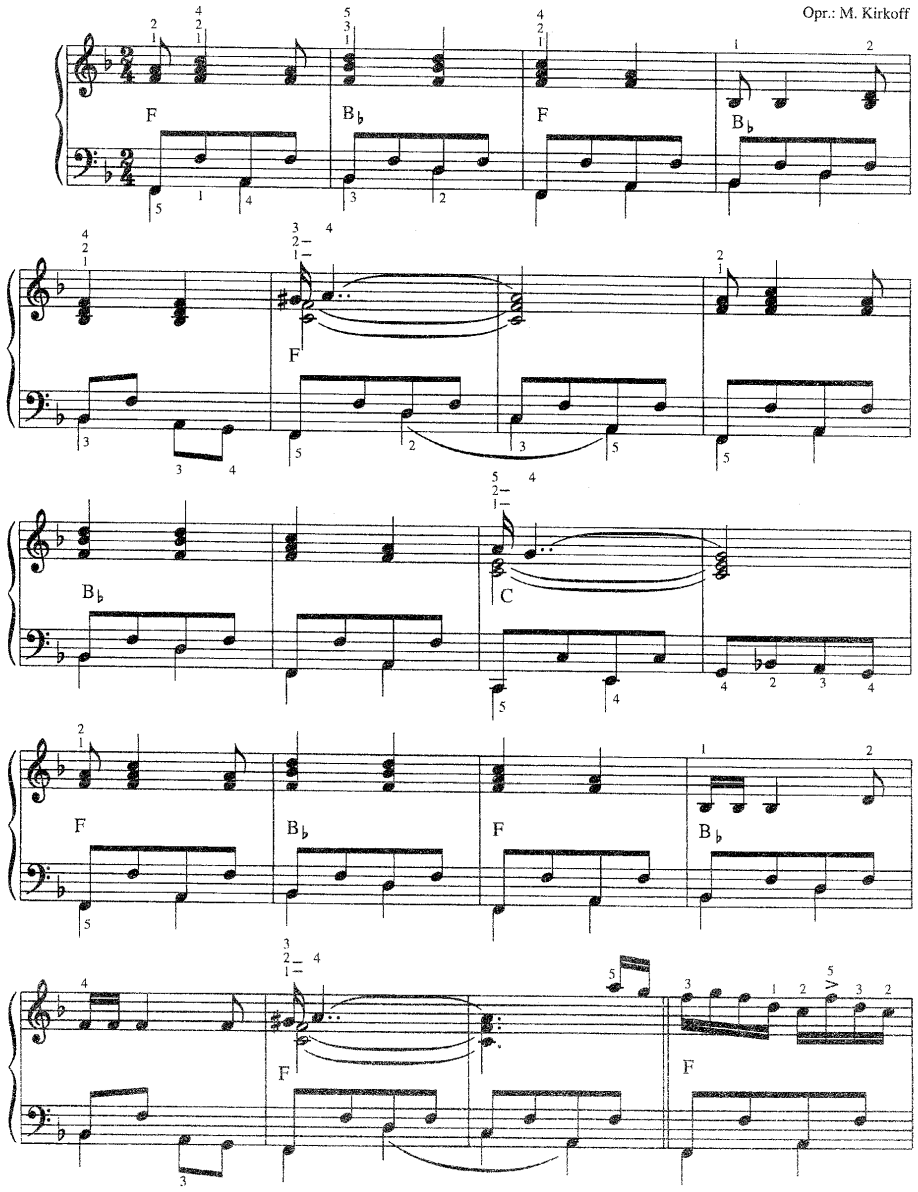
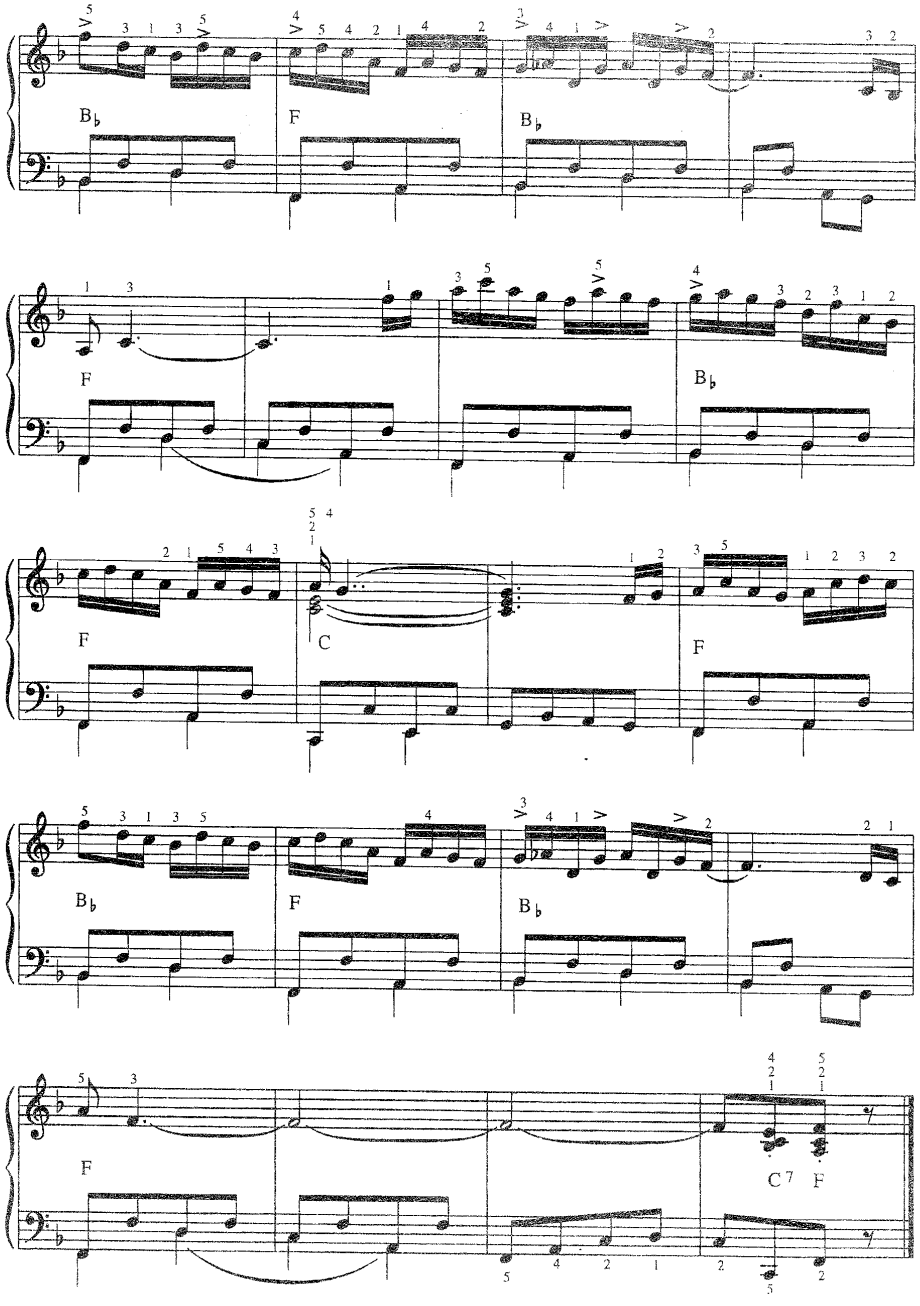
(♩ = 112)

