Trouble.

Words by GEO. W. DAVIDS.  Music by FLETCHER MEAKIM.

Allegro molto moderato.

Some folks dey hab it awful easy
One day a butcher came to my house,
Ise had more troub-a-bub-a-bubbles

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

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I don't get any possum dinners no five 'clock
I had two just a week befo' 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-i-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 ago she had the lock-jaw.
I just jamm'd myself so full of him dat I felt ashamed.
My wife just keeps on accusin' me she says I'm so bad.

Wife Two was mother of my first wife she had no flaw
Dat bird I found was some one else's I'll mend my ways I
When we have fric-as-ed chicken I gits de neck

Strange 'tmay seem, It ain't no dream wife's my moth-in-law.
'most dropped dead, When th' Judge said "You take thirty days!"
Don't you see, Dat she'squeered me, Cause I am hen-pecked
CHORUS.

SLOWLY.

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

—an' I can't live long, I'm sore, I're get-tin' worser ev-'ry day.

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

beat-in' I're a-wastin' a-way.