

# Frankie and Albert

From John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax: Folk Song U.S.A. (1966)

TablEdited by Jan-Olov Sundqvist

1. 
  
 1.

5. 
  
 5.

9. 
  
 9.

Extra refrain for stanzas 11, 12 and 17.

14. 
  
 14.

22. 
  
 22.



29. 
  
 29.

gone

1.  
 Frankie was a good woman  
 Ev'rybody knows  
 She spent a hundred dollars

For to buy her man some clothes  
 He was her man  
 But he done her wrong  
 2.

Frankie went a-walking  
Did not go for fun  
Underneath her little red petticoat  
She had Alberts forty-one  
Gonna kill her man  
For doin' her wrong  
3.  
Frankie went to the barroom  
Ordered her a glass of beer  
Says to the bartender  
"Has my lovin' Johnny been here?  
He's my man  
But he's doin' me wrong"  
4.  
"I will not tell you no story  
I will not tell you no lie  
Albert left here about an hour ago  
With a gal named Nelly Fly  
He's your man  
But he's doin' you wrong"  
5.  
Frankie went by the house,  
She did not give no 'larm  
She looked in through the window glass  
And saw Albert in the woman's arms  
He was her man,  
Lawd, doin' her wrong  
6.  
When Albert he saw Frankie  
For the backdoor he did scoot  
Frankie drew that forty-four  
Went rooty-toot-toot-toot-toot  
She shot her men  
For doin' her wrong  
7.  
First time he shot her he staggered  
Next time she shot him he fell  
Third time she shot him, Oh Lawdy  
There was a new man's face in hell  
She killed her man  
For doing her wrong  
8.  
When Frankie she shot Albert  
He fell in a knot  
Cryin' "Oh Mrs Johnson  
See were your son is shot  
She killed your son  
Your only one"  
9.  
"Oh, turn me over, Doctor  
Turn me over slow  
I got a bullet in my lef' han' side  
Great Good, is hurting me so  
I was her man  
But I done her wrong"  
10.  
Frankie went to Mrs Johnson  
Fell down on her knees  
Cryin' "Oh Mrs Johnson,  
Will you forgive me please?  
I kilt your son  
The onlies' one"  
11.  
"I will forgive you Frankie,  
I will forgive you not  
You shot my lovin' Albert  
The only support I got  
Kilt my son  
The only one"  
  
(Extra refrain)  
Poor boy, poor boy  
Poor boy, poor boy  
Done gone, done gone  
Done gone, done gone

12.  
A rubber tir'ed buggy  
A decorated hack  
Took po' Alfred to the graveyard  
But it didn't bring him back  
He was her man

But he done her wrong

(Extra refrain)  
Poor boy, poor boy  
Poor boy, poor boy  
Done gone, done gone  
Done gone, done gone

13.  
Frankie went to the graveyard  
Fell down on her knees  
"Speak one word, Albert,  
And give my heart some ease  
You was my man  
But you done me wrong  
14.  
Frankie looked down Main Street  
Far as she could see  
All she could see was a two-string bow  
Playing Nearer My Good To Thee  
All over town  
Po' Alfred's dead  
15.  
Frankie said to the sheriff  
"What do you think it'll be?"  
The sheriff said: "It looks jest like  
Murder in the first degree  
He was you man  
But you shot him down."  
16.  
It was not murder in the first degree  
Nor murder in the third  
A woman simply dropped her man  
Like a hunter dropped a bird  
She shot her man  
For doing her wrong  
17.  
Last time I saw Frankie  
She was sittin' in the 'lectric chair  
Waiting for to go and meet her Good  
With the sweat drippin' outa her hair  
He was her man  
But he done her wrong

(Extra refrain)  
Poor boy, poor boy  
Poor boy, poor boy  
Done gone, done gone  
Done gone, done gone