BEALE STREET

Words and Music by
W. C. HANDY

Piano

Voice

I've seen the lights of gay Broadway,

Old Market Street down by the Frisco Bay,

I've strolled the

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Prado, I've gambled on the Bourse

The seven wonders of the world I've seen

And many are the places I have been. Take my ad-

vice folks and see Beale Street first.
You'll see pretty Browns in beau-ti-ful gowns, You'll see tail-or ma-des and
You'll see Hog-Nose res-ten's and Chit-lin' Ca-fes You'll see Jugs that tell of
If Beale Street could talk If Beale Street could talk, Mar-ried men would have to take their
hand me down, You'll meet hon-est men and pick-pock-ets skilled You'll find that
by-gone days And pla-ces, once pla-ces, now just a sham, You'll see
beds and walk Ex-cept one or two, who nev-er drink booze And the
busi-ness nev-er clos-es till some-bod-y gets killed.
Gold-en Balls e-nough to pave the New Je-ru-sa-lem.
blind man on the cor-ner who_ sings the Beale Street Blues.

Beale Street Blues

I'd rather be here,. than an-y place I know. I'd rather
be here, than any place I know. It's goin' to take the Sergeant

For to make me go, Goin' to the river, may be, bye and bye

bye Goin' to the river, and there's a reason why

Because the river's wet And Beale Streets done gone dry.

Beale Street