BIRTH OF THE BLUES

4/4 1...2...1234

They heard the breeze in the trees singing weird melo-dies

And they made that the start of the blues

And from a jail came the wail of a down-hearted frail

And they played that as a part of the blues

From a whippoor-will, out on a hill, they took a new note,

Pushed it through a horn 'til it was worn into a blue note

And then they nursed it, re-hearsed it, and gave out the news

That the Southland gave birth to the blues.

They nursed it, re-hearsed it, and gave out the news

That the Southland gave birth to the blues.
BIRTH OF THE BLUES

4/4 1...2...1234

D7+  G  G#dim  Am7  Bbdim  G  B7  C  A7
They heard the breeze in the trees singing weird melo-dies

D7  G  D7
And they made that the start of the blues

D7+  G  G#dim  Am7  Bbdim  G  B7  C  A7
And from a jail came the wail of a down-hearted frail

D7  G
And they played that as a part of the blues

B7  F#m7b5  B7  F#m7b5  B7
From a whippoor-will, out on a hill, they took a new note,

E7  Em7  A7
Pushed it through a horn 'til it was worn into a blue note

D7  D7+  G  G#dim  Am7  Bbdim  G  B7  C
And then they nursed it, rehearsed it, and gave out the news

A7  D7  Bm7b5  E7  Bm7b5  E7
That the Southland gave birth to the blues.

C  C#dim  G  E7
They nursed it, rehearsed it, and gave out the news

A7  D7  G  C9  G9
That the Southland gave birth to the blues.