Opr.: M. Kirkoff




B♭
F
B♭
F
F
B♭
F
C
F
B♭
F
B♭
F
C7
F

I've got the worried blues, Lord,
I've got the worried blues.
I've got the worried blues, oh, Lord,
I've got the worried blues,
I've goin' where I never been before.

Goin' where I never been beat,
I'm goin' where the chilly winds don't blow,
Goin' where I never been beat, oh, Lord,
Goin' where I never been beat,
I'm goin' where the chilly winds don't blow.

Honey baby, don't leave me now,
Oh, honey baby, don't leave me now,
Honey baby, don't leave me now, oh, Lord,
Honey baby, don't leave me now,
Well, I've got trouble in my mind.

Goin' where the orange blossoms bloom,
I'm goin' where the chilly winds don't blow,
Goin' where the orange blossoms bloom, oh, Lord
Goin' where the orange blossoms bloom,
I'm goin' where I never been before.

THE LONG LINE SKINNER

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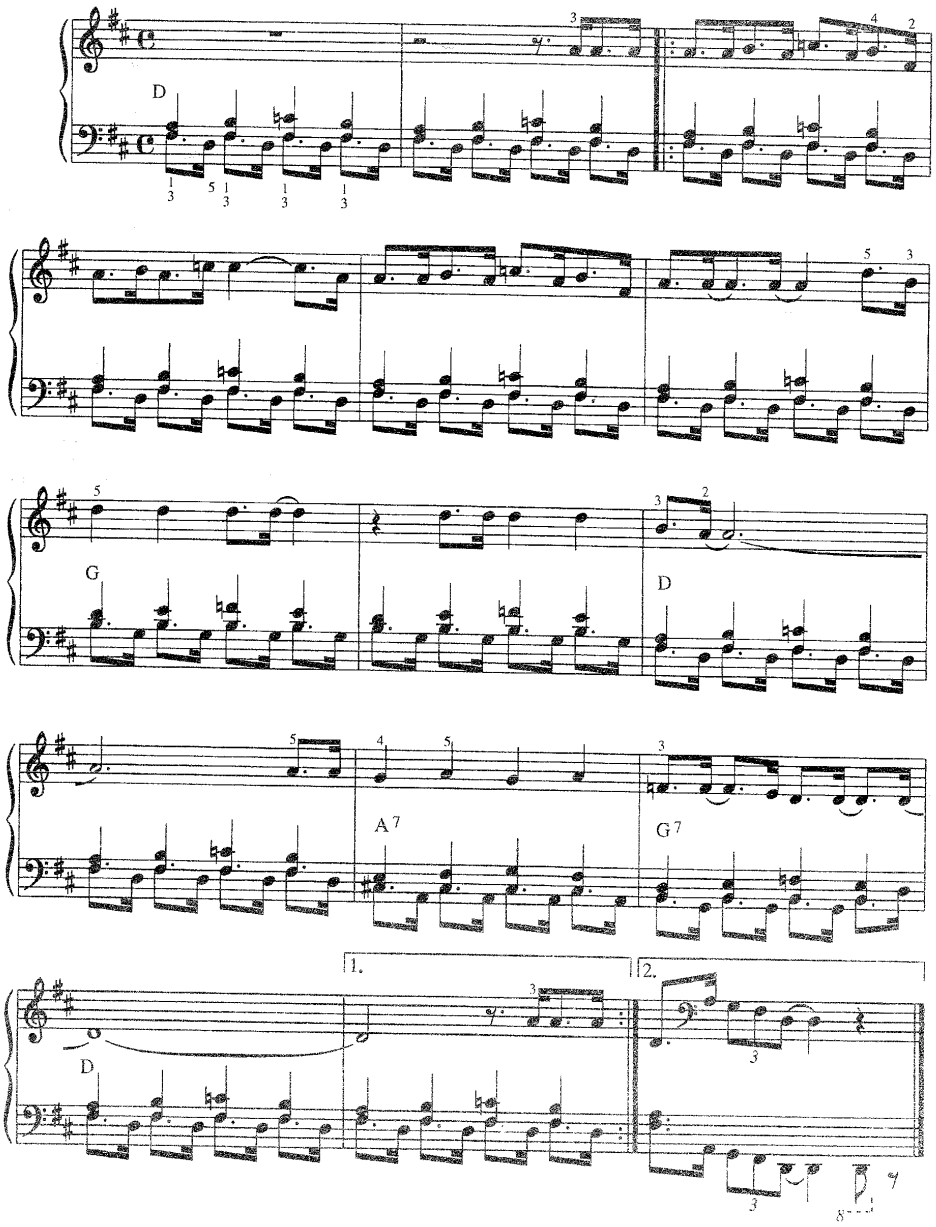
(♩ = 118)

Opr.: M. Kirkoff



I've got a belly full of whisky and a head full of gin,
The doctor says 'twill kill me but he don't say when.
I'm a long line skinner and my home's out west.
Lookin' for the woman, Lord, that 'll love me best.

