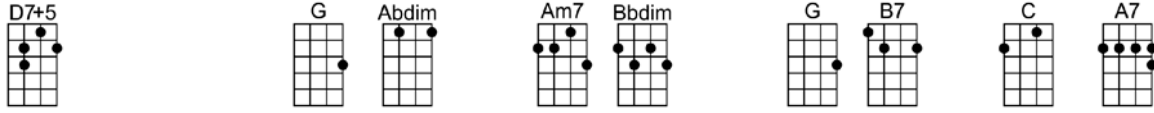


BIRTH OF THE BLUES_(BAR)

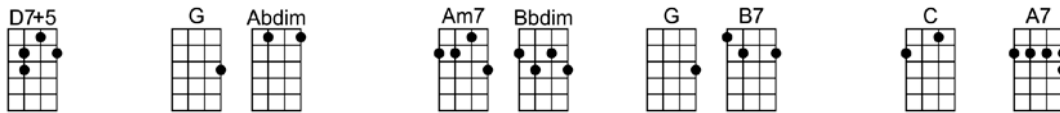
4/4 1...2...1234



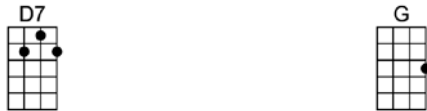
They heard the breeze in the trees singing weird melo-dies



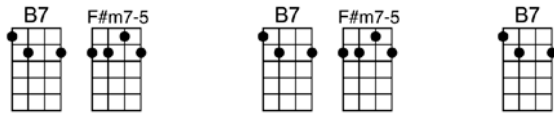
And they made that the start of the blues



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



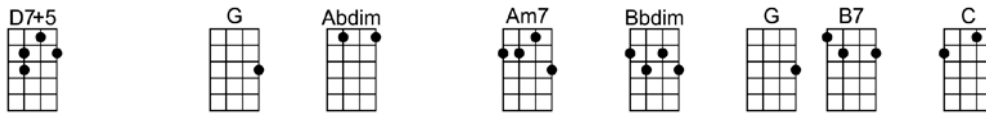
And they played that as a part of the blues



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



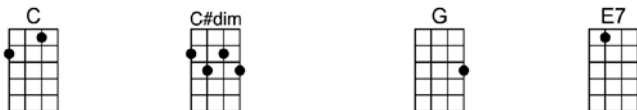
Pushed it through a horn 'til it was worn into a blue note



And then they nursed it, and 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.

