

Leonard

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## The Little Black Man.

Words by  
PAUL WEST.

Music by  
JOHN W. BRATTON.

Modto non troppo.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Modto non troppo.' The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The third system contains the next two lines of lyrics. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamics like 'f' and 'p' are marked. There are also first and second endings indicated by '1. I' and '2. I'.

1. I  
2. I

used to be a ve - ry mor - al chap A most su - pe - ri - or  
tried to on the wa - ter wag - on ride, But the small black man was

per - son; For spor - ty ways I nev - er cared a rap, But  
quick - est. He'd lead me down the streets on ev - 'ry side Where

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now there's not a worse one. Its not my fault, though folks may doubt, And  
swing-ing doors were thick - est. I'd or - der gin - ger ale to drink, And

that's the part that frets me, There's a small black man who fol-lows  
dodge the kill - you - dead stuff, But the small black man would at the

me a - bout, And in - to trou - ble gets me. "Come a -  
bar - boy wink And he'd hand me out the red stuff. "Drink it

Refrain.

long" says the lit - tle black man, "Be a sport" says the lit - tle black man,  
down" said the lit - tle black man, "Be a sport" said the lit - tle black man,

Throw out your chest, you know 'tis said Live while you live, you'll be a  
 Throw out your chest, you know tis said Live while you live, you'll be a

long time dead Step out, says the lit - tle black man, Don't  
 long time dead Step out, said the lit - tle black man, Don't

be an al - so ran And I have to do What the  
 be an al - so ran Then my foot would trip Off the

tells me to, But I blame it on the lit - tle black man.  
 wag - on slip, And I'd blame it on the lit - tle black man.

## 3.

I drew some cash to go and pay the rent,  
 But the small black man he spied me.  
 Straight up some stairs, all hypnotized, I went,  
 And he walked ahead to guide me.  
 Some men were paying money in,  
 So out my rent I handed;  
 The black man said, "Play Hinkey - Dink to win,  
 It's just the same as landed!"

*Chorus.*

"Dope it out," said the little black man,  
 "It's a cinch" said the little black man,  
 Flash out your roll, you know 'tis said  
 Live while you live, you'll be a long time dead.  
 "Get Gay," said the little black man.  
 Don't be an also - ran, -  
     O, I'm waiting yet  
     Just to cash that bet,  
 And I blame it on the little black man.

## 4.

I went to call upon a lady once,  
 She was not young or charming.  
 I never thought that I would be a dunce,  
 Or act in way alarming.  
 But by my side that black man came,  
 And said, "Go on, you'll win it."  
 By gosh, I asked that freak to have my name!  
 She shouted, "In a minute!"

*Chorus.*

"Go along," said the little black man,  
 "She's a peach," said the little black man.  
 Give her a kiss, you know 'tis said,  
 Live while you live, you'll be a long time dead.  
 "She's yours," said the little black man.  
 Don't be an also - ran, -  
     But I made a break,  
     And gave her the shake,  
 And I left her with the little black man!