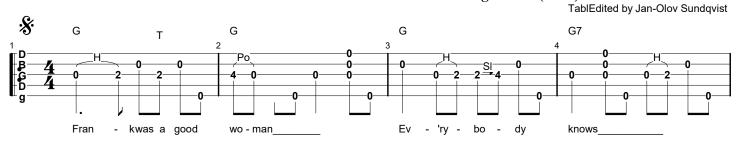
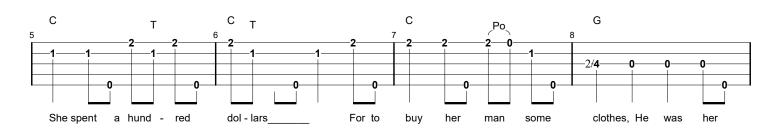
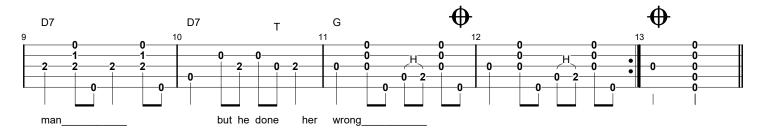
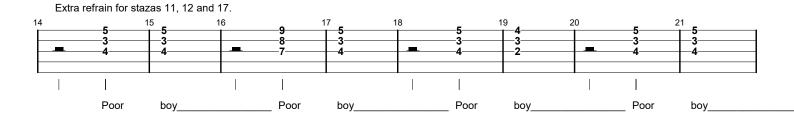
Frankie and Albert

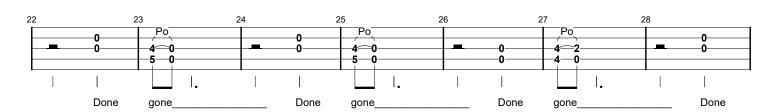
From John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax: Folk Song U.S.A. (1966)

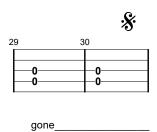












Frankie was a good woman
Ev'rybody knows
She spent a hundred dollars

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 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" "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" Frankie went by the house, She did not give no 'larm

And saw Albert in the woman's arms He was her man,

Lawd, doin' her wrong

When Albert he saw Frankie For the backdoor he did scoot Frankie drew that forty-four Went rooty-toot-toot-toot She shot her men

She looked in through the window glass

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

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"

"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

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

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 hov, poor hov

Poor boy, poor boy Poor boy, poor boy Done gone, done gone Done gone, done gone