

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