See, pretty mama, pretty mama, look what you done done.
I'm made your daddy love you now your man done done.
I'm a long-line skinner and home's out west,
Lookin' for the gal, Lord, that'll love me best.

I'm way down in the bottom skinning mules for Johnny Ryan,
Puttin' my initials, honey, on a mule's behind.
With my long whip line, babe. With my long whip-line-
Lookin' for woman who can ease my worried mind.

When the weather it gets chilly, gonna pack my line.
'Cause I ain't skinnin' mules, Lord, in the wintertime.
Yes, I'm a long-line skinner and my home's out west,
And I'm lookin' for the woman, Lord, that'll love me the best.

THINGS ABOUT

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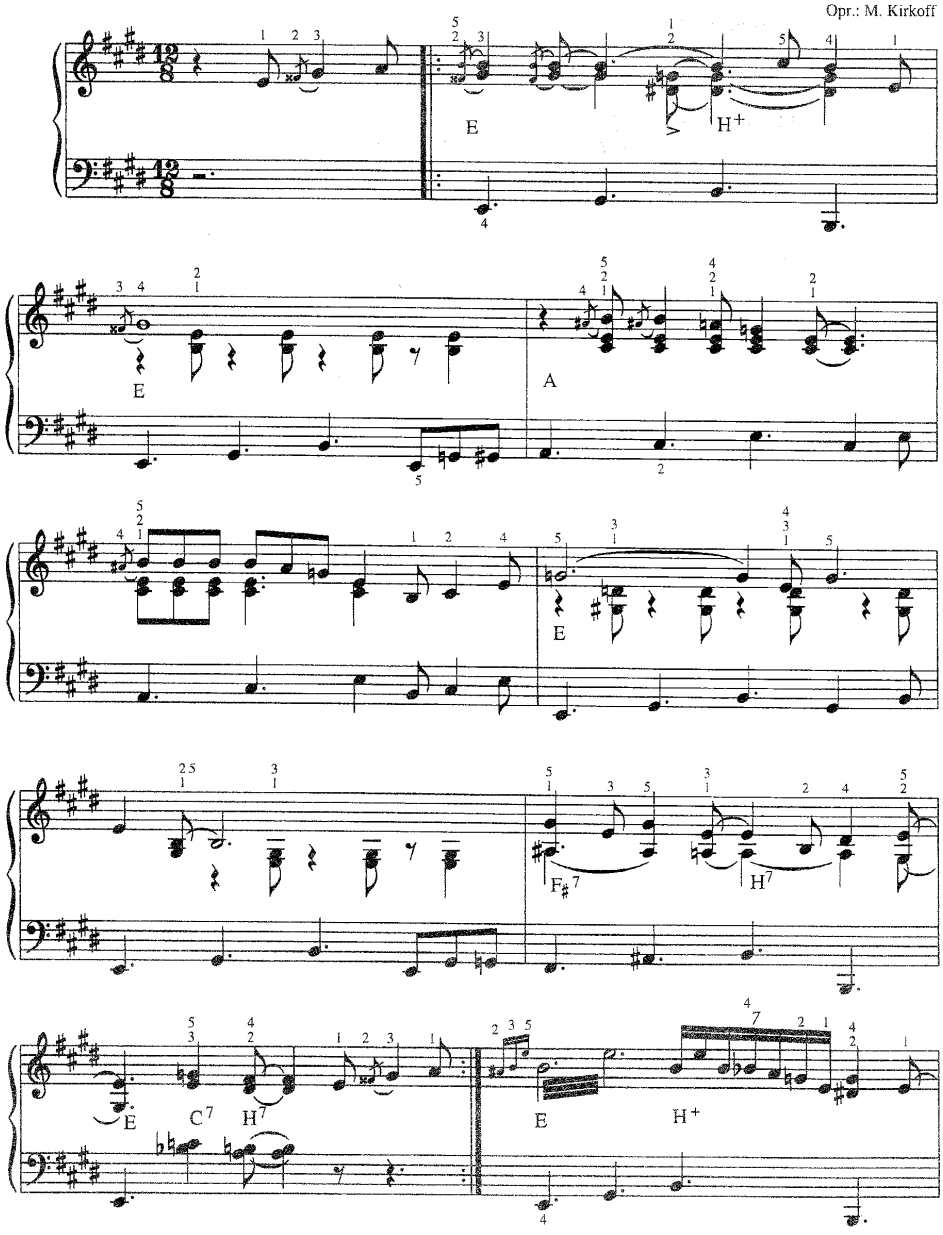
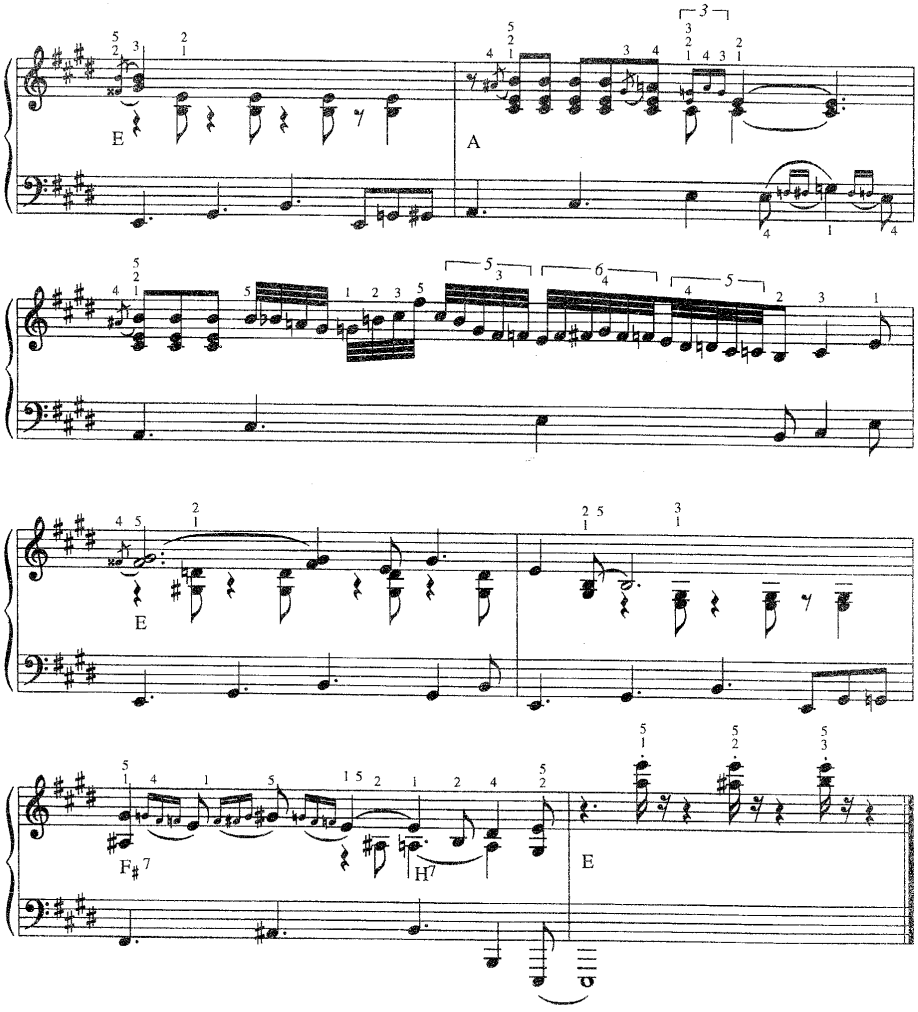
(♩ - 60)

