

Pirate Jenny

Seeräuberjenny

Kurt Weill

Bertold Brecht

A

*mf*

You — gent - le - men can watch me as I'm
 You say "Care - ful of the dish - es, lit - tle
 No you gen - tle - men can wipe the fuck - ing



wash-ing all your dish - es and I'm mak - ing ev - 'ry - bo - dy's bed. And I'm
 girl" — and you toss the pen - nies in my can. And I'll
 smiles — off your fa - ces, As the walls a - round you start to crum - ble. This —



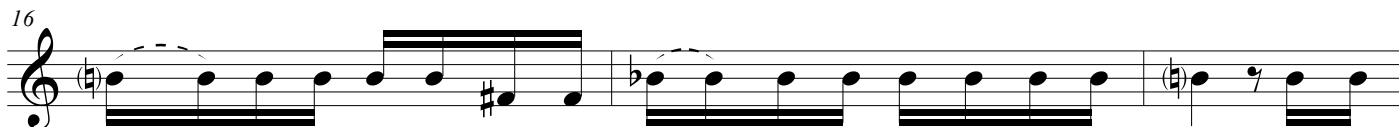
pick - ing all your tips up from the floor — where they fell, And you
 take your stu - pid pen - nies and will be - le - velled to the ground, But I'm
 whole — en - tire ci - ty will be - le - velled to the ground, and this



see me in my tat - ters in this shit - ty old ho - tel, And you nev - er know to whom — you're —
 sad to say not one of you will sleep in them to - night. And you still don't have an ink - ling who I
 shit - ty old ho - tel — will be stand - ing safe and sound. And you say "Why do they spare — that —



talk - ing. You — don't — know to whom you're — talk - ing. Then one — night there's a
 am. — You — still don't have a clue who I am. — Till one — night there's a
 one?", and you'll ask "Why do they spare that — one?" All through the night in the



scream — from the har - bour and you say — what the hell could that have been? And you
 crash — in the har - bour and you say — "what the bloo - dy hell was that?" And they
 scream - ing and the cha - os, they'll be ask - ing "Why's the old ho - tel get spared? And you'll



see me kind of grin - ning with the dish - es. And you say — "What the hell is with the
 see me kind of smil - ing at the win - dow. And you say, — "What's she — smil - ing
 see me cross the thres - hold in the morn - ing. And you'll say "She was the one that lived in

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Broadly

Pirate Jenny

grin?" And a ship, a black freigh-ter, with a flag on its mast-head will be com-ing
at?" And a ship a black freigh-ter, turns a-round in the har-bour, shoot-ing guns front and
there." And the ship, a black freigh-ter, runs the flag up its mast-head, and a cheer rings the

B

in.
back.
air.

And by aft-er-noon the whole town will be fil-ling up with men, Com-ing

off of that dead-ly freigh-ter, And they're look-ing in the shad-ows where no-bo-dy can see, And they're

chain-ing up the peo-ple and they're bring-ing them to me, Ask-ing "Which of them should we

Adagio

mur-der?" Ask-ing me "Which ones should we mur-der?" In this aft-er-noon it will be
pp *p*

si-lent in the har-bour, as they ask me "Which ones have to die?" And you'll hear me say-ing ve-ry soft-ly,

"All of them" And as their heads fall to the ground like broken dishes, I'll say. "Oop-la". And the ship, a black

freigh-ter, .dis-ap-pears off to sea a-gain. And on it is me.