

# THE BLUES FAKE BOOK

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171 I Got What It Takes  
172 I Just Want to Make Love to You  
176 I Need Love  
177 I Wanna Put a Tiger in Your Tank  
175 I Want to Be Loved  
178 I Want You Close to Me  
184 I'm a Natural Born Lover  
182 I'm Ready  
187 I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man  
195 It Do Me So Good  
200 Just Like I Treat You  
215 Let Me Love You Baby  
218 Little Baby  
217 Little Red Rooster  
234 Lovin'est Woman in Town  
236 Loving You  
252 Mellow Down Easy  
259 My Babe  
261 My Baby Is Sweeter  
266 My John the Conquer Root  
280 One More Time  
279 Ooh Wee  
301 The Same Thing  
311 The Seventh Son  
327 Spoonful  
339 Tail Dragger  
350 This Pain in My Heart  
349 Three Hundred Pounds of Joy  
360 Tollin' Bells  
364 Twenty Nine Ways to My Baby's Door  
372 Wang Dang Doodle  
376 When the Lights Go Out  
396 You Can't Judge a Book by the Cover  
401 You Know My Love  
402 You Need Love  
404 You Shook Me  
407 Young Fashioned Ways

## Fats Domino

47 Blueberry Hill

## The Doors

33 Back Door Man  
92 Don't Go No Further  
377 Who Do You Love

## K.C. Douglas

247 Mercury Blues

## The El Dorados

24 At My Front Door

## Duke Ellington

160 I Ain't Got Nothin' But the Blues  
170 I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good  
347 Things Ain't What They Used to Be  
390 Yellow Dog Blues

## Ella Fitzgerald

44 Black Coffee  
136 Gulf Coast Blues  
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## Fleetwood Mac

161 (I) Can't Afford to Do It

## Jimmy Forrest

269 Night Train

## Aretha Franklin

77 Come Back Baby  
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## Jesse Fuller

305 San Francisco Bay Blues

## Lowell Fulson

73 Check Yourself  
297 Reconsider Baby

## Jazz Gillum

386 Woke Up Cold in Hand

## Benny Goodman

170 I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good

## Lil Green

90 Country Boy Blues  
270 99 Blues

## Woody Guthrie

101 Dust Pneumonia Blues  
266 New York Town

## Buddy Guy

63 Broken Hearted Blues  
119 Five Long Years  
239 Mary Had a Little Lamb

## Lionel Hampton

254 Midnight Sun

## W.C. Handy

390 Yellow Dog Blues

## Slim Harpo

27 Baby, Scratch My Back

## Jimi Hendrix

187 I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man  
208 Killing Floor

## Woody Herman

43 Blue Prelude  
66 Caldonia  
89 Dallas Blues

## Billie Holiday

40 Billie's Blues  
46 Blue Turning Grey over You  
116 Fine and Mellow  
125 Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You  
130 God Bless' the Child  
128 Good Morning Heartache  
211 Lady Sings the Blues  
227 Long Gone Blues  
232 Lover Man (Oh, Where Can You Be)  
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## Earl Hooker

105 End of the Blues

<b>John Lee Hooker</b>		<b>Etta James</b>	320	<i>Silver City Bound</i>		<b>The Nashville Teens</b>	
16 Alimonia Blues		29 <i>Baby, What You Want Me to Do</i>	398	<i>You Don't Know My Mind</i>	356	<i>Tobacco Road</i>	
18 Apologize			399	<i>You Know I Got to Do It</i>			
30 <i>Baby Please Don't Go</i>		<b>Skip James</b>				<b>Fred Neil</b>	
45 Bluebird		87 <i>Devil Got My Woman</i>			53	<i>Blues on the Ceiling</i>	
55 Boogie Chillen No. 2		180 <i>I'm So Glad</i>		<b>Led Zeppelin</b>			
56 Boom Boom				22 <i>Babe, I'm Gonna Leave You</i>		<b>Ricky Nelson</b>	
57 Born in Mississippi, Raised Up in Tennessee		<b>Lonnie Johnson</b>		168 <i>I Can't Quit You Baby</i>	256	<i>Milk Cow Blues</i>	
70 Canal Street Blues		74 <i>Chicago Blues</i>		172 <i>I Just Want to Make Love to You</i>			
70 It Serves Me Right to Suffer				208 <i>Killing Floor</i>		<b>New Orleans Rhythm Kings</b>	
71 It's My Own Fault		<b>Robert Johnson</b>		404 <i>You Shook Me</i>		352 <i>Tin Roof Blues</i>	
13 Letter to My Baby		61 <i>Come On in My Kitchen</i>		<b>Barbara Lee</b>			
37 Mad Man Blues		84 <i>Crossroads (Cross Road Blues)</i>	388	<i>Woman Alone with the Blues</i>		<b>Anita O'Day</b>	
45 Maudie		107 <i>Drunken Hearted Man</i>				388 <i>Woman Alone with the Blues</i>	
44 Mean Woman Blues		124 <i>From Four till Late</i>		<b>Peggy Lee</b>			
52 My First Wife Left Me		144 <i>Hellhound on My Trail</i>	44	<i>Black Coffee</i>		<b>King Oliver</b>	
77 One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer		181 <i>I'm a Steady Rollin' Man</i>	108	<i>Don't Smoke in Bed</i>	380	<i>West End Blues</i>	
30 Stella Mae		212 <i>Kindhearted Woman Blues</i>	115	<i>Fever</i>			
54 Tupelo		222 <i>Little Queen of Spades</i>	140	<i>Happy with the Blues</i>		<b>Roy Orbison</b>	
31 Whiskey and Wimmen		231 <i>Love in Vain Blues</i>	186	<i>I'm a Woman</i>	244	<i>Mean Woman Blues</i>	
72 Worried Life Blues		281 <i>Ramblin' on My Mind</i>	382	<i>Why Don't You Do Right</i>			
		333 <i>Sweet Home Chicago</i>	388	<i>Woman Alone with the Blues</i>		<b>Charlie Parker</b>	
<b>John Lee Hooker with Charlie Musselwhite</b>		342 <i>Terraplane Blues</i>				51 <i>Blues for Alice</i>	
44 <i>That's Alright</i>		348 <i>They're Red Hot</i>		<b>Little Walter</b>		150 <i>Hootie Blues</i>	
		353 <i>32-20 Blues</i>	8	<i>Ah'w Baby</i>			
<b>Lena Horne</b>		359 <i>Traveling Riverside Blues</i>	59	<i>Blues with a Feeling</i>		<b>Carl Perkins</b>	
50 <i>I Ain't Got Nothin' But the Blues</i>		379 <i>Walkin' Blues</i>	68	<i>Can't Hold Out Much Longer</i>	238	<i>Matchbox</i>	
55 <i>I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues</i>		383 <i>When You Got a Good Friend</i>	206	<i>Juke</i>	346	<i>That's All Right</i>	
31 <i>Stormy Weather</i>			214	<i>Last Night</i>			
		<b>Tommy Johnson</b>	252	<i>Mellow Down Easy</i>		<b>Elvis Presley</b>	
		39 <i>Big Road Blues</i>	259	<i>My Babe</i>		11 <i>Ain't That Loving You Baby</i>	
		83 <i>Cool Drink of Water Blues</i>				25 <i>Baby, Let's Play House</i>	
				<b>Lynyrd Skynyrd</b>		37 <i>A Big Hunk o' Love</i>	
<b>Howlin' Wolf</b>		<b>Curtis Jones</b>	313	<i>Smokestack Lightning</i>		132 <i>Good Rockin' Tonight</i>	
21 <i>Baby How Long</i>		150 <i>Highway 51 Blues</i>				141 <i>Heartbreak Hotel</i>	
33 <i>Back Door Man</i>				<b>Clyde McCoy</b>		154 <i>Hound Dog</i>	
45 Bluebird		<b>Louis Jordan</b>	329	<i>Sugar Blues</i>		244 <i>Mean Woman Blues</i>	
63 <i>Built for Comfort</i>		312 <i>Rusty Dusty Blues</i>				250 <i>Merry Christmas, Baby</i>	
13 Evil				<b>Jay McShann</b>		256 <i>Milk Cow Blues</i>	
20 <i>Forty-Four</i>		<b>B.B. King</b>	78	<i>Confessin' the Blues</i>		259 <i>My Babe</i>	
24 <i>Going Down Slow</i>		9 <i>Ain't Gonna Worry My Life Anymore</i>				258 <i>My Baby Left Me</i>	
47 <i>Hidden Charms</i>		26 <i>Ask Me No Questions</i>		<b>Willie Mabon</b>		263 <i>Mystery Train</i>	
55 <i>How Many More Years</i>		69 <i>Can't You Hear Me Talking to You</i>	294	<i>Poison Ivy</i>		297 <i>Reconsider Baby</i>	
59 <i>I Ain't Superstitious</i>		78 <i>Confessin' the Blues</i>	311	<i>The Seventh Son</i>		328 <i>Steamroller (Steamroller Blues)</i>	
08 <i>Killing Floor</i>		80 <i>Country Girl</i>				346 <i>That's All Right</i>	
09 <i>The Lemon Song</i>		99 <i>Don't You Lie to Me</i>		<b>Lonnie Mack</b>			
17 <i>Little Red Rooster</i>		110 <i>Everyday (I Have the Blues)</i>	32	<i>Baby What's Wrong</i>		<b>Yank Rachell</b>	
53 <i>Moanin' at Midnight</i>		124 <i>Going Down Slow</i>				198 <i>It Seem Like a Dream</i>	
52 <i>Moanin' for My Baby</i>		163 <i>I Believe I've Been Blue Too Long</i>		<b>John Mayall</b>			
52 <i>My Country Sugar Mama</i>		201 <i>It's My Own Fault</i>	15	<i>All Your Love</i>		<b>Ma Rainey</b>	
73 <i>No Place to Go</i>		216 <i>Let's Get Down to Business</i>	406	<i>Your Funeral My Trial</i>		314 <i>See See Rider</i>	
13 <i>Smokestack Lightning</i>		235 <i>Lucille</i>					
27 <i>Spoonful</i>		255 <i>Midnight</i>		<b>Memphis Minnie</b>		<b>Red Hot Chili Peppers</b>	
78 <i>Who's Been Talking</i>		282 <i>Paying the Cost to Be the Boss</i>	240	<i>Mean Mistreater</i>		348 <i>They're Red Hot</i>	
		292 <i>Please Send Me Someone to Love</i>					
<b>Alberta Hunter</b>		303 <i>Rock Me Baby</i>		<b>Memphis Slim</b>			
14 <i>Down Hearted Blues</i>		351 <i>Three O'Clock Blues</i>	90	<i>Cow Cow Blues</i>		<b>Jimmy Reed</b>	
29 <i>A Good Man Is Hard to Find</i>		355 <i>The Thrill Is Gone</i>	212	<i>Life Is Like That</i>		11 <i>Ain't That Loving You Baby</i>	
72 <i>Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning</i>		384 <i>Why I Sing the Blues</i>				8 <i>Aw Shucks, Hush Your Mouth</i>	
				<b>The Steve Miller Band</b>		29 <i>Baby, What You Want Me to Do</i>	
<b>Ivory Joe Hunter</b>		<b>Freddy King</b>	61	<i>Come On in My Kitchen</i>		62 <i>Bright Lights, Big City</i>	
17 <i>I Almost Lost My Mind</i>		202 <i>It's Too Bad Things Are Going So Tough</i>	247	<i>Mercury Blues</i>		151 <i>Honest I Do</i>	
		224 <i>Lonesome Whistle Blues</i>				145 <i>Hush Hush</i>	
<b>Mississippi John Hurt</b>				<b>Little Brother Montgomery</b>		397 <i>You Don't Have to Go</i>	
11 <i>Candy Man Blues</i>		<b>Leadbelly</b>	365	<i>Vicksburg Blues</i>			
11 <i>Got the Blues, Can't Be Satisfied</i>		13 <i>Alabama Bound</i>				<b>Jimmy Rodgers</b>	
		35 <i>Backwater Blues</i>		<b>Gary Moore</b>		76 <i>Chicago Bound</i>	
<b>Alan Jackson</b>		58 <i>Bottle It Up and Go</i>	19	<i>As the Years Go Passing By</i>			
17 <i>Mercury Blues</i>		64 <i>Bourgeois Blues</i>	334	<i>Still Got the Blues</i>		<b>The Rolling Stones</b>	
		71 <i>Careless Love</i>				82 <i>Crackin' Up</i>	
<b>Papa Charlie Jackson</b>		93 <i>De Kalb Blues</i>		<b>Jelly Roll Morton</b>		217 <i>Little Red Rooster</i>	
0 <i>Shake That Thing</i>		110 <i>Easy Rider</i>	34	<i>Beale Street Blues</i>			
		131 <i>Good Mornin' Blues</i>	204	<i>Jelly Roll Blues</i>		<b>Otis Rush</b>	
<b>Elmore James</b>		203 <i>Jailhouse Blues</i>	249	<i>Michigan Water Blues</i>		15 <i>All Your Love</i>	
13 <i>Goodbye Baby</i>		194 <i>Jim Crow</i>	380	<i>West End Blues</i>		108 <i>Double Trouble</i>	
12 <i>Ice Cream Man</i>		251 <i>The Midnight Special</i>				168 <i>I Can't Quit You Baby</i>	
16 <i>It Hurts Me Too</i>		293 <i>Roberta</i>					
15 <i>Something Inside Me</i>							

- Jimmy Rushing**  
95 Did You Ever  
319 Shipwrecked Blues
- Sade**  
292 Please Send Me Someone to Love
- Carlos Santana**  
377 Who Do You Love
- Bobby Scott**  
173 I Keep Going Back to Joe's
- Ollie Shepard**  
184 It's a Low Down Dirty Shame
- Frank Sinatra**  
17 Angel Eyes
- Ricky Skaggs**  
148 Highway 40 Blues
- Bessie Smith**  
28 Baby Doll  
31 Baby, Won't You Please Come Home  
35 Backwater Blues  
96 Dirty No-Gooder's Blues  
104 Down Hearted Blues  
106 Down in the Dumps  
111 Empty Bed Blues  
121 Foolish Man Blues  
129 A Good Man Is Hard to Find  
136 Gulf Coast Blues  
158 I Ain't Got Nobody  
191 In the House Blues  
197 It Makes My Love Come Down  
203 Jailhouse Blues  
223 Long Road  
264 My Man Blues  
276 Nobody Knows You When You're  
Down and Out  
286 Pickpocket Blues  
287 Please Help Me Get Him Off My Mind  
300 Rocking Chair Blues  
315 Sorrowful Blues  
322 St. Louis Blues  
338 Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do  
374 Wasted Life Blues  
366 Weary Blues  
390 Yellow Dog Blues
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398 You Don't Know My Mind
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86 Crazy Blues
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288 Pinetop's Blues
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229 Louise, Louise Blues
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42 (What Did I Do to Be So) Black and Blue  
165 I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues  
354 Tishomingo Blues
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60 Born to Be Blue
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129 A Good Man Is Hard to Find  
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290 Piney Brown Blues
- Joe Turner and Pete Johnson**  
302 Roll 'Em Pete
- Joe Turner with Art Tatum**  
375 Wee Baby Blues
- Van Halen**  
192 Ice Cream Man
- Sarah Vaughan**  
44 Black Coffee
- Stevie Ray Vaughan**  
215 Let Me Love You Baby  
220 Live Another Day  
230 Love Struck Baby  
296 Pride and Joy  
343 Texas Flood
- The Viscounts**  
269 Night Train
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174 I Know Your Wig Is Gone  
199 It's a Low Down Dirty Deal  
246 Mean Old World  
335 T-Bone Shuffle  
358 The Time Seems So Long  
368 Vida Lee
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10 Ain't Misbehavin'  
46 Blue Turning Grey over You
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162 I Believe I'll Make a Change  
185 I've Been Treated Wrong
- Ethel Waters**  
331 Stormy Weather
- Muddy Waters**  
12 All Aboard  
30 Baby Please Don't Go  
50 Blow, Wind, Blow  
52 The Blues Had a Baby and  
They Named It Rock and Roll  
72 Catfish Blues  
76 Clouds in My Heart  
84 Cold Weather Blues  
114 Feel Like Going Home  
122 Forty Days and Forty Nights  
135 Good Morning Little Schoolgirl  
152 Honey Bee  
166 I Can't Be Satisfied  
169 I Got My Brand on You  
172 I Just Want to Make Love to You  
182 I'm Ready  
187 I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man  
207 Just a Dream
- 226 Long Distance Call  
228 Look What You've Done  
240 Mean Mistreater  
260 Mule Kicking in My Stall  
265 My Home Is on the Delta  
274 Nine Below Zero  
306 Rollin' and Tumblin'  
310 Rollin' Stone  
301 The Same Thing  
313 Smokestack Lightning  
327 Spoonful  
324 Standing Around Crying  
332 Still a Fool  
362 Trouble in Mind  
363 Trouble No More  
379 Walkin' Blues  
371 Walking through the Park  
378 Who's Been Talking  
389 You Can't Lose What You Ain't Never Had  
400 You Gonna Need My Help  
402 You Need Love  
404 You Shook Me
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102 Diving Duck
- Johnny "Guitar" Watson**  
348 Three Hours Past Midnight
- Ernie Watts**  
79 Continental Blues
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295 Saint James Infirmary
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304 Road Runner
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341 That's No Way to Get Along
- Big Joe Williams**  
284 Peach Orchard Mama  
281 Ramblin' on My Mind
- Hank Williams**  
219 Long Gone Lonesome Blues  
258 Mind Your Own Business
- Hank Williams, Jr.**  
396 You Can't Judge a Book by the Cover
- Joe Williams**  
20 Alright, Okay, You Win
- Homesick James Williamson**  
161 (I) Can't Afford to Do It
- Sonny Boy Williamson**  
14 All My Love in Vain  
67 Checkin' Up on My Baby  
85 Decoration Day  
91 Dissatisfied  
112 Eyesight to the Blind  
114 Fattening Frogs for Snakes  
135 Good Morning Little Schoolgirl  
142 Help Me  
166 I Don't Know  
190 I've Been Dealin' with the Devil  
274 Nine Below Zero  
316 Shady Lane Blues  
340 Take It Easy Baby  
357 Too Young to Die
- 361 Trying to Get Back on My Feet  
367 23 Hours Too Long  
406 Your Funeral My Trial
- Johnny Winter**  
212 Kindhearted Woman Blues  
304 Road Runner  
383 When You Got a Good Friend
- Jimmy Witherspoon**  
95 Did You Ever  
180 I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water  
184 It's a Low Down Dirty Shame  
290 Piney Brown Blues  
298 Rain Is Such a Lonesome Sound  
376 When the Lights Go Out
- Jimmy Yancey**  
88 Cryin' in My Sleep
- The Yardbirds**  
179 I'm a Man
- ZZ Top**  
252 Mellow Down Easy

# AH'W BABY

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Words and Music by  
WALTER JACOBS

**MEDIUM BLUES**

Ba - by. you're look - in' a good a - gain to - night. ———  
 Ba - by. I wan - na will my love to you. ——— (oh yeah)  
 Ba - by. it's a low-down dirt - y shame. ——— (oh yeah)

Yeah \_\_\_\_\_ ba - by. you're look - in' good a -  
 Yeah \_\_\_\_\_ ba - by. I wan - na will my  
 Yeah \_\_\_\_\_ ba - by. it's a low - down

gain to - night. You are made for me, ba - by.  
 love to you. 'Cause you're my kind of ba - by,  
 dirt - y shame, the way they talk a - bout you.

I can't wait for to - mor - row night.  
 baby, I u - sual - ly want — you.  
 but I love — you just the same.

# AW SHUCKS, HUSH YOUR MOUTH

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Words and Music by  
JIMMY REED

**MODERATE BLUES**

Aw shucks, hush your mouth. Ba - by, you knock - ing me  
 say sweet — things, it rings — all in — my  
 hush, shut your mouth. Ba - by, you knock - ing me

out. I — said, "Shucks, hush your mouth." Ba - by, you knock - ing me  
 ears. And when you say sweet — things, it rings all in — my  
 out. Oh! — Hush, hush, shut your mouth. Ba - by, you knock - ing me

out. You my kind of wom - an, you know what it's all a - bout. —  
 ears. You got me on the run, — and hon - ey I can't blame you. —  
 out. All the good in — me, — you know you bring — it out. —

And when you  
 Hush,



# AIN'T GONNA WORRY MY LIFE ANYMORE

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Words and Music by  
B.B. KING

**MODERATE BLUES**

**B** **E** **B**

Don't care when you go; I won't let you stay.

**E7** **B**

Good - time ba - by, bring it back some - day.

**E7** **F#7**

Oh, but some - day, ba - by, I ain't gon - na wor - ry my

**E7** **B** **2** **F#7** **B**

life an - y - more. I ain't got one thing

**E** **B** **E7**

give me the blues: when I go in the hole

**B** **E7**

and my thought's a - bout you. Oh, but some - day, ba - by,

**F#7** **E7** **1** **B**

I ain't gon - na wor - ry my life an - y - more.

**2** **F#7** **2** **B** **B13**

Don't care when you more.

# AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

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Words by ANDY RAZAF  
 Music by THOMAS "FATS" WALLER  
 and HARRY BROOKS

**SLOWLY**

The musical score is written on a single staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The tempo is marked 'SLOWLY'. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. Chord symbols are placed above the staff, often with a slash indicating a slash-chord. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing.

Chord symbols: Eb, E<sub>DIM7</sub>, F<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>#DIM7</sub>, Eb/G, G7<sub>#5</sub>, Ab<sub>6</sub>, Db<sub>9</sub>, Eb/G, C<sub>7</sub>, F<sub>M7</sub>, Bb<sub>9</sub>, G<sub>7</sub>, C<sub>7</sub>, F<sub>7</sub>, Bb<sub>7</sub>, Eb, E<sub>DIM7</sub>, F<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>#DIM7</sub>, Eb/G, G7<sub>#5</sub>, Ab<sub>6</sub>, Db<sub>9</sub>, Eb/G, C<sub>7</sub>, F<sub>M7</sub>, Bb<sub>9</sub>, Eb, Ab, Eb, D7b<sub>9</sub>, G<sub>7</sub>, C<sub>M</sub>, Ab<sub>7/C</sub>, F<sub>7/C</sub>, C<sub>7</sub>, F<sub>6</sub>, C<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>9</sub>, G7<sub>#9</sub>, C<sub>7</sub>, F<sub>7</sub>, Bb<sub>7</sub>, Eb, E<sub>DIM7</sub>, F<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>#DIM7</sub>, Eb/G, G7<sub>#5</sub>, Ab<sub>6</sub>, Db<sub>9</sub>, Eb/G, C<sub>7</sub>, F<sub>M7</sub>, Bb<sub>9</sub>, Ab<sub>9</sub>, Eb<sub>6/9</sub>.

No one to talk with, all by my-self, no one to talk with, but  
 I'm hap-py on—the shelf. Ain't mis-be-hav-in' I'm sav-in' my love for  
 you. I know for cer-tain the one I love,  
 I'm thru with flirt-in', it's just you I'm think-in' of. Ain't mis-be-hav-in',  
 I'm sav-in' my love for you. Like Jack Hor-ner  
 in the cor-ner, don't go no-where, what do I care. Your kiss-es  
 are worth wait-in' for, be-lieve me. I don't stay out late,  
 don't care to go. I'm home a-bout eight, just me and my ra-di-o.  
 Ain't mis-be-hav-in', I'm sav-in' my love for you.

# AIN'T THAT LOVING YOU BABY

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Words and Music by CLYDE OTIS  
 and IVORY JOE HUNTER

MODERATELY

*E<sub>b</sub>*



Let me tell you Ba - by, tell you what I would  
 Lis - ten to me Ba - by, it don't sound like it's  
 They may kill me Ba - by, and bu - ry me six feet



do. I would climb the tall - est  
 true. You just my throw me in the o - cean. I'd  
 deep. Well my bo - dy might lie, but my

*E<sub>b</sub>7 C<sub>m</sub> E<sub>b</sub>7*



moun - tain, Ba - by, just to get real tight with you.  
 swim to the bank. And crawl right back to you. Cry - in'  
 spir - it's gon - na rise. And come right back to you. Cry - in'

*A<sub>b</sub>7*

*E<sub>b</sub> A<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub> A<sub>b</sub>*



Ain't that a - lov - in' you, Ba - by. Ain't that a - lov - in' you,

*E<sub>b</sub>*

*A<sub>b</sub>7*



Babe, come on and tell me. Ain't that a - lov - in' you. Ba - by. But you

*F7*

*B<sub>b</sub>7*

*A<sub>b</sub>*

*E<sub>b</sub>*

1. 2.	3.
	<i>E<sub>b</sub>9</i>



don't, you don't know, know my name.

# ALL BLUES

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By MILES DAVIS

MODERATELY

*G7*

*C7*



(Instrumental)

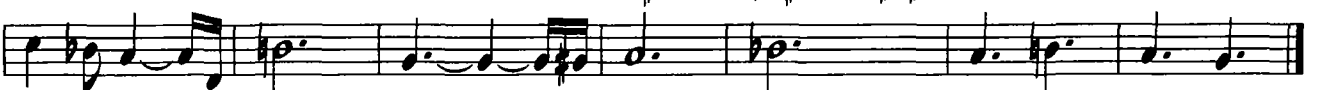
*G7*

*D7#9*

*E<sub>b</sub>7#9*

*D7#5#9*

*G7*



# ALL ABOARD

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Written by  
MCKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**MODERATELY FAST** **D** **G**

Mean old Fris - co. take a my - a babe a - way.  
peo - ple just don't un - der - stand.

**D** **G**

Mean old Fris - co.  
What makes peo - ple

**D**

— take - a my - a babe a - way.  
— just don't un - der - stand.

**A7** **G7**

— Well I'm hop - ing and trust - ing she'll come back home one  
— Well. Now to take my wo - man 'way get her to an - oth - er man.

**D**

day. What makes Stand - ing there trem - bling.

**G7** **D**

— train go - in' 'round and 'round.

**G7**

— Stand - ing here trem - bling. train go - in' 'round and 'round.

**D** **A7**

Well I start - ed in - to cry - ing.

**G7** **D7**

— peo - ple. I don't have an - y friends. A work - ing man

builds up, round - er tears it down.

A work - ing man builds up, round - er tears it down. Well I worked hard all my life, now I'm get - tin' pushed a - round.

# ALABAMA BOUND

TRO - © Copyright 1963 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by  
HUDDIE LEDBETTER

MODERATELY

1. I'm Al - a - bam - a bound. I'm Al - a - bam - a bound. I'm A - la - bam - a bound. A - la - bam - a bound. And if the train don't turn a - round. I'm Al - a - bam - a bound. I'm Al - a - bam - a bound.

## Additional Lyrics

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Oh don't you leave me here.<br/>Oh don't you leave me here.<br/>If you will go anyhow, leave a dime for beer.</p>                      | <p>3. Elder Green is gone.<br/>Elder Green is gone.<br/>She is way 'cross the country, sweet gal, with her long clothes on.</p>               |
| <p>4. Oh, the preacher preached, the sister turned around.<br/>The deacon's in the corner hollering.<br/>"Sweet gal, I'm Alabama bound."</p> | <p>5. Preacher's in the stand, passin' his hat around,<br/>Sayin', "Brothers and sisters.<br/>Shoot your money to me, I'm Alabama bound."</p> |

# ALL MY LOVE IN VAIN

Copyright © 1955 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

MODERATELY

My heart has been broken and I know my love's in vain. My

heart has been broken and I know my love's in vain; But the

people have always told me. That a woman was a glory for a man.

If you whisper when she needs it, The judge will not let you ex -

plain. If you whisper when she needs it, The

judge will not let you explain; Because he be -

lieves in justice. And a woman is the glory for man.

I'd rather be tied out in the desert, Right out in the fall - ing rain, -

Tied out in the desert,

*E*

Right out in the fall - ing rain: Than to

*B7* *A7* *E*

lose my ba - by. She is the glo - ry for man.

# ALL YOUR LOVE

(I Miss Loving)

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a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI)

Words and Music by  
OTIS RUSH

**SLOW BLUES** *E<sub>M</sub>*

All your love I miss lov-ing. All your kiss I miss kiss-ing.  
ba - by, I have in store for you.

*A<sub>M</sub>* *E<sub>M</sub>*

All your love I miss lov-ing. All your kiss I miss kiss-ing.  
All my love, pret - ty ba - by. I have in store for you.

*B7* *A<sub>M</sub>* *E<sub>M</sub>* **To CODA**

Be-fore I met you. ba - by. I did - n't know what I was miss-ing.  
Well, I love you. ba - by. I know you love me too.

**SWING TEMPO** *E*

All my love. pret - ty Oh. oh. oh, ba - by. you know I

*A<sub>9</sub>* *A7*

love you. Yeah. yeah. yeah, ba - by. you know I love you.

*E* *B7* *A7*

ba - by. I love you, ba - by. oh, I love you so-

*E* **SLOWER** *D.S. AL CODA* **CODA**

All your love I miss

## ALIMONIA BLUES

© Copyright 1971 by MCA MUSIC PUBLISHING. A Division of UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, INC.

Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**SLOW BLUES**

And ba - by. why you treat me like you do, babe?  
(Recitation)

And ba - by, ba - by, I won-der why you treat me like you do, babe..

You know I love you, ba-by, drive- me the way you

do, ba - by. — You

## Recitation

You takin' me downtown to the judge, you told the judge I didn't never treat you right,  
 You told the judge I hadn't paid no alimonia in three months until today.  
 You know baby, baby, you was wrong, you was wrong, baby.  
 And baby, baby, I took your word, baby, I get ya my money every week,  
 I didn't bring ya downtown, you told me that you wasn't goin' downtown on me.  
 But you let it pile up, all the back alimonia, baby.

You come downtown and told the judge I hadn't give you a thing, hadn't give you a thing.  
 You knowed, you knowed I couldn't show no receipt for it,  
 You lied to me, and baby, why you treat me this way, baby?

I tried to talk to the judge  
 He told me to shut up, that I couldn't reduce the receipt,  
 (And) my wife was cryin', she was cryin'  
 But I could see it in her face, in her face  
 She couldn't look at me, couldn't look at me.

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey hey

She told the judge I hadn't paid no alimonia,  
 She told the judge little kids was hungry.  
 She lied on me, hey, hey, hey.  
 The Alimonia Blues, the Alimonia Blues,  
 Hey, hey, I never do that again.



## ANGEL EYES

Copyright © 1946 (Renewed) by Music Sales Corporation (ASCAP)

Words by EARL BRENT  
Music by MATT DENNIS

## SLOW BLUES

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The score includes a double bar line with first and second endings.

Try to think— that love's not a - round. still it's un - com - fort - bly near.—  
 An - gel eyes— that old dev - il sent.— they glow un - bear - a - bly bright.

— My old heart— ain't gain - in' no ground be -  
 — Need I say— that my love's mis - spent.— mis -

cause my an - gel eyes ain't here.—  
 spent with an - gel eyes to - night. — So drink up— all you peo -

- ple.— or - der an - y - thing you see.— Have fun.— you hap - py

peo - ple.— the drink and the laugh's.— on me.—

Par - don me.— but I got - ta run.— the fact's un - com - mon - ly clear.—

— Got - ta find— who's now "Num - ber One"— and

why my an - gel eyes ain't here.— 'Scuse me while I dis - ap - pear.—

# APOLOGIZE

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Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**SLOW BLUES** (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ ) **F**

Yes, I've come to you, ba - by, ba-by, I want to a-pol-o-gize to  
ba-by, I want to come back

you. home. Yes, I've come to you, ba - by, I know I've done you wrong, ba - by,

**F**

ba - by, I want to a - pol-o-gize to you. For - give me,  
ba - by, I want to come back home. Well, I a-pol-o-gize.

**C7** **Bb7** **F**

dar - lin', let me come back home a - gain,  
ba - by, I sure want to roam no more.

1 2

I know I've done you wrong, ba - I want to tell you, ba - by.

**Bb7**

ba-by, just how- I miss you so. I want to tell you, ba - by,

**F**

ba - by, just how- I miss you so. The nights are so

**C7** **Bb7** **F**

long and lone-some, ba-by, ba-by, since you've been gone a - way.

# AS THE YEARS GO PASSING BY

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Words and Music by  
DEADRIC MALONE

**SLOW BLUES**  $\frac{9}{8}$   $A_m$   $D_m$   $A_m$

There is noth - in' I can do as you leave me here to cry. \_\_\_\_\_  
leave it up to you. So long, so long good - bye. \_\_\_\_\_

$D_m$   $A_m$

There is noth - in' I can do as you leave me here to cry. \_\_\_\_\_ }  
Gon - na leave it up to you. So long, so long good - bye. \_\_\_\_\_ }

$E_7$   $F$   $E_7$

You know my love will fol-low you— as the years go pass - in'

$A_m$

by. \_\_\_\_\_ } Give you all — that I own,  
Gon - na leave it up to you.

$D_m$   $A_m$

that's one thing you can't de - ny. \_\_\_\_\_ Give you  
So long, so long good - bye. \_\_\_\_\_ Gon - na

$D_m$   $A_m$

all — that I own, that's one thing you can't de - ny. \_\_\_\_\_ }  
leave it up to you. So long, so long good - bye. \_\_\_\_\_ }

$E_7$   $F$   $E_7$  To CODA  $\oplus$

You know my love will fol-low you— as the years go pass - in'

$A_m$   $E_7$  D.S. AL CODA  $\oplus$  CODA  $A_m$   $F$   $E_7$   $A_m$

by. \_\_\_\_\_ Gon - na by. \_\_\_\_\_

# ALRIGHT, OKAY, YOU WIN

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Words and Music by SID WYCHE  
 and MAYME WATTS

## MODERATE BOOGIE WOOGIE

*E<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub><sup>+</sup>* *E<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub><sup>+</sup>* *E<sub>b</sub>*

Well, al - right, — o - kay, — you win, — I'm in

*E<sub>b</sub>7* *A<sub>b</sub>*

love with you. — Well, al - right, — o - kay, — you win, —

*E<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *To CODA* ⊕

— ha - by, what can I do? — I'll — do an - y - thing - you say. -

*A<sub>b</sub>9* *E<sub>b</sub>* *A<sub>b</sub>7* *E<sub>b</sub>*

— { it's just got - ta be that way. — Well, al - right, -  
 { as long as it's me and you.

*E<sub>b</sub>6*

— All that — I am ask - in',

*E<sub>b</sub>* *A<sub>b</sub>9*

all I want — from you, — just love — me like

*E<sub>b</sub>* *N.C.* *B<sub>b</sub>7*

I love — you an' it won't be hard to do! — Well, al - right,

*E<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *E<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub><sup>+</sup>* *E<sub>b</sub>* *D.S. AL CODA*

— o - kay, — you win, — I'm in

⊕ CODA

Ab9 Eb Ab6 Ab9 Eb

sweet ba - by take me by the hand. Well, al - right,

Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Cb7 Eb E9b5 Eb6/9

o - kay. you win.