Opr.: M. Kirkoff





Ain't got no money, can't buy no grub,
Backbone and navel doin' the belly rub.

Now after all my hard trav'lin'
Things about ccomin' my way.

The pot was empty, the cupboard bare,
I said: "Mama, mama, what's goin' on here?"

The rent was due, the light was out,
I said: "Mama, mama, what's it all about?"

Sister was sick, doc wouldn't come,
'Cause we couldn't pay him the proper sum.

Lost all my money, ain't got a dime,
Givin' up this cold world, leavin' it behind.

Work all this summer and all the fall.
Gonna make this Christmas in my overalls.

One of these days-it won't be long,
You'll call my name and I'll be gone.

'Cause after all my hard trav'lin',
Things'll be comin' my way.

TIN ROOF BLUES

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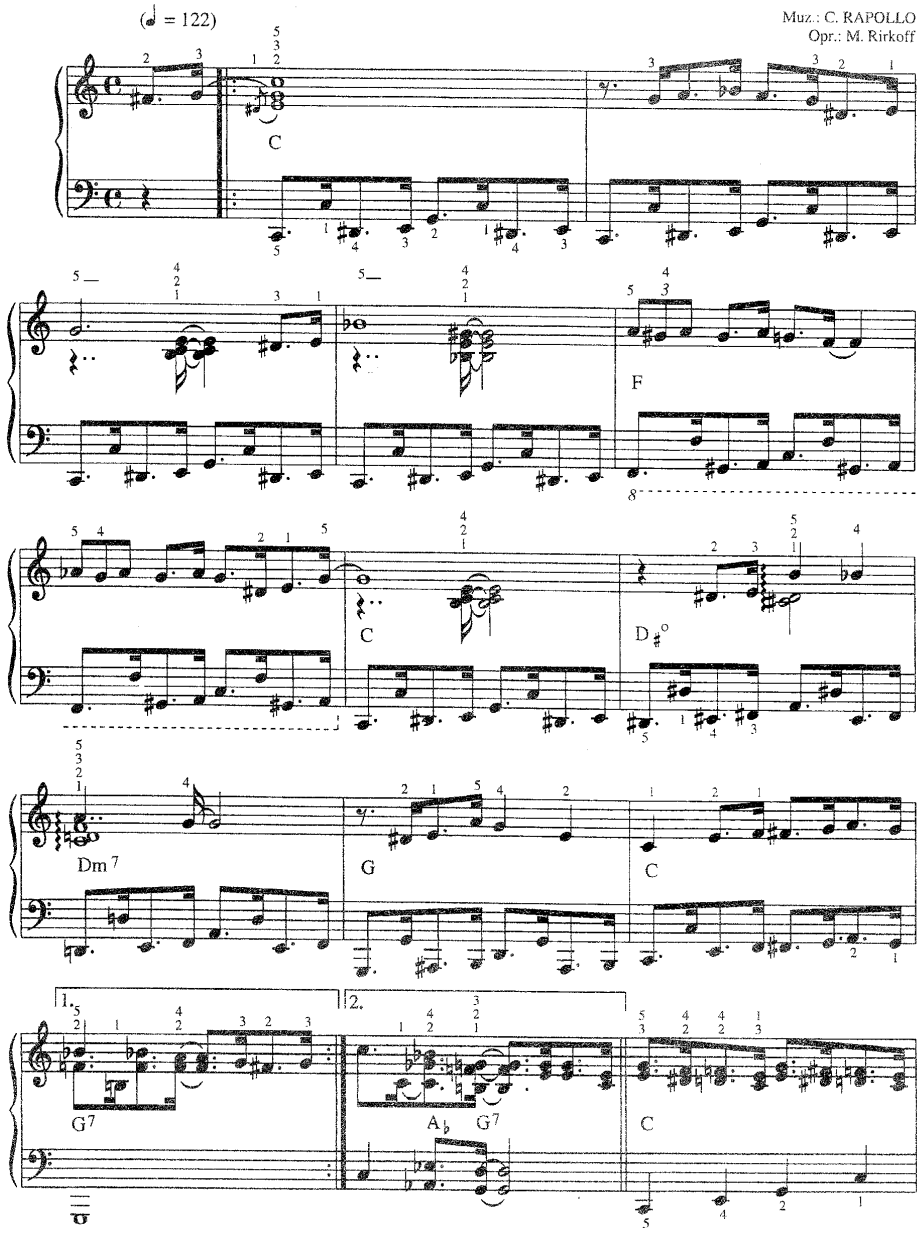
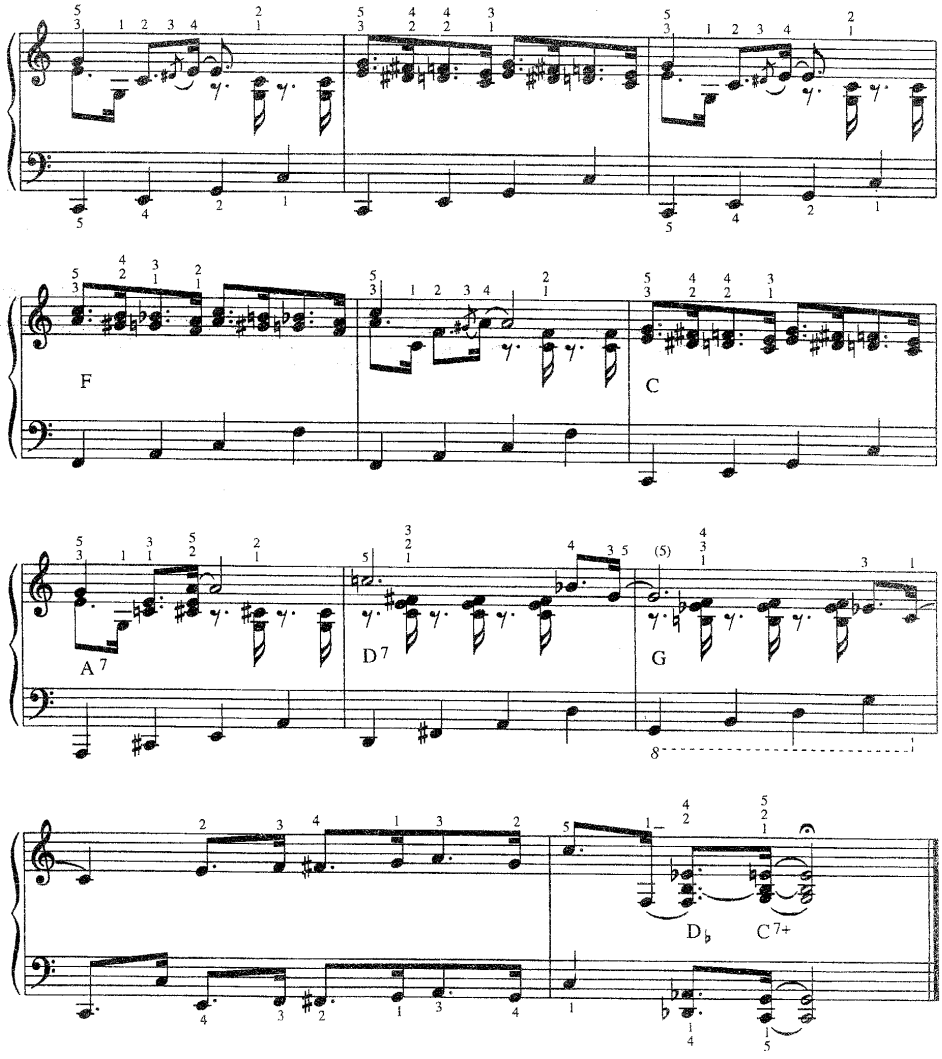
Muz.: C. RAPOLLO
Opr.: M. Rirkoff

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D 7
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YESTERDAYS

