BLUES IN THE NIGHT

- Harold Arlen

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

Intro: | | | | | |

G6  C9  G6  Eb7  D7

My mama done tol’ me, when I was in knee-pants/pig-tails, my mama done tol’ me, son/hon

A woman’ll/man’s gonna sweet talk, and give you the big eye

But when the sweet talkin’s done, a woman’s/man is a two-face

A worrisome thing who’ll leave you to sing the blues in the night

Now the rain’s a-fallin’, hear the train a-callin, whoo - ee, my mama done tol’ me

Hear that lonesome whistle blowin’ cross the trestle, whoo - ee, my mama done tol’ me

A-whoo - ee-duh-whoo - ee, ol’ clickety clack’s a-echoin’ back the blues in the night

The evenin’ breeze’ll start the trees to cryin’, and the moon’ll hide its light

When you get the blues in the night
p.2. Blues In the Night

Take my word, the mockin’ bird’ll sing the saddest kind o’ song

He knows things are wrong, and he’s right

Interlude:

From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe, where-ever the four winds blow

I’ve been in some big towns, and heard me some big talk

But there is one thing I know: A woman’s/man is a two-face

A worrisome thing who’ll leave you to sing the blues in the night

My mama was right, there’s blues in the night
BLUES IN THE NIGHT - Harold Arlen

4/4 1…2…1234

Intro:  | G6 | C9 | G6 | Eb7 | D7 |

     G6     C9     G6     G7
My mama done tol’ me, when I was in knee-pants/pig-tails,  my mama done tol’ me, son/hon
C9
A woman’ll/man’s gonna  sweet talk, and give you the big eye
G6     D7
But when the sweet talkin’s done, a woman’s/man is  a two-face
Eb7     D7     G6
A worrisome thing who’ll leave you to sing the blues in the night

     G6     C9     F#9  G9     F#9  G9
Now the rain’s a-fallin’, hear the train a-callin, whoo-ee, my mama done tol’ me
C9     F#9  G9     F#9  G9
Hear that lonesome whistle blowin’ cross the trestle, whoo-ee, my mama done tol’ me
C#7  D7     C#7  D7     Eb7     D7     G6
A-whoo-ee-duh-whoo-ee, ol’ clickety clack’s a-echoin’ back the blues in the night

     C9     Cm6     D7     Eb6     A7b9
The evenin’ breeze’ll start the trees to cryin’, and the moon’ll hide its light
E7b9     A7sus  A7     D7  Cm6  D7
When you get the blues  in the night

     C9     Cm6     D7     Eb6     A7b9
Take my word, the mockin’ bird’ll sing the saddest kind o’ song
E7b9     A7sus  A7     B  E7  A7  D7
He knows things are wrong,  and he’s right

Interlude:  G6  Bbdim  Am7  Eb7  D7

     G6     C9     G6     G7
From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe, where-ever the four winds blow
C9
I’ve been in some big towns, and heard me some big talk,
G6     D7
But there is one thing I know: A woman’s/man is  a two-face
Eb7     D7     G6
A worrisome thing who’ll leave you to sing the blues in the night

     A7b9     D7sus     G9
My mama was right, there’s blues in the night