# BABY HOW LONG

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Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETT

MEDIUM BLUES A

When you left me here this morn - ing, you're tak - in' my heart a - way. —  
 long. — ba - by, how — long, how long. —  
 when you leave — home. — you can call me on your phone. —  
 long — are you gon - na do me wrong? —

D

When you left me here this morn - ing,  
 How — long. — ba - by.  
 Well, — when you leave — home, —  
 How — long —

A E

you're tak - in' my heart a - way. — That's al - right, ba - by. —  
 how — long, how long. — You know I love you. —  
 you can call me on your phone. — I'll send you your mon - ey, —  
 are you gon - na do me wrong? — Ain't no - bod - y nev - er lived. —

D7 A 1-3 4

you're gon - na come back home some day. — How  
 you should - n't be do - in' me wrong. — Well  
 dar - ling, you can come back home. — How  
 that did - n't do some - bod - y wrong. —

# BABE, I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU

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Words and Music by ANNE BREDON,  
JIMMY PAGE and ROBERT PLANT

MODERATELY

*A<sub>M7</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M7</sub>SUS/G* *A<sub>M7</sub>/G* *D/F#* *D7/F#* *F* *E*

Babe. ba - by, ba - by, I'm—

*A<sub>M7</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M7</sub>SUS/G* *A<sub>M7</sub>/G* *D/F#* *D7/F#* *F* *E*

— gon - na leave— you.— I said—

*A<sub>M7</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M7</sub>SUS/G* *A<sub>M7</sub>/G* *D/F#* *D7/F#* *F* *E*

— ba - by.— you know— I'm gon -

*F6* *F* *E7* *E* *F6* *F*

na leave you— when— the sum - mer - time.— leave you when the—

*E7* *E* *A<sub>M</sub>* *E<sub>M</sub>/G* *D7/F#* *D/F#*

— sum - mer comes a - roll - in', leave— you when—

*F* *E* *A<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M7</sub>* *D<sub>M</sub>(ADD9)*

— the sum - mer comes— a - long.—

*A<sub>M7</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M7</sub>SUS/G* *A<sub>M7</sub>/G* *D/F#* *D7/F#* *F* *E*

1. Babe, babe.— babe.— babe.— babe.— babe.— ba - by, oh ba - by, I—  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

*A<sub>M7</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M7</sub>SUS/G* *A<sub>M7</sub>/G* *D/F#* *D7/F#* *F* *E*

wan - na leave you.— I ain't jok - ing.— wom - an, I've got to—

*A<sub>M7</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M7</sub>SUS/G* *A<sub>M7</sub>/G* *D/F#* *D7/F#* *F* *E*

— ram - ble.— Oh, yeah.—

$A_{M7}$   $A_M$   $A_{M7/G}$   $D/F\#$   $D_7/F\#$   $F$   $E$   
 Ba - by, ba - by, — I be - lieve in, I real - ly got to  
 $F_6$   $F$   $E_7$   $E$   $F_6$   $F$   $E_7$   $E$   
 ram - ble. — *Sung:* I can hear it call - in' me — the way it  
*Spoken:* I can hear it calling me.  
 $F_6$   $F$   $E_7$   $E$   $D_7/F\#$   $D/F\#$   $F$   $E$   
 used to do. — I can hear it call - in' me — back home.  
 $A_M$   $A_{M7}$   $D_M(ADD9)$   $A_{M7/G}$   $D_7/F\#$   
 Ba - by, — ba - by, —  
**FREE TIME**  
 $F$   $E$   $F$   $E_7$   
 ba - by, — that's when it's call - in' me, —  
 $F$   $E_7$   $A/C\#$   
 I said that's when it's call - in' me — back — home.  
 $C_{M6}$   $B_{M7}$   $B_{bMAJ7}$   $A_M(ADD9)$   
 (Instrumental)

### Additional Lyrics

2. Baby, oh babe, I'm gonna leave you.  
 Oh babe, oh you know  
 I'm really gonna leave you.  
 I could hear it callin' me.  
 I said don't you hear it  
 Callin' me now, babe, don't you?

3. I know, I know, I know  
 I'm never, never, never, never, never  
 Gonna leave you, babe.  
 But I gotta go away from this place.  
 I gotta quit you, yeah.  
 Oh baby, don't you hear it callin'?  
 Oh woman, I know.  
 Feels good to have you back again.  
 And I know that one day, baby, it's alright.  
 We gonna go walkin'  
 Through the park every day.

# AT MY FRONT DOOR

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Words and Music by JOHN C. MOORE  
and EWART G. ABNER, JR.

MODERATELY FAST

G6

Cra - zy lit - tle ma - ma come knock - ing, knock - ing at my front

G7 C9

door. door. door. Cra - zy lit - tle ma - ma come knock - ing,

G6 D7

knock - ing at my front door. — Cra - zy lit - tle ma - ma come

C9 G6

knock, knock, knock-ing, just — like — she did it be - fore. — I

woke up this morn - ing with a feel - ing of de - spair, I tel - e - phoned my ba - by, but she —

G7 C9

— was - n't there. — Heard — some - one knock - ing, and much — to my sur - prise,

G6 D7

there stood my ba - by, look - ing in my eyes. Cra - zy lit - tle ma - ma come

C9 G6

knock, knock, knock-ing, just — like — she did it be - fore. — If you

got a lit - tle ma - ma and ya want to get a - long, teach — your lit - tle ma - ma right —



— from wrong. Tell her that you love her like you did be - fore, she'll come  
 knock, knock, knock - ing at your door. Cra - zy lit - tle ma - ma come  
 knock, knock, knock - ing, just — like — she did it be - fore. —

## BABY, LET'S PLAY HOUSE

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Written by ARTHUR GUNTER

### IN A SOLID FOUR

1. You may go to col - lege, — you may go to school.  
 2. Lis - ten to me, ba - by, — what I'm talk - in' a - bout.  
 3-4 (See additional lyrics)

You may get re - lig - ion, ba - by, don't you be no - bod - y's  
 Come on back to me, lit - tle — girl, — so we can play some

fool. }  
 house. } Now, ba - by, come, ba - by, come. Come back, ba - by, come.

Come back, ba - by, I wan - na play house with you. —

### Additional Lyrics

3. This is one thing, baby  
 What I want you to know:  
 Come on back and let's play a little house  
 So we can do what we did before.  
 Now, baby, come, etc.
4. Listen, I'm telling you, baby,  
 Don't you understand?  
 I'd rather see you dead, little girl,  
 Than to be with another man.  
 Now, baby, come, etc.

# ASK ME NO QUESTIONS

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Words and Music by  
B.B. KING

**MODERATELY**

You go out, when you get read - y, and you come  
home when you please, you just love me when you want to ba - by;  
And you think it ought to be all right with me. Well, I tried—  
to talk with you, ba - by, And to let you know just how I  
feel. You tell me if I don't like it; You know— some-one else  
will. Oh, but I've got— wise— to you. Babe;  
You're not the on - ly bird in the sky.— Oh, so don't  
ask me no ques - tions now, Ba-by. And I, — I won't  
tell you no lie.— be - cause I want to feel arms a - bout me. And lips  
close.— close to mine.— So I don't have to beg you to love me;

A7 D7 G G7 C Cm G D7 D.S. AL CODA

I don't have to beg you all the time.

Oh, but I've

⊕ CODA

D7 G

tell you no lie.— yes, you can love me if you want to

or you can keep on—

C7 Eb7 G Em7

— play-ing the field.

Be - cause— now I know if you don't love me— I know—

Am7 D9 G G7 C Cm G

there's some - bod - y else— that will.

# BABY SCRATCH MY BACK

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By JAMES MOORE

MEDIUM BLUES F

Spoken: "Aw, I'm itchin' and I don't know where to scratch.

Bb9 F C7

Come here, baby, scratch my back. I know you can do it, so,

Bb9 F F7

baby, get to it. Aw, you're workin' with it now. You got me feelin' so

Bb7 Ab/Bb F7

good. Look how it's done now, baby. Look, girl, I'll show you how to scratch.

C7 Bb9 F Eb Db GbMAJ7 F

Now you're doin' the chicken scratch. Baby, scratch my back."

# BABY DOLL

© 1927 (Renewed), 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

**MODERATELY**

Hon-ey, there's a fun - ny feel - ing 'round my heart, and it's bound to drive your ma - ma  
 wild. It must be some - thing they call the Cu - ban doll, — it  
 weren't your ma - ma's an - gel child. I went to see the doc - tor the oth - er day, he  
 said I's well as well could be: But I said, "Doc - tor, you don't know -  
 real - ly what's - wor - ry - ing me. — I want to be some - bod - y's  
 ba - by doll so I can get — my lov - ing — all the time. I  
 want to be some - bod - y's ba - by doll — to ease my mind -  
 — He can be ug - ly, he can be black, so long as he can ea - gle rock and  
 ball the jack. — I want to be some - bod - y's ba - by doll so I can get —

— my lov - in' — all the time. I mean\_ to get my lov-in' all — the  
 time. — Lord, I went to the gyp - sy to get my for - tune told, she said you in  
 hard luck, Bes - sie, dog-gone your bad luck soul. — I time. —

Chords:  $G_9$ ,  $C_7$ ,  $F$ ,  $D_7$ ,  $G_7$ ,  $C_7$  *To CODA*  $\oplus$   
 $F$ ,  $C_7$ ,  $F_7$   
 $B_b$  *MAJ7*,  $B$  *DIM7*, *D.S. AL CODA*,  $F$  *CODA*

## BABY, WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO

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Words and Music by  
JIMMY REED

Got me run - nin', — you got me hid - in' — You got me  
 up, — go - in' down. — Go - in'  
 beep - ing. — got me hid - ing. — Got me

run, hide, hide, run, an - y way you want to. } Let it roll,  
 up, down, down, up, an - y way you want it. }  
 beep, hide, hide, beep, an - y way you want to. }

yeah. — yeah, yeah. — You got me doin' what you want me, —

ba - by, why you want to let go? — Go - in'  
 Got me

Tempo: **MODERATELY**  
 Chords:  $E_7$ ,  $A_7$ ,  $E_7$ ,  $B_7$ ,  $A_7$ ,  $E_7$

# BABY, PLEASE DON'T GO

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Words and Music by  
JOE WILLIAMS

**MODERATE BLUES** **B $\flat$**

Oh, ba - by, please don't go. \_\_\_\_\_

**B $\flat$ 7**

Oh, ba - by, please don't go. \_\_\_\_\_

Oh, ba - by, please - don't - go back to New Or - leans - be - cause I

**B $\flat$**

love - you so. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, turn your lamp down

**B $\flat$ 7**

low. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, turn your lamp down low. \_\_\_\_\_

Oh, turn your lamp - down - low, be - cause I

**B $\flat$**

love you so. \_\_\_\_\_ Ba - by, please don't - go. \_\_\_\_\_

They got me 'way down here. \_\_\_\_\_ They got me 'way down

**B $\flat$ 7**

here. \_\_\_\_\_ They got me 'way - down - here by the

**B $\flat$**

roll - in' fog, treat me like a dog.

Oh, ba - by, please don't go.

Oh, ba - by, please don't go!

# BABY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by CHARLES WARFIELD  
and CLARENCE WILLIAMS

**MEDIUM BLUES**

Ba - by, won't you please come home, 'cause your mam - ma's all a - lone

I have tried in vain, nev - er no more to call your name

When you left you broke my heart Be - cause I nev - er thought we'd part. Ev - 'ry

hour in the day, you will hear me say, ba - by won't you please come home.

home. dad - dy needs mam - ma, ba - by won't you please come home.

# BABY WHAT'S WRONG

Copyright © 1961 (Renewed) by Conrad Music, a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI) and Seeds of Reed Music (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JIMMY REED

**MODERATELY** **E**

Hey, ba - by, hon - ey what's wrong with you? you? You don't treat me, dar - lin', like you used to do. You got me run - nin' ba - by, you got me hid - in', too, tell me, tell me ba - by, what we gon - na do, hey, ba - by, hon - ey what's wrong with you? You don't treat me, dar - lin', like you used to do. Hey,



# BACK DOOR MAN

© 1961 (Renewed 1989) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

MODERATELY

E7



I am a back door man.



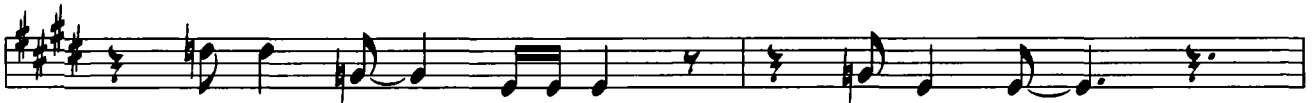
I am a back door man. Well, the



men don't know but the little girls understand.



{	When ev - 'ry - bod - y's	tryin' to sleep,
	They take me to the doc - tor,	shot full of holes.
	When ev - 'ry - bod - y's	tryin' to sleep.
	Cop's - wife - cried,	"Don't kick him down."



I'm some - where - mak-in' my	mid - night creep.
Nurse cried, can't	save his soul.
I'm some - where - mak-in' my	mid - night creep.
Rath - er be dead, six feet	in the ground.



Just the morn - in' the roost - er crow,
Ac - cused him for mur - der, first de - gree.
Ev - 'ry morn - in' the roost - er crow.
When you come home you can eat pork and beans.



some - thin' tell me	I got to go.
Judge wife cried,	let the man go free.
some - thin' tell me	I got to go.
I eat more chick - en	an - y man seen.

# BEALE STREET BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
W. C. HANDY

MODERATELY

B $\flat$

D $M7\flat5$  B $\flat7$



I've seen the lights of gay Broad way.  
The Sev - en Won - ders of the World I've seen

E $\flat$

B $\flat$



Old Mar - ket Street down by the Fris - co Bay. I've strolled the  
And man - y are the plac - es I have been. Take my ad -

B $\flat$ /F

F7

B $\flat$

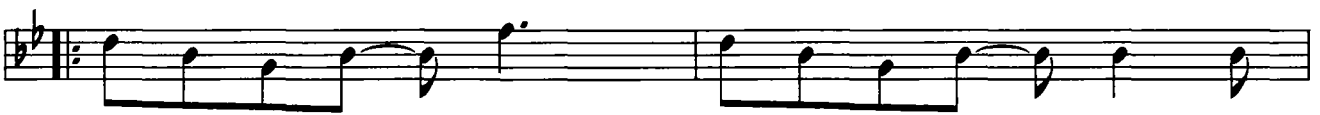
F7

B $\flat$

B $\flat$



Pra - do, I've gam - bled on the Bourse. You'll  
vice, folks. and see Beale Street first.



see pret - ty Browns in beau - ti - ful gowns. You'll see  
see Hog - Nose res - t'rants and Chit - lin' Ca - fes. You'll see  
see men who rank with the first in the na - tion. Who  
Beale Street could talk. If Beale Street could talk. Mar - ried

E $\flat$

B $\flat$ /D

F7/C

G $M7$ /B $\flat$

F/A

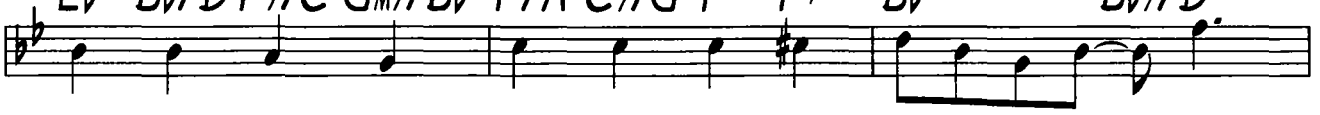
C7/G

F

F+

B $\flat$

B $\flat7$ /D



tail - or - mades and hand - me - downs. You'll meet hon - est men and  
jugs that tell of by - gone days. And plac - es. once plac - es.  
come to Beale for in - spi - ra - tion. Pol - i - ti - cians  
men would have to take their beds and walk. Ex - cept one or two who

E $\flat$

G $DIM7$

G $\flat DIM$

B $\flat$ /F



pick - pock - ets skilled. You'll find that bus' - ness nev - er clos - es till some -  
now just a sham. You'll see Gold - en Balls e - nough to pave the  
call you a dub. Un - less you've been in - i - ti - a - ted in the  
nev - er drank booze. And the blind man on the cor - ner who

1-3

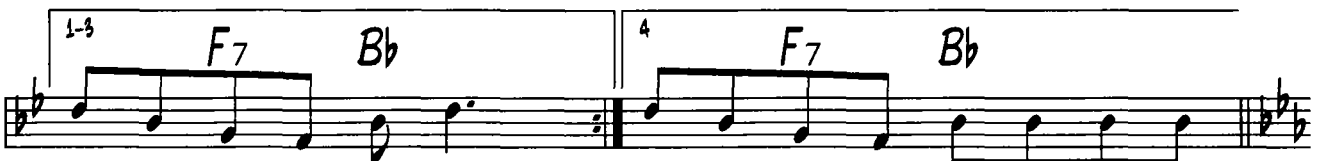
F7

B $\flat$

4

F7

B $\flat$



bod - y gets killed. You'll sings the Beale Street Blues. I'd rath - er  
New Je - ru - sa - lem. You'll  
Rick - ri - ters Club. If

be here \_\_\_\_\_ than an - y - place I know, \_\_\_\_\_ I'd rath - er  
 riv - er \_\_\_\_\_ may - be, by - and - by, \_\_\_\_\_ Goin' to the

be here \_\_\_\_\_ than an - y - place I know, \_\_\_\_\_ It's goin' to  
 riv - er \_\_\_\_\_ and there's a rea - son why: \_\_\_\_\_ Be - cause the

take the Ser-geant for to make me go, \_\_\_\_\_ Goin' to the  
 riv - ers wet \_\_\_\_\_ and Beale Street's done gone dry, \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKWATER BLUES

© 1927 (Renewed), 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

**SLOW BLUES** E A7 E  
 1. When it rained five days and the skies turned dark as night. —  
 2-7 (See additional lyrics)

A7 E  
 When it rained five days and the skies turned dark as night. — There was

B7 E  
 trou-ble tak - ing place - in the low - lands — at night. —

### Additional Lyrics

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2. I woke up this morning, wouldn't even get out of my door.<br>I woke up this morning, wouldn't even get out of my door.<br>Enough trouble to make poor girl wonder where she gonna go.   | 3. They rowed a little boat, about five miles 'cross the farm.<br>They rowed a little boat, about five miles 'cross the farm.<br>I packed up all my clothing, throwed it in and they rowed me along. |
| 4. It thundered and it lightened and the winds began to blow.<br>It thundered and it lightened and the winds began to blow.<br>There was a thousand women, didn't have no place to go.     | 5. I went out to the lonesome, high old lonesome hill.<br>I went out to the lonesome, high old lonesome hill.<br>I looked down on the old house, where I used to live.                               |
| 6. Backwater blues have caused me to pack up my things and go.<br>Backwater blues have caused me to pack up my things and go.<br>'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no more. | 7. Mmm, I can't live there no more.<br>Mmm, I can't live there no more.<br>And there ain't no place for a poor old girl to go.   |

# BASIN STREET BLUES

© 1928, 1929, 1933 (Renewed) EDWIN H. MORRIS & COMPANY, A Division of MPL Communications, Inc.

Words and Music by  
SPENCER WILLIAMS

## MEDIUM BLUES

Won't you come a-long with me, to the Mis - sis - sip - pi?  
 We'll take the boat— to the land of dreams,—  
 steam down the riv - er down to New Or - leans.— The band's there to meet us,  
 old friends to greet us. Where all the light and the  
 dark folks meet,— this is Ba - sin Street.— Ba - sin Street.—  
 is the street— where the e - lite— al - ways meet.— in New Or - leans.—  
 Land of dreams, you'll nev - er know how nice it seems, or just how much it real - ly means.  
 Glad to be,— yes sir - ree,— where wel - comes free,— dear to me.— Where  
 I can lose,— my Ba - sin Street Blues.—

**Chord Symbols:** C, G7, C<sub>DIM7</sub>, C, D<sub>M</sub>, D<sub>#DIM7</sub>, C/E, C7, G7<sub>#5</sub>, D<sub>M7</sub>, G7, C, G7, C<sub>DIM7</sub>, C, D<sub>M</sub>, D<sub>#DIM7</sub>, C/E, C7, G7<sub>#5</sub>, D<sub>M7</sub>, G7, C, A<sub>b7</sub>, G7, C, D7, A<sub>b7</sub>, G7, C, E7, A7, D7, G7, C, C<sub>DIM7</sub>, D<sub>M7</sub>, G7, C, E7, A7, B<sub>b7</sub>, A7, D7, G7, C, E<sub>M7</sub>, E<sub>bDIM7</sub>, D<sub>M7</sub>, G7, C

# A BIG HUNK O' LOVE

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 (Administered by R&H Music) and Rachel's Own Music (Administered by A. Schroeder International Ltd.)

Words and Music by AARON SCHROEDER  
 and SID WYCHE

**BRIGHT ROCK** **G** **G<sub>m</sub>** **G**

Hey, ba - by! I ain't ask - in' much of you.

**G<sub>m</sub>** **C7** **G**

No, no, no, no. No, no, no, no. ba - by. I ain't ask - in' much of you.

**D7** **D<sub>b7</sub>** **C7** **G** **N.C.**

Just a big - a - big - a - big - a hunk o' love will do. Don't be a

**G<sub>m</sub> N.C.** **G N.C.**

stin - gy lit - tle ma - ma. you 'bout to starve me half to death.  
 nat - 'ral born bee - hive. filled - with hon - ey to the top.

**G<sub>m</sub> N.C.**

Now you could spare a kiss or two, and still have plen - ty left. { Oh, no, no,  
 But I ain't greed - y ba - by, all I want is all you got. }

**C7** **G**

ba - by, I ain't ask - in' much of you. Just a

**D7** **D<sub>b7</sub>** **C7** **G** **N.C.** **1** **2**

big - a big - a big - a hunk o' love will do. You're just a

# BELL BOTTOM BLUES

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Words and Music by  
ERIC CLAPTON

**SLOW ROCK**      C      E/B      A<sub>M</sub>      C/G

Bell hot - tom blues, you made me cry.— I don't want to  
wrong, but it's all right,— the way that you  
blues, don't say good - bye.— I'm sure we're gon - na

F      G      F C      G7      C      E/B

lose— this feel - in'.      (Instrumental)      If I could choose a place to  
treat me, ba - by.      Once I was strong, but I lost the  
meet a - gain.—      And if we do,— don't ya be sur-

A<sub>M</sub>      C/G      F      G

die.—      it would be in— your — arms.— }  
fight.—      You won't find a bet - ter— los - er. }  
prised—      if you find me with an - oth - er— lov - er.

A      E/G#      F#<sub>m</sub>      D      E

Do you wan - na see me crawl a - cross— the floor— to you?

A      E/G#      F#<sub>m</sub>      D      E

Do you wan - na hear me beg you to take me back?— I'd glad - ly do it be - cause

A      A<sub>MAJ7</sub>/C#      A7      D      E

I don't want to fade a - way.— Give me one— more day,— please.

A      A<sub>MAJ7</sub>/C#      A7      D      E

I don't want to fade a - way.— In your heart I wan - na stay.

F      G7      E      A      A<sub>MAJ7</sub>/C#

(Instrumental)      { It's all— - na stay.      I don't want to fade a - way.—  
} Bell bot - tom

A7 D E A A<sub>MAJ7</sub>/C#

Give me one more day, please. I don't want to fade a way.

A7 D E F G7

In your heart I want to stay. (Instrumental)

# BIG ROAD BLUES

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TRADITIONAL

**SLOW BLUES** D

I ain't goin' down that big road by my self.  
 goin' shine in my back door some day.  
 what makes you do, like you do, do, do.

G7

Why don't you hear me, talk-in' pret-ty ma-ma, Lord. Ain't goin' down that  
 Now don't you hear me talk-in', pret-ty ma-ma, Lord. Sun goin' to shine in  
 like you do, do, do. Don't you hear me now. What makes you do me.

D A7

big road by my self. If I don't carry you, gon'  
 my back door some day. And the wind goin' to change, gon'  
 like you do, do, do. Now you say you goin' to do me

G7 D

car' some-bod-y else. Cry-in', sun-  
 to blow my blues a way. Ba-by,  
 like you done poor cher-ry Red.

# BILLIE'S BLUES

(I Love My Man)

Copyright © 1956, 1962 by Edward B. Marks Music Company  
Copyright Renewed

By BILLIE HOLIDAY

**SLOW BLUES**

I love my man, I'm a li - ar if I say I don't. I  
 love my man, I'm a lia - r if I say I don't. But I'll  
 quit my man, I'm a li - ar if I say I won't.  
 I've been your slave, ba - by ev - er since I've been your babe. I've  
 been your slave, ev - er since I've been your babe. But be -  
 fore I'd be your dog, I'd see you in your grave. My man - would - n't  
 give me no break - fast, would - n't give me no din - ner, squawked a - bout my sup - per, then he  
 put me out - doors. Had the nerve to lay a match - box on my



clothes. \_\_\_\_\_ I did - n't have so man - y.

but I had a long, long way to go. \_\_\_\_\_

# THE BLUES AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A WOMAN CRYIN' FOR HER MAN

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by  
J. MAYO WILLIAMS

**MEDIUM BLUES**

1. Oh, the blues ain't noth-in' but a wom-an cry-in' for her man, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, the  
 2. blues ain't noth-in' but a com-mon low-down heart dis-ease, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, the  
 3-5 (See additional lyrics)

blues ain't noth-in' but a wom-an cry-in' for her man, \_\_\_\_\_ When she  
 blues ain't noth-in' but a com-mon low-down heart dis-ease, \_\_\_\_\_ Keep your

wants some lov-in', you wom-en will un-der-stand, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, the  
 man \_\_\_\_\_ hap-py, al-though he's so hard to please, \_\_\_\_\_

### Additional Lyrics

3. Oh, the blues ain't nothin' but a woman lovin' a married man,  
 Oh, the blues ain't nothin' but a woman lovin' a married man,  
 Can't see him where she wants, got to see him when she can.
4. Oh, the blues ain't nothin' but a good woman feelin' bad,  
 Oh, the blues ain't nothin' but a good woman feelin' bad,  
 Always blue and lonely, disgusted and feelin' sad.
5. Oh, the blues ain't nothin' but a feelin' that will get you down,  
 Oh, the blues ain't nothin' but a feelin' that will get you down,  
 Falling out with your man, you feel like he ain't in town.

(What Did I Do to Be So)  
**BLACK AND BLUE**

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Words by ANDY RAZAF  
 Music by HARRY BROOKS  
 and FATS WALLER

MODERATELY

*A<sub>m</sub>* *D<sub>m</sub>* *A<sub>m</sub>*

Cold emp - ty bed, — springs hard as lead, — pains in my head, —

*D<sub>7</sub>* *C* *C<sup>#</sup><sub>DIM7</sub>* *G<sub>7</sub>* *G<sup>+</sup>* *C* *E<sub>7</sub>*

feel like old Ned. — What did I do — to be so black and blue —

*A<sub>m</sub>* *D<sub>m</sub>* *A<sub>m</sub>* *D<sub>7</sub>*

No joys for me, — no com - pan - y; — E - ven the mouse ran from my house.

*C* *C<sup>#</sup><sub>DIM7</sub>* *G<sub>7</sub>* *A<sub>b7</sub>* *G<sub>7</sub>* *C* *F<sub>7</sub>* *C*

All my life thru — I've been so black and blue. —

*A<sub>b7</sub>* *C* *E<sub>b7</sub>*

I'm white — in - side, — it don't help my case, —

*A<sub>b7</sub>* *A<sub>m</sub>* *D<sub>7</sub>* *F<sub>7</sub>* *E<sub>7</sub><sup>#5</sup>* *E<sub>7</sub>*

'cause I — can't hide — what is on my face, ooh!

*A<sub>m</sub>* *D<sub>m</sub>* *A<sub>m</sub>* *D<sub>7</sub>*

I'm so for - lorn. — life's just a thorn, — my heart is torn, — why was I born? —

*C* *C<sup>#</sup><sub>DIM7</sub>* *G<sub>7</sub>* *A<sub>b7</sub>* *G<sub>7</sub>* *C* *F<sub>7</sub>* *C*

What did I do — to be so black and blue? —

# BLUE PRELUDE

Copyright © 1933 (Renewed) by Music Sales Corporation (ASCAP)

Words by GORDON JENKINS  
Music by JOE BISHOP

**SLOW BLUES**  $D_M$   $E_7$   $A_7$   $A_7b_9$

Let me sigh, let me cry when I'm blue. \_\_\_\_\_ Let me

$D_M$   $Bb_7$   $A_7$   $D_M6$   $E_M7b_5$   $A_7$   $D_M$

go 'way from this lone - ly town. \_\_\_\_\_ Won't be long till my

$E_7$   $A_7$   $A_7b_9$   $D_M$   $Bb_7$   $A_7$

song will be thru', \_\_\_\_\_ 'cause I know I'm on my last \_\_\_\_\_ go -

$D_M6$   $A_7$   $D_M6$   $F_M$   $D_M6$

round. \_\_\_\_\_ All the love I could steal, beg or bor - row \_\_\_\_\_

$E_M7b_5$   $A_7\#5$   $D_M6$   $Bb_7$   $A_7$   $A_7\#5$

\_\_\_\_\_ would-n't heal all this pain in my soul. \_\_\_\_\_ What is

$Bb_7$   $D_M7$   $D_M6$   $Bb_7$

love, but a pre - lude to sor - row \_\_\_\_\_ with a heart - break a -

$A_7$   $A_7\#5$   $D_M$   $E_7$

head for your goal. \_\_\_\_\_ Here I go, now you know why I'm

$A_7$   $A_7b_9$   $D_M$   $Bb_7$   $A_7$   $D_M$   $G_M6$   $D_M6$

leav - ing: \_\_\_\_\_ Got the blues. what can I lose, — good - bye. \_\_\_\_\_

# BLACK COFFEE

Copyright © 1948 (Renewed) Webster Music Co. and Sondot Music Corporation

Words and Music by PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER  
and SONNY BURKE

**SLOW BLUES**  $F7\#9$   $Gb7\#9$   $F7\#9$   $Gb7\#9$

I'm feel - in' might - y lone - some. have - n't slept a wink, I  
feel - in' might - y lone - some. have - n't slept a wink, I

$F7\#9$   $Gb7\#9$   $F7\#9$   $B13$   $Bb9$

walk the floor and watch the door and in be - tween I drink black cof - fee. \_\_\_\_\_  
walk the floor and watch the door and in be - tween I drink black cof - fee. \_\_\_\_\_

$F7\#9$   $Gb7\#9$   $F7\#9$   $D7\#9$   $Gm7$

Love's a hand - me - down broom. \_\_\_\_\_ I'll nev - er know a Sun - day  
Since my gal went a - way. \_\_\_\_\_ My nerves have gone to piec - es

$Gm7/C$   $F7\#9$   $D7\#9$   $Gm7$   $C7\#9$   $F7\#9$   $Gb7\#9$

in this week - day room. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm talk - in' to the sha - dows.  
and my hair's turn - in' gray. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm talk - in' to the sha - dows,

$F7\#9$   $Gb7\#9$   $F7\#9$   $Gb7\#9$   $F7\#9$   $B13$

one o' - clock to four. And Lord, how slow the mo - ments go when all I do is pour black  
one o' - clock to four. And Lord, how slow the mo - ments go when all I do is pour black

$Bb9$   $F7\#9$   $Gb7\#9$   $F7\#9$   $D7\#9$

cof - fee. \_\_\_\_\_ Since the blues caught my eye. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm  
cof - fee. \_\_\_\_\_ Love's a sor - ry af - fair. \_\_\_\_\_ I

$Gm7$   $Gm7/C$   $F7\#9$   $Gb7\#9$   $F$   $B7b5$

hang - in' out on Mon - day my Sun - day dreams to dry. \_\_\_\_\_ Now a  
know where all the blues are, 'cause, ba - by, I've been there. \_\_\_\_\_ Now a

$Bbm7$   $Eb9$   $Fm$   $Gm7b5$   $C7\#5(b9)$

man is born to go a - lov - in', \_\_\_\_\_ a wom - an's born to weep and  
man is born to love a wom - an, \_\_\_\_\_ to work and slave to pay her

$FMAJ7$   $Abm7$   $G9$   $GbmAJ7$   $Ebm7$   $Abm7$   $Db9$

fret. \_\_\_\_\_ to stay at home and tend her ov - en, \_\_\_\_\_ and drown her past re - grets in  
debts. \_\_\_\_\_ And just be - cause he's on - ly hu - man, \_\_\_\_\_ to drown his past re - grets in

*G<sub>M7</sub>* *C7* *F<sub>7#9</sub>* *G<sub>b7#9</sub>* *F<sub>7#9</sub>* *G<sub>b7#9</sub>*

cof-fee and cig - a-rettes! I'm moon-in' all the morn-in', and mourn-in' all the night, and  
 cof-fee and cig - a-rettes! I'm moon-in' all the morn-in', and mourn-in' all the night, and

*F<sub>7#9</sub>* *G<sub>b7#9</sub>* *F<sub>7#9</sub>* *B<sub>13</sub>* *B<sub>b9</sub>*

in be-tween it's nic - o - tine and not much heart to fight black cof - fee. \_\_\_\_\_  
 in be-tween it's nic - o - tine and not much heart to fight black cof - fee. \_\_\_\_\_

*F<sub>MAJ7</sub>* *G<sub>M7</sub>* *A<sub>M7</sub>* *D<sub>7#5(b9)</sub>* *G<sub>M7</sub>*

Feel-in' low as the ground. It's driv-in' me cra-zy, this wait-in' for my ba-by.  
 Feel-in' low as can be. It's driv-in' me cra-zy, this wait-in' for my ba-by.

*G<sub>M7/C</sub>* *F<sub>7#9</sub>* *G<sub>b7#9</sub>* *F<sub>7#9</sub>* *G<sub>b7#9</sub>* *F<sub>7#9</sub>* *G<sub>b7#9</sub>* *F<sub>7#9</sub>*

To may-be come a-round. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm \_\_\_\_\_  
 To may-be come a-round. \_\_\_\_\_

# BLUEBIRD

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Words and Music by  
 JOHN LEE HOOKER

**SLOWLY** *F* *B<sub>b7</sub>*

Blue - bird, please take this let-ter down— south for  
 she 'way down, she's 'way— down in Jack-son, Ten-nes-  
 bird. blue - bird. please do this for

*F* *F<sub>7</sub>* *B<sub>b7</sub>*

me. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, blue - bird, take this let-ter down— south for  
 see. \_\_\_\_\_ Blue - bird. \_\_\_\_\_ she's 'way down south in Jack-son, Ten-nes-  
 me. \_\_\_\_\_ Ooh. blue - bird. please do this for

*F* *C<sub>7</sub>*

me. \_\_\_\_\_ Don't you two start fly - in', \_\_\_\_\_  
 see. \_\_\_\_\_ She may not be home. \_\_\_\_\_  
 me. \_\_\_\_\_ If you see my ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_

*B<sub>b7</sub>* *F* 1. 2. 3.

till you find lit-tle Li - za Belle for me. \_\_\_\_\_ Lord,  
 but please— knock up - on her door. \_\_\_\_\_ Blue -  
 tell her I want her to come back home to me. \_\_\_\_\_

# BLUE TURNING GREY OVER YOU

© 1929, 1930 (Renewed) EDWIN H. MORRIS & COMPANY.  
A Division of MPL Communications, Inc. and RAZAF MUSIC

Lyrics by ANDY RAZAF  
Music by THOMAS "FATS" WALLER

MODERATELY

My, how I miss— your ten - der kiss— and the  
 won - der - ful things— you would do:— I run my hands—  
 — thru silv - ry strands— 'cause I'm blue, turn - ing grey—  
 — o - ver you.— You used to be—  
 so good to me.— that's when I was— a nov - el - ty:—  
 — Now you have new thrills in view.— found some - one new,—  
 — left me blue, turn - ing grey— o - ver you.—

Chord symbols: C, F#m7b5, B7, Em7b5, A9, A7, D9, F#m7, B7b5, G, C6, D7, G7, G7#5, C, F#m7b5, B7, Em7b5, A9, A7, D9, F#m7, B7b5, G, C, B7, Bm7, C7, F, Dm7, C, C7, F, D7sus, D7, G7, D7, G7, C, F#m7b5, B7, Em7b5, A9, A7, D9, F#m7, B7b5, G, C, Fm6, C

# BLUEBERRY HILL

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Words and Music by AL LEWIS,  
LARRY STOCK and VINCENT ROSE

MODERATELY

The musical score is written in a single system with ten staves. The key signature is three flats (B-flat major/D-flat minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'MODERATELY'. The score includes lyrics and guitar chords. The lyrics are: 'I found my thrill on Blue-ber-ry Hill, on Blue-ber-ry Hill when I found you. The moon stood still on Blue-ber-ry Hill and lin-gered un - til my dreams came true. The wind in the wil - low played love's sweet mel-o - dy, but all of those vows we made were nev - er to be. Tho' we're a - part, you're part of me still, for you were my thrill on Blue-ber-ry Hill. I found my Hill.' The guitar chords are: Eb7, Ab, Eb, Bb7, Eb, EbMAJ7, Eb6, Eb7, Ab, Eb, Db7, Eb, Ab6, Eb, EbMAJ7, Ab6, Eb, EbMAJ7, Eb7, D7, Gm, D7, Gm, D7, G, Bb7, Eb7, Ab, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Db7, Eb, Eb7, Eb, Ab6, Eb.

I found my thrill on Blue-ber-ry Hill, on Blue-ber-ry  
Hill when I found you. The moon stood still  
on Blue-ber-ry Hill and lin-gered un - til my dreams came  
true. The wind in the wil - low played love's sweet mel-o - dy,  
but all of those vows we made were nev - er to be. Tho' we're a -  
part, you're part of me still, for you were my thrill  
on Blue-ber-ry Hill. I found my Hill.

