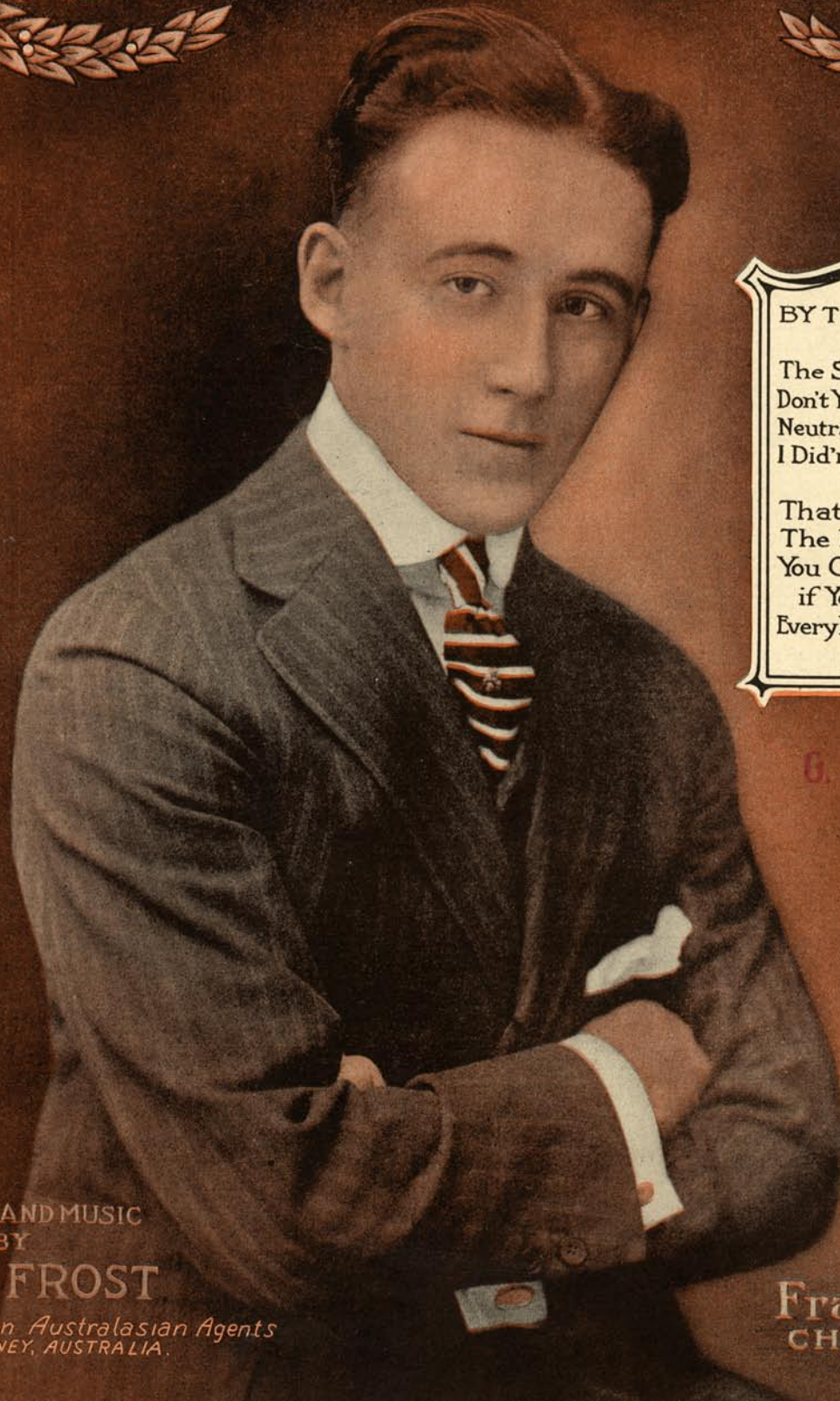


I Didn't Raise My Ford to be A Jitney



BY THE SAME COMPOSER

The Street Car Rag (Song)
 Don't You Love Your Baby No More?
 Neutral is My Middle Name
 I Didn't Raise My Ford to
 be A Jitney

That's Cow
 The Monkey Jubilee
 You Can't Afford to Marry
 if You Can't Afford A Ford
 Everybody Loves Me but You

G. R. McWILLIAMS

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
JACK FROST

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SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.*

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Allegretto

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a piano introduction marked *f* (forte). The first system shows the piano accompaniment. The second system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics: "Hi - ram Lord from Wells-bo - ro, He / Hi - ram said, 'I'd like to know Why". The piano accompaniment in this system includes dynamic markings *f*, *p*, and *p*, and the instruction "Till ready". The third system continues the vocal melody with lyrics: "bought a Ford a week a - go, And he paid for it in reg - 'lar dough, Then / ev - 'ry - bod - y snickers so When down the boul - e - - vard I go; They're". The fourth system continues the vocal melody with lyrics: "took a trip to town; While go - in' up the big main street A / jeal - ous! I don't care. A ver - y wea - ry life I've led; The". The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal lines.

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man whose nerve could not be beat Jumped right up in - to Hi's back seat, But
oth - er day a fel - low said, 'Fords go where an - gels fear to tread,' That

Hi he slowed right down. The man said as he held five cents, "The
means most an - y - where. One day I cranked to beat the band, The

mp

jit - ney bus is sure im-mense." But Hi his an - ger was in-tense As he
darn thing slipped out of my hand, I thought that it would nev - er land, For it

turned to him and said, "Get out! get out! I know you hate to
near-ly touched the sky. I'm sad! I'm sad! I've got a car and

mf

walk. No doubt! no doubt! But 'tain't no use to talk.
so I'm mad! I'm mad! I want the world to know:

CHORUS

I did - n't raise my Ford to be a jit - ney bus, So

don't hu - mil - i - ate my poor ma - chine; Hen - ry Ford made

walk - ing a pleas - ure, But don't take my lit - tle treas - ure Or I'll run you

out of gas - o - line. You'd bet - ter take the

street car right a - way, sir, You're the meanest man I've ev - er

seen; You're in an aw - ful pick - le, Take back your goll darned

cresc. *f* *rit*

nick - le, I did - n't raise my Ford to be a jit - ney. I ney.

a tempo *f* *sf*