

# Champion Jack Dupree, The Death Of Louis

[spoken:]

I remember when me and Louis Armstrong was in the same home  
And that was a place back in Chantilly in New Orleans  
He was a few years older than me,  
But I was in there from one year old  
And he came in, he was a big boy then  
But he come in from being bad around the street  
Shootin' pistols up and down Rampart Street  
But I was already there  
And he used to blow the bugle for us to go to bed at night  
And he used to blow a comb with a piece of paper  
But he is Mister to the world  
He was a black man, but a great black man  
He was the Trumpet King  
Some people call him the King and some didn't  
But regardless of what they call him he was still that: the King  
So he was a friend of mine and he was a friend to the world  
And a friend to the people  
So I'd love to sing this to him:

[sings:]

Go on Louis, fast asleep  
Go on, your soul to keep  
May the good Lord in heaven  
Have mercy, have mercy on you  
You done your best to the world  
Made people happy, all around the world  
But when the lights, come on again  
All over the world

[sax solo by Hal Singer, over which Champion Jack speaks:]

Go on Louis,  
I might join you one day  
Never can tell  
I say a little prayer for you  
Now lay me down to sleep  
I pray the good Lord my soul to keep  
If I should die before I awake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take

[guitar solo by Mickey Baker, over which:]

It's a hard road but I keep on walkin'  
I never give up  
You take all musicianers, old-timers  
Will go the same way Louis Armstrong went  
Because we never give up  
We'll go until the last breath leave us  
And that's our life  
Women, music, and whiskey  
That's what we live for [lau