# BLUES BEFORE SUNRISE

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Words and Music by  
LEROY CARR

## MODERATE BLUES

**G7**  
I had the blues be-fore sun-rise, with tears stand-ing in— my eyes.——

**G C7**  
I had the blues be-fore sun-rise, with tears stand-ing in— my eyes.——

**G D7**  
It's such a mis-'ra-ble feel-ing,

**G D7 G G7**  
a feel-in' that I feel des-pised.—— Seems like ev-'ry-bod-y,

**G C7**  
ev-'ry-bod-y's down on me.—— Seems like ev-'ry-bod-y,

**G D7**  
ev-'ry-bod-y's down on me.—— I'm gon-na cast my trou-bles,

**G D7 G G7**  
down in the deep— blue sea. To-day has been—

**G C7**  
such a long, long lone - some day.—— To-day has been—

**G**  
a long,— long, lone - some day.——

**D7 G D7**  
I've been sit-tin' here think-in' with my mind a mil-lion miles a - way.——



**G** **G7**  
 Blues start to roll in, and stop at my front door.  
**G** **C7**  
 Blues start to roll in, and stop at my front door.  
**G** **D7**  
 I'm gon - na change my way of liv - ing.  
**G** **D7** **G**  
 ain't gon - na wor - ry no more.  
**G7** **G**  
 Now, I love my ba - by, but my ba-by won't be - have.  
**C7** **G**  
 Now, I love my ba - by, but my ba - by won't be - have.  
**D7** **G**  
 I'm gon-na buy me a sharp-shoot-in' pis-tol, and put her in her grave.

# BLUE TRAIN

(Blue Trane)

Copyright © 1957 (Renewed 1985) JOWCOL MUSIC

By JOHN COLTRANE

**MEDIUM BLUES** **E<sub>b</sub>7#9**  
**A<sub>b</sub>7#11** **E<sub>b</sub>7#9** **B<sub>b</sub>7#9**  
<sup>1</sup> **E<sub>b</sub>7#9** <sup>2</sup> **E<sub>b</sub>7#9**

# BLOW, WIND, BLOW

© 1969 (Renewed 1997) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by  
McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

MODERATELY, WITH A BEAT

Yeah, when the sun rose this morn-ing, I did-n't have my ba - by by my side.-

Yeah, when the sun rose this morn - ing, I did-n't have my ba - by by my side. Well, I did - n't

know where she was, was she out with an - oth - er guy?— Yeah, don't the

sun look lone - some - shin - ing down be - hind the tree?— Yeah, don't the

sun look so lone - some, shin - ing down be - hind the tree?— Well, I don't

care how it looks so lone - some when your ba - by picks up to leave. — Yeah!

Blow wind blow wind blow my ba - by back to me. — Well,

blow wind blow wind blow my ba - by back to me. — Well, you don't

find them so fine. my heart's gon-na be in mis-ry. Yeah!

Good-bye, ba - by, I don't have no more to say. Yeah!

Good-bye, ba - by, I don't have no more to say. Well you know I

know you don't love me,— go a-head and have your way.

## BLUES FOR ALICE

Copyright © 1956 (Renewed 1984) Atlantic Music Corp.

By CHARLIE PARKER

MODERATELY

$F_6$   $E_{m7}$   $A_7$   $D_{m7}$   $G_7$

$C_{m7}$   $F_7\sharp 5$   $Bb_6$   $Bb_{m7}$   $E_b7$   $F_6$

$A_b_{m7}$   $D_b7$   $G_{m7}$   $C_7$

<sup>1</sup>  $A_{m7}$   $D_{m7}$   $G_{m7}$   $C_7$  <sup>2</sup>  $A_{m7}$   $D_{m7}$   $G_{m7}$   $C_7$   $F_{MAJ9}$

# THE BLUES HAD A BABY AND THEY NAMED IT ROCK AND ROLL

© 1977 WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/  
Administered by BUG MUSIC and W.B. MCGHEE PUBLISHING CO.

Written by  
McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)  
and BROWNIE MCGHEE

**MODERATELY FAST**

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a variety of chords including A7, D7, E7, and A. The melody is characterized by triplet rhythms and a bluesy feel. The lyrics are interspersed with the musical notation across ten staves.

I said all you peo-ple. you know the blues got soul.

Well, this is a sto-ry. a sto-ry ain't nev-er been told.

Well, you know the blues got preg-nant.

and they named the ba-by rock and roll. Mem-phis Slim

said it: "You know the blues got soul."  
said it: "You know the blues got soul."

Pine-top said it: "You know the blues got soul."  
Queen Vic-toria said it: "You know the blues got soul."

Well,- the blues done have a ba-by. and they named the ba-by rock and roll.  
Well, you know the blues had a ba-by,

John-ny Win-ter said it: "You know the blues got soul."

*To CODA* ⊕

A7 D7

James Cot-ton said it: — "You know the blues got soul."

A7 E7

Well, you know the blues had a ba-by.

D7 A E7 D.S. AL CODA

and they named the ba-by rock and roll. O-tis Spann

⊕ CODA

D7 n.c. D A7

and they named him rock and roll. —

## BLUES ON THE CEILING

TRO - © Copyright 1965 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by  
FRED NEIL

### SLOW BLUES

Bb7 G7 Bb7 G7

1. Blues on the ceil-ing, — o-ver my head, — run-ning  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

C7 Eb7 G7 C7

down the walls, a-cross the floor and o-ver my bed. Blue lights a-cross the street

G7 C7 G7 Eb7

blink-ing off and on, it's so lone-ly now she's gone. I'll nev-er get out of these

G7 Eb7 G

blues a-live. I'll nev-er get out of these- cra-zy blues a-live.

### Additional Lyrics

- Love had been a dirty five-letter word to me,  
I was into the blues over my head.  
Blues was all I could see, up to my neck in misery.  
I'll never get out of these blues alive.  
I'll never get out of these crazy blues alive.
- Blues keep on fooling with my weary head.  
Cocaine couldn't numb the pain, I'd be better off dead.  
The light's gone out, at last I sleep.  
I'll never get out of these blues alive.  
I'll never get out of these crazy blues alive.

## BO DIDDLEY

Copyright © 1955 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
ELLAS McDANIEL

**FAST**  
**E**

Bo Diddley done have a farm. Hey, Bo Diddley.—

On that farm he had some women. Hey, Bo Diddley.—

Women here, women there. Hey, Bo Diddley.—

Women, women, women ev'rywhere. Hey, Bo Diddley.—

One little girl lived on the hill. Hey, Bo Diddley.—

Rustle and jumble like Buffalo Bill. Hey, Bo Diddley.—

(One) Day she decides to go for a ride. Hey, Bo Diddley.—

Pistol and a sword by her side.— Hey, Bo Diddley.—

(She) Rode right up to my front door. Hey, Bo Diddley.—

Knocked and knocked till her fist got sore. Hey, Bo Diddley.—

When she turned and walked away, Hey, Bo Diddley.—

All you could hear my ba - by say: Hey, Bo Did - dley.—

Hey, Bo Did - dle - y.— Hey, Bo Did - dle - y.—

Hey, Bo Did - dle - y.— Hey, Bo Did - dle - y.— *REPEAT AND FADE*

### Additional Lyrics

2. Saw my baby run across the field.  
Slippin' and slidin' in that automobile.  
Hollered at my baby then towed her away.  
Slipped off from me like a Cadillac Eight.

## BOOGIE CHILLEN NO. 2

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8 Music Square West, Nashville, TN 37203

Words and Music by JOHN LEE HOOKER  
and BERNARD BESMAN

**MODERATE BLUES** (♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\underset{\frown}{\text{J}}}\overset{\frown}{\underset{\frown}{\text{J}}}$ )

I'm goin' a-way, babe, but I will be com-ing back. I'm

goin' a-way, babe. but I will be com-ing back. I'm a

man now, ba-by, and I sure can have my fun. My

ba-by got some-thin' round like an ap-ple, shaped like a pear. Sure now, babe. My ba-

- by got some-thin'. My ba - by got some-thin'. My ba -

- by got some - thin', man. I sure do love.

# BOOM BOOM

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Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**WITH A BEAT**

Boom, boom, boom, boom, walk, now. gon - na shoot you right down. I like the way you talk. I mean right now.

Take you in my arms, walk. I'm in love with you. When you walk that walk, and you talk that talk. I don't mean to - morrow, I mean right now.

Love that is true. Boom, boom, boom, boom. You knock me out, right off my feet. Come on, come on. Come shake it up, baby.

I like the way you right Come on and shake. (Shake it, I need you right ba - by) shake it up, ba - by. (Shake it, ba - by) Come on, now.

(Shake it, ba - by) I don't mean may be. (Shake it, ba - by) You're driv - in' me cra - zy. come on, come on. (Shake it, Come on, come on. All right, all right. ba - by) Come on and (Shake it, ba - by)

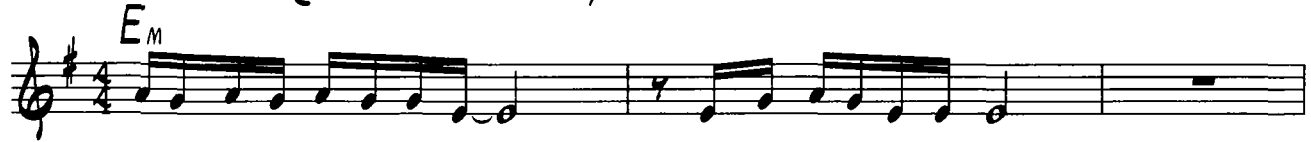


# BORN IN MISSISSIPPI, RAISED UP IN TENNESSEE

© Copyright 1973 by MCA - DUCHESS MUSIC CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

## MODERATE BLUES (WITH A DOUBLE-TIME FEEL)



1. I was born in Mis-sis-sip-pi— and raised up in Ten-nes-see,  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)



I was born in Mis-sis-sip-pi— and raised up in Ten-nes-see.



I been get-tin' on freight trains— ev-er since I was twelve years old.



I ain't had no place, no place to call my own,



I nev-er had no place, no place that I could call home.



Freight trains and high-ways.— Lord knows, have been my home. (Instrumental)



(Instrumental)

## Additional Lyrics

2. My mother and father died and left me at the age of five years old.  
My mother and father died and left me at the age of five years old.  
They left me here alone, just an orphan child in the world alone.  
Freight trains, freight trains, freight trains been my friend,  
Freight trains, freight trains, freight trains been my friend.  
I want to go back to Mississippi, Lord knows, that's where I was born.
3. I went to Alabama 'way down in the southern states,  
Well, I hoboed to Alabama 'way down in the southern states.  
I was eighteen years old then...freight train.  
Freight train is all I know.  
Freight trains and highways, boy, don't you know that's all I know.  
I was born in Mississippi, raised up in Tennessee.

# BOTTLE IT UP AND GO

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Words and Music by  
ROBERT BROWN

MODERATE BLUES

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (F major/D minor). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'MODERATE BLUES'. The score includes various chord markings (F7, C, G7, C7) and lyrics. The lyrics are: 'You got to bot-tle it up and go. Well, you got to bot-tle it up and go. Yes, them high-pow-er'd wom-en sure got to bot-tle it up and go! Now she may be old, nine-ty years. She ain't too old to make told my girl a week be-fore last, the gait she's com-in' is just a look-a here, babe. I steal out at night. Ain't none of your bus-ness, you don't you shed tears. lit-tle fast. do me right. She's got to bot-tle it up and go. Well, she's got to bot-tle it up and go. Yes, them high-pow-er'd wom-en sure got to bot-tle it up and go! Now, I Well, a nick-el is a nick-el, a dime is a dime. I need no girl if ma-ma killed a chick-en, she thought it was a duck. She put him on the ta-ble with his she won't wind, She has to bot-tle it up and go. Well, she has to legs stick-in' up. He had to bot-tle it up and go. Well, he had to

C G7  
 bot-tle it up and go. Yes... them high... pow-er'd wom-en sure-  
 bot-tle it up and go. Well... them high... pow-er'd wom-en sure-

F7 C C  
 — got to bot-tle it up and go! — Now, — my go! —  
 — got to bot-tle it up and

## BLUES WITH A FEELING

Copyright © 1963 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
WALTER JACOBS

**SLOWLY** (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

C F7 C F7  
 Blues with a feel-ing. that's what I have to - day. — Blues with a feel-ing,  
 What a lone - some feel-ing. when you're by your-self. — What a lone - some feel - ing,

C G7  
 that's what I have to - day. — I'm gon - na find my ba - by,  
 when you're by your-self. — When the one that you're lov - in'

F7 C 1 2  
 if it takes all night and day. Well, you  
 has gone a - way and left.

C7  
 know I love you, ba - by, I won - der the rea - son why. You told me you loved me, ba - by, and you

F7 C  
 left me here to cry. — Blues with a feel-ing, that's what I have to - day. —

G7 F7 C C7  
 I'm gon-na find my ba-by, if it takes all night and day.

# BORN TO BE BLUE

Copyright © 1946 (Renewed 1974) Wells Music Inc.  
and Jewel Music Publishing Co., Inc. (ASCAP)

Words and Music by  
ROBERT WELLS and MEL TORMÉ

VERY SLOWLY

*C*<sub>9</sub> *D*<sub>b9</sub> *C*<sub>9</sub> *G*<sub>b7</sub> *F*<sub>9</sub> *E*<sub>b7b9</sub>

Some folks were meant to live in clov-er. —  
When there's a yel-low moon a - bove me, —  
I guess I'm luck - i - er than some folks; —

but they are such a chos - en  
they say there's moon-beams I should  
I've known the thrill of lov - ing

*A*<sub>b</sub>MAJ7 *A*<sub>b</sub>7 *G*7#5 *C*<sub>M</sub> *D*<sub>b9</sub> *C*<sub>M</sub>7 *F*7 *To CODA* ⊕

few, and clov - er be - ing green, — is some - thing I've nev - er seen —  
view, but moon-beams, be - ing gold, — are some - thing I can't be - hold —  
you, and that a - lone is more — than I was cre - at - ed for —

<sup>1</sup> *F*<sub>M</sub>7 *D*7b5 *D*<sub>M</sub>7 *G*7 <sup>2</sup> *F*<sub>M</sub>7 *A*<sub>b</sub>9 *G*9#5 *C*

'cause I was born to be blue.

'cause I was born to be blue.

*A*<sub>b</sub>m7 *D*<sub>b9</sub> *A*<sub>b</sub>m7 *D*<sub>b9</sub> *A*<sub>b</sub>m7 *D*<sub>b7b9</sub>

When I met you the world was bright and sun - ny; when you left the cur - tain fell. —

*G*<sub>b</sub>MAJ7 *D*<sub>b</sub>m7 *G*<sub>b</sub>9 *C*<sub>b</sub>MAJ7 *A*<sub>b</sub>m7

— I'd like to laugh, — but noth - ing strikes me fun - ny;

*F*<sub>M</sub>7 *B*<sub>b</sub>7 *E*<sub>b</sub>MAJ7 *D*<sub>M</sub>7 *G*9 *D.C. AL CODA* ⊕ *CODA* *F*<sub>M</sub>7 *A*<sub>b</sub>9 *G*9#5 *C*

now my world's a fad - ed pas - tel. Well,

'cause I was born to be blue.

# COME ON IN MY KITCHEN

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**SLOW BLUES**

1. The wom-an I love, took from my best friend. — Some jok - er got  
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

luck - y, stole her back a - gain. You bet-ter come on in my kitch -

en, babe, it's goin' to be rain - in' out - doors. —

Chords: G7, D, G, D, G, 2

## Additional Lyrics

2. Oh, she's gone, I know she won't come back.  
I've taken the last nickel out of her nation sack.  
You better come on in my kitchen, baby, it's going' to be rainin' outdoors.
3. (Spoken:) Oh, can't you hear that wind howl?  
Can't you hear that wind howl?  
You better come on in my kitchen, baby, it's going' to be rainin' outdoors.
4. When a woman gets in trouble, everybody throws her down.  
Lookin' for her good friend, none can't be found.  
You better come on in my kitchen, baby, it's going' to be rainin' outdoors.
5. Winter time's comin', it's goin' to be slow.  
You can make the winter, babe, that's dry long so.  
You better come on in my kitchen, 'cause it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors.

# CANDY MAN BLUES

Copyright © 1963 (Renewed 1991) Wynwood Music Co., Inc.

Words and Music by  
"MISSISSIPPI" JOHN HURT

**MODERATELY**

All — you lad - ies gath - er — 'round, the good sweet — can - dy

man's in town. Can - dy man, — can - dy man. —

Chords: E, E<sub>SUS</sub>, E, E<sub>SUS</sub>, B7, E

# BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY

Copyright © 1961 (Renewed) by Conrad Music, a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JIMMY REED

**SHUFFLE** **A7**

Bright lights, big cit - y. — gone to my ba - by's head. —  
right, pret - ty ba - by. — gon - na need my help some - day. —  
lights, big cit - y. — gone to my ba - by's head. —

**D7**

— Bright lights. — big cit - y. —  
— All right. — pret - ty ba - by. —  
— Bright lights. — big cit - y. —

**A7** **E7**

gone to my ba - by's head. — I tried to tell the wom - an, but she  
gon - na need my help some - day. — You gon - na wish you had lis - tened to —  
gone to my ba - by's head. — I got to tell your ma - ma that you

**D7** **A7** **E7**

don't be-lieve a word I said. — All  
some — of the things that I say. — Bright  
don't be-lieve a thing that I said. —

# BROKE AND HUNGRY

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

TRADITIONAL

**MODERATE BLUES**

**C**

1. I am broke and hun - gry, — rag - ged and dirt - y, too,  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

**F7** **C**

I say I'm broke and hun - gry, — rag - ged and dirt - y too,

**G7** **F** **C**

Ma - ma, if I clean up can I go home with — you?

**Additional Lyrics**

2. I am motherless, fatherless, sister- and brotherless too.  
I am motherless, fatherless, sister- and brotherless too,  
Reason I tried so hard to make this trip with you.
3. You miss me, woman, count the days I'm gone.  
You miss me, woman, count the days I'm gone.  
I'm goin' away to build me a railroad of my own.
4. I feel like jumpin' through the keyhole in your door,  
I feel like jumpin' through the keyhole in your door,  
If you jump this time, baby, you won't jump no more.
5. I believe my good gal has found my black cat bone,  
I believe my good gal has found my black cat bone.  
I can leave Sunday morning; Monday morning I'm stickin' 'round home.
6. I want to show you woman what careless love has done,  
I want to show you woman what careless love has done,  
Caused a man like me to be a great long way from home.

# BROKEN HEARTED BLUES

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SLOWLY**

1. Chills on my pil-low, — ice - wa-ter in my ba-by's bed. —  
 2. 3. (See additional lyrics)

Yeah, chills on my pil-low, — ice - wa-ter in my ba-by's bed. —

— All the good things I have done for you wom-an,

and you left me for an-oth-er man. —

## Additional Lyrics

- If you happen to see my baby, I want you to tell her I been cryin' on my knees.  
 If you happen to see my baby, I want you to tell her I been cryin' on my knees.  
 Tell me pray to my master, please hope her back to me.
- If I had ten million dollars, woman, you know I would give you every dime.  
 If I had ten million dollars, woman, you know I would give you every dime.  
 "...call me daddy one more time."

# BUILT FOR COMFORT

© 1963 (Renewed 1991) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MODERATELY**

Some folks built like this. — some folks built like that. — But the  
 got no dia - monds, I ain't got no boat. — But I

way I'm built (a) don't you call me fat. — Be-cause I'm built — for com - fort, —  
 do have love that's gon - na fire your soul. — 'Cause I'm built — for com - fort, —

I — ain't. built for speed. — But I got ev-er - y - thing.  
 I — ain't. built for speed. — But I got ev-er - y - thing,

all — that a good girl needs. — I ain't  
 all — you good wom-en need. —

# BOURGEOIS BLUES

TRO - © Copyright 1959 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by  
HUDDIE LEDBETTER  
Edited by ALAN LOMAX

**MODERATELY**

Oh.— he's a bour - geois man.— woo, liv - ing in a  
 bour - geois town.— I got the bour - geois blues,  
 and I'm sure— gon - na spread— the news.—  
 1. Me and Miss Bar - ni - cle went all o - ver town, I heard a col - ored man say,  
 2-6 (See additional lyrics)  
 "You can't come a-round." (1, 2) He's a ——— bour - geois man, woo, liv - ing in a  
 (3-6) Cause it's — a ——— bour - geois town, woo, 'cause it's a  
 bour - geois town.— I got the bour - geois blues, and I'm sure—  
 bour - geois town.— I got the bour - geois blues, and I'm sure—  
 — gon - na spread the news.—  
 — gon - na spread the news.—

## Additional Lyrics

2. Me and Martha were standin' upstairs;  
I heard a white man say, "I don't want no niggers up there."
3. I'm gonna tell all the colored people, I want 'em to understand;  
Washington ain't no place for no colored man.
4. The white folks in Washington, they know how  
To chuck you a nickel just to see a nigger bow.
5. I got something to tell you just before I go;  
I want everybody to know.
6. I want all the colored people to listen to me;  
Don't ever try to get no home in Washington, D.C.



## BRING IT ON HOME

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

MODERATELY

G

Ba - by, — Ba - by, —

I'm gon-na bring it on home to you. — { I done bought my tick - et, I  
I'll think a - bout the good times I

got my load, — con - duct — or hol - ler - in',  
once had had, — soul — got hap - py.

C

"All a - board!" heart got glad. Take my seat — rear 'way back, —  
I'll think a - bout the way you love me too. —

G

and watch this train — move down the track. {  
You can bet your life I'm com-ing home to you. }

G

Com-ing on home, I'm gon-na bring it on home now. I'm gon-na

C G

bring it on home now, I'm gon-na bring it on home now. Gon-na

D11 C7 G

bring it on home, bring it on home to you. —

# CALDONIA

(What Makes Your Big Head So Hard?)

© 1945 (Renewed) CHERIO CORP.

Words and Music by  
FLEECIE MOORE

**MEDIUM BOOGIE WOOGIE**

**G**

Walk-in' with mah ba-by, she's got great big feet... She's long, lean and lank-y, ain't had

**C7** **G**

noth-in' to eat, but she's my ba-by and I love her just the same.

**D7** **G**

Cra-zy 'bout that wom-an 'cause Cal-don-ia is her name.

Cal-don-ia! Cal-don-ia! What makes your big head so

**C7** **G**

hard? But I love you, love you just the same.

**D7** **G**

Cra-zy 'bout that wom-an 'cause Cal-don-ia is her name.

**G6** **C9**

*(Instrumental)*

*Spoken: My mama told me to leave Caldonia alone: "She's bad for your morale." But mama didn't know I loved Caldonia.*

**G6** **D11** **G6**

She's such a sweet gal! So, I'm goin' down to Caldonia's house and ask her just one more time. Sung: Cal-

**G**

don-ia! Cal-don-ia! What makes your big head so hard?

C<sub>9</sub> G<sub>6</sub> A<sub>m7</sub>  
 (Instrumental)  
 D<sub>11</sub> G G<sub>6</sub>

# CHECKIN' UP ON MY BABY

Copyright © 1965 (Renewed), 1971 by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**SLOW BLUES** (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$   $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

I'm check-in' up on my ba-by. find out what she's put-tin'  
 down. Check-in' up on my ba-by,  
 find out what she's put-tin' down. So man-y nights and days—  
 I have been out of town.— I would-n't call home.  
 and I would-n't e-ven write. I would-n't call home.  
 and I would-n't e-ven write. I caught me a plane.  
 flew back—the same night. Check-in' up on my

A D<sub>7</sub> A E<sub>7</sub> D<sub>7</sub> A E<sub>7</sub> D<sub>7</sub> A E<sub>7</sub> D<sub>7</sub> A

1 2

# CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER

Copyright © 1970 by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)  
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Words and Music by  
WALTER JACOBS

MODERATE BLUES

**G7**

Well, I just talked to my babe— on the tel - e - phone. She said,

**C7**

"Stop what you're doin' now, come on home— now." Can't hold on,

**G** **D7**

can't hold on— too long. I get a real fun - ky feel - in'.

**C7** **G** **G7** **C** **C<sub>M</sub>** **G** **E<sub>b7</sub>** **D7**

ba - by, talk - in' on the phone. Well, she said,

**G**

"Dad - dy don't cha wor - ry, you're my de - sire." You know I love ya ma - ma, but I  
"Dad - dy you can run, — walk or fly." Know I love ya ma - ma, but I

**C7**

hate to see you cry. } Well, can't hold out, can't hold out— too  
hate to see you cry. }

**G** **D7** **C**

long. I get a real fun - ky feel - in', ba - by, talk - in' on the

**G** **G7** **C** **C<sub>M</sub>** **G** **E<sub>b7</sub>** **D7** **G**

phone. Oh yeah. Well, she said, Oh yeah.—

Talk to me, ba - by. Well, talk to me, ba - by. Well, now

**D7#5** **D7sus** **C7** **G** **G7** **C** **C<sub>M</sub>** **G** **G7**

talk to me, ba - by. Talk to me on the phone.

# CAN'T YOU HEAR ME TALKING TO YOU

© Copyright 1972 by MCA - DUCHESS MUSIC CORPORATION and CAREERS-BMG MUSIC PUBLISHING, INC.

By B.B. KING  
and DAVE CLARK

**MODERATELY SLOW BLUES**

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with an A7 chord and contains the first line of lyrics. The second staff contains the second line of lyrics and a D7 chord. The third staff contains the third line of lyrics and an A7 chord. The fourth staff contains the fourth line of lyrics and E7 and D7 chords. The fifth staff is a bridge section with a 1-3 measure phrase containing an A7 chord and an E7 chord, followed by a 4 measure phrase containing an A7 chord and a double bar line. The word 'Mmm' is written below the bridge section.

1. Oh. can't you hear me talk-in' to you, ba - by? If you can't you bet-ter  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

get your-self a hear-in' aid.— Oh. can't you hear me, can't you hear me talk-in'

to you, ba - by?— If you can't you bet - ter get you a hear-in' aid.

I got real— bad news for you this eve - nin':— Ba-by, there's got-ta be some chang-es made!—

Mmm

## Additional Lyrics

2. I'm talkin' to you, baby, I'm tired of you actin' like chicks on TV.  
I say I'm talkin', I'm talkin' to you, baby, I'm tired of you actin' like chicks on TV.  
I know you been runnin' 'round with your other man, baby,  
You're tryin' to make a fool out of old me.
3. Yeah, can't you hear me talkin' to you, baby,  
You better listen to every word I say.  
Hey, I'm talkin' to you this evenin', baby,  
You better hear every word I'm tryin' to say,  
Because your good time is over now, baby.  
(I don't mean next week or tomorrow) I mean right now, baby.
4. I'm gonna tell the landlord to change the locks on the door.  
I'm gonna tell the grocery man I'm not gonna pay him no more.  
I'm gonna take my wig off your head and the scarf 'round your neck, woman.  
I'm gonna tell the folks downtown to cut off your welfare check, baby.  
I'm mad with you, I'm so mad with you, baby,  
Your good thing has come to an end.

# CANAL STREET BLUES

Copyright © 1960 (Renewed) by Conrad Music, a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI)

By JOHN LEE HOOKER

MODERATELY

**B**

1. Tell me down in New Or - leans, \_\_\_\_\_  
2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

whis -

key's stream - ing just like wine...

Tell me

down in New Or - leans.

Whis - key's stream - in' just like wine.

(Instrumental)

Lord, my ba - by, she's down there,

To CODA ⊕

won - der if my ba - by, she's gone wild.

Mm.

Mm.

Mm.

They still on Ca - nal Street...

D.C. AL CODA

⊕ CODA

Keep on, down in New Or - leans.

## Additional Lyrics

2. They tell me Canal Street is the longest street in town.  
They tell me Canal Street is the longest street in town.  
Yes, you ride all day long, you're still on Canal Street.

3. Then they tell me again, people (Lord, have mercy!)  
It's the widest street in town.  
Then they tell me again, it's the widest street in town.  
Lord, I'm just gonna keep on riding,  
(Coda) Keep on, down in New Orleans.

# CARELESS LOVE

TRO - © Copyright 1936 (Renewed) Folkways Music  
Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by  
HUDDIE LEDBETTER

Edited by JOHN A. LOMAX and ALAN LOMAX

**SLOW BLUES** *D* *A7* *D*

1. An' you see what care-less love— have done, an' you  
3, 5 (*See additional lyrics*)

*A7* *D*

see what care-less— love— have done.— an' you see what

*D7* *G* *D*

care - less love— have— done? Made me love you,

*A7* *D*

now your girl-friend done come.

2. When I was  
4, 6 (*See additional lyrics*)

*A7* *D* *A7*

wear - ing my a - pron so low, when I was wear - ing my a - pron so

*D* *D7* *G*

low.——— when I was wear - ing my a - pron so

*D* *A7* *D*

low, I could-n't keep you a - way from— my door.

## Additional Lyrics

3. I'm wearin' my apron up under my chin.  
I'm wearin' my apron up under my chin.  
I'm wearin' my apron up under my chin.  
You pass my door and you wouldn't come in.
4. Now you see what that careless love will do.  
Now you see what that careless love will do.  
Now you see what that careless love will do.  
Make you mistreat your mama and your papa, too.
5. You know I love my mama and my papa, too.  
You know I love my mama and my papa, too.  
You know I love my mama and my papa, too.  
But I left them both just to go along with you.
6. Goodbye, goodbye, baby, goodbye.  
Goodbye, goodbye, baby, goodbye.  
Goodbye, goodbye, you may never see me no more.  
You drove me away from your door.

# CATFISH BLUES

(Rollin' Stone)

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by

McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

FAST TUMP FEEL

**E**

1. Well, I lay down, down last night.

2-4 (See additional lyrics)

Well, I tried to take my rest.

No - tion struck me last night, babe, I'll b'lieve I'll

take a stroll out west. take a stroll out west.

## Additional Lyrics

2. Well, if I were a catfish, mama, swimmin' deep down in the deep blue sea.  
Have these gals now, sweet mama, sittin' out,  
Sittin' out doors for me,  
Sittin' out doors for me,  
Sittin' out doors for me,  
Sittin' out doors for me,  
Sittin' out doors for me.
3. Well, I went down to the church house, they called on me to pray.  
Got on my knees now, mama, I didn't know not, not a word to say,  
Not a word to say,  
Not a word to say,  
Not a word to say,  
Not a word to say,  
Not a word to say.
4. I'm gonna write, write me a letter baby, I'm gonna write it just to see,  
See if my baby, my baby, do she thinkin' of, little ol' think of me,  
Little ol' think of me,  
Little ol' think of me,  
Little ol' think of me,  
Little ol' think of me,  
Little ol' think of me.



## CHECK YOURSELF

Copyright © 1955 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
LOWELL FULSON

**MODERATELY**

**E**

You bet-ter check your-self, don't know what you're do - in'.

**A7** **E**

You bet-ter check your-self, 'cause you don't know what you're do - in'.

**A7** **E** **To CODA** ⊕

I see some-thin' in the mak-in', ain't noth-in' but trou-ble brew-in'.

**1** **E7** **A** **A<sup>#</sup>DIM** **E**

You take Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, too.— You're nev-er home, what 'ya

**2**

try - 'n' to do? You bet-ter I've told ya once,-- told ya twice,

**E7** **3** **E7**

can't run 'round, babe, and be my wife.-- You bet-ter Since you're rid - in' high,

**A** **A<sup>#</sup>DIM** **E** **E7**

fly - in' low, it's time for me to go. Since you're rid - in' high,

**A** **A<sup>#</sup>DIM** **E** **A7**

fly - in' low, it's time for me to go. I'm gon-na leave this town, I

**E** **D.S. AL CODA** **⊕ CODA**

ain't com-in' home no more.— You bet-ter

# CHICAGO BLUES

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Words and Music by  
LONNIE JOHNSON

MODERATE BLUES (♩ =  $\frac{3}{4}$ )

1. Chi - ca - go's all right to vis - it, but please don't hang a - round,  
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

You'll find the smooth chicks and high slicks and  
boy, all those mel-low fel - lows, But when your bank -  
roll is gone.— You're just an - oth - er chump that's dropped in town!  
My first night in Chi -

## Additional Lyrics

2. My first night in Chicago, my friends really treated me fine,  
Then overnight, they all changed like Daylight Saving Time,  
And ev'rything I wanted, I had to lay my money down on the line.
3. I said, "Baby, you're so lovely, your eyes shine like the stars above,  
You wear number three shoes, yes, and wear number five gloves."  
She said, "It's money I need, baby, I don't need love!"
4. I said, "I could make you love me darlin', baby, I just bet I could,  
You can learn to love me, baby, I know you could."  
She says, "Lay your money down, babe, and make your bettin' good!"
5. I said, "Let's go to New York, baby, I'll buy you anything you lack,  
I will give you plenty money, gonna buy you a nineteen forty-two Cadillac!"  
She says, "I'm sorry, this fine round body will be here when you get back!"

# CLOSE TO YOU

## (I Wanna Get)

© 1958 (Renewed 1986) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SLOWLY**

**G**

I wan - na get close to you, ba - by, { as white on white. }  
 { like the sight of your eye. } As  
 { as I can get. }

**G7** **C7**

close to you, ba - by, { as cold to ice. }  
 { as heat is to fire. } Close to you, ba - by, { with the  
 { like wa - ter is wet. } { like the  
 like

**G**

hat on your head. }  
 egg is to hen. } Close to you, ba - by, { you bet - ter be - lieve what I said. }  
 fire is to smoke. } { like the Si - am - ese twins. } I wan - na get  
 { like a pig is to poke. }

**D7** **C7** **G**

close to you, ba - by, oh, let me get close to you. - I wan - na get so

**D7** **C7** **G**

close to this lit - tle girl. till she don't know what to do, say or do.

1. 2. 3. 4. **FINE**

I wan - na get as A - clos - er and - clos - er. ba - by. A -

**C7**

clos - er and - clos - er. ba - by. A - clos - er and - clos - er. ba -

**G** **D.S. AL FINE**

- by. A - clos - er and - clos - er, ba - by. I wan - na get so

# CHICAGO BOUND

Copyright © 1965 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JAMES LANE

**MODERATELY**

When I left— for the "joint" in nine-teen thir-ty four, my  
Well, I stayed— in— Mem-phis nine-teen thir-ty nine. The  
Oh well, I— did-n' need no steam heat by my bed. Th'li'  
I'm gon-na— tell— you som-'pn you all should know. Chi-

ba-by she begged me, dad-dy, please don't go.— But I left— that town.—  
wom-an I's lov-in' did-n' pay me no mind.— So I left— that town.—  
girl— I had— she kept it cher-ry red.— But I left— that town.—  
ca-go is the— best place I'll ever know. I'm— gon-na stay'n— this town.—

you know I left that town.— When I left—  
you know I left that town.— When I left—  
you know I left that town.— When I left—  
I'm gon-na live'n this town.— I'm gon-na—

— for the "joint", you know I was Mem-phis— bound.—  
— out o' Memp's, you know I was Saint— Lou-is bound.—  
— Saint-Louis, you know I was Chi-ca-go bound.—  
— live in Chi-ca-go, it's the great-est— place a-round.—

# CLOUDS IN MY HEART

© 1959 (Renewed 1987) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by  
MCKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**SLOWLY**

Go look out at the weath-er, hon-ey, I be-lieve it's— goin' to rain.—  
light-in' is flash-in', don't you hear how the thun-der is roarin'.—  
weath-er seems sort-a fair, it's cloud-y deep down- in my heart.—

Go look out at the weath-er, hon-ey, I be-lieve it's— goin' to  
The light-nin' is flash-in', don't you hear how the thun-der is  
The weath-er seems sort-a fair, but it's cloud-y deep down- in my

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords F and C7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: rain. / roarin'. / heart. Well, I'm gon - na check up on my ba - by, / Well, I'm a - lone by my - self, / Well, you know you're the sweet lit - tle girl.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords Bb7 and F are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: I know she's goin' with an - oth - er man. / don't you hear how the wind is blowin'. / but we made such a bad start. The / The

## COME BACK BABY

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) TRADITION MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by MANCE LIPSCOMB

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The tempo is marked SLOWLY. Chords A and A7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: 1. Come back, ba - by. / Please don't go. / The way I / 2-4 (See additional lyrics)

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. Chords D9, F, and A are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: love you, ba - by. / you'll nev - er know. / Come back, ba - by. / Let's talk it

Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. Chords E7, A, A7, D, A F7/C E7, and A Bb9 A9 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: o - ver / one more time. / My heart's in / Hm - mm / Went up

### Additional Lyrics

2. My heart's in trouble and in misery,  
Ain't got nobody talk sweet talk to me.  
Come back baby, let's talk it over one more time.
3. Hmm, lonesome day,  
Seem like tomorrow gonna be the same old way.  
Come back baby, can't we talk it over one more time.
4. Went up on the mountain, looked down at the sun.  
Ain't seen nobody love me like you have done.  
Come back baby, let's talk it over one more time.

