

PORE JUD

FROM

Oklahoma!

MUSIC BY

RICHARD RODGERS

LYRICS BY

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd

OKLAHOMA
MANY A NEW DAY
THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'
PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE
OUT OF MY DREAMS
I CAIN'T SAY NO
KANSAS CITY
PORE JUD
ALL ER NOTHIN'
THE FARMER AND THE COWMAN
SELECTION

PRICE
60¢



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Pore Jud

(from "Oklahoma!")

Words by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Slowly

VOICE

Piano

E CURLY: F# G#

Pore Jud is daid, Pore Jud Fry is daid! All

C#m F#9 F#m7 B E

gath - er 'round his caw-fin now and cry. He had a heart of gold, And he

A E7(b5) B7(b5) B7 E

was - n't ver - y old, Oh, why did sich a fel - ler have to die?

F# G# C#m F#9 F#m7

Pore Jud is daid, Pore Jud Fry is daid! He's look - in' oh, so peace - ful and se -

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952 - 6



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B
JUD:
(And se - rene.)

E E+ A E7(b5)

rene. He's all laid out to rest, with his hands a - crost his chest, His

B7(b5) B7 E

CURLY:
(speaks)

fin - ger nails have nev - er been so clean! 'Nen the preacher'd git up and he'd say:

mf

Am (Chanting on one note) F Cdim (speaks)

"Folks! we are gethered here to moan and groan over our brother Jud Fry who hung his-self up by a rope in the smoke house." 'Nen, there'd be weepin' and wailin' from some of those womern.

C7(b9) (sings on one note) Bdim

'Nen he'd say, "Jud was the most misunderstood man in the territory. People use ter think he was a mean ugly feller. And they called him a dirty skunk and a ornery pig stealer." But the

F G7
(Chanting)

folks 'at real - ly knowed him, knowed 'at beneath them two wore, there
dirty shirts he always

subito p

C7 F JUD: C7

beat a heart as big as all out - doors. As big as all out -

F CURLY: C7 F JUD: C7 F

doors. Jud Fry loved his fel - low man. He loved his fel - low man.

CURLY: (speaks)

He loved the birds of the forest and the beasts of the field. He loved the mice and the vermin in the barn, and he treated the rats like equals, which was right.

G#m7 C7 F#m F#m6 G#m B7

ppp

And he loved little children. He loved ev'body and ev'thin' in the world! On'y he never let on, so nobody ever knowed it!

C#m F#7 B7 E

E CURLY: F# G# C#m F#9 F#m7

Pore Jud is daid. Pore Jud Fry is daid! His friends-'ll weep and wail for miles a -

JUD: (Miles a - round.) B CURLY: E

round. The dais - ies in the dell Will give

A E7(b5) B7(b5) B7 E

out a diff-'rent smell, Be - cuz por Jud is un-der-neath the ground.

E
JUD:

Pore Jud is daid, A can - dle lights his haid, He's

F# C#

pp

C#m F#7 B7 CURLY: (Wood.) JUD:

lay - in' in a caw - fin made of wood. And

E E+ A E7(b5)

folks are feel - in' sad Cuz they use - ter treat him bad, And

B7(b5) B7 E CURLY: (Good.)

now they know their friend has gone fer good.

E BOTH: F# G# CURLY:

Pore Jud is daid, A can - dle lights his haid! He's

C#m F#9 F#m7 B E

look-in' oh, so purt-y and so nice. He looks like he's a - sleep, It's a

A E7(b5) B7(b5) B7 E

shame that he won't keep, But it's sum-mer and we're run-nin' out of ice.

A BOTH: E B7 E

Pore Jud! Pore Jud!

pp *poco rit.* *loco*