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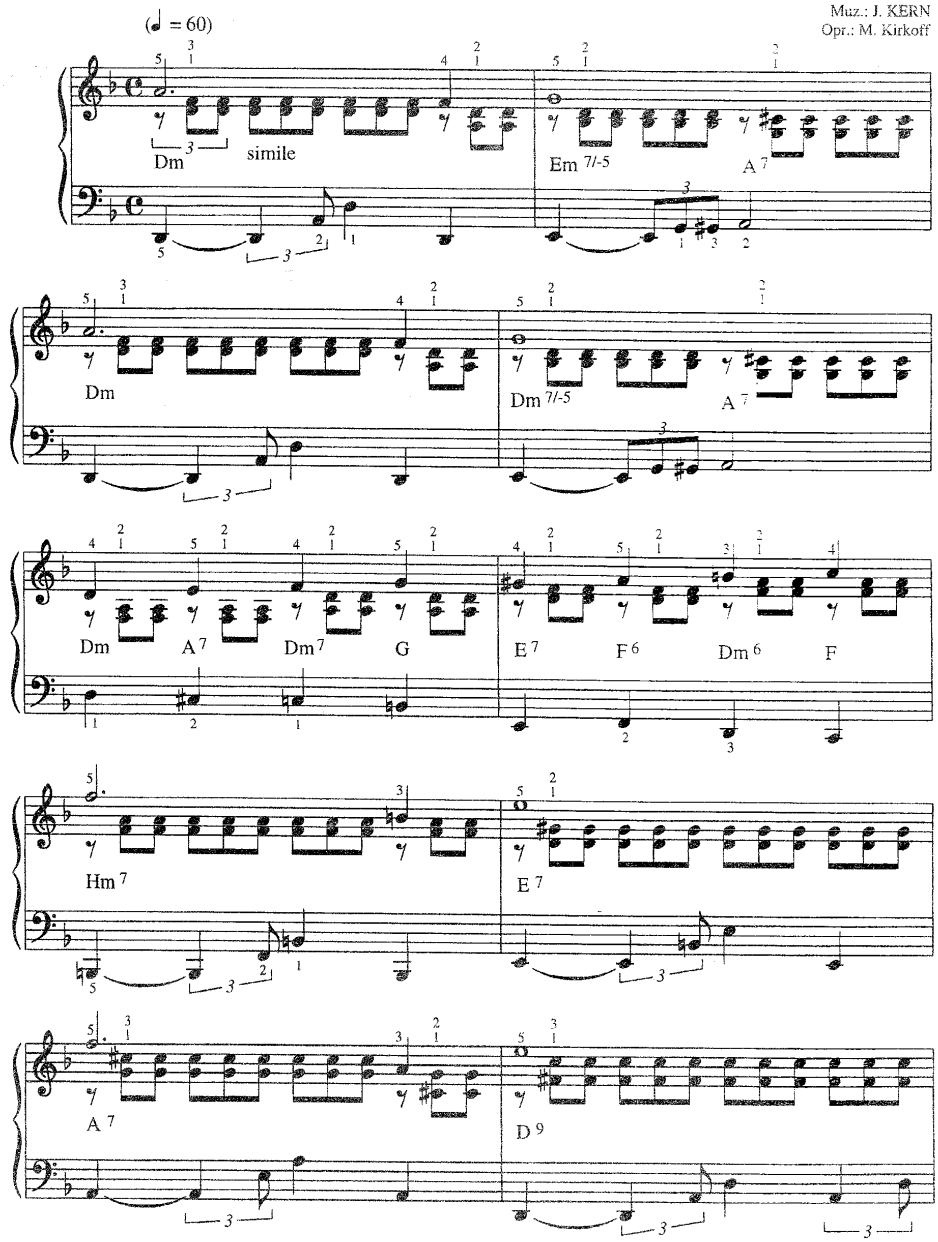
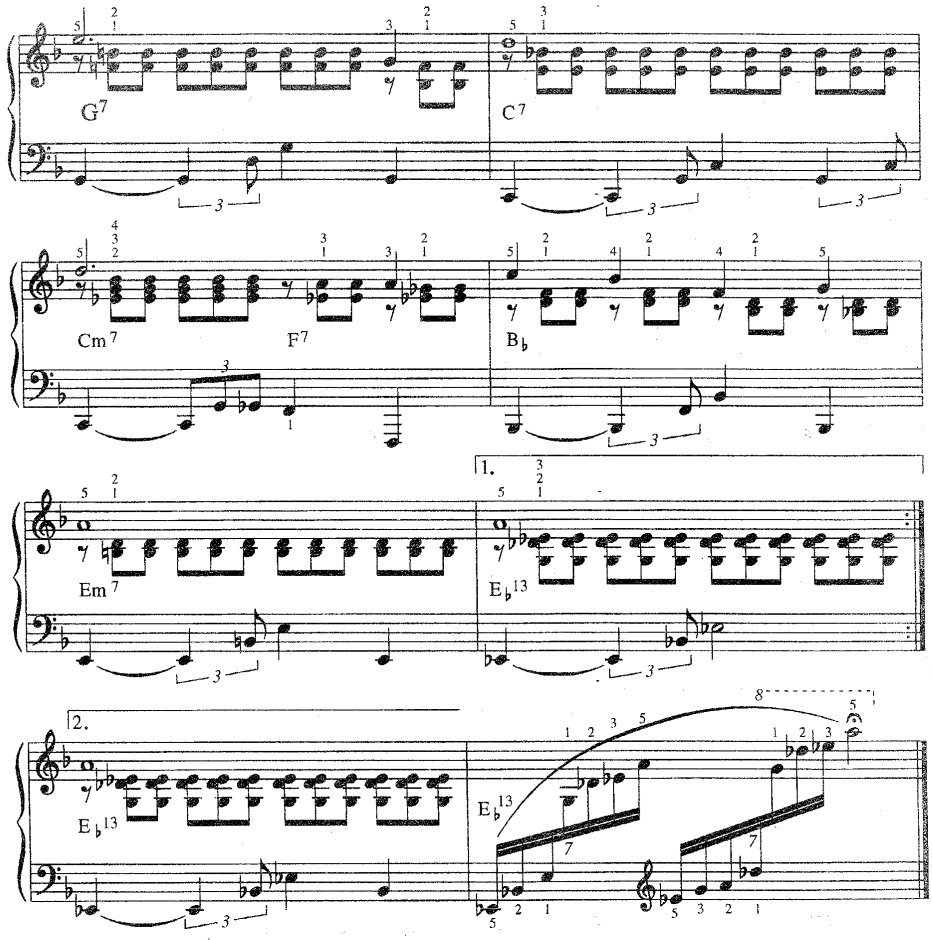
Muz.: J. KERN
Opr.: M. Kirkoff




G7
C7
Cm7
F7
B♭
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Em7
E♭13
2.
E♭13
E♭13