# CONFESSIN' THE BLUES

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SONY/ATV MUSIC PUBLISHING, 8 Music Square West, Nashville, TN 37203

Words and Music by JAY McSHANN  
and WALTER BROWN

## MEDIUM BLUES (♩ = $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

1. Ba - by, here I stand be - fore you with my heart in my hand, I want  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

you to read it, {ma - ma, } hop - in' that you'll un - der - stand, Well ——— babe, ———  
{pa - pa, }

{ma - ma, } please don't dog me 'round. ——— I'd rath - er love you, ba - by.  
{pa - pa, }

than an - y - one else I know in town. ——— 2. Be - cause —

Well, ba - by, don't you want a {man } like me? ——— Well,  
{gal }

ba - by, ——— don't you want a {man } like me? ——— You think on -  
{gal }

- ly of our fu - ture, for - get a - bout your used - to be. ——— 3. When my

### Additional Lyrics

2. Because you're so nice and lovin', and you have such pleasin' ways,  
If you take me to your home, be there all my days,  
That's the truth, mama (papa), well you know I wasn't lyin',  
If I don't love you, babe, well, I swear I hope to die.
3. When my days are long and dreary and the sun refuses to shine,  
I would never be blue and lonely if I knew that you were mine,  
Well, babe, will you make ev'rything all right,  
Can I meet you today, babe, or will it be tomorrow night?
4. This is my confession, mama (papa), and I'm thrilled by all your charms,  
Well, it seems that I'm in heaven when you hold me in your arms,  
Well, babe you can have me for yourself,  
You are meant for me, mama (papa), I don't want nobody else.

# CONTINENTAL BLUES

© 1988 URBAN RENEWAL MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by ERNIE WATTS

**MODERATELY**

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a tempo marking of 'MODERATELY'. The key signature is established with two flats. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and ties. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: F7, Bb7, C7, Bb7, F7, Bb7sus, F7, Bb7, C7, F7, and F7. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5. A 'CODA' symbol (a circle with a cross) is used to mark the end of sections. The final staff includes the instruction 'REPEAT AD LIB. AND FADE'.

Chord symbols: F7, Bb7, C7, Bb7, F7, Bb7sus, F7, Bb7, C7, F7, F7

Tempo: MODERATELY

Performance instructions: TO CODA, D.S. AL CODA, REPEAT AD LIB. AND FADE

## COUNTRY GIRL

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By B.B. KING

## SLOW BLUES

You know my lit - tle girl? \_\_\_\_\_ She's a coun - try girl. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Yes, \_\_\_\_\_ my lit - tle girl, \_\_\_\_\_ she's a coun - try girl. \_\_\_\_\_  
 But she means \_\_\_\_\_ more to me \_\_\_\_\_ than an - y - thing - in this world. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Yes, she fix my break - fast, lunch and din - ner \_\_\_\_\_ and she  
 bring it on home \_\_\_\_\_ on time. \_\_\_\_\_ She fix my break - fast, lunch and  
 din - ner \_\_\_\_\_ and bring it on \_\_\_\_\_ home - on time. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Yes, you know I'm glad to be back home. Hey! with this lit - tle girl \_\_\_\_\_ of mine. -  
 You know I'm glad, glad, glad. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm glad to  
 be back home \_\_\_\_\_ at last. \_\_\_\_\_ Yes, I'm glad, glad,  
 glad, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm so glad \_\_\_\_\_ to be back home at last. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Since I've \_\_\_\_\_ seen my ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ how man - y days \_\_\_\_\_ have passed. \_\_\_\_\_



You know I flew in-to the sta-tion a-bout six for-ty - five.  
 Yes, my plane had made it in - to the sta-tion this morn-ing a - bout six -  
 for - ty - five. Yes, you should have seen my ba-by's face  
 to see my plane ar-rive. Oh, it made me feel so good  
 to walk in - to the door. Oh, it made me feel so good  
 to walk in - to the door. you know, and  
 find ev - ry - thing - the same e-ven my - pad - dle ly-ing on the floor.  
 And I say hi, hi, ba - by, I won't ev - er wor-ry an - y -  
 more. Oh, I say hi, hi, hi,  
 ba - by, I won't ev - er wor - ry an - y - more. You know, I'm  
 back where I be - long and I ain't go-in' out - ta that door.

# CRACKIN' UP

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Words and Music by  
ELLAS McDANIEL

MODERATELY

*E* *F#m* *B7* *E*

You're al - ways holl-'rin 'bout where I've been... (Instrumental)

*F#m* *B7* *E* *F#m* *B7*

You're al - ways scream-in' 'bout the mon-ey I spend...

*E* *F#m* *B7* *E*

What's bug-gin' you? (Yeah,

*F#m* *B7* *E* *F#m* *B7*

yeah, you're crack-in' up.)

*E* *F#m* *B7* *E*

do your laun - dry and your cook-in' too...

*F#m* *B7* *E* *F#m* *B7*

What more, wom-an, can a man like me do?

*E* *F#m* *B7* *E*

You're bug-gin' me. (Yeah,

*F#m* *B7* *E* *F#m* *B7*

yeah, you're crack-in' up.)

*E* *F#m* *B7* *E*

called you, wom-an a long time a - go,

I used to cook your meals and break for your door.

I'm all fed up. (Yeah.

yeah. you're bug - gin' me.)

## COOL DRINK OF WATER BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
TOMMY JOHNSON

**SLOW BLUES**

1. I ask for wa-ter, and she gave me gas - o - line..

2. 3. (See additional lyrics)

I ask for wa-ter, give me gas - o - line..

I ask for wa - ter and she

give me gas - o - line. Lord, Lord - y Lord.

### Additional Lyrics

2. Cryin', Lord, I wonder, will I ever get back home?  
Cryin', Lord, I wonder, I ever get back home?  
Lord, Lordy Lord.  
I went to the depot, looked up on the board.  
I asked the conductor how long has this Eastbound train been gone?
3. I asked the conductor could I ride the blinds?  
Son, buy your ticket, buy your ticket, for that train ain't none of mine,  
Son, buy your ticket, train ain't none of mine,  
Son, buy your ticket, train ain't none of mine.  
Lord, Lordy Lord.

# COLD WEATHER BLUES

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by  
MCKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**SLOWLY** **D**

Called my ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ but you know the lit - tle girl failed to  
If times don't get no bet - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ peo - ple. I'm gon - na have to  
So cold up north, \_\_\_\_\_ that the birds can hard - ly \_\_\_\_\_

**D7** **G7**

come. \_\_\_\_\_ Called my ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_  
go. \_\_\_\_\_ If times don't get no bet - ter, \_\_\_\_\_  
fly. \_\_\_\_\_ So cold up north, \_\_\_\_\_

**D**

\_\_\_\_\_ but you know the lit - tle girl failed to come. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ peo - ple. I'm gon - na have to go. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ that the birds can hard - ly fly. \_\_\_\_\_

**A7** **G7** **D**

Hot spring wa - ter. \_\_\_\_\_ oh yeah. boy. it would-n't help her none. I mean would-n't help her  
Well, you know I'm go - ing down south. \_\_\_\_\_ peo - ple. \_\_\_\_\_ where the weath - er suits my  
I'm goin' back south. \_\_\_\_\_ and let this win - ter pass on

**D**

none. \_\_\_\_\_ it would-n't help her none. \_\_\_\_\_  
clothes. \_\_\_\_\_ where the weath - er suits my clothes. \_\_\_\_\_  
by. \_\_\_\_\_ and let this win - ter pass on by. \_\_\_\_\_

# CROSSROADS

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King Of Spades Music

(Cross Road Blues)

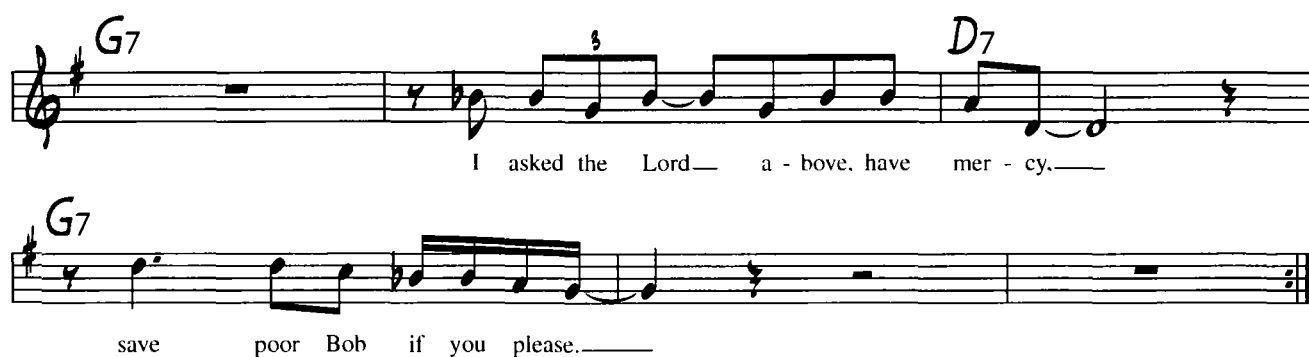
Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**MEDIUM BLUES** **G7**

1. I went to the cross - roads, fell down on my knees. \_\_\_\_\_  
2-5 (See additional lyrics) .

**C7**

I went to the cross - roads, - fell down on my knees.



I asked the Lord a - bove, have mer - cy. —  
save poor Bob if you please. —

### Additional Lyrics

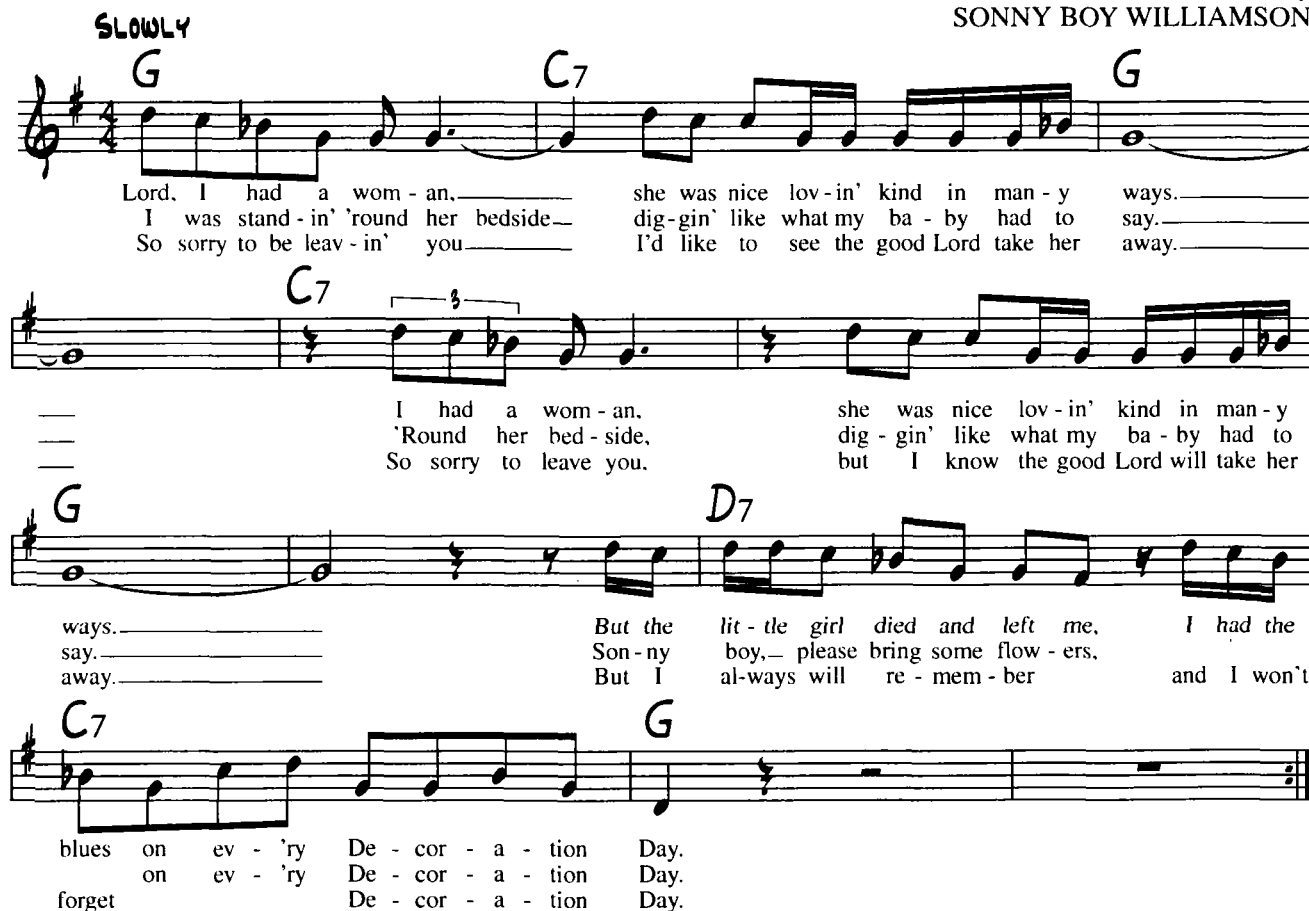
2. Standin' at the crossroad, tried to flag a ride.  
Standin' at the crossroad, tried to flag a ride.  
Didn't nobody seem to know me, everybody pass me by.
3. Standin' at the crossroad, risin' sun goin' down.  
Standin' at the crossroad, risin' sun goin' down.  
I believe to my souls, po' Bob is sinking down.
4. You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown.  
You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown.  
That I got the crossroad blues this mornin', Lord, I'm sinkin' down.
5. And I went to the crossroad, mama, I looked east and west.  
And I went to the crossroad, mama, I looked east and west.  
Lord, I didn't have no sweet woman, oh well, babe, in my distress.

## DECORATION DAY

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Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**SLOWLY**



Lord, I had a wom - an, she was nice lov - in' kind in man - y ways. —  
I was stand - in' 'round her bedside - dig - gin' like what my ba - by had to say. —  
So sorry to be leav - in' you I'd like to see the good Lord take her away. —

— I had a wom - an, she was nice lov - in' kind in man - y  
— 'Round her bed - side, dig - gin' like what my ba - by had to  
— So sorry to leave you. but I know the good Lord will take her

ways. — But the lit - tle girl died and left me, I had the  
say. — Son - ny boy, - please bring some flow - ers, and I won't  
away. — But I al - ways will re - mem - ber

blues on ev - 'ry De - cor - a - tion Day.  
on ev - 'ry De - cor - a - tion Day.  
forget De - cor - a - tion Day.

# CRAZY BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
PERRY BRADFORD

## MEDIUM BLUES

I can't sleep at night, I can't eat a bite— 'cause the  
 { man } I love— { he } don't— treat me right,——  
 { gal } { she }  
 { He } makes me feel so blue, I don't know what to do, Some-times I sit and sigh,  
 { She }  
 and then be - gin to cry, 'cause my best friend— said { his } last— good -  
 { her }  
 bye.—— There's a change— in the o - cean,  
 change in the deep blue sea, my ba - by, I'll tell you folks, there  
 ain't no change in me,—— My love— for that { man— }  
 { gal— }  
 will al - ways be.—— Now I can read { his } let-ters, I  
 { her }  
 sure can't read { his } mind.—— I thought { he's } lov - in' me,  
 { her } { she's }

{ He's } { She's } leav - in' all the time. Now I see, —  
 my poor love — was blind. Now I got the cra - zy  
 blues. since — my ba - by went a - way, I ain't got no time to  
 lose. I must find — { him } { her } to - day — Now the  
 doc - tor's gon - na do all that he can — But what you're gon - na need is an  
 un - der - tak - er man, I ain't had noth - in' but bad news. — Now —  
 — I got the cra - zy blues. —

## DEVIL GOT MY WOMAN

Copyright © 1965 (Renewed 1993) Wynwood Music Co., Inc.

Words and Music by  
NEHEMIAH "SKIP" JAMES

MODERATELY

I'd rath - er be — the dev - il, than be that wom - an's man. —  
 Noth - in' but — the dev - il. changed my ba - by's mind. —  
 I'd rath - er be the dev - il, than be that wom - an's man. —  
 Was noth - in' but the dev - il, changed - my ba - by's mind. —

# CRYIN' IN MY SLEEP

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Words and Music by  
JIMMY YANCEY

## MODERATE BLUES

Slept last night, babe, tears— run-nin' down my cheeks. Went to  
bed last night babe,— with tears run-nin' down my cheeks.— Got to  
think - in' 'bout my ba-by I was cry - in' in— my sleep.—

1. Set right here, Bet-sy, 'way— down in tim - ber - land, — Now, you  
2. *(See additional lyrics)*

set right here, Bet - sy, 'way down in tim-ber-land.— See the hoo-  
doo wom-en. Fix-in' up their mon-key men.—

### Additional Lyrics

2. Early one mornin' about the crack of day,  
It was early one mornin'. I got up at the crack of day.  
Cried. "I seen that fella, when he stole my babe away."



## DALLAS BLUES

© 1925 (Renewed) EDWIN H. MORRIS &amp; COMPANY, A Division of MPL COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

Words by LLOYD GARRETT  
Music by HART A. WAND

## SLOW BLUES

When your mon-ey's gone, friends have turned you down  
When I got up north, clothes I had to spare,

and you wan - der 'round just like a houn' (a lone-some houn'). Then you  
Sol 'em all to pay my rail - road fare (my rail - road fare) Just to

stop to say. "Let me go a-way from this old town (this aw - ful town)."  
come back there rid - ing in a Pull-man par - lor chair (a par - lor chair).

There's a place I know folks won't pass me by Dal - las, Tex - as.  
Sent a tel - e - gram, this is what I said: "Ba - by, bring a

that's the town I cry (oh hear me cry)! And I'm go - ing back, go - ing  
cold towel for my head (my ach - ing head). Got the Dal - las Blues and your

back to stay there till I die (un - til I die). I've got the Dal - las Blues and the  
lov - in' man is al - most dead (is al - most dead). I'm goin' to put my - self on a

Main Street heart dis - ease (it's buz - zin' 'round). I've got the Dal - las Blues and the  
San - ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go). I'm goin' to put my - self on a

Main Street heart - dis - ease (it's buz - zin' 'round). Buz - zin' 'round my head - like a  
San - ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go). To that Tex - as town - where you

swarm of lit - tle hon - ey bees (of hon - ey bees).  
nev - er see the ice and snow (the ice and snow).

# COUNTRY BOY BLUES

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Words and Music by  
BIG BILL BROONZY

## MEDIUM BLUES



1. I got a man, — a real hand-some one, He ain't no loaf - er, He's —  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)



— just a lit - tle old coun - try boy. —



I love him, if he is — a lit - tle old coun - try boy.



I love him, if he is — a lit - tle old coun - try boy.



Yes, I — love him, 'cause he fills — my heart with joy. —

## Additional Lyrics

2. Some people say he's lazy, but I know it is a lie,  
Some people say he's lazy, but I know it is a lie,  
For three years he's been doing my work,  
And I'm perfectly satisfied.
3. I know he will learn to love me, when he gets to be a man,  
I know he will learn to love me, when he gets to be a man,  
'Cause I'm always going to feed him,  
Right from my hand.
4. Now, people all want to know why do I follow my man,  
Now, people all want to know why do I follow my man,  
There's no need to explain,  
'Cause they really wouldn't understand.

# COW COW BLUES

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Words and Music by  
CHARLES DAVENPORT

## MODERATE BLUES



1. I woke up in the morn - in', my best {man} gal } was gone,

2. said {he} left on Sea - board, some say dou - ble U A,  
{she}

3 (See additional lyrics)



I stood at my bed - side, I hung my head and mourned.

I don't care what train it was it took my {man} gal } a - way,

Went down the street. I could-n't be sat - is - fied.  
Go Starch my jump - er. And i - ron my o - ver - alls.

I had those rail - road blues, And I was too dog - gone mean to  
I'm goin' to ride that train. That they call the Can - non -

1. 2  
G C C#DIM G D7

3  
G

cry. \_\_\_\_\_  
ball. \_\_\_\_\_

Some Long."  
She

### Additional Lyrics

3. She blows in Birmingham 'bout half-past four,  
Five o'clock I'm knockin' on my best gal's (man's) door  
"Come in sweet daddy (mamma), where have you been so long?"  
"I've been in Cincinnati learnin' how to do the Sally Long."

## DISSATISFIED

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Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**MEDIUM BLUES** E

Yes, I am dis - sat - is - fied. and I thought you to be the  
There were a whole lot of peo - ple talk - in', but a might - y few peo - ple  
You know the kind of life I live. and you know just— what I

blame.  
know.  
choose.

Yes, I am dis - sat - is - fied.  
Yes, there were a whole lot of peo - ple talk - in',  
Yes, you know the kind of life I live.

and I thought you to be the blame. You know I just  
but a might - y few peo - ple know. I love you, I  
and you know just— what I choose. But I knew al -

can't give you up, dar - lin', be - cause I love you just the same.  
love you, ba - by, God knows, — and I just can't let you go.  
ways we'd be to - geth - er, just like that old - time monk - ey grip blues.

# CUSTARD PIE

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 for the U.S.A. and Canada

Words and Music by  
**SONNY TERRY**

**MODERATELY** **F**

1. I done told you, babe, — I did - n't tell you no lie. —  
 2-4 (See additional lyrics)

**Bb7**

I want some of your cus - tard pie. — You got - ta gim - me some of — it. —

**F**

— You got - ta gim - me some of — it. — Well, I

**C7** **F**

want some of it be - fore you give it all a - way. —

## Additional Lyrics

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Well, I don't care if you're gonna cross the street.<br/>                 When you cut your pie, please save me a piece.<br/>                 I've gotta have some of it.<br/>                 I've gotta have some of it.<br/>                 Well, I want some of it<br/>                 Before you give it all away.</p> | <p>3. I done told you, babe, it's understood<br/>                 You got the best pie in this neighborhood.<br/>                 I've gotta have some of it.<br/>                 Well, I want some of it.<br/>                 I've gotta have some of it<br/>                 Before you give it all away.</p> |
| <p>4. I done sung this song, I didn't tell no lie<br/>                 Until, babe, you brought some of that custard pie.<br/>                 I've gotta have some of it.<br/>                 I've gotta have some of it.<br/>                 Yes, I want some of it<br/>                 Before you give it all away.</p>       |   |

# DON'T GO NO FURTHER

(You Need Meat)

© 1956 (Renewed 1984) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by **WILLIE DIXON**

**MEDIUM ROCK** **C**

You need meat, — go to the mar - ket. You need bread, —  
 — go to the gro - cers. You need fish, —  
 — go to the bank, dear. You need honey, —

— try the bak - er - y. } You need love, — don't go no fur - ther. Just  
 — go — to the sea. } (look for me, ba - by.)  
 — look - to the bees. }

N.C. FINE F7

come on home to me. I got to love some - bod - y.

C G7

I got to love some - bod - y. I got to love some - bod - y.

F C

some - bod - y who's gon - na love me. You need grits. —  
You need money. —

D.S. AL FINE (2ND TIME)

## DE KALB BLUES

TRO - © Copyright 1936 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by HUDDIE LEDBETTER  
Edited by JOHN A. LOMAX and ALAN LOMAX

MODERATELY

1. De Kalb blues, babe, make me feel — so bad. —  
2-8 (See additional lyrics)

De Kalb blues. — babe, make me feel — so bad. — Just to think. —

— a - bout — the times — I once have had. —

### Additional Lyrics

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2. Wasn't for the powder and the straightnin' comb.<br>Wasn't for the powder and the straightnin' comb.<br>Lord, these De Kalb women would not have no home. | 3. Buy me a pistol, get me a Gatlin' gun.<br>Buy me a pistol, get me a Gatlin' gun.<br>Ever catch you, baby, we gonna have some fun.                                |
| 4. Some folks told me De Kalb blues ain't bad.<br>Some folks told me De Kalb blues ain't bad.<br>It's the worry'st blues that I ever had.                    | 5. If the blues was whiskey, I'd stay drunk all the time.<br>If the blues was whiskey, I'd stay drunk all the time.<br>Stay drunk, baby, to get you off of my mind. |
| 6. Feelin', baby, jump overboard and drown.<br>Feelin', baby, jump overboard and drown.<br>Singin' 'bout my woman, she done left this town.                  | 7. Jumped into the river and I started to drown.<br>Jumped into the river and I started to drown.<br>Thought about my baby and I turned around.                     |
| 8. Look here, baby, what more can I do?<br>Look here, baby, what more can I do?<br>Well, I had five dollars and I gave you two.                              |   |

# DEAD PRESIDENTS

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC  
and ARC MUSIC CORPORATION (BMI)

Written by WILLIE DIXON  
and BILLY EMERSON

MODERATELY

The musical score for "Dead Presidents" is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. The tempo is marked "MODERATELY". The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes various chords: G7, D, A7, G7, D, and D. The lyrics are as follows:

Them dead pres-i-dents, them dead pres-i-dents. Well,  
I ain't broke but I'm- bet-ter than dead. Ev-'ry-bod-y loves them dead pres-i-dents.  
I looked at a Lin - coln, can't park the car.— But  
Ham - il - ton's on ten— can get you straight. Five  
A hun - dred dol - lar Frank - lin is real - ly sweet.—  
Wash - ing - ton and he can't go too far.— Jef - fer - son is good to  
Jack - son on a twen - ty is real - ly great. And if you're talk - in' a - bout a  
hun - dred Mc - Kin - ley is the one for me.— And if I get a Cleve - land, I'm  
play at the track— if you think you're gon - na bring some— big fish back. } Them  
poor - man's friend, Grant will get you out of what - ev - er you're in. }  
real - ly set.— A thou - sand dol - lar Cleve - land is hard to get. }

# DIDDIE WA DIDDIE

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
BLIND BLAKE

MEDIUM BLUES

The musical score for "Diddie Wa Diddie" is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The tempo is marked "MEDIUM BLUES". The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes various chords: G, D7, G, D7, G7, C, G, and D7. The lyrics are as follows:

1. There's a great big mys - ter - y.— and it sure is  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)  
worry - ing me,— This Did - die Wa Did - die, Mis - ter  
Did - die Wa Did - die, I wish some - bod - y would tell me what

Did - die Wa Did - die means. —

### Additional Lyrics

2. The little girl about four feet four,  
Come on papa and give me some more,  
Of your Diddie Wa Diddie,  
Your Diddie Wa Diddie,  
I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means.
3. I went around and walked around,  
Somebody yelled, said, "Look who's in town,"  
Mister Diddie Wa Diddie,  
Mister Diddie Wa Diddie,  
I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means.
4. Went to church, put my hand on the seat,  
Lady sat on it said, "Daddy, you sure is sweet."  
Mister Diddie Wa Diddie,  
Mister Diddie Wa Diddie,  
I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means.
5. I said, "Sister, I'll soon be gone,  
Just gimme that thing you sitting on,"  
Mister Diddie Wa Diddie,  
Mister Diddie Wa Diddie,  
I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means.
6. Then I got put out of church,  
'Cause I talk about Diddie Wa Diddie too much,  
Mister Diddie Wa Diddie,  
Mister Diddie Wa Diddie,  
I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means.

## DID YOU EVER

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Words and Music by  
JIMMY RUSHING

**SLOW BLUES** E A<sub>9</sub> E

1. Did you ev - er, — did you ev - er, — wake up and find your ba - by  
2. left me, — yes, you left me, — left me broke and with - out a  
3, 4 (See additional lyrics)

E<sub>7</sub> A<sub>9</sub>

gone? Did you ev - er, — did you ev - er, —  
dime. Yes, you left me, — yes, you left me, —

E B<sub>7</sub> F<sub>7</sub><sup>#</sup>

wake up and find your ba - by gone? — You were so dis - ap - point - ed  
broke and hun - gry with - out a dime. — Now you won't call me on the phone

A<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> E C<sub>7</sub><sup>#</sup> F<sub>7</sub><sup>#</sup> B<sub>7</sub> E A<sub>9</sub> E

un - til you cried all day long. — Yes, you take. —  
And give me five min - utes of your time. — I can

### Additional Lyrics

3. I can remember, yes, I can remember  
When you used to call me "Daddypop".  
Yes, I can remember, I can remember  
When you used to call me "Daddypop".  
That was when I gave you all my money  
And I was buying those good lean pork chops.
4. So long, so long gal,  
Yes, I know you think you're great,  
So long, so long gal,  
Woman, I know you think you're great,  
But, when hard luck comes back to you baby,  
Just remember your mistake.

## DIRTY NO-GOODER'S BLUES

© 1929 (Renewed), 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

**SLOW BLUES** C F<sub>9</sub>

1. Did you ev - er fall in love with a man that was no good?—  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

Did you ev - er fall in love with a man—

that is no good?— No mat - ter

what you did for him, he nev - er un - der - stood.

The mean - est

## Additional Lyrics

2. The meanest things he could say would thrill you through and through.  
The meanest things he could say would thrill you through and through.  
And there wasn't nothin' too dirty for that man to do.
3. He'd treat you nice and kind till he win your heart and hand,  
He'd treat you nice and kind till he win your heart and hand,  
Then he git so cruel that man you just could not stand.
4. Lawd, I really don't think no man's love can last,  
Lawd, I don't think no man's love can last;  
They'll love you to death then treat you like a thing of the past.
5. There's nineteen men livin' in my neighborhood.  
There's nineteen men livin' in my neighborhood,  
Eighteen of them are fools and the one ain't no doggone good.
6. Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
That dirty no-good man treats me just like I'm a dog.



## DO ME RIGHT

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Written by WILLIE DIXON

MODERATE BEAT

**F**

You got to do me right, or I'm goin' to do you wrong. Well, you

**Bb7** **F**

got to do me right, ba-by, or I'm goin' to do you wrong. You

**C7** **F**

got to treat me mel-low, if we're goin' to get a-long. You got to

**F7**

{ treat me kind, ba-by, and let me be. Well, you got to  
hold me, ba-by, yes, and squeeze me tight. You got to

**Bb7** **F**

treat me kind, ba-by, and let me be. 'Cause I can  
hold me, baby, yes, and squeeze me tight. You got to

**C7** **F**

beat you do-ing what you're try-in' to do to me. You don't  
make me love you ev-'ry day and ev-'ry night.

**F7**

have to sneak a-round, ba-by, in the dark. You don't

**Bb7** **F**

have to sneak a-round, ba-by, in the dark.

**C7** **F**

Do what you want to. You don't have to sneak a-round in the dark.

# DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO MISS NEW ORLEANS

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Lyric by EDDIE De LANGE

Music by LOUIS ALTER

**SLOWLY** C<sub>6</sub> G<sub>7</sub><sup>#5</sup> C<sub>MAJ7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> E<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub>

Do you know what it means to miss New Or - leans, — and miss it each night — and

D<sub>9</sub> D<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>#DIM7</sub> E<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>7</sub>

day? I know I'm not wrong, — the feel - in's get - tin' strong - er the

D<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>b7</sub> G<sub>7</sub> C<sub>6</sub> G<sub>7</sub><sup>#5</sup>

long - er I stay — a - way. — Miss the moss - cov - ered vines, — the

C<sub>MAJ7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> E<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>9</sub> D<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>#DIM7</sub>

tall sug - ar pines — where mock - in' - birds used — to sing. And I'd like to see — the

E<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>7</sub> D<sub>M7</sub> G<sub>7</sub> C C<sub>M7b5</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>bM7</sub> E<sub>b9</sub>

la - zy Mis - sis - sip - pi a - hur - ry - in' in - to spring. — The moon - light on the

A<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>bM7</sub> E<sub>b9</sub> A<sub>b</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>9</sub>

bay - ou, — a Cre - ole tune — that fills the air: I dream — a - bout mag -

G<sub>6</sub> E<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>9</sub> D<sub>M7</sub> G<sub>7</sub>

no - lias in June, — and soon I'm wish - in' that I — was there. — Do you

C<sub>6</sub> G<sub>7</sub><sup>#5</sup> C<sub>MAJ7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> E<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>9</sub>

know what it means to miss New Or - leans. when that's where you left — your heart? And

D<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>#DIM7</sub> E<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>7</sub> D<sub>9</sub> G<sub>7b9</sub> C

there's some - thing more: — I miss the one I care for more than I miss — New Or - leans.

# DON'T YOU LIE TO ME

(I Get Evil)

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Words and Music by  
HUDSON WHITTAKER

UPTEMPO BLUES

$\text{B}_7$



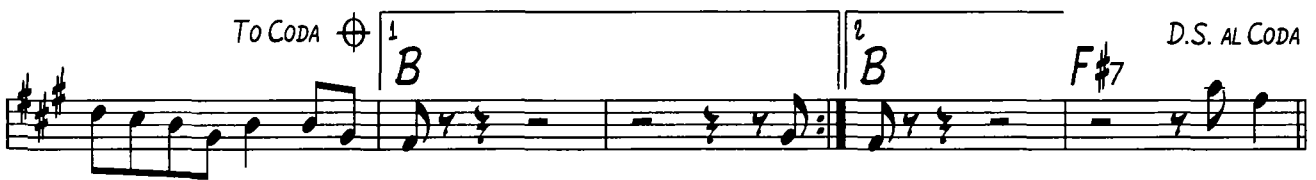
1. There's two kinds of peo - ple that I just can't stand:— a  
2. D.S. told me that you love me long time a - go. That



cold - heart-ed wom - an and a ly - in' man. So don't you } lie to me.—  
man that you had. you don't want him no more. Don't you }



Don't you lie to me.— 'Cause it makes me mad, and I get



e - vil as a man can be.— You — Well, you



Spoken: I'm gonna tell ya! Sung: Don't you lie to me.



Well, don't you lie to me.— Don't you lie to me.—



Don't you lie to me.— 'Cause it makes me mad, I get



e - vil as a man can be. (Instrumental)

# DIPPERMOUTH BLUES

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Music by JOSEPH OLIVER

MODERATELY

The musical score for "Dippermouth Blues" consists of ten staves of music. The tempo is marked "MODERATELY". The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The score includes various chords and musical notations:

- Staff 1:** Chords: B $\flat$ , F $_7$ , C $_{M7}$ , F $_{DIM}$ , F $_7$ .
- Staff 2:** Chords: B $\flat$ , E $\flat_7$ , B $\flat_6$ , B $\flat_7$ .
- Staff 3:** Chords: E $\flat_9$ , B $\flat_6$ .
- Staff 4:** Chords: F $_7$ , B $\flat_6$ , C $_{MAJ7}$ , C $^{\sharp}_{DIM}$ , B $\flat_6$ .
- Staff 5:** Chords: B $\flat$ , E $\flat_9$ , B $\flat$ , B $\flat_7$ . Includes triplets.
- Staff 6:** Chords: E $\flat_9$ , B $\flat$ .
- Staff 7:** Chords: F $_7$ , B $\flat$ , C $_{MAJ7}$ , C $^{\sharp}_{DIM}$ , B $\flat$ .
- Staff 8:** Chords: B $\flat_m$ , B $\flat$ , B $\flat_m$ , B $\flat_7$ , E $\flat_9$ .
- Staff 9:** Chords: B $\flat$ , F $_7$ , B $\flat_6$ , B $\flat$ .
- Staff 10:** Chords: B $\flat_9$ , n.c., E $\flat_9$ , n.c., E $\flat_9$ .

# DUST PNEUMONIA BLUES

TRO - © Copyright 1963 (Renewed), 1976 Ludlow Music, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by  
WOODY GUTHRIE

**MODERATELY**

1. I got that dust pneu - mo - ny, — pneu - mo - ny in my lung. —  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

I got the dust pneu - mo - ny, — pneu - mo - ny in my lung. —

And I'm gon-na sing this dust pneu - mo - ny song.

## Additional Lyrics

2. Now there ought to be some yodeling in this song.  
Now there ought to be some yodeling in this song.  
But I can't yodel for the rattling in my lung.
3. My good gal sings the dust pneumony blues.  
My good gal sings the dust pneumony blues.  
She loves me 'cause she's got the dust pneumony blues.
4. If it wasn't for choppin', my hoe would turn to rust.  
If it wasn't for choppin', my hoe would turn to rust.  
I can't find a woman in this black old Texas dust.
5. Down in Oklahoma the winds blow mighty strong.  
Down in Oklahoma the winds blow mighty strong.  
If you want to get a mama, just sing a California song.
6. Down in Texas my gal fainted in the rain.  
Down in Texas my gal fainted in the rain.  
I threw a bucket of dirt in her face just to bring her back again.

