BEALE STREET
Respectfully dedicated to Sam and Nello Pacini.

Words & Music
by W.C. HAndy.

I've seen the lights of gay Broad-
The seven wonders of the world I've
way, seen
Old Mar-ket Street down by the Pris-co Bay,
And man-ry are the places I have been.

I've strolled the Pra-do,
Take my ad-vice folks
and see Beale Street first.

You'll see pret-ty Browns in beau-ti-ful gowns,
You'll see tall or mades and
You'll see Hog-Nose re-strants and Chit-lin' Ca-fes
You'll see Jugs that tell of
You'll see men who rank with the first in the nation
Who come to Beale for
If Beale Street could talk
If Beale Street could talk, Mar-ried men would have to take their

Copyright MCMXVII by Pace & Handy Music Co. Memphis, Tenn.

International Copyright Secured
hand me, downs You'll meet honest men and pick-pocket skilled You'll find that
by-gone days And places, once places, now just a sham, You'll see
inspiration. Politicians call you a dub Unless you've
beds and walk Except one or two, who never drank booze And the

business never closes till somebody gets killed.
Golden Balls enough to pave the New Jerusalem.
been initiated in the Rick-ri-ters Club.
blind man on the corner who sings the Beale Street Blues.

BEALE STREET BLUES

I'd rather be here, than any place I know, I'd rather
Goin' to the river, maybe, bye and bye.

be here, than any place I know.
river, and there's a reason why.

Because the

(Repeat)

take the Sergeant For to make me go,
river's wet And Beale Streets done gone dry.

(Repeat)