WEST END BLUES

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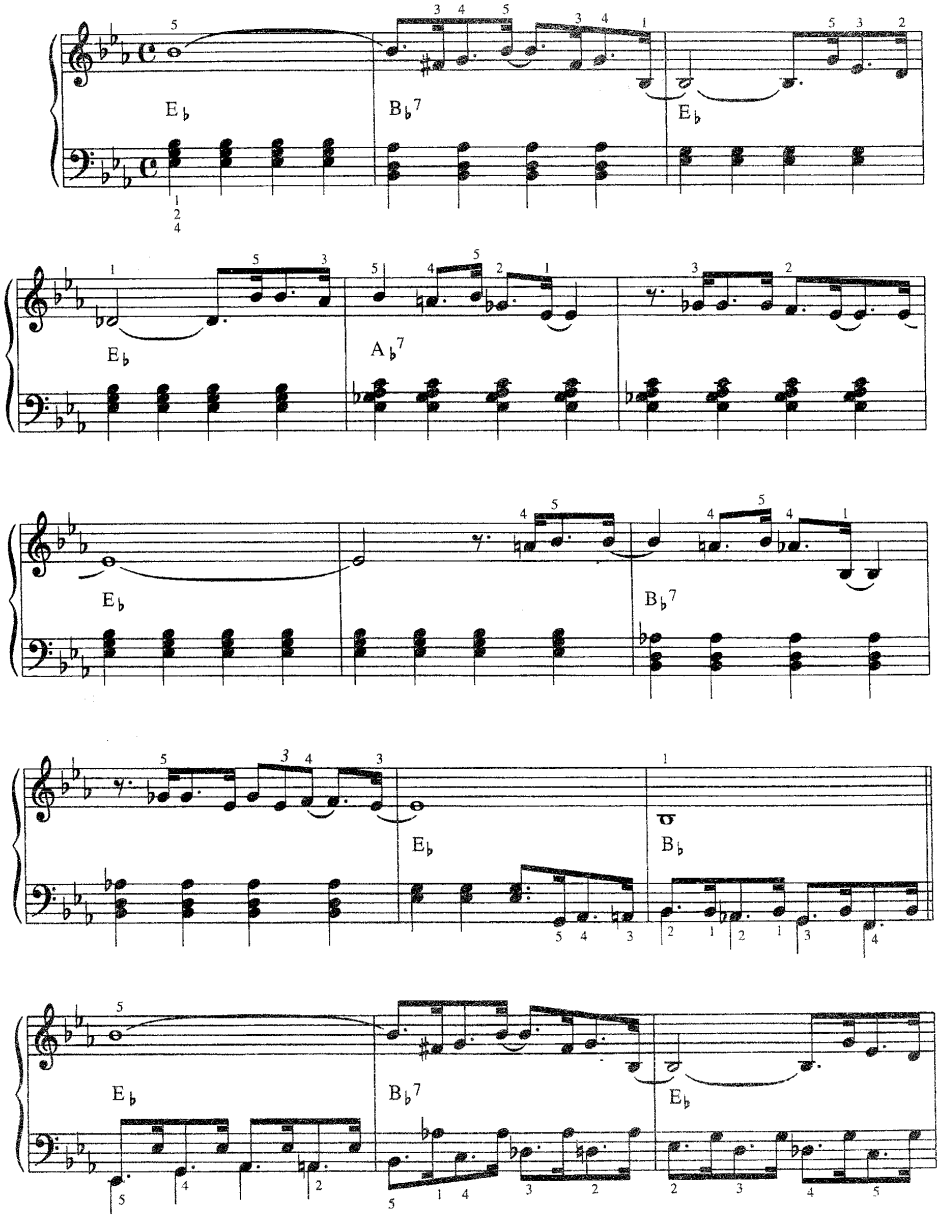
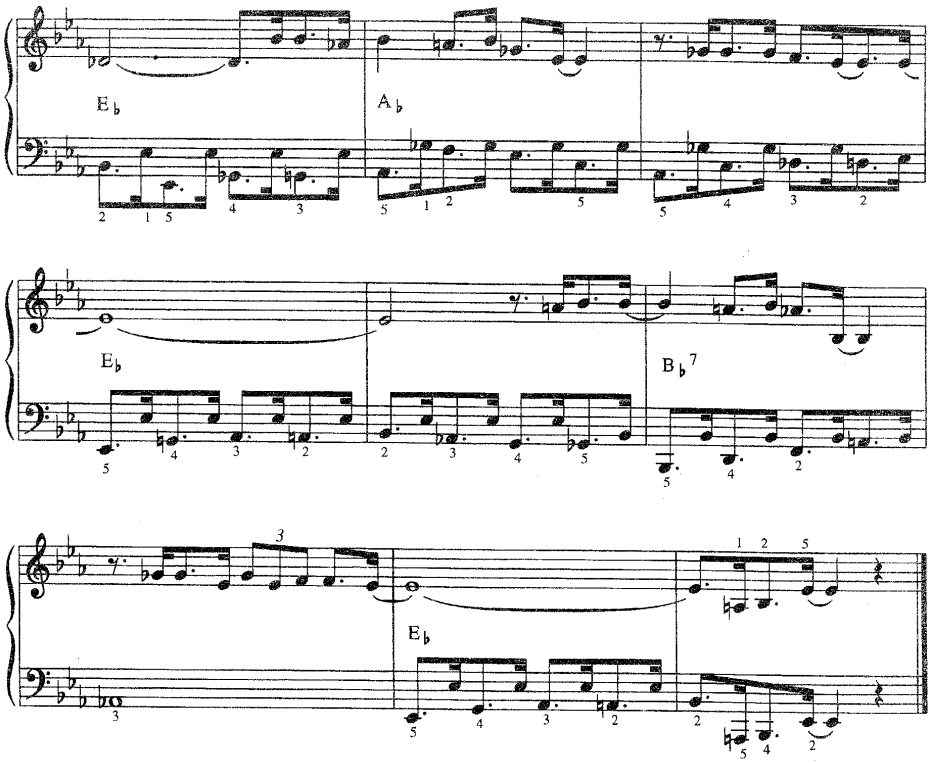
(♩ = 108)

Muz.: J. OLIVER "KING"
Opr.: M. Kirkoff





Blues from my head to my shoes, I'm blue today,
I've got a mean evil feeling and I'm full of gin
On my wat to the Westend and that's where troubles will begin.

My man, my man, lowdown, mean how,
In town with my best friend runnin' around,
Soon the undertaker man gonna knock upon his door.

Folks in Westend, folks in Westend, gonna see some shooting
Like they have never seen before.
I mean my man and my best friend never cheatin' Westend anymore.

Blues from my head to my shoes, I'm blue today,
I still got the mean lowdown feeling I'm gonna hear bad news,
I'm on my way to the Westend to loose all those ugly Westend Blues.