# DIVING DUCK

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by  
OTIS SPANN

SLOW BLUES (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

G7 C7 G7

At the riv-er of whis-key,— peo-ple, then I was a div-ing duck.—

C7

At the riv-er of whis-key,— peo-ple, then I was a div - ing duck.—

G7 D7

You know I would dive to the bot - tom.—

C7 G7 D7

Lit-tle girl, I would nev - er come up.

G7 C7 G7

One of these days, ba - by, I'm gon-na leave you all a - lone.—

C7

Hey, hey, hey,— I got to leave you all a - lone.—

G7 Eb7 D7

You know I thought I had my-self a good thing,—

C7 G7 D7 G7 D7

but you broke up my hap - py home.—

G7 C7 G7

I found out some-thing. Blues is a both-er-a-tion on your mind.—

C7

Oh,— child. I found out some-thing. You know that blues is a both-er-a-tion on your

G7 Eb7 D7

mind. When I thought you were lov-ing me, wom-an, oh

C7 G7 D7

you were leav - ing all — the time.—

G7 C7 G7

Well now this my sto-ry,— lit-tle girl, it's all I have to say— to you.

C7

Oh— you know this my— sto-ry. this is all— I have to say— to you..

G7 D7

You know I'm gon-na leave- to - mor - row.—

C7 G7 C Eb/Db D7 F G7

ba-by, 'cause my love for you— is through.—

# DOWN HEARTED BLUES

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Words by ALBERTA HUNTER  
 Music by LOVIE AUSTIN

## MODERATE BLUES

*E<sub>b</sub>* *C7* *F7* *B<sub>b</sub>7*

Gee, but it's hard to love some-one, When that some-one don't love...  
 If I could on - ly find the {man,} Oh! how hap - py I would

*E<sub>b</sub>* *C7*

you, I'm so dis - gust - ed, heart - bro - ken too,  
 be, To the Good Lord ev - 'ry night I pray.

*F7* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *E<sub>b</sub>7*

I've got those down heart - ed blues, once I was cra - zy  
 Please send my {man} back to me, I've al - most wor - ried my -

*A<sub>b</sub>* *G7*

'bout a {man,} he mis - treat - ed me all the time, The  
 - self to death won - d'ring why— {she} went a - way, But

*F7* *B<sub>b</sub>* *C7* *F7* *B<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub>7*

next {man} I get {he's} got to prom - ise me to be mine, all mine.  
 just wait and see, {she's} gon - na want me back some sweet day.

*E<sub>b</sub>* *A<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *E<sub>b</sub>*

1. Trou - ble, trou - ble, I've had it all my days,  
 2. world in a jug.— The stop - per's in my hand,  
 3-6 (See additional lyrics)

*E<sub>b</sub>7* *A<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub>7*

Got the Trou - ble, trou - ble, I've had it all my  
 world in a jug.— The stop - per's in my

*E<sub>b</sub>* *B<sub>b</sub>7*

days, It seems that trou - ble's going to fol - low me to my grave..  
 hand, Going to hold it ba - by, till you come un - der my com - mand..



1-5  
Eb Ab Eb Bb7

6  
Eb

Got the

Additional Lyrics

3. Say, I ain't never loved but three men (women) in my life,  
No, I ain't never loved but three men (women) in my life.  
'Twas my father (mother), brother (sister), and the man (woman) who wrecked my life.
4. 'Cause he (she) mistreated me and he (she) drove me from his (her) door,  
Yes, he (she) mistreated me and he (she) drove me from his (her) door,  
But the Good Book says you'll reap just what you sow.
5. Oh, it may be a week and it may be a month or two,  
Yes, it may be a week and it may be a month or two,  
But the day you quit me honey, it's coming home to you.
6. Oh, I walked the floor and I wrung my hands and cried,  
Yes, I walked the floor and I wrung my hands and cried,  
Had the down hearted blues and couldn't be satisfied.

# END OF THE BLUES

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Words and Music by  
EARL HOOKER

**SLOW BLUES**

G/D F/D G/D F/D

G/D F/D G/D F/D C/G G C/G G

G/D F/D G/D F/D A7#9 G7

G/D F/D C/G G G/D F/D C/G G

C/G G C/G G G/D F/D G/D F/D

A7#9 G7 G/D F/D A7

REPEAT AND FADE

# DOWN IN THE DUMPS

© 1958 (Renewed). 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

Lyric by LEOLA P. WILSON  
Music by WESLEY WILSON

MODERATELY SLOW

**E<sub>b</sub>**

1. My man's got some - thin': \_\_\_\_\_ he gives me such a thrill. \_\_\_\_\_  
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

**A<sub>b</sub>9** **A<sub>b</sub>7** **F<sub>7b</sub>9** **F<sub>7</sub>** **F<sub>7b</sub>9**

— Ev - 'ry - time he smiles at me, — I can't keep my bod - y still. —

**B<sub>b</sub>7** **E<sub>b</sub>**

— I done cried — so much; — look like I've

**A<sub>b</sub>9** **A<sub>b</sub>7**

got the mumps. — I can't keep — from wor - ryin' —

**F<sub>7b</sub>9** **A<sub>b</sub>7/B<sub>b</sub>** **E<sub>b</sub>** **B<sub>b</sub>7(ADD13)** **E<sub>b</sub>**

'cause I'm down in the dumps. — I had a —

## Additional Lyrics

2. I had a nightmare last night, when I laid down.  
When I woke up this mornin', my sweet man couldn't be found.  
I'm goin' down to the river; into it I'm goin' to jump.  
Can't keep from worryin' 'cause I'm down in the dumps.
3. Someone knocked on my door last night when I was asleep.  
I thought it was that sweet man of mine makin' his 'fore day creep.  
Wasn't nothin' but my landlord, a great big chump.  
Stay 'way from my door Mr. Landlord, 'cause I'm down in the dumps.
4. When I woke up my pillow was wet with tears.  
Just one day from that man o'mine seems like a thousand years.  
But I'm gonna straighten up, straighter than Andy Gump.  
Ain't no use of me tellin' that lie 'cause I'm down in the dumps.
5. I'm twenty-five years old, that ain't no old maid.  
I got plenty of vim and vitality, I'm sure that I can make the grade.  
I'm always like a tiger, I'm ready to jump.  
I need a whole lots of lovin' 'cause I'm down in the dumps.

# DRUNKEN HEARTED MAN

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Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

MODERATELY  $D_7$   $\text{\textsubscript{3}}$   $G$   $D/A$   $D_{DIM}$   $C$

1. I'm the drunk-en heart-ed man. — My life seems so mis-er-y. —  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

$D_7(NO3RD)$   $G$   $G(ADD9)$

I'm the poor drunk - en heart - ed man. My life seems so mis-er - y. —

$D$   $N.C.$   $A$

— And if I could on - ly change my way of liv - in', (h)it would

$G_{SUS}$   $G(ADD9)$   $\text{\textsuperscript{1-3}} G/D B_7/F\# B_7/F A_7$   $\text{\textsuperscript{4}} D_7$

mean so much to me. —

I been dog - —

## Additional Lyrics

2. I been dogged and I been driven-eve' since I left my mother's home.  
I been dogged and I been driven-eve' since I left my mother's home.  
And I can't see the reason why—  
That I can't leave these no good womens alone.
3. My poor father died and left me and my mother done the best that she could.  
My poor father died and left me – and my mother done the best that she could.  
Every man love that game you call love –  
But it don't mean no man no good.
4. I'm the poor drunken hearted man and sin was the cause of it all.  
I'm a poor drunken hearted man and sin was the cause of it all.  
But the day you get weak for no good women –  
That's the day that you surely fall.

# DON'T SMOKE IN BED

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By WILLIARD ROBINSON

**SLOWLY**  $F_{M7}$   $F_{M6}$   $F_{M7}$   $F_{M6}$

She left a note on her dress - er and her old wed - ding

$B_{b7}$   $E_{bM7}$   $C_M$   $A_{b7}$   $G7$   $F_{M7}$   $G7\#5$   $G7b9$

ring. With these few good - bye words, sad - ly she sings: Good - bye old

$C_M$   $B_{DIM}$   $C_M$   $G7\#5$   $C_{M7}$   $F_{M7}$

sleep - y head. I'm pack - ing you in. Like I said, take care of

$D_{M7b5}$   $G7+$   $F_{M6}$   $G7+$   $C_M$   $F_{M6}$   $C_M$   $F_{M7}$   $F\#_{DIM}$   $G7b9$

ev - 'ry - thing. I'm leav - ing my wed - ding ring. Don't look for

$C_M$   $F_{M6}$   $C_M$   $G_{M7}$   $C7$   $F_M$   $B_{bM}/F$   $F_M$   $G7$   $C_M$   $F_{M6}$   $G7$

me. I'll get a - head. Re - mem - ber, dar - ling.

$^1$   $A_{b7}$   $G7$   $C_M$   $F_{M6}$   $C_M$   $F_{M7}$   $G7\#5$   $G7b9$   $^2$   $A_{b7}$   $G7$   $C_M$   $F_{M6}$   $C_M$

— don't smoke in bed. Good - bye old — don't smoke in bed.

# DOUBLE TROUBLE

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Words and Music by  
OTIS RUSH

**SLOWLY**  $A_M$

I lay a - wake at night, can't sleep, just so trou - bled. It's hard to keep a

$D_M$

job, laid off and hav - in' dou - ble trou - ble. Hey. hey.

$A_M$

they say you can make it if you try. Yes, in this

*E7* *Dm* *Am* To CODA ⊕

gen-er-a-tion of — mil - lion-aires, it's hard for me to keep de - cent clothes to wear.

You laughed at me walk-in', ba - by, when I had no place to go.

*D.S. AL CODA*

Bad luck and trou-ble have tak-en me. I have got no mon-ey to show. Hey.

⊕ CODA *Dm* *E7* *Am*

(Instrumental)

# DOWN IN THE BOTTOM

© 1961 (Renewed 1989) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**LIVELY** *G*

Well, now meet me in the bot - tom, bring me my run - nin'  
see me sneak - in' by, — please — don't be -  
hope you'll see me when I come streak - in'

*C7*

shoes: \_\_\_\_\_  
lieve: \_\_\_\_\_  
by: \_\_\_\_\_

Well, now, meet me in the  
When you see me sneak - in'  
Well, I hope you'll

*G*

bot - tom, bring me my run - nin' shoes. \_\_\_\_\_  
by, — please — don't be - lieve. \_\_\_\_\_  
see me, when I come streak - in' by. \_\_\_\_\_

*D7* *C7*

When I come out the win - dow, I'm gon - na  
When you see — me moan - in', you know my  
She's got a bad — old man and I'm too

*G*

have time to lose. \_\_\_\_\_  
life is at stake. \_\_\_\_\_  
young to die. \_\_\_\_\_

When you  
Well I

# EASY RIDER

TRO - © Copyright 1963 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by  
HUDDIE LEDBETTER

MODERATELY FAST

1. Eas - y rid - er, see what you done done. ———  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

Eas - y rid - er, see what you done done. ——— You  
made me love— you, Now your man done come. 1. 2 And it's hey,  
3. 4 And it's ooh.

— hey, hey, hey. If you  
— ooh, ooh, ooh.

### Additional Lyrics

2. If you catch me stealin', please don't tell on me.  
If you catch me stealin', please don't tell on me.  
I'm stealin' back to my old-time used-to-be.
3. If I was a catfish swimmin' in the deep blue sea,  
If I was a catfish swimmin' in the deep blue sea,  
I would start all you women divin' in after me.
4. Easy rider, hear me callin' you,  
Ooh, hear me callin' you.  
Know you're three times seven, know just what you want to do.

# EVERYDAY

(I Have the Blues)

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Words and Music by  
PETER CHATMAN

MEDIUM SHUFFLE (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

1. Eve - ry - day, eve - ry - day I have the blues. ———  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

Oh, ——— eve - ry - day, ——— eve - ry - day I have — the blues.

When you see me worry - in', babe,

and it's you I hate to lose.

### Additional Lyrics

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Nobody loves me, nobody seems to care.<br/>         Nobody loves me, nobody seems to care.<br/>         Speakin' of worries and troubles, darlin',<br/>         You know I've had my share.</p> | <p>3. Everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday,<br/>         Everyday, everyday I have the blues.<br/>         When you see me worryin', woman,<br/>         Honey, it's you I hate to lose.</p> |
|---|--|

## EMPTY BED BLUES

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TRADITIONAL

1. I woke up this morn - ing with an aw - ful ach - ing head.  
 2-8 (See additional lyrics)

I woke up this morn - ing with an  
 aw - ful ach - ing head. My new man had left me just a  
 room and an emp - ty bed.

### Additional Lyrics

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. He's a coffee grinder - grinding all the time<br/>         He's a coffee grinder - grinding all the time<br/>         He can grind my coffee, 'cause he's got a brand-new grind.</p> <p>4. He came home one evening with his spirit 'way up high<br/>         He came home one evening with his spirit 'way up high<br/>         What he had to give me made me wring my hands and cry.</p> <p>6. Well, he boiled my cabbage and he made it awful hot<br/>         Well, he boiled my cabbage and he made it awful hot<br/>         Then he put the bacon and overflowed the pot.</p> <p>8. If you get good loving, never go and spread the news<br/>         If you get good loving, never go and spread the news<br/>         Gals will doublecross you and leave you with the empty bed blues.</p> | <p>3. He's a deep-sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong<br/>         He's a deep-sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong<br/>         He can reach the bottom 'cause his breath holds out so long.</p> <p>5. He taught me a lesson I never had before<br/>         He taught me a lesson I never had before<br/>         When he got through teaching, from my elbows down I was sore.</p> <p>7. Well, he knows how to thrill me, and I told my girlfriend, Lou<br/>         Well, he knows how to thrill me, and I told my girlfriend, Lou<br/>         And the way she's raving she must have gone and tried it too.</p> |
|---|--|

## EYESIGHT TO THE BLIND

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Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

MODERATELY



You're talk-in' a-bout your wom-an. I wish to God, man, that you could see mine.  
 You're talk-in' a-bout your wom-an. I wish to  
 God that you could see mine. Ev-'ry time the lit-tle girl starts to lov-in'  
 she brings eye-sight- to the blind. For her dad-dy must have been a mil-lion-  
 aire. 'cause I can tell by the way she walks. Her  
 dad-dy must have been a mil-lion- aire. 'cause I can tell by the way she walks.  
 Ev-'ry time she starts to lov-in' the deaf and dumb- be-gin to talk-  
 I re-mem-ber one Fri-day morn-ing we was  
 ly-in' down a-cross the bed. The man in the next room was dy-in'. stop dy-in', held  
 up his head. He said, "Lord, ain't she pret-ty!" And the whole state knows she's



**A** **E7**

fine. Ev-'ry time she starts to lov - in'—

— she brings eye - sight— to the blind. Yes. I de - clare she's pret - ty.

**A** **A9 D9**

and the whole— state knows she's fine. Man. I de - clare she's pret - ty.—

**A** **E7**

— God knows. I de - clare she's fine. Ev-'ry time she starts to lov - in'—

**1 A** **2 A**

— she brings eye - sight— to the blind. You're blind.—

# EVIL

(Is Going On)

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MEDIUM BLUES** **G7**

If you're a long way from home.— can't— sleep at night,  
call her on the tel - e - phone, and she an - swers aw - ful slow.  
make it to your house. knock on the front door.

**3** **3**

Grab your - tel - e - phone.— some - thin' just ain't right:—  
Grab the first thing smok - in' if you have to ho - bo:— } That's e -  
Run a - round to the back. you catch him just be - fore he goes.)

**C7** **G7**

- vil.— e - vil— is go - in' on.—

**D7** **C7**

I am warn - ing you broth - er.— you bet - ter watch your hap - py home.—

**G** **1, 2** **3**

Well. if you  
If you

# FATTENING FROGS FOR SNAKES

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Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**SLOWLY**

It took me a long time to find out my mis -  
down - fall back in nine - teen hun - dred and  
nine - teen and fif - ty sev - en. I've got to cor - rect all my mistakes.

takes, It took me a long time, long  
thirty. (I started checkin') I found out my down - fall  
(Oh, man) Here it is Nine - teen and— fif - ty sev - en, I've

time to find out my mis - takes. (It sure did, man!) But I  
back in nine - teen hun - dred and thirty. I'm tell - in'  
got to cor - rect all my mis - takes. I'm tell - in' my

bet - cha my bot - tom dol - lar I'm not  
all of my friends now I'm not } fat - t'ning no more frogs for snakes.  
friends in - clud - ing my wife and ev - er - y - bod - y else I'm not }

I found out my  
Here it is

# FEEL LIKE GOING HOME

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by  
MCKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**MODERATELY**

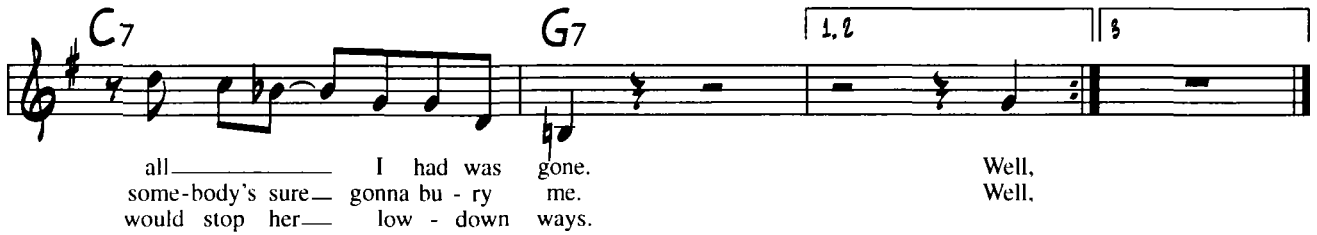
Well, it's get - tin' late in the eve - nin', I feel like like blow - in' my horn.  
looks like the o - cean's— run - nin' in - to the sea,  
min - utes seem like hours, hours be - gin to seem like dreams.

When I woke up the morn - in', all I had, I had was gone. ———  
If I don't find my ba - by, some - bod - y's gon - na sure bury me. ———  
seems like my ba - by would stop her old e - vil ways. ———

Late in the eve - ning, child, I feel like like blow - in' my  
Looks like the o - cean, boys, now o - cean, now look - a here, goin' to the  
Min - utes seem like hours, and hours seem like

horn.  
sea.  
days.

Well, I woke up this morn - in', dar - lin'.  
If I don't find my ba - by, ———  
Well, seems like my ba - by, ———



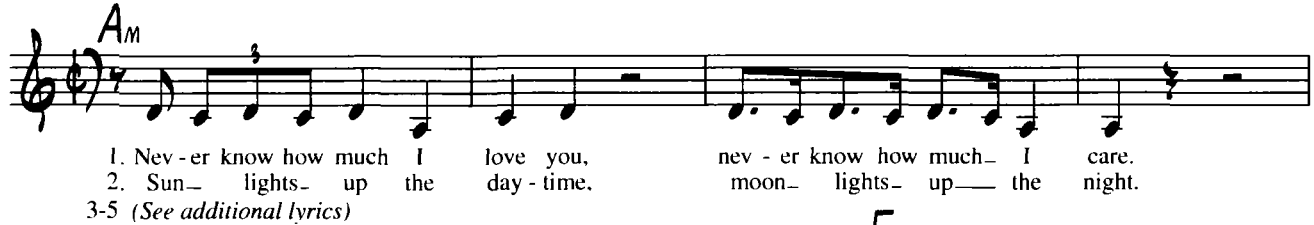
all I had was gone. Well,  
some-body's sure gonna bu-ry me. Well,  
would stop her low-down ways.

# FEVER

Copyright © 1956 by Fort Knox Music Inc. and Trio Music Co., Inc.  
Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by JOHN DAVENPORT  
and EDDIE COOLEY

**MODERATE TUMP**



1. Nev-er know how much I love you, nev-er know how much I care.  
2. Sun-lights-up the day-time, moon-lights-up the night.  
3-5 (See additional lyrics)



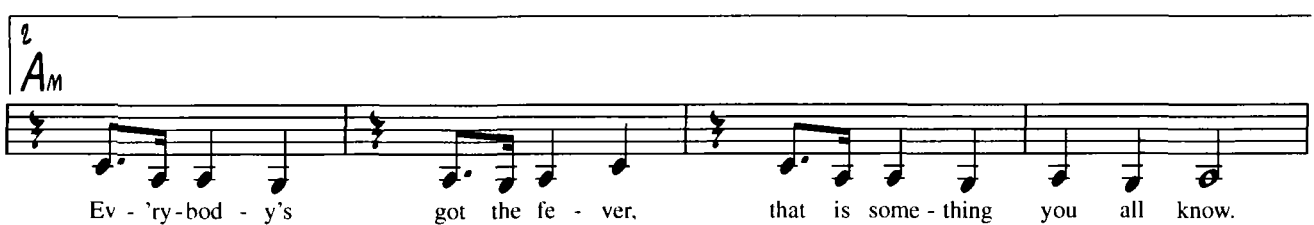
When you put your arms a-round me, I get a fev-er that's so hard to  
I light-up when you call my name, and you know I'm gon-na treat you



bear. You give me fe-ver when you kiss me, fe-ver when you hold me  
right.



tight. Fe-ver in the morn-ing, fe-ver all through the night.



Ev-'ry-bod-y's got the fe-ver, that is some-thing you all know.



Fe-ver is-n't such a new thing, fe-ver start-ed long-a-go, burn.

## Additional Lyrics

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <p>3. Romeo loved Juliet,<br/>Juliet she felt the same.<br/>When he put his arms around her, he said,<br/>"Julie, baby, you're my flame."</p>  | <p>4. Captain Smith and Pocahontas<br/>Had a very mad affair<br/>When her Daddy tried to kill him, she said,<br/>"Daddy-o don't you dare."</p>           | <p>5. Now you've listened to my story<br/>Here's the point that I have made.<br/>Chicks were born to give you fever<br/>Be it fahrenheit or centigrade.</p> |
| <p><i>Chorus:</i> Thou givest fever, when we kisseth<br/>Fever with thy flaming youth.<br/>Fever—I'm afire<br/>Fever, yea I burn forsooth.</p> | <p><i>Chorus:</i> Give me fever, with his kisses,<br/>Fever when he holds me tight.<br/>Fever—I'm his Missus<br/>Oh Daddy won't you treat him right.</p> | <p><i>Chorus:</i> They give you fever,<br/>when you kiss them<br/>Fever if you live and learn.<br/>Fever—till you sizzle<br/>What a lovely way to burn.</p> |

## FINE AND MELLOW

Copyright © 1940 by Edward B. Marks Music Company  
Copyright RenewedWords and Music by  
BILLIE HOLIDAY

## MODERATELY SLOW BLUES



My man don't love me, treats me oh so mean,\_\_\_\_\_



my man he don't love— me, treats me aw - ful mean,\_\_\_\_\_



he's the low - est man that I've ev - er seen.



He wears high - draped pants.— stripes are real - ly yel - low:\_\_\_\_\_



— he wears high-draped pants.— stripes are real - ly yel - low.



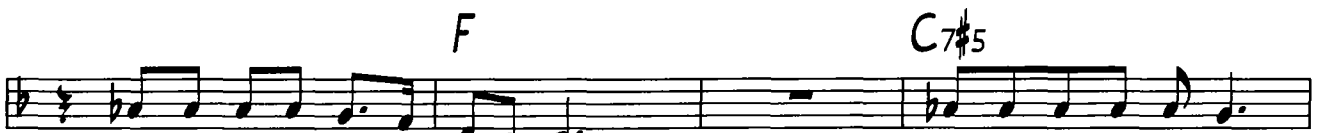
But when he starts in to love me he's so fine and mel - low.\_\_\_\_\_



Love will make you drink and gam - ble, make you stay out all night



long.\_\_\_\_\_ Love will make you drink and gam - ble,



make you stay out all night long.\_\_\_\_\_ Love will make you do things

















# FLIP, FLOP AND FLY

Copyright © 1955 by Unichappell Music Inc.  
Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by CHARLES CALHOUN  
and LOU WILLIE TURNER

**MEDIUM BOUNCE**

**A** **A7**

Now when I get the blues I get me a rock - in' chair, \_\_\_\_\_ When  
one more kiss, hold it a long, long time. \_\_\_\_\_ Give me

**D7** **A**

I get the blues I get me a rock - in' chair. \_\_\_\_\_ When the  
one more - kiss, hold it a long, long time. \_\_\_\_\_ Now

**E7** **A**

blues o - ver take me gon - na rock right a - way from here. \_\_\_\_\_ Now when  
love me, ba - by, till the feel - ing hits my head like wine. \_\_\_\_\_ Here -

**§** **A7**

I get lone - some I jump on the tel - e - phone, \_\_\_\_\_ When  
comes my ba - by, flash - ing a new gold tooth, \_\_\_\_\_ Here  
Mis - si - sip - pi bull - frog sit - tin' on a hol - low stump, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm like a

**D7** **A**

I get lone - some I jump on the tel - e - phone. \_\_\_\_\_ I  
comes my ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ flash - ing a new gold tooth. \_\_\_\_\_ Well,  
Mis - si - sip - pi bull - frog \_\_\_\_\_ sit - tin' on a hol - low stump. \_\_\_\_\_ I

**E7** **A**

call my ba - by, tell her I'm on my way back home. \_\_\_\_\_ }  
she's so small she can rum - ba in a pay phone booth. \_\_\_\_\_ } Now  
got so man - y wom - en I don't know which way to jump. \_\_\_\_\_ }

**A7**

flip, flop and fly; \_\_\_\_\_ I don't care if I die. \_\_\_\_\_ Now

**D7** **A**

flip, flop and fly; \_\_\_\_\_ I don't care if I die. \_\_\_\_\_

Don't ev - er leave me, don't ev - er say good - bye. Give me

I'm like a

Chords: E7, A, A, D7, A

Annotations: 1, D.S.

## FIVE LONG YEARS

Copyright © 1952 (Renewed) by Embassy Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
EDDIE BOYD

**SLOWLY**

If you've ev - er been mis-treat - ed, you know just what I'm talk - in' a -  
job at a steel mill. truck - in' steel just like a

bout. If you've ev - er been mis-treat - ed.  
slave. Five long years of fright I'm run - nin',

you know just what I talk - in' a - bout. I work  
straight home with all of my pay. Mis-treat-ed, you know what I'm talkin' about? I work

five long years for one wom - an. and she had the nerve  
five long years for one wom - an. and she had the nerve

to kick me out. I got a  
to throw me out.

Chords: C7, F7, C7, G7, F7, C7

Annotations: 1, 2

# FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

© 1956 (Renewed 1984) HOUSE OF CASH, INC. (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Words and Music by  
JOHN R. CASH

**MODERATELY** **G**

I hear the train a - com - in'; it's roll - in' 'round the bend, and  
I was just a ba - by my ma - ma told me, "Son, \_\_\_\_\_

**G** **DIM** **G** **G7**

I ain't seen the sun - shine since I don't know when. I'm  
al - ways be a good boy; don't ever play with guns." But I

**C**

stuck at Fol - som Pri - son and time keeps drag - gin'  
shot a man in Re - no just \_\_\_\_\_ to watch him

**G** **D7**

on. \_\_\_\_\_ But that train keeps roll - in'  
die. \_\_\_\_\_ When I hear that whis - tle blow - in'

**G**

on down to San \_\_\_\_\_ An \_\_\_\_\_ tone. \_\_\_\_\_ When  
I hang my head \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ cry. \_\_\_\_\_

# FORTY-FOUR

Copyright © 1960 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETT

**FAST BLUES** **F**

I wore my for - ty - four so long, \_\_\_\_\_ I made my eyes sure look so  
mad - this morn - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ I don't know where in the world to

**Bb7**

old. \_\_\_\_\_ I wore my for - ty - four so long, \_\_\_\_\_  
go. \_\_\_\_\_ Well, I'm so mad - this morn - ing. \_\_\_\_\_

**F**

\_\_\_\_\_ I made my eyes sure look so old. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ I don't know where in the world to go. \_\_\_\_\_

**C7** **Bb7**

Well, I warned ev - 'ry - bod - y, \_\_\_\_\_ where my  
Well, I'm look - in' for some mon - ey, \_\_\_\_\_ long time.



ba - by goes. \_\_\_\_\_ Well, I'm so  
just have some gold. \_\_\_\_\_

## FOOLISH MAN BLUES

© 1927 (Renewed), 1993 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

### SLOW BLUES

Men sure is de - ceit - ful and they's get - tin' wors - er ev - 'ry - day.  
used to love a man. He al - ways made my poor - heart - ache.

I Men sure is de - ceit - ful and they's get - tin' wors - er ev - 'ry -  
used to love a man. He al - ways made my poor - heart -

day. ache. He Act like a bunch of wom - en,  
was crook - ed as a cork - screw and

they's just - a gab, gab, gab - bin' a - way. There's  
e - vil as a cop - per - head snake. I

two things got me puz - zled, there's two things I can't - stand.  
know a cer - tain man who spent a year run - nin' a poor gal - down.

There's two things got me puz - zled, there's two things I can't -  
I know a cer - tain man who spent a year run - nin' a poor gal -

stand: down. a And man - nish act - in' wom - an and a  
when she let him kiss her. the

skip - pin' twist - in' wom - an - act - in' man.  
fool blabbed it all o - ver town. I

# FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

Copyright © 1955 (Renewed) by Sunflower Music, Inc. (ASCAP)

Words and Music by  
BERNARD ROTH

MODERATELY SLOW BLUES

A

For - ty days — and for - ty nights —

since my ba - by left this town. — Sun shin -

D

in' — all — day long. — but the rain — keep fall - in' down. —

A E

She's my life. I need her so: —

D A

why — she left, I just don't know. — For - ty days —

— and for - ty nights — since I set right down and cried. —

D

Keep rain - in' — all — the time, —

D9 A

but the riv - er is run - nin' dry. —

E D

Lord. — help me, it just ain't right; I love that girl wit' all o' my

**A**

might. For - ty days and for - ty nights

since my ba - by broke my heart.

**D**

Search - in' for a lit - tle while. like a blind.

**A**

man in the dark. Love can

**E D A**

make a poor man rich or break his heart, I don't know which.

**E A D<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>**

For - ty days and for - ty nights, like a

**A**

ship out on the sea. Prayed for

**D**

her each night that she would come back here home to me.

**A E7**

Life is love and love is life.

**D<sub>9</sub> n.c. B<sub>9</sub> A<sub>9</sub>**

I hope she come back home to - night. (Instrumental)

# FROM FOUR TILL LATE

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**MODERATE BLUES**

1. From four— till late, I was wring - ing my hands - and cryin'.

2-5 (See additional lyrics)

From four— till late, I was wring - ing my hands - and cryin'.

I be - lieve— to my soul— that your dad -

dy's Gulf - port bound.

**Additional Lyrics**

- 2. From Memphis to Norfolk is a thirty-six hours' ride. From Memphis to Norfolk is a thirty-six hours' ride. A man is like a prisoner, and he's never satisfied.
- 3. A woman is like a dresser, some man always ramblin' through its drawers. A woman is like a dresser, some man always ramblin' through its drawers. It 'cause so many men, wear an apron over-all.
- 4. From four till late, she get with a no good bunch and clown. From four till late, she get with a no good bunch and clown. Now she won't do nothin', but tear a good man's reputation down.
- 5. When I leave this town, I'm gon' bid you fare, farewell. When I leave this town, I'm gon' bid you fare, farewell. And when I return again, you'll have a great long story to tell.

# GOING DOWN SLOW

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Words and Music by  
J.B. ODEN

**SLOW BLUES**

I've had my fun, — if I don't ev - er get well no  
Won't some - body write my mother, and — tell her the shape I'm  
Moth - er, please don't send me no doctor, a doc - tor can't do me no —

more. Had my fun, — if I don't ev - er get well no  
in? Won't some - bod - y write my mother, and — tell her the shape I'm  
good. Mother, please don't send me no doctor, a doc - tor can't do me no —

**C7** **G7**

more. I know my health is fail - ing me. —  
 in? I want you to tell her to pray for me. —  
 good. Back when I was a young boy. —

**F7** **C7** **G7**

I know that I'm go - in' down slow. —  
 ask her to for-give me and my sins.  
 I just did - n't do the things I should.

# GEE BABY, AIN'T I GOOD TO YOU

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Words by DON REDMAN and ANDY RAZAF  
 Music by DON REDMAN

**SLOW BLUES**

**C7** **Ab7** **G7** **C9** **C7b9** **F7b9** **F7b5** **Bb9#5** **Bb9**

Love — makes me treat you the way — that I do. Gee ba-by, ain't I good — to

**Eb6** **G7** **C7** **Ab7** **G7** **C9** **C7b9**

you! There's noth - in' to good for a girl — that's so true.

**F7** **F7b5** **Bb9#5** **Bb7b9** **Eb7** **Ab** **ADIM7**

Gee ba-by, ain't I good — to you! Brought you a fur-coat for Christ - mas,

**Eb** **Ab** **ADIM7** **Fm7b5** **Ab** **G7**

a dia-mond ring. — a Ca - dil - lac car, an' ev - ry - thing. —

**C7** **Ab7** **G7** **C9** **C7b9** **F7b9** **F7b5** **Bb9#5** **B7b9**

Love — makes me treat you the way — that I do. Gee ba-by, ain't I good — to

**Eb** **F7** **Ab7** **G7** **Eb** **Abm6** **EbMAJ7**

you! you!

# FURTHER ON UP THE ROAD

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by JOE VEASEY  
and DON ROBEY

**BRIGHT SHUFFLE**  $\frac{3}{4}$  **G**

Fur - ther on up the road some-one's gon - na hurt you  
sow, that old say - ing is

**C**

like you hurt me. Fur - ther on up the road  
true. You got to reap just what you sow.

**G**

some - one's gon - na hurt you like you hurt me. Fur - ther on up the  
that old say - ing is true. Just like you mis - treat some-

**D** **C** **G** **N.C.**

road, ba - by, you just wait and see. You got to reap just what you  
one, some - one's gon - na mis-treat

**G** **N.C.** **G**

you. You been laugh-in', pret-ty ba - by: some-day you're gon-na be  
see.

**C**

cry - in'. You been laugh - in', pret-ty ba - by:

**G** **D**

some - day you're gon - na be cry-in'. Fur - ther on up the road

**C** **G** **N.C.** **D.S.** **G**

you'll find out I was-n't ly-in'. Fur-ther on up the ly - in'.

# GEORGIA ON MY MIND

Copyright © 1930 by Peer Music Ltd.  
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Words by STUART GORRELL  
Music by HOAGY CARMICHAEL

**SLOWLY**

The musical score is written in a single system with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'SLOWLY' and the chord 'F'. The lyrics are: 'Geor - gia, — Geor - gia, — the whole day through, Just an'. The second staff continues the melody with chords: A7, Dm, Dm/C, G/B, Bbm6. Lyrics: 'old sweet song keeps Geor - gia on my mind (Geor - gia on my mind)'. The third staff has chords: Am7, D7, Gm7, C7, Am7, D7b9, Gm7, C7+. Lyrics: 'Geor - gia, — Geor - gia, — a song of you Comes as sweet and clear as'. The fourth staff has chords: F, A7, Dm, Dm/C, G/B, Bbm6, Am7, D7. Lyrics: 'moon - light through the pines. — Oth - er arms — reach'. The fifth staff has chords: Gm7, G9, C13, F, Eb9, F, A7, Dm, Gm6. Lyrics: 'out to me: — Oth - er eyes — smile ten - der - ly: — Still in peace - ful'. The sixth staff has chords: Dm, Bb7, Dm, Gm6, Dm7, G7, Dm, C#dim7. Lyrics: 'dreams I see — the road leads back to you. — Geor - gia, —'. The seventh staff has chords: F6/C, Bm7b5, E7, Am7, F#dim7, Gm7, C7, F. Lyrics: 'Geor - gia, — no peace I find, Just an old sweet song keeps'. The eighth staff has chords: A7, Dm, Dm/C, G/B, Bbm6, Am7, D7. Lyrics: 'Geor - gia on my mind. — mind. —'. The final staff has chords: Gm7, G9, C13, F, Dm7, Gm7, C7, C7#5, F, C7#5, F6. It includes first and second endings for the final phrase.

