

Trouble.

Words by GEO. W. DAVIDS.

Music by FLETCHER MEAKIM.

Allegro molto moderato.

mf marcato. *sfz*

Somefolks dey hab it aw-ful eas-y
 One day a butcher came to my house,
 I'se had more troub-a-bub - a - bub-bles

till ready. *p* *p*

dat don't mean me _____
 he bro't a bird _____
 than some whole towns _____

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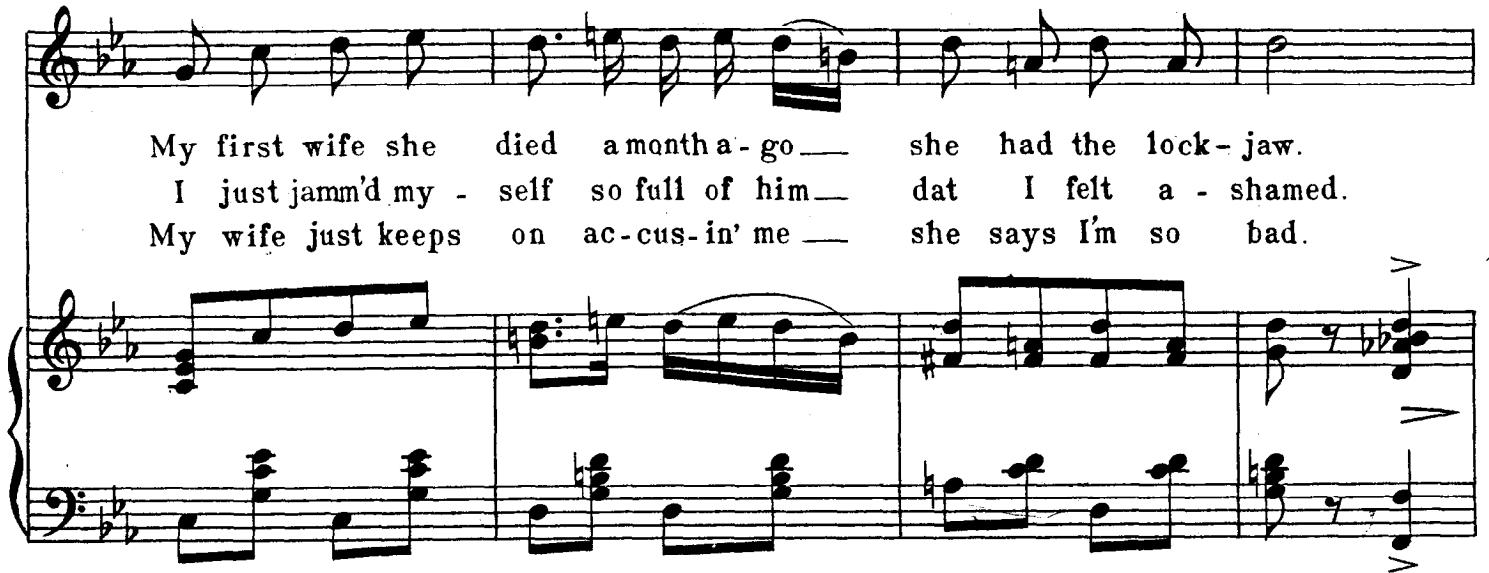
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I don't get an - y pos - sum din - ners no five 'clock
 I had two just a week be - fo' dat dis was de
 My life is like an el - a - va - tor all ups and

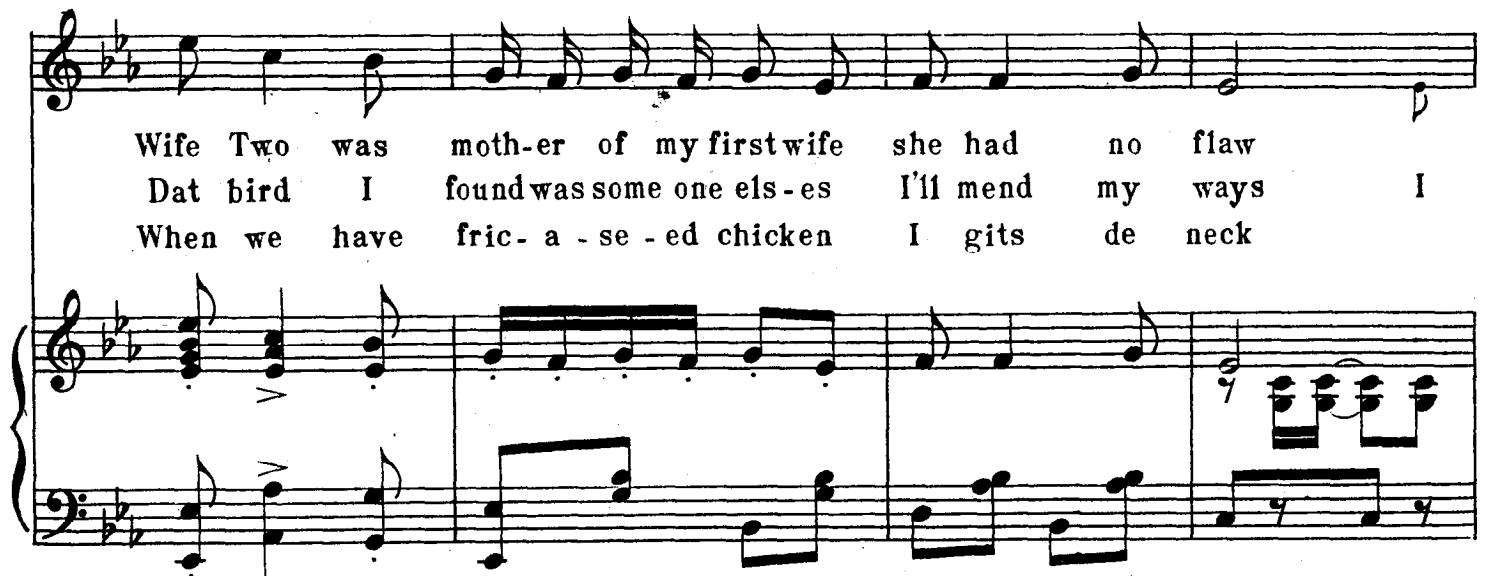
teas. _____
 third. _____
 downs. _____

I got mar - ried
 One dem birds taste
 My whole fam' - ly

just a week a - go — her name was Maude.
 like a duck to me — he wasn't to blame.
 keeps a - bus - in' me — I'm mos' driv' mad.



My first wife she died a month a-go — she had the lock-jaw.
 I just jamm'd my - self so full of him — dat I felt a - shamed.
 My wife just keeps on ac-cus-in' me — she says I'm so bad.



Wife Two was moth-er of my first wife she had no flaw
 Dat bird I found was some one els-es I'll mend my ways I
 When we have fric-a-se-ed chicken I gits de neck



strange 't may seem, It ain't no dream wife's my moth'r-in - law.
 'most dropped dead, When th' Judge said "You take thirt-y days"
 Don't you see, Dat she's queered me, Cause I am hen - pecked

rit.

Chorus.

Slowly.

Trou - ble — Well I guess dat's trou - ble — I'se al-most cra - zy —

p-f.

— an' I can't live long, I'm sore, I'se get-tin' wors'er ev-'ry day.

No hope — so th' doc - tors tell me — ma heart ain't

beat - in' — I'se awastin' a - way. —

sfz *D.S.*