YOU DON'T KNOW MY MIND

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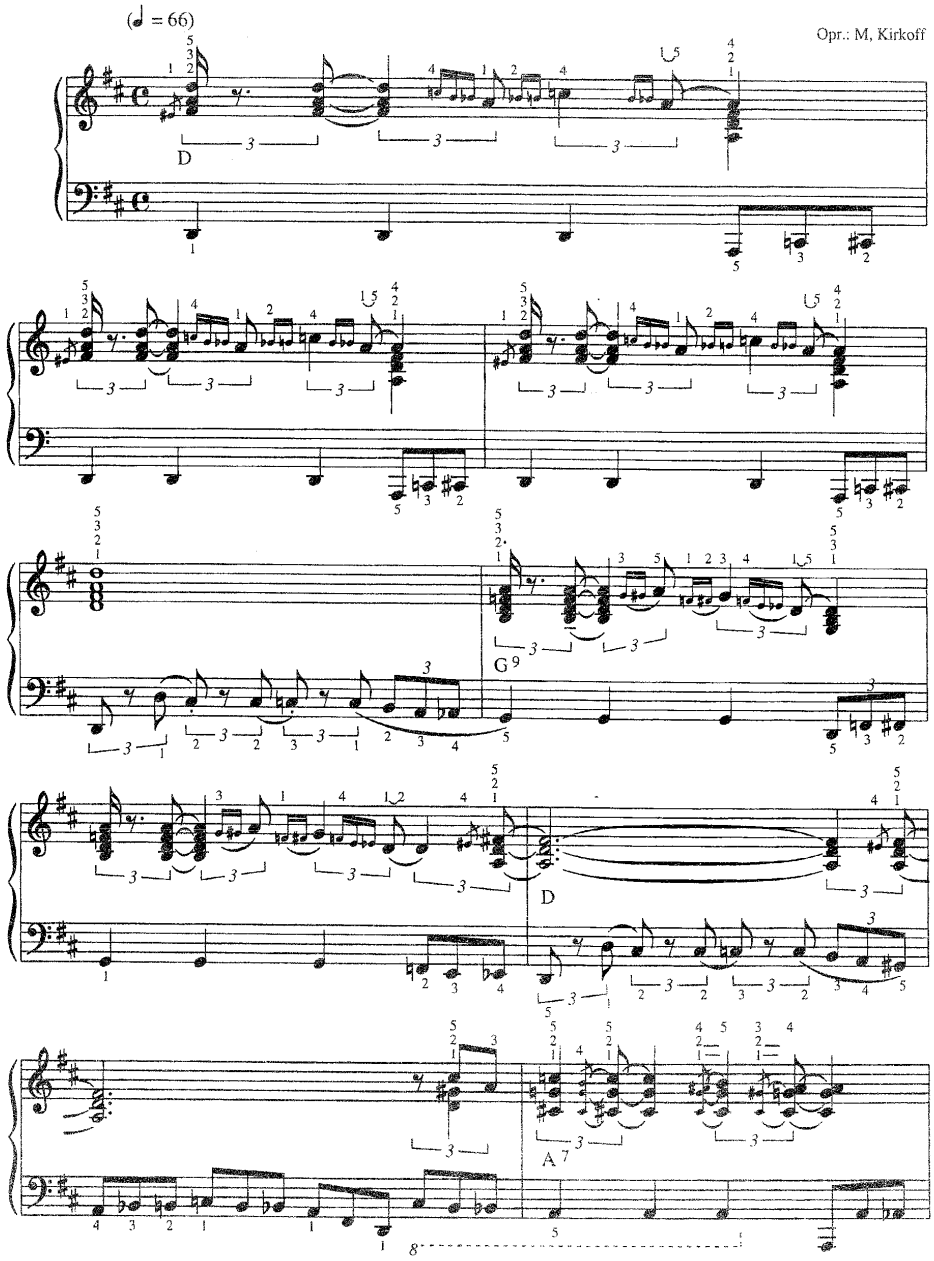

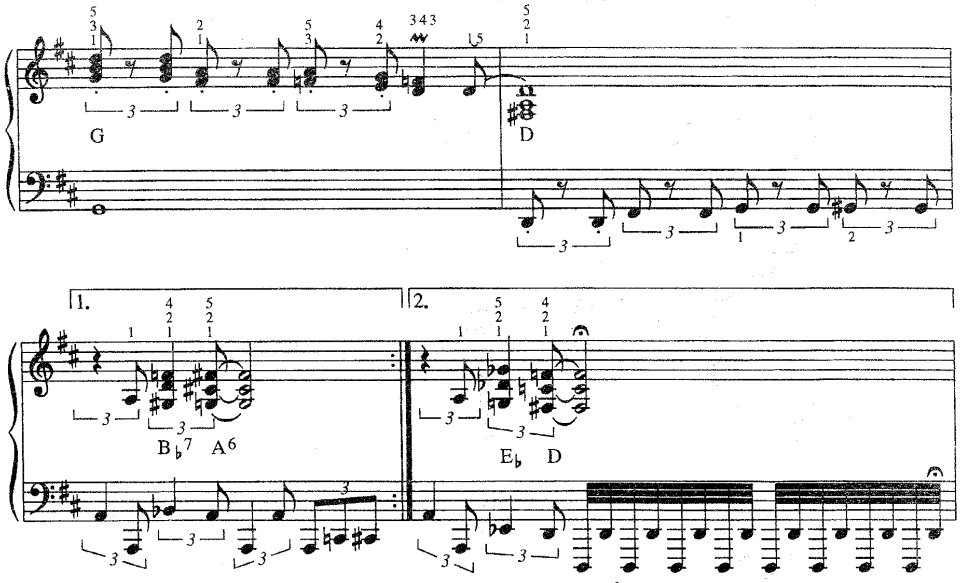

You don't know, you don't know, you don't know my mind
You don't know, you don't know my mind.
When you see me laughin' laughin' just to keep from cryin'

You can't tell, you can't tell, you can't tell how I feel.
You can't tell, you can't tell how I feel.
With these cold iron shackles - shackles diggin' in my heel.

You can't see my baby, you can't see, you can't see me now.
You can't see my baby, you can't see me now.
'Cause I'm long-time gone - gone and won't be back nohow.

SPIS TREŚCI

BACKWATER BLUES 2
BEALE STREET BLUES 4
BASIN STREET BLUES 7
BOLL WEEVIL BLUES 8
CARELESS LOVE 10
DALLAS BLUES 12
EASY RIDER 14
EMPTY BED BLUES 16
FAREWELL BLUES 18
FRANKIE AND JOHNY 20
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