Geor - gia, — Geor - gia, — the whole day through, Just an  
old sweet song keeps Geor - gia on my mind (Geor - gia on my mind).  
Geor - gia, — Geor - gia, — a song of you Comes as sweet and clear as  
moon - light through the pines. — Oth - er arms — reach  
out to me: — Oth - er eyes — smile ten - der - ly: — Still in peace - ful  
dreams I see — the road leads back to you. — Geor - gia, —  
Geor - gia, — no peace I find, Just an old sweet song keeps  
Geor - gia on my mind. — mind. —

# GOOD MORNING HEARTACHE

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 Sony/ATV Music Publishing, 8 Music Square West, Nashville, TN 37203

Words and Music by DAN FISHER,  
 IRENE HIGGINBOTHAM and ERVIN DRAKE

## SLOW BLUES

Good morn-ing heart-ache, you old gloom-y sight. Good morn-ing heart-ache, tho't we  
 said good - bye last night. I tossed and turned un - til it seemed you had gone,  
 but here you are with the dawn. Wish I'd for - get you but you're here to stay.  
 It seems I met you when my love went a - way. Now ev - 'ry day I start by  
 say - ing to you, "Good morn-ing heart-ache, what's new?"  
 Stop haunt-ing me now. Can't shake you no - how.  
 Just leave me a - lone. I've got those Mon - day blues straight thru Sun - day blues.  
 Good morn-ing heart-ache, here we go a - gain. Good morn-ing heart-ache, you're the



*Bb*<sub>M7</sub>/*Eb* *Eb*<sub>7b9</sub> *A*<sub>M7</sub>/*D* *D*<sub>7b9</sub> *G*<sub>M7</sub> *B*<sub>M7b5</sub> *Bb*<sub>M7</sub> *A*<sub>M7</sub> *Ab*<sub>M7</sub> *D*<sub>b9</sub>

one who knew me when. Might as well get used to you hang-in' a - round.

*G*<sub>M7</sub> *C*<sub>7</sub> *G*<sub>b7</sub> *F* *D*<sub>b</sub>MAJ7 | *F* *E*<sub>b</sub>M7 *D*<sub>7#9</sub> *D*<sub>b</sub>MAJ7 *G*<sub>7</sub> *C*<sub>7#9</sub> *C*<sub>7</sub> *F*<sub>9b5</sub>

Good morn-ing heart-ache, sit down! down!\_\_\_\_\_

## A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
EDDIE GREEN

**MODERATELY** *E*<sub>7</sub> *A*<sub>7</sub>

A good man\_\_\_\_\_ is hard to find:\_\_\_\_\_ you al - ways get\_\_\_\_\_ the oth - er

*D*<sub>7</sub> *G* *N.C.*

kind. Just when you think that he is your pal\_\_\_\_\_ you look for him and find him fool-ing

*G* *D*<sub>7</sub> *G* *E*<sub>7</sub>

'round some oth - er gal. Then you rave:\_\_\_\_\_ you e - ven crave\_\_\_\_\_ to see him

*A*<sub>7</sub> *D*<sub>7</sub> *G* *G*<sub>DIM7</sub> *G* *A*<sub>M7</sub> *D*<sub>7</sub>

lay - ing in his grave.\_\_\_\_\_ So, if your man is nice, take my ad - vice\_\_\_\_\_ and

*G*

hug him in the morn-ing. Kiss him ev - 'ry night.\_\_\_\_\_ Give him plen - ty lov - in',

*A*<sub>7</sub> *A*<sub>M7</sub> *D*<sub>7</sub> *G*

treat him right,\_\_\_\_\_ for a good man now - a - days\_\_\_\_\_ is hard to find.\_\_\_\_\_

# GOD BLESS' THE CHILD

Copyright © 1941 by Edward B. Marks Music Company  
Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by ARTHUR HERZOG, JR.  
and BILLIE HOLIDAY

**SLOWLY, WITH FEELING**

$E_b^{MAJ7}$   $E_b7$   $A_b6$   $E_b^{MAJ7}$   $E_b7$   $A_b6$   
 Them that's got strong shall get. more, them that's not weak shall lose, so the  
 while the weak ones fade, emp - ty

$B_b^{M7}$   $E_b7$   $B_b^{M7}$   $E_{b9}^5$   $E_b9$   $A_b^{MAJ7}$   $A_b6$   $A_b^M$   $A_b^{M6}$   
 Bi - ble said, and it still is news; { Ma - ma may have, Pa - pa may have, but  
 pock - ets don't ev - er make the grade; }

$G^{M7}$   $C7b9$   $F^{M9}$   $B_b7$   $E_b6$   $C^M$   $G^{M7}$   $F^{M7}$   $B_b7$   
 God bless' the child that's got his own! That's got his own. Yes, the

$A_b7$   $G7$   $C^M$   $C^{M(MAJ7)}$   $C^{M7}$   $C^{M6}$   $G^M$   $D7$   $G7$   
 Mon - ey, you got lots o' friends, crowd - in' 'round the door;

$C^M$   $C^{M(MAJ7)}$   $C^{M7}$   $C^{M6}$   $G^M$   $C7$   $B9b5$   $B_b9$   $F^{M7}$   $B_b7$   
 when you're gone and spend - in' ends, - they don't come no more. Rich re -

$E_b^{MAJ7}$   $E_b7$   $A_b6$   $E_b^{MAJ7}$   $E_b7$   $A_b6$   $B_b^{M7}$   $E9$   $E_b9$   
 la - tions give, crust of bread, and such, you can help your - self, but don't

$B_b^{M7}$   $E_{b9}^5$   $E_b9$   $A_b^{MAJ7}$   $A_b6$   $A_b^M$   $A_b^{M6}$   
 take too much! Ma - ma may have, Pa - pa may have, but

$G^{M7}$   $C9$   $C7b9$   $F^{M9}$   $B_b7$   $E_b6$   
 God bless' the child that's got his own! That's got his own.

# GOOD MORNIN' BLUES

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Words and Music by HUDDIE LEDBETTER

Edited by ALAN LOMAX

**MODERATELY** C7

1. Good morn - ing blues, blues how do— you do?—  
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

C F7 C

Good morn - ing blues, blues how— do you do?—

G7 C

I'm do-ing all right, good morn-ing, how are you?—

## Additional Lyrics

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2. Laid down last night, turnin' from side to side.<br>Laid down last night, turnin' from side to side.<br>I was not sick, but I was just dissatisfied. | 3. When I got up this mornin', blues walkin' round my bed.<br>When I got up this mornin', blues walkin' round my bed.<br>I went to eat my breakfast, the blues was all in my bread. |
| 4. I got a new way of spelling Memphis, Tennessee.<br>I got a new way of spelling Memphis, Tennessee.<br>Double E, double T, Lord, double X-Y-Z.        | 5. I sent for you yesterday, here you come walking today.<br>I sent for you yesterday, here you come walking today.<br>You got your mouth wide open, you don't know what to say.    |

# GOT THE BLUES, CAN'T BE SATISFIED

Copyright © 1968 (Renewed 1996) Wynwood Music Co., Inc.

Words and Music by

"MISSISSIPPI" JOHN HURT

**RELAXED** G7

1. Got the blues,— can't be sat - is - fied.  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

C7 G

Got the blues,— can't be sat - is - fied.—

D7 G

Keep the blues,— I'll catch that train and ride.—

## Additional Lyrics

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2. Yes, whiskey straight will drive the blues away.<br>Yes, whiskey straight will drive the blues away.<br>That be the case, I wants a quart today.           | 3. I bought my baby a great big diamond ring.<br>I bought my baby a great big diamond ring.<br>Come right back home and caught her shaking that thing. |
| 4. I said, "Babe, what make you do me this a-way?"<br>I said, "Babe, what make you do me this a-way?"<br>Well, that I bought, now you give it away.           | 5. I took my gun and broke the barrel down.<br>I took my gun and broke the barrel down.<br>I put that joker six feet in the ground.                    |
| 6. You got the blues, and I still ain't satisfied.<br>You got the blues, and I still ain't satisfied.<br>Well, some old day, gonna catch that train and ride. |  |

# GOOD ROCKIN' TONIGHT

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By ROY BROWN

## IN GENUINE ROCKABILLY



Well, I heard the news, there's— good rock-in' to - night.—  
heard the news? Ev - 'ry - bod - y's rock-in' to - night.—



Well, I heard— the news, there's— a good— rock-in' to - night.— {  
Have you heard— the news? Ev - 'ry - bod - y's rock-in' to - night.— }



I wan - na hold my— ba - by tight as I can.— To -



night she'll- know I'm a might - y, might - y man. I heard the news,—



there's good rock-in' to - night.—

I say he'll meet me in a hur-ry, be -



hind the barn.— Don't— you be a - fraid, dar - lin', I'll do you no harm.— I



want you to bring— a - long my rock-in' shoes, 'cause to - night I'm gon - na rock a - way



all the blues. I heard the news,— there's good rock-in' to - night.—



Well,— we gon - na rock.

We gon - na rock.—

*A7* *E*

Let's rock, come on and rock. We gon-na

*B7* *E* *D.S. AL CODA*

rock all our blues a-way. Have you

⊕ *CODA*

Well, we're gon-na rock, rock, rock. Ah, come on and

*A7* *E*

rock, rock, rock. Always rock, rock, rock. Ah, well let's rock, rock,

*B* *E7* *E6*

rock. Ah, we gon-na rock all our blues a-way.

# GOODBYE BABY

Copyright © 1967 Powerforce Music  
Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by SAM LING,  
JOE JOSEA and JULES TAUB

*MODERATELY* *E*

Now, good - bye. ba - by. got - ta  
ba - by, here's  
yes, here's

*E7* *A7*

leave you now. Oh, you told me dar - lin', you  
my right hand. I love you, ba - by, I can't  
all of me. I'll take you, ba - by, to

*E6*

love me no how. Oh, yeah, I got - ta leave  
get you to un - der - stand. Oh, bye, good - bye, ba -  
some place you ought to be. Oh, bye now, good -

*B7* *E* *A7* *E* *B7* *E*

you, }  
by, }  
bye, }

ba - by good - bye. Aw  
Aw

# GOT TO HURRY

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By OSCAR RASPUTIN

## MODERATE BLUES

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of ten staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece is titled "MODERATE BLUES".

The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B), a quarter rest, and another triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). This pattern repeats. Above the first measure is a chord symbol "A".

The second staff continues the melody with a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B), a quarter rest, and another triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). Above the first measure is a chord symbol "D", and above the fourth measure is a chord symbol "A".

The third staff continues with a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B), a quarter rest, and another triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). Above the first measure is a chord symbol "E", above the second measure is "D", and above the fourth measure is "A".

The fourth staff features a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B), a quarter rest, and another triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). Above the first measure is a chord symbol "D".

The fifth staff continues with a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B), a quarter rest, and another triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). Above the first measure is a chord symbol "D".

The sixth staff features a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B), a quarter rest, and another triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). Above the first measure is a chord symbol "A", above the second measure is "E", and above the fourth measure is "D".

The seventh staff continues with a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B), a quarter rest, and another triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). Above the first measure is a chord symbol "A".

The eighth staff features a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B), a quarter rest, and another triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). Above the first measure is a chord symbol "D", and above the second measure is "A".

The ninth staff continues with a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B), a quarter rest, and another triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). Above the first measure is a chord symbol "E", above the second measure is "D", and above the fourth measure is "A".

Instrumental guitar tablature for 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl'. The piece is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef. It includes various chord diagrams (D, A, E) and rhythmic patterns such as triplets and sixteenth-note runs. The piece concludes with a 'D.S. AND FADE' instruction.

# GOOD MORNING LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL

Copyright © 1964 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**FAST BLUES**

Vocal line musical notation in 4/4 time, key of F#. The melody is accompanied by guitar chords: A7, D7, A7, E7, D7, and A7. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Good morn - ing lit - tle school - girl,— good morn - ing lit - tle  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

school - girl,— can I go home with,— can I go  
home— with you? Tell your moth - er and your  
fa - ther.— I once was a school - boy too.

### Additional Lyrics

2. Sometime I don't know what, sometime I don't know what.  
Woman, what in this world to, woman, what in this world to do.  
I don't want to hurt your feeling, or either get mad at you.
3. I'm gonna buy me an airplane. I'm gonna buy me an airplane.  
I'm gonna fly all over shanty town.  
If I don't find my baby, I ain't gonna let my airplane down.
4. Now who's that comin' yonder? Now who's that comin' yonder?  
She's all dressed up in pretty, she's dressed up in pretty red.  
If she don't be my baby, I'd sooner see her dead.

# GULF COAST BLUES

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Words and Music by  
CLARENCE WILLIAMS

SLOW BLUES (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

*E<sub>b</sub> G<sub>b</sub><sup>DIM7</sup> B<sub>b</sub>7 E<sub>b</sub>*

I've been blue all day, My {man's / gal's} fone a - way, {He / She}  
I've done packed my clothes, Gon - na leave my woes, Goin'

*A<sub>b</sub>7 B<sub>b</sub> G<sub>7</sub> C<sub>M</sub> G<sub>b</sub>7 F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>7*

left {his / her} mam - ma / dad - dy} cold For an - oth - er {gal / man} I'm told, I  
to a bet - ter place With a smile up - on my face, Say,

*E<sub>b</sub> G<sub>b</sub><sup>DIM7</sup> B<sub>b</sub>7 G<sub>7</sub> C<sub>M</sub>*

tried to treat {her / him} kind I thought {he / she} would be mine, That  
when the steam - boat blows And when that Gulf train goes, You'll

*B<sub>b</sub> D<sub>7</sub> D<sub>M7b5</sub> G<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> G<sub>b</sub><sup>DIM7</sup> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>7*

{man / gal} I hate to lose, That's why {mam - ma's / dad - dy's} got the blues.  
hear me say "Good - bye." Be - cause here's the rea - son why.

*E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>7 E<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub>7*

1. {Man / Gal} that I love {he / she} has left me in this town, \_\_\_\_\_ The  
2. Mail - man passed by, but he did - n't leave no news, \_\_\_\_\_ The  
3-5 (See additional lyrics)

*A<sub>b</sub> F<sub>M</sub> F<sub>M7b5</sub> E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub>*

{man / gal} I love has gone left me in this town, \_\_\_\_\_  
mail - man passed by he did - n't leave no news, \_\_\_\_\_

*G<sub>b</sub><sup>DIM7</sup> B<sub>b</sub>7 C<sub>7</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub>7*

\_\_\_\_\_ And if it keeps on \_\_\_\_\_ snow - ing, I will be Gulf Coast  
\_\_\_\_\_ I'll tell the world {he / she} left me Cry - ing the Gulf Coast



bound. \_\_\_\_\_  
blues. \_\_\_\_\_

day. \_\_\_\_\_

### Additional Lyrics

3. These men (women) up North, honey, sure do make me tired,  
These men (women) up North, honey, sure do make me tired,  
They've got a mouthful of "gimme."  
Handful of "much obliged."
4. Broadway's all right and the lights shine nice and bright,  
Broadway's all right and the lights shine nice and bright,  
I'd rather walk down home.  
By my little lantern light.
5. The Gulf of Mexico flows into Mobile Bay,  
The Gulf of Mexico flows into Mobile Bay,  
I'm gonna let that cold water  
Flow over me some day.

## HESITATION BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by BILLY SMYTHE  
and J. SCOTT MIDDLETON

### MEDIUM BLUES

1. Well, stand-ing on the cor-ner with a dol-lar in my hand, Look-ing for a wom-an who's  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

look-ing for a man. Tell me how long do I have to wait?

Can I get you now, or must I hes - i - tate?

### Additional Lyrics

2. Well, the eagle on the dollar say, "In God we trust,"  
Woman wants a man, she wants to see a dollar first...  
*Chorus*
3. Well, pussy ain't nothin' but meat on the bone,  
You an make it, you can take it, you can leave it alone...  
*Chorus*
4. Well, you hesitate by one, and you hesitate by two,  
Angels up in heaven singing hesitatin' blues...  
*Chorus*

# HAVE YOU EVER LOVED A WOMAN

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Words and Music by  
BILLY MYLES

## SLOW BLUES

**C7**



Have you ev - er loved a wom - an\_\_\_\_\_

**F7** **C7**



so much you real - ly <sup>3</sup> hate to be a - lone?\_\_\_\_\_

**F7**



Have you ev - er loved a wom - an\_\_\_\_\_

**C7** **F7**



so much you real - ly <sup>3</sup> hate to be a - lone?\_\_\_\_\_

**C** **G7**



When all\_\_\_\_\_ the time you know\_\_\_\_\_

**F7** **C** **F7**



that lit - tle girl, li'l girl.\_\_\_\_\_ Well, done you\_\_\_\_\_ wrong.

**C** **G7** **C**



What it does to love a wom - an.\_\_\_\_\_

**F7** **C**



so much it real - ly\_\_\_\_\_ makes you trem - ble in pain. -

**F7**



When you love a wom - an.\_\_\_\_\_

so much it real-ly makes you trem-ble in a pain.

And the part that hurts you bad.

when you nev-er, well, you nev-er gon-na see her a-gain.

Have you ev-er loved a wom-an.

so much it real-ly, real-ly hurts to be a-lone?

Have you ev-er loved a wom-an.

so much it real-ly, real-ly hate to be a-lone?

All the time you know she'll na-tur-al-ly break up your hap-py-

home.

# HAPPY WITH THE BLUES

© 1961, 1962 (Renewed) HARWIN MUSIC CO.

 Lyric by PEGGY LEE  
 Music by HAROLD ARLEN

MODERATELY SLOW

The musical score is written in G major, 4/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'Moderately Slow'. It consists of ten staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: 'I've done some trav-'lin',... done some un- rav-'lin',... and for this shoe-string paid lots of dues. But some-times may-be he calls me ba-by, and then I'm hap-py with the blues. So man-y nights, man-y days I kept tell-ing my-self what to do, where to go. But I stay here 'cause I need him and he needs me, I know. Rooms get so lone-ly, with-out his fun-ny face, so I'll be hap-py with the blues. blues.

I've done some trav-'lin',... done some un- rav-'lin',...

and for this shoe-string paid lots of dues. But some-times

may-be he calls me ba-by, and then I'm hap-py with the

blues. So man-y nights, man-y days I kept tell-ing my-

self what to do, where to go. But I stay here 'cause I need him

and he needs me, I know. Rooms get so lone-ly,

with-out his fun-ny face, so I'll be hap-py with the

blues. blues.

# HEARTBREAK HOTEL

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 8 Music Square West, Nashville, TN 37203

Words and Music by MAE BOREN AXTON,  
 TOMMY DURDEN and ELVIS PRESLEY

## MODERATE BLUES

1. Now, since my ba - by left me I've found a new place to dwell.  
 2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

down at the end— of Lone - ly Street at Heart - break Ho - tel. I'm so lone - ly. I'm so

lone - ly. I'm so lone - ly that I could die. And

tho' it's al-ways crowd-ed, you can still find some room for bro-ken - heart - ed lov - ers to

cry there in— the gloom and be so lone - ly, oh, so lone - ly, oh, so

lone - ly they could die. The So die.

## Additional Lyrics

2. The bellhop's tears keep flowing.  
 The desk clerk's dressed in black.  
 They've been so long on Lonely Street  
 They never will go back,  
 And they're so lonely, oh, they're so lonely,  
 They're so lonely they pray to die.
3. So, if your baby leaves  
 And you have a tale to tell,  
 Just take a walk down Lonely Street  
 To Heartbreak Hotel,  
 Where you'll be so lonely and I'll be so lonely,  
 We'll be so lonely that we could die.

# HELP ME

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Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON,  
RALPH BASS and WILLIE DIXON

MODERATE BLUES  $F_M$   $A_b B_b F_M$   $A_b B_b F_M A_b B_b$

You got - ta help me. I can't do it all by my - self.

$F_M A_b B_b B_b_m D_b E_b B_b_m D_b E_b$

— You got - ta help me ba - by. I can't do it all by my -

$F_M A_b B_b F_M A_b B_b C_7 E_b F_M$

self. You know if you don't help me, dar - ling.

$B_b_m D_b E_b F_M A_b B_b F_M A_b B_b$

I'll have to find my - self some - bod - y else. I may have to

$F_M A_b B_b F_M A_b B_b F_M A_b B_b$

wash. may have to sew. I may have to cook, I might

(Instrumental Solo)

$F_M A_b B_b B_b_m D_b E_b B_b_m D_b E_b$

mop the floor. But you help me, ba - by.

$F_M A_b B_b F_M A_b B_b C_7 E_b F_M$

You know if you don't help me, dar - ling.

$B_b_m D_b E_b$   $F_M A_b B_b F_M A_b B_b$   $F_M A_b B_b$

I'll find my - self some - bod - y else. (Solo ends)

When I walk — you walk with me. And when I

*(Instrumental Solo)*

talk, you talk to me. — Oh, babe, I can't do it all by my -

self. — You know if you don't help me, dar - ling, —

I'll have to find my-self some-bod-y else. Help me, help me dar-ling.

Bring my night - shirt. Put on your morn - ing gown. —

*(D.S. Instrumental ad lib.)*

Whoa, bring me my night - shirt. — Put on your morn - ing

gown. — Dar - ling, I know where you're sleep - in', —

but I feel like ly - in' down. — Oh yeah, help me.

*D.S. AND FADE*

# HELLHOUND ON MY TRAIL

Copyright © (1978). 1990. 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**SLOW BLUES**

1. I got to keep mov - ing. — I got to keep - mov - ing.  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

Blues. fall - ing down like hail. — blues fall - ing down. like hail. —

Mmm. — blues fall - ing down — like hail. —

— blues fall - ing down — like hail. — And the day —

— keeps on re - mind - in' me. — there's a hell - hound — on my trail. — Hell - hound on my trail, —

hell - hound on my trail. —

## Additional Lyrics

2. If today was Christmas eve, if today was Christmas eve,  
And tomorrow was Christmas day.  
If today was Christmas eve and tomorrow was Christmas day.  
All I would need is my little sweet rider,  
Just to pass the time away, to pass the time away.
3. You sprinkled hot foot powder, mmm, around my door,  
All around my door.  
You sprinkled hot foot powder all around your daddy's door.  
It keeps me with ramblin' mind rider,  
Every old place I go, every old place I go.
4. I can tell the wind is risin', the leaves tremblin' on the tree,  
Tremblin' on the tree.  
I can tell the wind is risin', leaves tremblin' on the tree.  
All I need is my little sweet woman,  
And to keep my company, hey, hey, hey, hey, my company.



# HEY HEY

© 1952 (Renewed 1980) SCREEN GEMS-EMI MUSIC INC.

Words and Music by  
WILLIAM "BIG BILL" BROONZY

**FAST BLUES**

Musical notation for the first line of the song, featuring a treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The chord E7 is indicated above the first measure.

1. Hey hey,— hey hey,— ba - by hey.—  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

Musical notation for the second line of the song. The melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5. Chords A7 and E7 are indicated above the first and third measures respectively.

Hey hey,— hey hey,— ba - by hey.—

Musical notation for the third line of the song. The melody continues with quarter notes G4, A4, and B4. Chords B7, A7, and E7 are indicated above the first, second, and third measures respectively. A double bar line with first and second endings is shown at the end of the line.

I love you, ba-by, ain't gon-na be your dog.—

## Additional Lyrics

2. Hey hey, hey hey, baby, hey.  
Hey hey, hey hey, baby, hey.  
My arms around you, baby, all I can say is hey.
3. Hey hey, hey hey, baby, hey.  
Hey hey, hey hey, baby, hey.  
Love you, baby, but I sure ain't gonna be your dog.
4. Hey hey, lost your good thing now.  
Hey hey, lost your good thing now.  
It had me fooled, I found it out somehow.

# HUSH HUSH

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a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JIMMY REED

**MODERATELY SLOW**

Musical notation for the first line of the song, featuring a treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. Chords C and C7 are indicated above the first and fifth measures respectively.

Hush, hush,— just ba - by, don't be-lieve a word.— Hush, hush,  
ya - ky - yak all the time.— Hush, hush,  
did - n't hear what I said.— Hush, hush,

Musical notation for the second line of the song. The melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5. Chords F7 and C are indicated above the first and fifth measures respectively.

— dar - lin', don't be-lieve a word.— Well, you  
— ya - ky - yak all the time.— If you  
— did - n't hear what I said.— If you

Musical notation for the third line of the song. The melody continues with quarter notes G4, A4, and B4. Chords G7, F7, and C are indicated above the first, second, and fifth measures respectively. A double bar line with first and second endings is shown at the end of the line.

don't know noth - in' but be - lieve ev - 'ry word you heard.—  
don't stop yak - kin', you're gon - na drive me out of my mind.—  
don't stop talk - in', I'm gon - na leave you I'm might - y

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song. The melody continues with quarter notes G4, A4, and B4. Chords Ab7, G7(ADD13), C, G7#5, and C9 are indicated above the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth measures respectively.

— Hush, hush,— 'fraid.—  
— Hush, hush,—

# HEY, PRETTY MAMA

© 1980 HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MEDIUM BLUES**

*F7* *Bb7* *F7*



Hey, hey, pret-ty ma-ma, how you want your roll - ing done?—

*Bb7* *F7*



Hey, hey, pret-ty ma-ma, how you want your roll - ing done?—

*C7* *Bb7* *F7*



You get it three times a day— or you can have it from sun to sun.—

*C7* *F7*



1. I know you don't know what I'm put - ting down, but I got a long wind just

2 (See additional lyrics)



like a grey - hound. And when I love— I'm gon - na love you right, if you

*Bb7*



need me, ba - by, I can roll all night. Hey, hey, pret - ty ma - ma,

*F7*



how you want your roll - ing done?—

You get it

*C7* *Bb7* *F7*



three times a day— or you can have it from sun to sun.—

*F7*



Hey, hey, pret - ty

Hey, hey, pret - ty

### Additional Lyrics

2. Now tell me, baby, if your love is true.  
Time passed so fast when I'm loving you.  
Now tell me, baby, if I love you too strong.  
When I get in the mood, I can roll all night long.

# HIDDEN CHARMS

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**LATIN BEAT**

1. Her lips so sweet, her legs are big, her—  
 2. her love is so true.  
 3. (See additional lyrics)

— looks can make you dance a jig. Her touch is so soft.  
 I think a - bout her. that's all I do. She's weak as wa - ter.

heart so warm, what knocks me out, is your hid - den charms.  
 in my arms, what moves me dar - lin', is your hid - den charms.

1 Her voice is so soft, Ooh-wee, what a ba - by! Ooh-wee, what a ba - by! When

— I hold her in my arms, brings out all of her

— hid - den charms. Get it! Her kiss is so pure

## Additional Lyrics

3. (Her kiss is so) pure, as the morning dew,  
 Her gon' love, this Friday, too.  
 Oh how they talk, and say come on.  
 What kills me baby, is your hidden charms.

## HIGHWAY 40 BLUES

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Words and Music by  
LARRY CORDLE

BRIGHTLY (2 BEAT FEEL)



Well these high - way for - ty blues,  
The high - way called when I was young,  
You know I've ram - bled all a - round,



I've walked holes in both my shoes.  
Told me lies of things to come.  
Like a roll - ing stone from town to town.



Count - ed the days since I've been gone,  
Fame and for - tune lies a head,  
Met pret - ty girls I have to say,



And I'd love to see the lights of home.  
That's what the bill - board lights had said.  
but none of them could make me stay.



Wast - ed time and mon - ey too.  
Shat - tered dreams, my mind is numb.  
Well I've played the mu - sic halls and bars.



Squan - dered youth in search of truth.  
My mon - ey's gone, stick out my thumb,  
Had fan - cy clothes and big fine cars.



But in the end I had to lose. Lord a - bove, I paid my  
My eyes are filled with bit - ter tears. Lord, I ain't been home in  
Things a coun - try boy can't use. Dix - ie Land, I sure miss

dues.— got the }  
 years.— got the } high - way — for - ty blues. blues.  
 you.— got the }

*(Instrumental)*

# HEY LAWDY MAMA

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Words and Music by  
 CLEVE REED

**MEDIUM BLUES**

1. Now, the wom - an I love.— the wom - an I long — to see.—  
 2. wom - an I love.— got her feet right — on the ground.  
 3-6 (See additional lyrics)

— Hey Law - dy Ma - ma, they call her mon - ey. The wom - an I love.— the  
 — Hey Law - dy Ma - ma, they call her mon - ey. The wom - an I love.—

wom - an I long — to see.— She's in Cin - cin - na - ti, and  
 got her feet right — on the ground.— She's a tail - or - made gal.—

won't e - ven write — to me.— 2. Now, the —  
 she ain't no hand - me - down.— 3-6 (See additional lyrics)

## Additional Lyrics

3. The woman I love has left me behind.  
 Hey Lawdy Mama, hey Lawdy Mama.  
 The woman I love has left me behind.  
 If I don't find her soon,  
 I'm afraid I'll lose my mind.
4. She's got lots of kisses and money to spare.  
 Hey Lawdy Mama, hey Lawdy Mama.  
 She's got lots of kisses and money to spare.  
 She has got that certain something,  
 That leads me anywhere.
5. She caught that limited and I stood lookin' down.  
 Hey Lawdy Mama, hey Lawdy Mama.  
 She caught that limited and I stood lookin' down.  
 I couldn't stand to see  
 My gal leave this town.
6. Meet me in the bottom, bring my boots and shoes.  
 Hey Lawdy Mama, hey Lawdy Mama.  
 Meet me in the bottom, bring my boots and shoes.  
 I gotta leave this town, ain't got no time to lose.

# HIGHWAY 51 BLUES

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Words and Music by  
CURTIS JONES

**MODERATE BLUES**

1. For - give me, for all the wrong I've done, -  
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

please for-give me, for all the wrong I've done, -

I don't want no one to come and pull me 'Cross that old High-way Fif-ty-

one. — died. —

**Additional Lyrics**

- 2. If I should die, baby, before my time,  
If I should die, baby, before my time,  
Lay my body on Fifty-one Highway,  
Just down below the Frisco line.
- 3. Now Mister Bus Driver, let me ride down in your blind,  
Now Mister Bus Driver, let me ride down in your blind,  
And if you don't let me ride, man  
I'm gonna swing right on behind.
- 4. Maybe your good man will buck it, don't want you to have no fun,  
Bet your man will buck it, baby, he don't want you to have no fun,  
Come and follow me to my Maker,  
Touch down on Highway Fifty-one.
- 5. Me an' my little baby, we walked Fifty-one Highway side by side,  
Me an' my little baby, walked the highway side by side,  
If we have a mighty bad accident,  
No one will know the death we died.

# HOOTIE BLUES

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Words and Music by CHARLIE PARKER,  
JAY McSHANN and WALTER BROWN

**MEDIUM BLUES**

1. Hel - lo, — lit - tle girl, — don't you — re-mem - ber  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

me? Hel - lo, — lit - tle girl, don't you — re-mem - ber

me? I mean, been so long, but I had a break you see. Well, I'm doin'...

### Additional Lyrics

2. Well, I'm doin' all right, found me a kewpie doll.  
Well, I'm doin' all right, found me a kewpie doll.  
She lives two flights up and she sends me with her smile.
3. She calls me her lover, yes, and her beggar too.  
She calls me her lover, yes, and her beggar too.  
Now, ain't you sorry little girl, that my new little girl ain't you.

## HONEST I DO

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a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI) and Seeds of Reed Music (BMI)

Words and Music by JIMMY REED  
and EWART G. ABNER, JR.

**SLOWLY**

Don't you know that I love you, honest I do.

I nev - er placed no one a - bove you.

Please tell me you love me, stop driv - ing me mad.

You're the sweet - est lit - tle wom - an that I ev - er had.

Please tell me you love me, stop driv - ing me mad.

When I woke up this morn - ing, nev - er felt so bad.

# HONEY BEE

© 1959 (Renewed 1987) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by

McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

MODERATELY

*F7*

Sail on, sail on, my lit-tle hon-ey bee, sail on.

*Bb7* *F7*

Sail on, sail on, my lit-tle hon-ey bee, sail on.

*C7* *Bb7* *F7*

You gon-na keep on sail-in' til you lose your hap-py home.

*C7* *F7*

Sail on, sail on, my lit-tle hon-ey bee, sail on.

*Bb7*

Sail on, sail on, my lit-tle hon-ey bee, sail on.

*F7* *C7*

I don't mind you sail-in'.

*Bb7* *F7* *C7*

but please don't sail so long. All right, lit-tle hon-ey bee.

*F7*

I hear a lot of buz-zing. Sounds like my lit-tle hon-ey bee.

*Bb7*

I hear a lot of buz-zing. Sounds like my lit-tle hon-ey bee.



**F7** **C7**

She been all a-round the world mak-in' hon-ey.

**Bb7** **F7** **F6** **F9**

but now she is com-in' back— home— to me.

# HOME TO MAMMA

© 1963 (Renewed 1991) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

## MEDIUM BLUES

**C<sub>M</sub>**

Oh, some - bod - y please tell my mam - ma,  
 Oh, tell her I'm so sor - ry.  
 Tell her all the friends I had,  
 Yes, this cough that I got mam - ma,

please tell her what I done done. Oh,  
 I did - n't do the things I said. Yes,  
 not a one of them can be found. Yes,  
 this is - n't one thing that I don't like. Oh,

**F<sub>M</sub>** **A<sub>b7</sub>**

some - bod-y please tell my mam - ma, please tell her what I done  
 tell her I'm so sor - ry, I didn't do the things I  
 tell her all the friends I had, not a one of them can be  
 this cough that I got mam - ma, this isn't one thing I don't

**C<sub>M</sub>** **G7**

done. Tell her my health is fail - ing me,  
 said. Now I'm layin' here cry - in', mam - ma,  
 found. Now I'm here here in this great big cit - y. mam - ma,  
 like. Oh it makes all friends hide from me, ooh,

**F7** **C<sub>M</sub>**

— Oh, look for me back home.  
 — Lord, this could be my dyin' bed.  
 — Lord, I'm sleep - in' on the cold, cold ground.  
 — it hurts all in my back and chest.

# HOUND DOG

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 and MCA Music Publishing, A Division of Universal Studios, Inc.

Words and Music by JERRY LEIBER  
 and MIKE STOLLER

## MEDIUM BRIGHT ROCK

N.C. B $\flat$

You ain't noth-in' but a hound dog, \_\_\_\_\_ cry-in' all the time.

E $\flat$ 7 B $\flat$

You ain't noth-in' but a hound dog, \_\_\_\_\_ cry-in' all the time.

F7 E $\flat$ 7 B $\flat$

Well, — you ain't nev-er caught a rab-bit and you ain't no friend of mine.

N.C. B $\flat$

When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

E $\flat$ 7 B $\flat$

When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

F7 E $\flat$ 7

Well, — you ain't nev-er caught a rab-bit and you ain't no friend- of

1 N.C. 2 B $\flat$  E $\flat$ 7 B $\flat$

mine. You ain't noth-in' but a mine. \_\_\_\_\_

# HOW MANY MORE YEARS

Copyright © 1960 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETTMODERATE BLUES (♩ =  $\overset{\frown}{\underset{\frown}{\text{J}}}$ )

How man - y more years \_\_\_\_\_ have I got to let you dog me a - round? \_\_\_\_\_

How man - y more years \_\_\_\_\_ have I got to let you dog me a -

round? \_\_\_\_\_ I'd as soon I'd rath - er be dead, sleep - in' six feet in the

ground. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm gon - na fall on my knees, I'm gon - na raise up my

right hand. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm gon - na fall on my knees, I'm gon - na raise up my

right hand. \_\_\_\_\_ Said I'd feel much bet - ter, dar - ling. \_\_\_\_\_

if you'd just on - ly un - der - stand. I'm go - in' up - stairs, \_\_\_\_\_

I'm gon - na bring back down my clothes. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm go - in' up - stairs, \_\_\_\_\_

I'm gon - na bring back down my clothes. \_\_\_\_\_ If an - y -

bod - y asks a - bout me, \_\_\_\_\_ just tell 'em I walked out on you.

# HOWLIN' FOR MY DARLING

© 1960 (Renewed 1984) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC and ARC MUSIC CORPORATION (BMI)

Written by WILLIE DIXON and CHESTER BURNETT

**SLOW BLUES A**

She's hot like bread and pep - per. sweet like cher - ry  
 Ev - ry time she kiss - es. she makes the light o

wine. But I'm so glad she loves - me. loves me all the  
 out. But ear - ly in the morn - ing. she makes me jump and

**D**

time. shout. This She's my lit - tle ba - by, sweet as she can  
 mad love that she's got, makes me laugh and

**A**

be. All this love she's got. that girl be - longs to  
 cry. Makes me real - ly know, I'm too young to

**E7**

me. { If you hear me howl - in'. call-in' on my dar -  
 die. }

**A**

lin'. hoo\_\_\_\_\_ hoo\_\_\_\_\_ ee.

# I AIN'T FOR IT

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Words and Music by HUDSON WHITTAKER

**SLOW BLUES**

**C7** **F**

1. Some wom - en got a hab - it I real - ly can't stand.  
 2-4 (See additional lyrics)

**F7** **Bb7**

Run - nin' and a - jump - in' from man to man, - But I ain't for it.

I strict-ly ain't for it, I ain't for it,  
none of that old jive at all. It

Additional Lyrics

2. It may seem funny, funny as it can be,  
But they got to fly right if they're gonna pacify me  
Because I ain't for it, I strictly ain't for it,  
I ain't for it, none of that old jive at all.
3. They can spend my money, have their fun,  
If they just save my honey and don't give 'way none,  
Because I ain't for it, I strictly ain't for it,  
No, I ain't for it, none of that old jive at all.
4. It makes me evil, as any man can be,  
When I catch one cheatin' and a-lyin' to me,  
Because I ain't for it, I strictly ain't for it,  
No, I ain't for it, for none of that old jive at all.

# I ALMOST LOST MY MIND

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Words and Music by  
IVORY JOE HUNTER

**VERY SLOWLY**

1. When I lost my ba - by, I al - most - lost - my mind.-  
2. pass a mil - lion peo - ple, I can't - tell - who - I meet.-  
3. 4 (See additional lyrics)

mind. meet. My head is in a spin - Since she left me be -  
'Cause my eyes are full of tears where can my ba - by

hind. be?

Additional Lyrics

3. I went to see a gypsy, and had my fortune read.  
I went to see a gypsy, and had my fortune read.  
I hung my head in sorrow, when she said what she said.
4. I can tell you people, the news was not so good.  
Well, I can tell you people, the news was not so good.  
She said your baby has quit you, this time she's gone for good.

# I AIN'T GOT NOBODY

(And Nobody Cares for Me)

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words by ROGER GRAHAM

Music by SPENCER WILLIAMS and DAVE PEYTON

MODERATELY **G7** **F#7 F7 E7 A9** **Cm/Eb**

Now I \_\_\_\_\_ ain't got no - bod - y, and \_\_\_\_\_

**G/D** **A7 D7** **G** (I got the blues) **D7#5** **G** (The wea-ry blues) **D7#5**

no - bod - y cares for me: \_\_\_\_\_

**G7** **F#7 F7 E7 A9**

And \_\_\_\_\_ I'm sad and lone - ly, Won't some-bod - y

**D** **G7**

come and take a chance with me? \_\_\_\_\_ I'll sing sweet

**C** **E7**

love songs, hon - ey, all the time, If you'll

**A9** **D7** **G7**

come and be my sweet ba - by mine: 'cause I \_\_\_\_\_

**F#7 F7 E7 A9** **Cm/Eb** **G/D**

\_\_\_\_\_ ain't got no - bod - y, and \_\_\_\_\_ no - bod - y

**A7 D7** **G** **Am7/D D7** **G Cm G**

cares for me. \_\_\_\_\_ Now me. \_\_\_\_\_

# I AIN'T SUPERSTITIOUS

© 1963 (Renewed 1991) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MEDIUM BLUES**

**F7** **C**

Well, I ain't su - per - sti - tious, black cat just crossed my trail. -  
 right hand is itch - in', I get mon - ey for sure. -

**F7**

Well, I ain't su - per - sti - tious, but a black cat just crossed my  
 When my right hand is itch - in', I got mon - ey for - - -

**C** **G7**

trail. -  
 sure. - Don't sweep me with no broom.  
 But when my left starts jump - in'.

**F7** **C** **1**

I'll prob - ab - ly get put in jail. - - - When my  
 some - bod - y's got to - - - go. - - -

**2** **F7**

Well, the dogs are all howl - in', all o - ver the neigh - bor -

**C** **F7**

hood. - Well, the dogs are all howl - in',

**C**

all o - ver the neigh - bor - hood. - That is a

**G7** **F7** **C**

true sign of death, Ba - by, that ain't no good. - - -

# I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' BUT THE BLUES

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Words by DON GEORGE  
Music by DUKE ELLINGTON

**SLOW BLUES**

*F<sub>DIM</sub> F*

Ain't got the change of a nick - el, — ain't got no bounce in my shoes, —

*B<sub>b9</sub> D7 D<sub>b9</sub> G<sub>M7/C</sub> C7*

— ain't got no fan - cy to tick - le, — I ain't got noth - in' but the

*F F<sub>7/E<sub>b</sub></sub> F<sub>DIM/D</sub> B<sub>bM6/D<sub>b</sub></sub> F/C D<sub>DIM7</sub> B<sub>bM/D<sub>b</sub></sub> F<sub>DIM</sub> F*

blues. — Ain't got no cof - fee that's perk - in', —

*B<sub>b9</sub> D7 D<sub>b9</sub> G<sub>M7/C</sub> C7*

ain't got no win - nings to lose, — ain't got a dream that is work - in', —

*F F<sub>7/E<sub>b</sub></sub> F<sub>DIM/D</sub> B<sub>bM6/D<sub>b</sub></sub> F*

I ain't got noth - in' but the blues. — When trum - pets

*A7 D7*

flare up — I keep my hair up, — I just can't make it come down.

*G9 G<sub>7b5/D<sub>b</sub></sub>*

— Be - lieve me, Pap - py, — I can't get hap - py — since my

*C7 D7 D<sub>b9</sub> F<sub>DIM</sub> F*

ev - er - lov - in' ba - by left town. — Ain't got no rest on my slum - bers, —

*B<sub>b9</sub> D7 D<sub>b9</sub>*

ain't got no feel - ings to bruise. — ain't got no tel - e - phone num -



bers. I ain't got noth - in' but the blues.

Ain't got the change of a nick - blues.

## (I) CAN'T AFFORD TO DO IT

Copyright © 1988 by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
"HOMESICK" JAMES WILLIAMS

MODERATELY

I wan - na go out and cheat a lit - tle bit,  
out of town. wear my clothes. 'Cause you

but I'm a - scared. my ba - by may quit.  
who try to get my feelings all in a jam. No I can't  
meet my ba - by, but heav - en knows.

af - ford to do it. No I can't af - ford to do it.

No I can't af - ford to do it, lose this girl of mine.

I got a good friend from  
You can spend my mon - ey, you can

# I BELIEVE I'LL MAKE A CHANGE

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Words and Music by  
ROBERT BROWN

**MODERATE BLUES** *F*

1. I used to love you, ba - by, — used to love to hear you call my  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

*C7 F F7 Bb9 3*

name, — I used to love — you, ba - by, —

*F C7 F*

used to love to hear you call my name, — But you

*C7 Bb9 F C7*

treat me so — mean, — Hoo! I be-lieve I'll — make a change! —

*F C7*

I — change! —

## Additional Lyrics

2. I put you in my kitchen.  
To cook on my brand new range,  
I put you in my kitchen.  
To cook on my brand new range,  
But you didn't cook nothin' I tell you sweet mama,  
Hoo! I believe I'll make a change!
3. You got away, mama, and you stay night and day,  
I kept on beggin' you to change your low-down ways,  
You're gonna come home one of these mornings.  
I'll be liable to pack up your doggone things,  
Just to let you know, sweet mama,  
Hoo! I will be done makin' a change.
4. Well, I wait for you, mama, in the ice and rain,  
And you wait for my payday, so you can spend my change.  
Then you tell ev'rybody  
That you're my ball and chain,  
But you ain't gon' be no more, sweet mama,  
Hoo! 'cause I believe I'll make a change!

# I BELIEVE I'VE BEEN BLUE TOO LONG

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and CAREERS-BMG MUSIC PUBLISHING, INC.

Words and Music by B.B. KING  
and DAVE CLARK

**SLOW BLUES**

Got rocks in my bed. drank from the bit - ter cup.

I been down so long I don't think I'll ev - er be a - ble to get

up. I be - lieve, I be - lieve I've been blue too long.

I be - lieve, I be - lieve, I be - lieve I've been blue too long.

1. All a - round me there's a sol - id wall.  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

A wall of trou - ble and con - fu - sion, I done tired of it all. I be - lieve,

I be - lieve I've been blue too long. I be - lieve, I be - lieve,

I be - lieve I've been blue too long. too long.

**Additional Lyrics**

- 2. Begged for mercy, prayed to my God above.  
Somebody please help me, send me someone to love.  
I'll call the Mod Squad or the F.B.I.  
Mm, I need some answers, somebody to tell me why.  
Yes, I believe to my soul that I've been blue too long.
- 3. Looked in the Yellow Pages, ran an ad in the news.  
I got to find me a lover, so I can lose the blues.  
I believe, I believe I've been blue too long.  
I believe, I believe, I believe I've been blue too long.
- 4. Yes, I'm gonna hang it all up, I'm goin' out and have myself a ball,  
I'm tired of the world's problems, I'm gonna try to forget it all.  
I believe, I believe I've been blue too long.  
I believe, I believe I've been blue too long.

# I CAN MAKE LOVE

© 1954 (Renewed 1982) HOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

MEDIUM BLUES G C7 G

Been drink-in' mud-dy wa-ter like a cat-fish in a stream.  
no hard work-er. I can play a long, long time.

G7 C7 G

Been drink-in' mud-dy wa-ter like a cat-fish in a stream.  
I'm no hard work-er. I can play a long, long time.

D7 C7 D7

I been lov-in' pret-ty wom-an ev-er since I was six -  
if I don't drive you cra-zy, I will tan-ta-lize your

G D7 G

teen.  
mind. I heard you scream-in' an' hol-l'rin' an'  
I'll make you do like a tur-tle.

C7 G G7 C7

talk-in' all in your sleep. I heard you scream-in' an' hol-l'rin' an'  
drag it all in the sand. I'll make you do like a tur-tle,

G D7

talk-in' all in your sleep. I'll make you tell all the world that your  
drag it all in the sand. I'll make you love mud-dy wa-ter

C7 D7 G

Big Dad-dy can't be beat.  
bet-ter than you do dry land. I'm

# I GOTTA RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES

© 1932 (Renewed) WARNER BROS. INC. and S.A. MUSIC CO.

Words by TED KOEHLER  
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

**MODERATELY SLOW**

*G<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> G<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> C<sub>M7</sub> F<sub>7#5</sub>*

I got - ta right to sing the blues, ——— I got - ta right to feel low - down, ———

*F<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> F<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> D<sub>M7b5</sub>*

— I got - ta right to hang a - round ——— down a - round the riv -

*G<sub>7</sub> G<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> G<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> C<sub>M9</sub> F<sub>13</sub>*

er. ——— A cer - tain man in this old town ——— keeps drag - gin' my poor heart a - round, ———

*C<sub>M9</sub> F<sub>13</sub> B<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7</sub> F<sub>7#5</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>#DIM7</sub> F<sub>13</sub> B<sub>b</sub>*

— all I see for all me is mis - e - ry. I got - ta

*G<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> G<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> C<sub>M7</sub> F<sub>7#5</sub>*

right to sing the blues, ——— I got - ta right to moan and sigh, ——— I got - ta

*F<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> F<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> D<sub>M7b5</sub> G<sub>7</sub>*

right to sit and cry ——— down a - round the riv - er. I know the

*G<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> G<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> E<sub>bM#7</sub>*

deep blue sea ——— will soon be call - ing me. ———

*G<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> C<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>M7b5</sub> F<sub>7</sub>*

It must be love, say what you choose. I got - ta right to sing the blues. —

*B<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7#5</sub> B<sub>b7</sub>*

1 I got - ta 2

# I CAN'T BE SATISFIED

© 1959 (Renewed 1987) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by

McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**MODERATELY** **G**

Well, — I'm go - in' 'way to live, won't be back no  
 feel like in my sleep, a pis - tol in your  
 all hear my door - bell  
 know my little old babe, she don't jump and

more. Go - in' back down south, child. No, don't you wor - ry,  
 face. Gon - na let some grave - yard, Lord, be your rest - in -  
 ring. Look - in' for my ba - by, Lord, see not a dog - gone  
 shout. That old train be late man, Lord, I'd come walk - in'

**C**

mom. place. thing. out. } Wom - an, I'm trou - bled, trou - bled — and

**G** **2**

all wor - ried mind. Well, — I

**D** **C** **G**

just can't be sat - is - fied, just can't keep on tryin'.

**C** **C#DIM** **D** **1-3** **D** **G** **4**

Well, — I  
 Yeah, — I'm  
 And — I

# I DON'T KNOW

Copyright © 1957 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
 SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**MEDIUM BLUES** **C**

At e - lev - en for - ty - five the phone be - gan to ring. I heard  
 met the grey - hound bus and I met the train. — She —  
 ceived a spe - cial de - livery I re - ceived a tel - e - gram. Then she  
 know she should have come by high - way or ei - ther come by rail. 'Cause she's

**C7**

some - one say "Son - ny Boy," and I know that was my name. Who  
 was - n't on ei - ther one. and I wanna know what was to blame. I don't  
 called me long dis - tance. She wan - na know just where I am. For  
 got my head in my hand, wonderin' what's caus - in' it to thrill. For

called you? I don't know. I don't know. But I'm  
 know. (You mean to tell me she didn't come, man?)  
 what? I don't know.  
 what? I don't know.

try - in' to get in touch with my ba-by, and find out why she dis - point - ed me

so. } re -

# I CAN'T STOP, BABY

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SLOWLY**

Oh, I can't stop, ba - by, I won't stop giv - in' you all of my love. \_\_\_\_\_  
 My heart beats like thun - der, Ba - by, my tears \_\_\_\_\_ fall like rain. \_\_\_\_\_  
 I'd rath - er eat dai - ly poison, I'd rath - er jump from the Em - pire State. \_\_\_\_\_

Oh, I won't stop, ba - by, I won't stop giv - in' you all of my  
 Oh, My heart beats like thun - der, My tears \_\_\_\_\_ fall like  
 Oh, I'd rath - er eat dai - ly poison, I'd rath - er jump from the Em - pire

love. \_\_\_\_\_ Yes, if I quit you, ba - by,  
 rain. \_\_\_\_\_ Yes, when I think a - bout my ba - by,  
 State. \_\_\_\_\_ Yes, when I think some oth - er man \_\_\_\_\_

oh, life ain't worth liv - in' for. \_\_\_\_\_  
 oh, she's lov - in' some oth - er man. \_\_\_\_\_  
 oh, may be snor - in' in my ba - by's face. \_\_\_\_\_

# I CAN'T QUIT YOU BABY

© 1956 (Renewed 1984) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

SLOW BLUES

Oh, — I, ————— I can't quit you babe. ————— so I'm gon-na put you down

— for a while. ————— I said. I can't quit you babe, —

I guess I got to put you down ————— for a while. —

Said you messed up my hap - py heart, ————— made me mis - treat my

on - ly child. Yes. you did, babe. Did you know I love you, ba - by?

My love for you I could nev - er hide. Oh,

you know I love you babe; ————— my love for you I could

nev - er hide. When I feel you're near me, lit - tle girl,

I know you are my one de - sire. ————— Oh, ————— oh. —

When you hear me moan - ing and groan - ing, babe, you know it hurts me deep down.

**Chords:** A, D9, A7, D7, A7, E7, D7, A, Bb, A, Bb, A7, D7, A7, D7, A7, E7, D7, A, Bb, A, Bb, A7, D7.



*A7* *D7*

— in-side. Oh, — when you hear me moan-in' and groan-in' babe,

*A7*

you know it hurts me deep— down in - side. Oh,—

*E9* *D9*

when you hear me hol-ler, ba - by, you — know— you're my one de - sire.—

*A* *Bb* *A* *Bb* *A* *Bb*

Oh— yeah,— oh! *(Instrumental)*

# I GOT MY BRAND ON YOU

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

*SLOWLY* *G* *C7* *D7* *C7* *G* *To CODA*

I got my brand— on you,— I got my brand— on you.—

I got my brand— on you.— I got my brand— on you.—

There ain't noth-in' you can do. I got my brand— on you.—

Well, you may go a - way and leave me but de - clare you can't stay. You're  
 I'm gon - na put my brand on you, baby, on— no cer - tain part. But  
 Well, you know you can call on your doctor, ba - by, there ain't noth-in' he can say, but  
 Well, you know I got you, ba - by, you know like a fish out on a line.

*D.S. AL CODA*  
*(4TH TIME)* *CODA*

gon - na come run-nin' home, ba - by, home to me some-day.— }  
 when I kiss you dar - lin', I'll stomp it in your heart.— } I got my  
 shake his head, ba - by, you know— and slow - ly walk a - way.— }  
 I can reel you in, dar - lin', most an - y time.— }

# I GOT IT BAD AND THAT AIN'T GOOD

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Words by PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER  
Music by DUKE ELLINGTON

MODERATELY

G<sub>6</sub> G<sub>6/9</sub> C<sub>9#11</sub> B<sub>M7</sub> E<sub>7b9</sub>

The po - ets say that all who love are blind; But

A<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>9sus</sub> C<sub>9#11</sub> B<sub>M7</sub> E<sub>7b9</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>7#5</sub> G<sub>6/9</sub> C<sub>9#11</sub>

I'm in love and I— know what time it is!— The Good Book says "Go seek and ye shall

B<sub>M7</sub> E<sub>7b9</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>9sus</sub> D<sub>9</sub> G

find." Well, I have sought and my— what a climb it is!— My

D<sub>M7</sub> G<sub>7#5</sub> C<sub>MAJ7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> E<sub>7</sub>

life is just like the weath-er, it chang-es with the hours:- When he's near I'm fair and warm-er,

A<sub>7</sub> E<sub>b7</sub> D<sub>7b9</sub> G<sub>6/9</sub> C<sub>9#11</sub> G<sub>6/9</sub>

when he's gone I'm cloud-y with show-ers. In e-mo-tion, like the o-c-ean, it's eith-er sink or swim when a

D<sub>6/A</sub> C<sub>13</sub> B<sub>7b9</sub> E<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>13</sub> D<sub>7sus</sub> D<sub>7</sub> G<sub>MAJ7</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>

wom-an loves a man like I love him. Nev - er treats me sweet and gen - tle  
Like a lone - ly weep - ing wil - low

A<sub>7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7#5</sub> E<sub>9</sub> A<sub>7</sub> D<sub>7b9</sub> G E<sub>M7</sub>

the way he should; I got it bad and that ain't good!  
lost in the wood; I got it bad and that ain't good!

A<sub>M7</sub> D<sub>7b5</sub> G<sub>MAJ7</sub> E<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>7</sub>

My poor heart is sen - ti - men - tal, not made of wood;  
And the things I tell my pil - low no wom - an should;

A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7#5</sub> E<sub>9</sub> A<sub>7</sub> D<sub>7b9</sub> G A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>bDIM7</sub> G/B C<sub>MAJ7</sub>

I got it bad and that ain't good! ———  
I got it bad and that ain't good! ——— But when the week-end's  
Though folks with good in -

o - ver and Mon - day rolls a - roun', I end up like I  
 ten - tions tell me to save my tears, I'm glad I'm mad a -

start out, just cry - in' my heart out. He don't love me  
 bout him, I can't live with - out him. Lord a - bove me

like I love him, no - bod - y could; I got it  
 make him love me the way he should; I got it

bad and that ain't good. good.  
 bad and that ain't good. good.

Chords: C<sub>M6</sub>, F<sub>7</sub>, G<sub>MAJ7</sub>, F<sub>7</sub>, B<sub>M7</sub>, E<sub>7</sub>, A<sub>M7</sub>, D<sub>7</sub>, G<sub>MAJ7</sub>, E<sub>M7</sub>, A<sub>7</sub>, A<sub>M7</sub>, B<sub>7</sub><sup>#5</sup>, E<sub>9</sub>, A<sub>7</sub>, D<sub>7</sub>, G<sup>1</sup>, E<sub>M7</sub>, A<sub>M7</sub>, D<sub>7</sub>, G<sup>2</sup>, C<sub>M6</sub>, G

# I GOT WHAT IT TAKES

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SLOWLY** C<sub>7</sub>

I got what it takes to make a good man— de - ny his name. \_\_\_\_\_  
 got what it takes to make a rab - bit whip a pack of hounds. \_\_\_\_\_  
 got what it takes to make your love jel - ly jel - ly jam. \_\_\_\_\_

F<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub>

Yeah, I got what it takes to make a good man— de - ny his name. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Yeah, I got what it takes to make a rab - bit whip a pack of hounds. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Yeah, I got what it takes to make your love jel - ly jel - ly jam. \_\_\_\_\_

G<sub>7</sub>

I got the same thing — to make a bull - dog break his —  
 I got the same thing — to make a man kick a ti - ger —  
 I got the same thing — to make a li - on lay down with a

C

chain. \_\_\_\_\_  
 down. \_\_\_\_\_  
 lamb. \_\_\_\_\_

1, 2 3

# I GOT TO FIND MY BABY

© 1956 (Renewed 1984) HOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SOLID BEAT**

**F**

I got to find my ba - by.— if I have to knock on ev - 'ry -  
 She got me walk - ing and talk - ing— tears— roll - ing down,  
 If you see my ba - by.— an - y - where. any  
 I be - lieve my ba - by.— she's— got a

**F7** **Bb7**

bod - y's door.— I got to find my ba - by.—  
 down my cheeks. She got me walk - ing and talk - ing—  
 night or day.— If you see my ba - by.—  
 black cat bone.— Well, I be - lieve my ba - by.—

**F** **C7**

if I have to knock on ev - 'ry - bod - y's door.— And if a good man  
 with— tears— roll - ing down my cheeks. I got to find my  
 an - y - where. any night or day.— Tell her to hur - ry  
 she's— got a black cat bone.— Well, what she's

**F**

finds her,— he ain't go - ing to let her go.—  
 ba - by.— her love— just can't be beat.—  
 home,— and drive— my blues a - way.—  
 put - tin' down,— I de - clare— I can't catch on.—

# I JUST WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU

© 1959 (Renewed 1987), 1984 HOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MEDIUM BLUES**

**D7**

I don't want you to be no slave. I don't want you (to) work all day.—

I don't want you to be true.— I just want to make love to you.

I don't want you to wash my clothes, I don't want you  
 I don't want you to cook my bread.— I don't want you to

(to) keep our home.— I don't want your mon - ey too.—  
 make my bed.— I don't want you 'cause I'm sad and blue.—

**1** **2**

I just want to make love to you.  
 I just want to make love to you.

# I KEEP GOING BACK TO JOE'S

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Words and Music by MARVIN FISHER  
 and JACK SEGAL

**SLOW BLUES**  $C_{MAJ9}$   $D_{b9}$   $D_9$   $E_{b9}$

I keep go - in' back to Joe's, to that ta - ble in the cor - ner.  
 go - in' back to Joe's, but the man who plays pi - an - o,

$A_{bMAJ7}$   $D_{M7b5}$   $D_{bMAJ7}$   $C_{MAJ7}$   $C_9$   $F_{MAJ7}$   $B_{b13}$

sip - pin' wine and star - in' at the door. Our old wait - er knows we're through,  
 nev - er plays your fav - 'rite mel - o - dy. Joe keeps bus - y at the bar,

$E_{M7}$   $A_M$   $F\#_{M7b5}$   $B_{7b9}$

still he sets a place for you, ev - 'ry - thing the way it was be -  
 nev - er asks me where you are, he was there when you walked out on

$\overset{1}{E_M}$   $E_{bDIM7}$   $D_{M7}$   $G_7$   $\overset{2}{E_{MAJ7}}$   $F_{MAJ7}$   $F_6$   $E_M$

fore. I keep me. Now I'll pray you'll walk back in and you'll

$F_{MAJ7}$   $F$   $E_M$   $F\#_{M7b5}$   $B_{7b9}$   $E_{MAJ7}$   $D_{M7}$   $G_7$

say what fools we've been, and we'll cel - e - brate a hap - py new be - gin - ning! Chanc - es

$C_{MAJ9}$   $D_{b9}$   $D_9$   $E_{b9}$   $A_{bMAJ7}$   $D_{M7b5}$   $D_{bMAJ7}$

are you'll nev - er show, but you'll know just where to find me, ev - 'ry night un - til it's time to

$C_{MAJ7}$   $C_9$   $F_{MAJ7}$   $B_{b13}$   $E_M$   $A_9$

close. Just in case you miss me too, I'll be there to wel - come you.

$D_9$   $D_{M7}$   $G_9$   $C_{MAJ7}$   $D_{b9}$   $D_9$   $D_{7\#9}$   $D_{b7\#9}$   $C_{7\#9}$

that's why I keep go - in' back to Joe's.

# I KNOW YOUR WIG IS GONE

© 1947 (Renewed 1975) LORD AND WALKER PUBLISHING (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by T-BONE WALKER

MODERATELY FAST

*Bb* *C<sub>M7</sub>* *F<sub>7</sub>* *Bb*

You go in - to a drug - store, you say you won't be long.—

*F<sub>7</sub>* *Bb* *Bb<sub>7</sub>/Ab* *E<sub>b</sub>* *E<sub>DIM7</sub>* *Bb/F* *F<sub>7</sub>*

— you come back thir - ty min - utes lat - er and you wan - na know what's wrong.

*Bb* *F<sub>7</sub>* *Bb* *Bb/D* *C<sub>M7</sub>* *F<sub>7</sub>*

— I take you out to din - ner.

*Bb* *F<sub>7</sub>* *Bb* *Bb<sub>7</sub>/Ab*

ev - 'ry - thing you do is wrong.— This is strict - ly con - fi - den - tial - ly, ba -

*E<sub>b</sub>* *E<sub>DIM7</sub>* *Bb/F* *F<sub>7</sub>* *Bb* *F<sub>7</sub>#5(b9)* *Bb<sub>9</sub>*

- by: I think your wig is gone.—

*E<sub>b</sub>6*

I don't wan - na be too hast - y in things I say and

*C<sub>9</sub>*

do,— but if it's not ask - ing too much, ba - by, please

*F<sub>7</sub>* *Bb*

{ tell me what's wrong with you.— Some - bod - y told you to be dif -  
 } tell me who's school - in' you.— Some - bod - y told you to be dif -

*C<sub>M7</sub>* *F<sub>7</sub>* *Bb* *F<sub>7</sub>*

- f'rent, but they sure did tell you— wrong.— 'Cause when you—  
 - f'rent, but they sure did tell you— wrong.— 'Cause when you—

*Bb* *Bb7* *Eb* *E<sub>DIM7</sub>*

— start to sound - in' me for — ma gold. — ma - ma. I  
 — start to sound - in' me for — ma mon - ey. — ba - by. I

*Bb/F* *F7* *Bb* *B9 Bb9* *Bb* *B9 Bb9*

know your wig — is gone. —  
 know your wig is gone. —

# I WANT TO BE LOVED

© 1955 (Renewed 1983) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MODERATELY** *C7* *C7/E* *F* *G7*

The spark in your eye sets my soul on fire. Your  
 Cra - zy 'bout ev - 'ry lit - tle thing you do. I  
 love the way you walk when you pass me by.

*C7* *C7/E* *F* *G7* *C7* *C7/E*

voice is like an an - gel a - bove. The touch of your hand, - wom - an, drives  
 e - ven e - ven cher - ish your hug. Your kiss is so sweet. hon - ey bee,  
 e - ven when you try - in' to snub. The touch of your hand, - hon - ey, drives

*F* *G7* *N.C.* *To CODA* *G7*

me in - sane. }  
 can't be beat. } But ba - by, I wants to be loved.  
 me in - sane. }

*G7* *F7*

Ev - 'ry - time I — asked you for a date, you don't come at all or you're

of - ten late. I asked you to dance a — lit - tle spin. You said,

*D7 N.C.* *G7 N.C.* *D.S. AL CODA* *CODA* *C7*

"Wait a min - ute, dad - dy. Here come my friend." I

# I NEED LOVE

© 1961 (Renewed 1989) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

MEDIUM BLUES

C

I let my mon - ey go thru my hand... What can I do with an  
 You know mon - ey is might - y sweet... What good is bread with -  
 In the win - ter when the weath - er's cold... Your mon - ey won't

F7 C

emp - ty bed... } I need love, \_\_\_\_\_ that's all I need...  
 out no meat... }  
 warm my soul... }

G7 F7 C To CODA ⊕ 1 G7

I need lov - in', \_\_\_\_\_ oh yeah, that's all I need.

C7 F

Why an - y time you can't have no fun, \_\_\_\_\_ the one you love is a

C

son - of - a - gun. \_\_\_\_\_ Mon - ey will make you jump and shout... I got a

G7 D.C. AL CODA ⊕ CODA

real good \_\_\_\_\_ lov - in' that knocks me out.



# I WANNA PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**BRIGHTLY**  $\text{C}$

I like the way you look and I love your lit - tle car.  
 Ev - 'ry - thing you do, you know you knock me out.  
 mo - tor's put - tin' and pop - pin' and miss - in' too.

(Instrumental)

You drive too slow and you don't  
 I want you to feel good where you can  
 On - ly one thing left for

go ver - y far.  
 jump and shout.  
 you to do.

(Instrumental)

When  
 I  
 If you

I talk to you your mind is all a blank.  
 don't have no mon - ey, no, in the bank.  
 give it a push and your car don't crank.

(Instrumental)

**TO CODA**  $\oplus$

I wan - na put a ti - ger

in your tank.

(Instrumental)

**F** **C**

I can raise your hood, I can clean your coils,

**F** **C** **F**

check your trans - mis - sion and - a e - ven the oil. I don't

**C** **G7**

care what the peo - ple think, I wan - na put a

**D.S. AL CODA**  $\oplus$  **CODA**

ti - ger, you know, in your tank. Your

# I WANT YOU CLOSE TO ME

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MEDIUM BLUES** *F*

I want you to get close— to me, ba - by. I just want you to get close—

to me, ba - by. Get close— get close to me, ba - by.

*F*

I want you to get close to me all the time. I want you to be so close to me.

*C7* *Bb7* *F*

Till I can feel the blood run-nin' warm down my spine. I want you to get

close to me, ba - by, like white on rice— I want you to get close— to me, ba - by, like the

*Bb*

spots on the dice. I want you to be close— to me, ba - by, like Chi-nese twins, I want you to get

*F* *C7*

close— to me, ba - by, just like you can. I want you to be so close all the time, un - til the

*Bb7* *F*

blood runs warm— down my spine.

## I'M A MAN

Copyright © 1955 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
ELLAS McDANIEL

MODERATELY SLOW

Now when I was a lit - tle boy, at the age of five,

I had some - thin' in my pock - et, keep a lot o' folks a - live.

Now I'm a man, made — twen - ty - one. You know, ba - by,

we can have a lot o' fun. I'm a man. I spell M. A. \_\_\_\_\_

N. \_\_\_\_\_ Man. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah, \_\_\_\_\_ ah, \_\_\_\_\_

ah, \_\_\_\_\_ ah, \_\_\_\_\_ All you pret - ty wom - en stand in line. —

I can make love to you, ba - by, — in an ho - ur's time. I'm a man.

spelled M. A. \_\_\_\_\_ N. \_\_\_\_\_ Man. \_\_\_\_\_

# I'D RATHER DRINK MUDDY WATER

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Words and Music by  
EDDIE MILLER

## MODERATE BLUES

1. Babe, we got to have— our lit-tle talk.— I ought to pack up my  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

things and walk.— I— know a dol-lar goes— from hand to hand,  
Be-fore I'd let you go from } man to man.— } I'd rath-er drink mud-dy wa-ter.—  
gal to gal, —

sleep out in a hol-low log.—

### Additional Lyrics

2. Worked for you just like a Georgia mule,  
My friends laughed and they called me a fool.  
Your kisses are as sweet as can be,  
But 'fore I'll let you make a sap out of me,  
I'd rather drink muddy water,  
Sleep out in a hollow log.
3. Love you baby but you won't be fair,  
You don't know how to be on the square,  
Have your fun baby if you must,  
Before I'll have a woman (man) that I can't trust,  
I'd rather drink muddy water,  
Sleep out in a hollow log.

# I'M SO GLAD

Copyright © 1967 (Renewed 1995) Wynwood Music Co., Inc.

Words and Music by  
NEHEMIAH "SKIP" JAMES

## LIVELY

1, 3. I'm so glad I'm so glad, I'm glad.— I'm glad. I  
2 (See additional lyrics)

don't know what to do,— don't know what to do,— I don't know what  
to do.— I'm tired of weep-in',— tired—  
of moan-in',— tired of groan-in'— for you.—

### Additional Lyrics

2. I'm so tired of moanin', tired of groanin', tired of longin' for you.  
I'm so glad, and I am so glad. I am glad, I'm glad.  
I don't know what to do, know what to do. I don't know what to do.  
I'm so tired, and I am tired. I am tired...

# I'M A STEADY ROLLIN' MAN

(Steady Rollin' Man)

Copyright © (1978). 1990. 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

MODERATE ROCK BLUES

**A**

I am a stead-y roll - in' man— and I roll both night and day.—

I am a stead-y roll - in' man—

and I roll— both night and day.— But I ain't

got no— sweet wom - an, ooh— Lord, to be roll - in' this a - way.—

To CODA ⊕

I am a man— that— rolls—

when i - ci - cles— are hang-in' on the trees.— I am a

man— that— rolls— when i - ci - cles are hang-in' on the trees.

But can't you hear me beg - gin', ma-ma.— ooh Lord, down— on my bend-ed knee.—

**A** D.S. AL CODA

⊕ CODA **A** REPEAT AND FADE 2

I am a

## I'M READY

© 1954 (Renewed 1982) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

SHUFFLE BLUES (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$   $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

**E7**

I am read - y, — read - y as an - y - bod - y can be. —

**A7** **E7**

I am read - y, — read - y as an - y - bod - y can be. —

**B7** **A7** **E7**

I am read - y for you. — I hope you're read - y for me. —

**B7** **E7**

I got an ax - han - dle pis - tol on a grave - yard frame that shoots

tomb - stone bul - lets wear - in' balls and chains. I'm drink - in' T. N. T. I'm smok - in'

dy - na - mite. — I hope some - screw - ball start a fight. — 'Cause I'm

**A7** **E7**

read - y, read - y's an - y - bod - y can be. —

**B7** **A7**

I am read - y for you. — I hope you read - y for me. —

— Oh, you pret - ty lit - tle chicks with your  
 cur - ly hair, know you feel like I ain't no - where... But  
 stop what you're doin' ba - by, come o - ver here. I'll prove to you, ba - by, that I  
 ain't no square. 'Cause I'm read - y, read - y's an - y - bod - y can be...  
 — I am read - y for you... I hope you read - y for me...  
 — I been drink - in' gin... like never be - fore. I  
 feel so good, I want you to know... One more drink, I  
 wish you would. It takes a whole lot of lov - in' to make me feel good. 'Cause I'm  
 read - y, read - y's an - y - bod - y can be... I am  
 read - y for you... I hope you're read - y for me...

# I'M A NATURAL BORN LOVER

© 1955 (Renewed 1983) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MEDIUM BLUES**  $\frac{9}{8}$   $Dm6$

I'm a natch-'ral born— lov - er, oh, I'm a  
 natch-'ral born— lov - er, oh, I'm a natch-'ral born lov - er, I'm a  
 treat— to this love - ly world. **FINE**

When I— talk that talk, they just— can't re - sist. When I'm—  
 A - round the clock— they don't— talk no more. The

shoot-in' my line, I'm nev - er gon - na miss. Wo-men pull - in' on my win-dow, wo-men  
 six - ty min - ute man— he— had to go. The natch-'ral born— lov - er got the

**D.S. AL FINE (2ND TIME)**

knock up - on my door. Wo-men call - in' on my phone, wo-men tear - in' up my clothes. } Cause I'm a  
 wo - men— cry - in'. I can work a whole day— in one hour's time. }

# IT'S A LOW DOWN DIRTY SHAME

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Words and Music by  
 OLLIE SHEPARD

**MODERATE BLUES**  $G$   $C7$   $G$

1. It's a low down dirt - y, low down dirt - y shame,  
 2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

$G7$   $C7$   $G$

— It's a low down dirt - y, low down dirt - y shame.



Am7                      D7                      Am7                      D7

I'm in love with a mar-ried wom-an, I'm a - fraid to call her name..

1. 2                      3

G   E<sub>DIM7</sub>   Am7   D7                      G   G<sub>DIM7</sub>   Am7   D<sub>9</sub>   G<sub>6</sub>

She's a

**Additional Lyrics**

- 2. She's a no good woman, don't mean no one man no good.  
She's a no good woman, don't mean no one man no good.  
I don't blame that woman, I'd be the same way if I could.
- 3. Baby, that's alright, that's alright for you.  
Baby, that's alright, that's alright for you.  
Baby, that's alright, most any old thing you do.

## I'VE BEEN TREATED WRONG

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Words and Music by  
**ROBERT BROWN**

**MODERATE BLUES**

Bb                      Eb7                      Bb

1. I don't know my real name,                      I don't know when I — was born, —  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

Eb7

I don't know my real name.                      I don't know when I — was born.

Bb                      F7

The trou-ble I've been hav - in',

Eb7                      Bb                      1-3                      4

F7

seems like I was raised in a or - phan home.                      My — moth -

**Additional Lyrics**

- 2. My mother died and left me, when I was only two years old,  
My mother died and left me, when I was only two years old,  
And the trouble I've been havin' the Good Lord only knows.
  - 3. I've been treated like an orphan, and I been workin' like a slave,  
I've been treated like an orphan, and I been workin' like a slave.  
And if I never get my revenge, evilness will carry to my grave.
4. Now, I been havin' trouble, ever since I've been grown,  
Now, I been havin' trouble, ever since I've been grown,  
I'm too old for the orphans, and too young for the old folks' home.

# I'M A WOMAN

© 1961 (Renewed) JERRY LEIBER MUSIC and MIKE STOLLER MUSIC

Words and Music by  
JERRY LEIBER and MIKE STOLLER

MODERATELY (IN 4)

**C**  
(Instrumental)

Spoken: I can wash out forty-four pairs of socks and have them hangin' out on the line,  
I can rub and scrub till this old house is shinin' like a dime,  
If you come to me sickly, you know I'm gonna make you well,  
I can stretch a greenback dollar bill from here to kingdom come.

**C**

I can starch and iron two dozen shirts before you can count from one to nine,  
Feed the baby, grease the car and powder my face at the same time,  
If you come to me hexed up, you know I'm gonna break the spell,  
I can play the numbers, pay my bills, and still end up with some.

**C**

I can scoop up a great big dipper full of lard from the drippin's can,  
Get all dressed up, go out and swing till four a.m. and then  
If you come to me hungry, you know I'm gonna fill you full o' grits,  
I got a twenty dollar gold piece says there ain't nothin' I can't do.

**C**

Throw it in the skillet, go out and do my shopping and be back before it melts in the pan.  
Lay down at five, jump up at six and start all over again,  
If it's lovin' you're lackin', I'll kiss you and give you the shiverin' fits,  
I can make a dress out of a feed bag and I can make a man out of you.

} Sung: 'Cause I'm a

**F7** **C**

wom - an. dou - ble U O M A N, Spoken: I'll say it a -

1. 2 **F** **F** **G7**

gain. gain. gain. Sung: 'Cause I'm a wom - an.

**F7** **C** **F** **C**

dou - ble U O M A N, (Instrumental) Spoken: And that's all.

# I'M YOUR HOOCHIE COOCHIE MAN

© 1957 (Renewed 1985), 1964 HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MODERATELY**

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'MODERATELY'. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: A, D7, A7, and E7. There are first and second endings for the final line of music.

1. The gyp-sy wom-an told my moth-er be-fore I was born,  
 2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

"You got a boy child com-in', goin' be a son of a gun."

Gon-na make pret-ty wom-en— jump and shout, then the world gon-na know

what it's all a-bout.- I'm him,— Ev - 'ry-bod-y knows, I'm

him. I'm the hooch - ie cooch-ie man,—

Ev - 'ry-bod-y knows I'm him. I him.

## Additional Lyrics

2. I got a black cat bone,  
 I got a mojo too,  
 I got the Johnny conkeroo,  
 I'm gonna mess with you,  
 I'm gonna make you girls  
 lead me by the hand,  
 then the world's gonna know,  
 I'm that hoochie coochie man.
3. On the seventh hour,  
 on the seventh day,  
 on the seventh month,  
 the seventh doctor said:  
 "He was born for good luck,"  
 and that, you'll see,  
 I got seven hundred dollars,  
 don't you mess with me.

# I'M TORE DOWN

Copyright © 1962 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI) and Fort Knox Music Inc.

Words and Music by  
SONNY THOMPSON

**MODERATE BLUES**

**C7**

I'm tore down. I'm al - most lev - el with the ground.

**F7**

I'm tore down... I'm al - most lev - el with the

**C7** **G7**

ground. Why'd I feel like this when my

**F7** **C7**

ba - by can't be found? Went to the riv - er,

**N.C.**

to jump in. My ba - by showed up and said, "I will tell you when." Well, I'm

**F7** **C7**

tore down. al - most lev - el with the ground. Why'd I

**G7** **F7** **C7**

feel like this when my ba - by can't be found?

I love you, babe, with all my heart and soul, and  
Love you, ba - by, with all my might.

Love like mine will nev - er grow old. Love you in the morn - ing and in the  
Love like mine is out - ta sight. I'll lie for you if you

eve - ning, too. Ev - 'ry time you leave me I get mad with you. Well, I'm  
want me to. I real - ly don't be - lieve that your

love is true. Well, I'm tore down. I'm al - most lev - el with the

ground. Why'd I feel like this when my

ba - by can't be found? I'm tore down.

al - most lev - el with the ground. Well, I'm

tore down. I'm al - most lev - el with the ground. Why'd I

feel like this when my ba - by can't be found?

# I'VE BEEN DEALIN' WITH THE DEVIL

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by  
ROBERT BROWN

**MODERATE BLUES G**

1. Now, my ba-by was-n't e-ven ex - cit-ed a-bout her— wed - ding ring, When it  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

came to our— mar-riage, did-n't seem to 'mount to an - y - thing,— But, I've been—

**C7** deal - in' with the Dev - il, **G** I've been— deal - in'— with the Dev - il,

**D7** I b'lieve I been deal-in' with the Dev - il, **C7** my wom-an does-n't love—me no more.—

**G** Well, I've

## Additional Lyrics

2. Well, I've got the meanest woman, the meanest woman you 'most ever seen,  
She sleeps with an ice pick in her hand, man, and she fights in all her dreams,  
I'd sooner be sleepin' with the Devil, I'd sooner be sleepin' with the Devil,  
I'd sooner be sleepin' with the Devil, my woman doesn't love me no more.
3. Now my mother she said one thing, my father said the same,  
"You keep on foolin' 'round, Sonny boy, women really goin' change your name!"  
I've been dealin' with the Devil, I've been dealin' with the Devil,  
I've been dealin' with the Devil, my woman doesn't love me no more.
4. Now, baby, you know I ain't goin' down, down this big road by myself,  
And if I can't take you, I'm gonna carry somebody else,  
Because I've been dealin' with the Devil, I've been dealin' with the Devil,  
I been dealin' with the Devil, my woman doesn't love me no more.

# IN THE HOUSE BLUES

© 1931 (Renewed), 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

**MODERATELY SLOW BLUES**

1. Set-tin' in the house with ev-'ry-thing on my mind. Set-tin'  
 2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

in the house with ev-'ry-thing on my mind.

Look-in' at the clock an' can't e-ven tell the time. Walk-

in' to my win-dow, an' look-in' out of my door. Walk-

in' to my win-dow, an' look-in' out of my door.

Wish-in' that my man would come home once more..

Can't Catch

**Additional Lyrics**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Can't eat, can't sleep, so weak I can't walk my floor.<br/>         Can't eat, can't sleep, so weak I can't walk my floor.<br/>         Feel like hollerin' murder, let the Police Squad get me once more.</p> <p>They woke me before day with trouble on my mind.<br/>         They woke me before day with trouble on my mind.<br/>         Wringin' my hands and screamin', walkin' the floor hollerin' and cryin'.</p> | <p>3. Catch 'em, don't let them blues in here.<br/>         Catch 'em, don't let them blues in here.<br/>         They shakes me in my bed, can't set down in chair.</p> <p>Oh, the blues has got me on the go.<br/>         Oh, the blues has got me on the go.<br/>         La, la, la.</p> |
|--|---|

## ICE CREAM MAN

Copyright © 1968 (Renewed), 1978 by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JOHN BRIM

## MEDIUM BLUES



Sum-mer-time's here,— babe, need some-thing to keep you cool.—



Sum-mer-time's here,— babe, need some-thing to keep you cool.—



Bet-ter look— out now,— though. John's got some-thin' for you.—



I'm your ice cream man,— stop me when I'm pass-ing by.—



I'm your ice cream man,— stop me when I'm pass-ing by.—



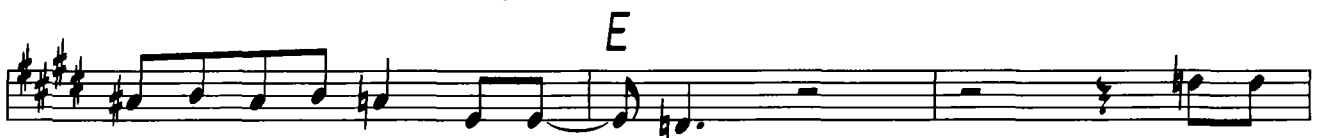
See now, all my fla - vors are guar - an - teed— to— sat - is -



fy. I got good lem - on - ade, Dix - ie cups.—



All fla - vors and push - ups too. I'm your ice cream man,— ba - by.



stop me when I'm pass - ing by.— See now,



all my fla - vors are guar - an - teed— to— sat - is -

fy.



**B** **E** **A**

Well, I'm u - sual - ly pass - ing by. just a - round e - lev - en o' - clock..

**E** **A**

I'm u - sual - ly pass - ing by. just a - round e - lev - en o' - clock..

**E** **B**

And if you'll let me cool you one time,

**A** **E** **B** **E**

you'll be my reg - u - lar stop. — I got good lem - on - ade.

Dix - ie cups. — All fla - vors, say, and push - ups too. I'm your

**A** **E**

ice cream man, stop me when I'm pass - ing by. — See now,

**B** **A** **E** **B**

all my fla - vors are guar - an - teed to sat - is - fy. — I'm your

**E** **A** **E**

ice cream man, stop me when I'm pass - ing by. — I'm your

**A** **E**

ice cream man, stop me when I'm pass - ing by. — They say

**B** **A** **E** **A** **B7** **F9** **E9**

all my fla - vors are guar - an - teed to sat - is - fy. —

# IN THE EVENING

(When the Sun Goes Down)

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by  
LEROY CARR

**SLOW BLUES** **G** **C7**

1. In the eve - nin',— in the eve - nin',— ba - by, when the sun goes  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

**G G7 C9 G D7**

down, in the eve-nin', in the eve-nin', ba - by, when the sun goes down.

**G G#DIM7 Am7 BbDIM7 D7**

— Oh! ain't it lone - some, ain't it lone - some, when your lov - er can't be found.

**G C7** **1-3 G D7#5** **4 G**

— When the sun goes down.— Last down.—

### Additional Lyrics

2. Last night I lay a-sleepin', thinkin' to myself,  
Last night I lay a-sleepin', thinkin' to myself,  
Well I thought she (he) loved me, found she (he) loved somebody else,  
When the sun went down.
3. Well the sun rises in the east, sets down in the west,  
Well the sun rises in the east, baby, sets down in the west,  
Lord! ain't it hard to tell, hard to tell which one will treat you the best,  
When the sun goes down.
4. Goodbye my sweet and lovin' baby, you know I'm goin' away,  
Be back to see you, some old rainy day.  
Well, in the evenin', in the evenin', when that ruby sun goes down,  
When the sun goes down.

# JIM CROW

TRO - © Copyright 1959 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY


Words and Music by  
HUDDIE LEDBETTER

**MODERATELY** **C** **F**

1. Bunk John - son told me too, these old Jim  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

**C G C**

Crow - is - ms — dead bad luck for me and you. I been



trav - lin', I been trav - lin' from shore to — shore. Ev - 'ry -  
 where I have been, — I find some old — Jim Crow.

Additional Lyrics

2. One thing, people, I want everybody to know,  
 You gonna find some Jim Crow every place you go.  
 Down in Louisiana, Tennessee, Georgia's a mighty good place to go,  
 And get together, break up this old Jim Crow.
3. I want to tell you people something that you don't know,  
 It's alotta Jim Crow in the moving picture show.  
 I'm gonna sing this verse, I ain't gonna sing no more,  
 Please get together, break up this old Jim Crow.

# IT DO ME SO GOOD

© 1961 (Renewed 1989) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC and ARC MUSIC CORPORATION (BMI)

Written by WILLIE DIXON and BILLY EMERSON



**SLOWLY** C G7 C

You don't love me — like I love you. — No-bod - y could, —  
 {hold} {hug} me — if you love me — the way you should, —  
 — no - bod - y could. But { And { when you close your, — your arms a -  
 the way you should. round me. — it do me so good. — It do me so good. — **To CODA** ⊕

F C F C G7

— You keep me reel - in' — and a - rock - in'. — My heart is  
 C ach - in', — please don't drive me mad. — Oh, hon - ey, just  
 D7 G7  
 keep on — reel - in' and rock - in'. — My heart is o - pen,  
 D. S. AL CODA (2ND TIME) ⊕ CODA  
 oh, don't drive me mad. — Oh, hon - ey, —

## IT HURTS ME TOO

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Words and Music by  
MEL LONDON

**SLOW BLUES**

The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo/style is 'SLOW BLUES'. The lyrics are: 'You say you're hurt, you al-most lost your mind. The man you love, he hurts you all the time. When things go wrong, go wrong with you, it hurts me too. You love him more, when you should love him less. Why sneak up be-hind him and you take this mess. When things go wrong, go wrong with you, it hurts me too. He loves an-oth-er wom-an and I love you. But you love him, and stick to him like glue. When things go wrong, go wrong with you, it hurts me too. He bet-ter leave you, or you got-ta put him down. Be-cause I won't stay to see you pushed a-round. When things go wrong, go wrong with you, it hurts me too.' The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a melodic line with various chords and triplets. Chord symbols are placed above the piano staff.

Chord symbols: C, F7, G7, C, C7, F, F<sub>M</sub>, C, G+7, C, F7, C, G7, C, C7, F, F<sub>M</sub>, C, G+7, C, F7, C, G7, C, C7, F, F<sub>M</sub>, C, B C

# IT MAKES MY LOVE COME DOWN

© 1929 (Renewed), 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

**MEDIUM BLUES**

1. When I see two sweet-hearts spoon, - un - der - neath the  
 2-4 (See additional lyrics)

sil - v'ry moon, - it makes my love come down. I wan-na be a - round. —

Kiss me, hon - ey, it makes my love come down. —

Cud-dle close, turn out — the light, - do just what you did — last night. —

It makes my love come down, I wan - na be in town. —

Sweet, sweet dad - dy, it makes my love come down. —

### Additional Lyrics

2. Wild about my toodle-oh.  
 When I gets my toodle-oh.  
 It makes my love come down, want every pound.  
 Hear me cryin', it makes my love come down.  
 Likes my coffee, likes my tea,  
 Daffy about my stingeree.  
 It makes my love come down, I wanna be around.  
 Oh, sweet papa, it makes my love come down.
3. If you want to hear me rave,  
 Honey, give me what I crave.  
 It makes my love come down, actin' like a clown.  
 Can't help from braggin', it makes my love come down.  
 Come on and be my desert sheik, you're so strong and I'm so weak.  
 It makes my love come down, to be love-land bound.  
 Red hot papa, it makes my love come down.
4. If you want me for your own,  
 Kiss me nice and leave me alone.  
 It makes my love come down, it makes my love come down.  
 Take me bye-bye, it makes my love come down.  
 When you take me for a ride,  
 When I'm close up by your side,  
 It makes my love come down, ridin' all around,  
 Easy ridin' makes my love come down.

# IT SEEM LIKE A DREAM

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Words and Music by  
YANK RACHELL

## MODERATE BLUES

*F*  
1. My babe went off.— stayed out all— night long.— She nev - er got back till the  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

*B $\flat$*   
break of dawn.— Well, it seem like a dream. Well, it

*F* *C7*  
seem like a dream.— Well, it dream like a dream, it seem—

*F* *1-5* *6*  
— like a dream. to me.— I'm gon - na

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to Bb. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a change in dynamics to forte (F) and a change in harmony to C7. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a final cadence and a key signature change back to Bb. Chord symbols (F7, Bb, F, C7) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines.

## Additional Lyrics

2. I'm gonna buy me a dog goin' where he goes.  
Till somebody finds me one of those.  
Well, it seem like a dream,  
Well, it seem like a dream.  
Well, it dream like a dream,  
It seem like a dream to me.
3. Me and my baby had a fallin' out,  
We didn't know what it was all about,  
'Cause it seem like a dream,  
And it dreamed like a dream.  
Well, it dreamed like a dream,  
It seem like a dream to me.
4. Now, look-a here, babe, what you have done,  
Got my money, got me out on the bum,  
You know it seem like a dream,  
Well, it seem like a dream,  
Well, it dream like a dream,  
It seem like a dream to me.
5. While my shoe is wearing out its walk,  
Hear Yank Rachell how he plays that balk,  
'Cause it seem like a dream,  
Well, it seem like a dream,  
Well, it dream like a dream,  
It seem like a dream to me.
6. Played this song, ain't gon' play no more,  
Puttin' on my shoes, down the street I go,  
'Cause it seem like a dream,  
Well, it seem like a dream,  
Well, it dreamed like a dream  
And it seem like a dream to me!

# IT'S A LOW DOWN DIRTY DEAL

© 1996 LORD AND WALKER PUBLISHING (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by T-BONE WALKER

MODERATELY

*Bb7 Eb7 Bb7*

It's great — to be rich and a dog - gone shame to be poor. —  
 — to please her. but it on - ly — made her mad. —

*Eb9*

It's great — to be rich and a dog - gone shame to be poor. —  
 I've tried — to please her, but — it on - ly — made her mad. —

*Bb7 Cm7*

It's a low — dirt - y deal — when your wom -  
 She's — done — stripped me — and — took

*F7 F7#5 Bb7*

an don't want you no — more. — I've tried —  
 ev - 'ry - thing I had. —

*Bb7 Eb7 Bb7 N.C.*

Now what you gon - na do — with a  
 mon - ey in the morn - in' and

*Bb7#5*

wom-an like — that, who takes all your mon-ey, yes, — and leave you flat? — { It's great. —  
 mon-ey ev - 'ry night. If I did - n't have no mon-ey, she was read - y to fight. —

*Eb9 Bb7*

— to be — rich and a dog - gone shame to be — poor. —

*Cm7 F7*

It's a low — dirt - y deal — when your wom - an don't want you no — more. —

*Bb7 Bb7 F13 B9 Bb9*

Now, it was —

# IT SERVES ME RIGHT TO SUFFER

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Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**SLOW BLUES**

1. D.S. It serves me right to suf-fer,— it serves me right  
2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

to be a - lone.— It serves me right to suf-fer,  
it serves me right to be a - lone.— Be-cause my mind, I'm still

liv - ing, the days— done passed and gone.—

1. 2 B7 | 3 D.S. AND FADE B7

### Additional Lyrics

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Every time I see a woman,<br/>And, folks, she makes me think of mine.<br/>Every time I see a woman,<br/>And, folks, she makes me think of mine.<br/>And that's why, that's why,<br/>Folks, I just can't keep from crying.</p> | <p>3. My doctor put me on<br/>Milk, cream and alcohol.<br/>My doctor put me on, put me on,<br/>Milk, cream and alcohol.<br/>He said, "Johnny, your nerves are so bad,<br/>So bad, Johnny, until you just can't<br/>Sleep at night." (Oh yes, oh yes.)</p> |
|---|---|

# JUST LIKE I TREAT YOU

© 1963 (Renewed 1991) HOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**BRIGHTLY**

Some say you will,— Some say you won't,—  
Some say you can,— Some say you can't,—  
If I give you lips,— You will give it back.—  
Some say you're fine,— Some say you're sad,—

Some say you do,— Some say you don't.—  
Some say you will,— Some say you ain't.—  
If I give you lots,— I know what you will lack.—  
Some say you're great.— Some say you're bad.— } But I



know. I know what you will do:

You're gon - na treat me. ba - by.

just like I treat you.

# IT'S MY OWN FAULT

Copyright © 1960 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**SLOW BLUES**

1. It's my own fault dar-lin', I made you treat- me- the way you do.

2-4 (See additional lyrics)

It's my own fault dar-lin', I made you treat- me- the way you

do. When you left me dar - lin',

I was call-in' from- town to town.

### Additional Lyrics


2. Where you is? Won't you give me one more chance?  
Oh. baby, where you is? Won't you give me one more chance?  
Baby, I'll prove that I'm in love with you,  
You know I'll be travelin' no more.
3. It's my own fault darlin'; I made you treat me the way you do.  
It's my own fault darlin'; I made you treat me the way you do.  
Better I go;  
I just realized what I've done.
4. Oh goodbye, baby, I know we may never meet again.  
Oh goodbye, baby, I know we may never meet again.  
But it's my own fault, darlin'.  
I know you'd treat me the way you did.

# IT'S TOO BAD THINGS ARE GOING SO TOUGH

Copyright © 1961 by Fort Knox Music Inc. and Trio Music Co., Inc.  
Copyright Renewed


Words and Music by  
FREDDIE KING

**SLOWLY** C7 F7




It's too bad car, things are go-in' so tough with and it was paint-ed white and black.

C7 F7




me. Well, it's too bad I used to have a car.

C7



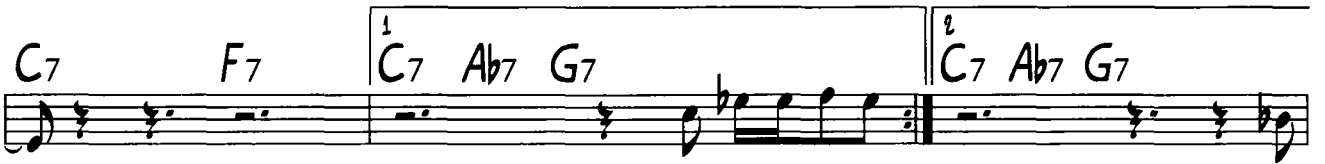
things are go-in' so tough with me. and it was paint-ed white and black. Well, I

G7 F7 G7



no mat-ter what I do, could-n't keep up the pay-ments, seems like ev-'ry-thing have to hap-pen to me, and the man, he took it back.

C7 F7 C7 Ab7 G7 C7 Ab7 G7



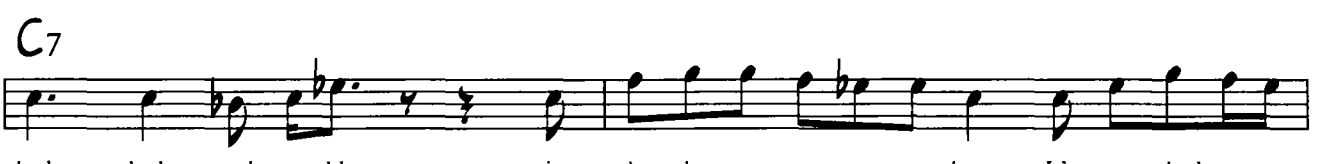
I used to have a

F7




used to smoke cig-ars, the ver-y best in town, but

C7



bad luck and trou-ble is bound to get me down. It's too bad

F7 C7



things are go-in' so tough with me.

Well, \_\_\_\_\_ no mat-ter what I do, \_\_\_\_\_

seem like ev-'ry-thing\_ have to hap-pen to me. \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: G7, F7, C7, C7/E, F7, F#dim7, C7/G, Db7, C7

## JAILHOUSE BLUES

© 1923 (Renewed), 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

Words and Music by BESSIE SMITH  
and CLARENCE WILLIAMS

MEDIUM BLUES Eb Bb7#5

1. Thir - ty days in jail — with my back turned — to the  
2-7 (See additional lyrics)

wall, — Thir-ty days in jail — with my back turned to the

wall, — Look here, mis - ter jail keep - er,

put an - oth - er gal in my stall. — I don't —

Chords: Eb, Eb7, Ab7, B7, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Bb7

### Additional Lyrics

- I don't mind bein' in jail but I gotta stay there so long,  
I don't mind bein' in jail but I gotta stay there so long.  
Ev'ry friend I had, done shook hands and gone.
- Better stop your man from tickling me under my chin,  
Better stop your man from tickling me under my chin.  
If he keeps on tickling I'm goin' to lick him on in.
- Good morning, blues, blues, how do you do?  
Good morning, blues, blues, how do you do?  
I just came here to have a few words with you.
- When the blues first got on me, they poured like a shower of rain.  
When the blues first got on me, they poured like a shower of rain.  
And I cried all night, honey, ain't that a shame.
- I ain't gonna cry, I ain't gonna grieve or moan.  
I ain't gonna cry, I ain't gonna grieve or moan.  
I'm gonna take my friend's man, the one who's living next door.
- Goin' up to the country, and I can't take you,  
Goin' up to the country, and I can't take you.  
Nothin' in the country that a monkey man can do.

# JELLY ROLL BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

By FERDINAND "JELLY ROLL" MORTON

MODERATELY

The musical score for "Jelly Roll Blues" consists of ten staves of music. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is marked "MODERATELY". The score includes various chords and rhythmic patterns, including triplets. The chords are as follows:

- Staff 1:  $Bb$ ,  $Gm_3$ ,  $G_{DIM7}$ ,  $Bb$ , N.C.
- Staff 2:  $Ab$ ,  $Eb$ ,  $Bb_6$
- Staff 3:  $Db_{DIM7}$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Eb$ ,  $F7$ ,  $G_{DIM7}$ ,  $Gb$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $G_{DIM7}$ ,  $Gb$ ,  $F7$
- Staff 4:  $Bb$  N.C.,  $Bb_6$  N.C.,  $D7$  N.C.,  $Bb_6$ ,  $D7$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $Eb$ ,  $Bb_7$
- Staff 5:  $Eb$ ,  $Bb$  N.C.
- Staff 6:  $Db_{DIM7}$ ,  $Cm7$ ,  $F7$ ,  $G7$ ,  $C7$ ,  $Gb_7$ ,  $F7$
- Staff 7:  $Bb$ ,  $G_{DIM7}$ ,  $Gb_7$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$  N.C.,  $Bb$
- Staff 8:  $Bb_7$
- Staff 9:  $Eb$ ,  $E_{DIM7}$ ,  $Eb_7$ ,  $E_{DIM7}$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $Db_{DIM7}$

*C<sub>M7</sub> F7 G7 C7 Gb7 F7 Bb G<sub>DIM7</sub> Gb7 F7 Bb*  
*Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7*  
*Eb G7 Eb*  
*Eb7 Ab<sub>3</sub> A<sub>DIM7</sub>*  
*Eb/Bb Eb Bb7 C<sub>DIM7</sub> Cb7<sub>3</sub> Bb7*  
*Eb C<sub>DIM7</sub> Cb7<sub>3</sub> Bb7 Eb n.c. Eb*  
*G7 Eb7 Ab*  
*A<sub>DIM7</sub> Eb/Bb Eb Bb7*  
*C<sub>DIM7</sub> Cb7<sub>3</sub> Bb7 Eb C<sub>DIM7</sub> Cb7<sub>3</sub> Bb7 Eb Bb7#5 Eb9*

# JUKE

Copyright © 1952 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
WALTER JACOBS

MEDIUM BLUES (♩ =  $\overline{\text{J}^3\text{J}}$ )

(Instrumental)

The musical score consists of ten staves of music in the key of E major (one sharp). The tempo is marked 'MEDIUM BLUES' with a note value of a quarter note equal to a triplet of eighth notes. The piece is an instrumental. The notation includes various chords and rhythmic patterns:

- Staff 1: Chord E, triplet eighth notes.
- Staff 2: Chord A7, triplet eighth notes.
- Staff 3: Chord E, triplet eighth notes.
- Staff 4: Chords B7, A7, E.
- Staff 5: Chords B7, E.
- Staff 6: Chord A7.
- Staff 7: Chords E, B7, triplet eighth notes.
- Staff 8: Chords A7, E, B7, E7.

# JUST A DREAM

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by  
BIG BILL BROONZY

## SLOW BLUES

It was a dream, \_\_\_\_\_ Lord, what a dream I had- on my mind, \_\_\_\_\_

It was a dream, \_\_\_\_\_ Lord, what a dream I had- on my

mind, \_\_\_\_\_ Now, and when I woke up, ba - by. —

not a thing there could I find. —

1. I dreamed I went out with an an - gel, and had a good time. —  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

I dreamed I was sat - is - fied, — and noth - in' to wor - ry my mind. But

that was just a dream, \_\_\_\_\_ Lord, what a dream I had- on my

mind, \_\_\_\_\_ Now, and when I woke up, ba - by. —

not an an - gel could I find. —

### Additional Lyrics

2. I dreamed I caught the horses, and caught the number too.  
I dreamed I won so much money I didn't know what to do.  
But that was just a dream, Lord, what a dream I had on my mind.  
Now, and when I woke up, baby, not a penny there could I find.
3. I dreamed I was in the White House, settin' in the President's chair,  
I dreamed he's shaking my hand, and he said, "Bill, I'm so glad you're here."  
But that was just a dream, Lord, what a dream I had on my mind.  
Now, and when I woke up, baby, not a chair there could I find.
4. I dreamed I got married, and started me a family.  
I dreamed I had ten children, and they all looked just like me.  
But that was just a dream, Lord, what a dream I had on my mind.  
Now, and when I woke up, baby, not a child looked like mine.

# KILLING FLOOR

Copyright © 1965, 1970 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

By CHESTER BURNETT

**FAST ROCK** *A7(NO3RD)*

I should-'ve quit you long— time a - go,—

*D7(NO3RD)*

I should-'ve quit you, ba - by, long— time a -

*A7(NO3RD)* *E7*

go.— Yes, I should-'ve, but you got me mess-in' a-round with you. Ba-by, you got me

*D7(NO3RD)* *A7(NO3RD)* *E7*

cry - in'— on the kill - ing floor.— If I'd have

*A7(NO3RD)*

fol - lowed you my first night.— If I'd have

*D7(NO3RD)* *A7(NO3RD)*

fol-lowed, pret - ty ba - by, my first night.—

*E7* *D7(NO3RD)* *A7(NO3RD)*

I would-'ve been gone since my sec-ond turn. Yeah.

*E7* *A7(NO3RD)*

Lord knows.- Lord.. knows— I should-'ve been  
(Spoken:) You got me hot.

*D7(NO3RD)* *A7(NO3RD)*

gone. Lord knows.— Ooh. I should-'ve been gone.  
You got me hot. Ooh. You got me on you, babe. Ooh.



She got me mess - in' a-round with you, ba-by. You got me cry - in' on the kill-ing floor. Uh! That's all.

# THE LEMON SONG

Copyright © 1969 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETT, JOHN BONHAM,  
JIMMY PAGE, ROBERT PLANT and JOHN PAUL JONES

**MODERATELY**

1. I should have quit you— long time a - go,—  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)  
yeah, long time a - go.—  
I would-n't be here, my chil-dren, down on this kill - in'  
floor. I should have bed.

## Additional Lyrics

2. I should have listened, baby, to my second mind,  
I should have listened, baby, to my second mind,  
Every time I go away and leave you,  
Darling, you give the blues way down the line.
3. Babe, treat me right baby, my, my, my,  
People tellin' me baby can't be satisfied.  
They try to worry me baby,  
But they never hurt you in my eyes.
4. Said, people worry I can't keep you satisfied.  
Let me tell you, baby,  
You ain't nothing but a two bit.  
No good, low jibe.
5. Went to sleep last night, worked as hard as I can  
Bring home my money, you spend it, give to another man.  
I should have quit you long time ago,  
I wouldn't be here with all my troubles  
Down on this killing floor.
6. Squeeze my lemon till the juice runs down my leg.  
Squeeze my lemon till the juice runs down my leg.  
The way you squeeze my lemon,  
I swear I'm gonna fall out of bed.

# KEY TO THE HIGHWAY

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Words and Music by BIG BILL BROONZY  
and CHAS. SEGAR

**SLOW BLUES**

1. I've got the key to the high - way. — Yes. I'm billed - out and  
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

bound to go. — I'm gon - na leave here run - nin', be - cause walk - ing is much — too

slow. — I'm go - in' —

*Chords: F, C7, Bb, Bdim7, F, Gm7, C7, F, F7, Fdim, Bbm6, F, C7, F*

### Additional Lyrics

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2. I'm goin' back to the border,<br>Where I'm better known,<br>Because you haven't done nothing,<br>But drive a good man from home.                             | 4. Now, gimme one more kiss baby<br>Yes, just before I go.<br>'Cause when I leave you this time now, baby,<br>I declare I won't be back no more. |
| 3. Now, when the moon peeks over the mountain,<br>Yeah... you know I'll be on my way,<br>I'm gonna walk, walk this ol' highway,<br>Deep until the break of day. | 5. So long and goodbye,<br>Yes, I had to say goodbye.<br>'Cause I'm gonna walk, walk this ol' highway,<br>Deep until the day I die.              |

# KOKOMO BLUES

© 1970, 1998 TRADITION MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by FRED McDOWELL

**MEDIUM BLUES**

1. Mmm, ba - by, don't you want — to go.  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

Mmm, ba - by, don't you want to go. —

Pack your lit - tle suit - case, Pa - pa's goin' to Ko - ko - mo.

*Chords: D/F#, G7, D/F#, A7, G7, D*

### Additional Lyrics

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2. Mmm, baby, where you been so long?<br>Mmm, baby, where you been so long?<br>I can tell, mama, something's going on wrong.  | 3. Mmm, baby, you don't know, you don't know.<br>Mmm, baby, you don't know, you don't know.<br>Papa's all ready, going back to Kokomo. |
| 4. And me and my baby had a falling out last night.<br>And me and my baby had a falling out last night.<br>Somehow ain't nothing, and my babe won't treat me right. | 5. Mmm, baby, what's the matter now?<br>Mmm, baby, what's the matter now?<br>Tryin' to quit your daddy, but you don't know how.        |
| 6. And I'll sing this verse, baby, I can't sing no more.<br>And I'll sing this verse, baby, I can't sing no more.<br>My train is ready, and I'm going to Kokomo.    |  |

# LADY SINGS THE BLUES

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by HERBERT NICHOLS  
and BILLIE HOLIDAY

## SLOW BLUES

*C<sub>M6</sub> Ab7 C<sub>M6</sub> C<sub>M7</sub>*

La - dy sings the blues, she's got them bad, she feels so sad.

*C<sub>MAJ7</sub> F<sub>MAJ7</sub> C A9 D<sub>M7</sub> G9*

Want the world to know what the blues are all a - bout.

*C<sub>M6</sub> Ab7 C<sub>M6</sub> C<sub>M7</sub>*

La - dy sings the blues, she tells her side, noth - ing to hide.

*C<sub>MAJ7</sub> F<sub>MAJ7</sub> C A9 D<sub>M7</sub> G9*

Now the world will know just what the blues are all a - bout. The

*C<sub>9</sub>*

blues ain't noth - in' but a pain in your heart. When you get a bad start, when you and your

*D<sub>9</sub>*

man have to part, she ain't gon - na just sit a - round and cry. She knows she won't

*G<sub>9</sub> C<sub>M6</sub> Ab7*

die be - cause she loves him. La - dy sings the blues, she's tell - ing

*C<sub>M6</sub> C<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>MAJ7</sub> F<sub>MAJ7</sub>*

you she's got them bad. Now the world will know, she's

*C G7 C<sub>M7</sub> F<sub>9</sub> G7#5 C<sub>M6</sub>*

nev - er gon - na sing them no more, no more.

# KINDHEARTED WOMAN BLUES

Copyright © (1978). 1990. 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**SLOW BLUES**

1. I got a kind - heart - ed wom - an, \_\_\_\_\_ do an - y - thing — in this world for me..  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

I got a kind - heart - ed wom - an,

do an - y - thing in this world for me. \_\_\_\_\_ But these e -

- vil - heart - ed wom - an, man, they will not let me be. \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: A7, D7, A, E7, D7, A

## Additional Lyrics

2. I love my baby, my baby don't love me.  
I love my baby, my baby don't love me.  
But I really love that woman, can't stand to let her be.
3. Ain't but one thing, make Mr. Johnson drink.  
I's worried 'bout how you treat me, baby, I begin to think.  
Oh, babe, my life don't feel the same.  
You break my heart, when you call Mr. So and So's name.
4. She's a kindhearted woman, she studies evil all the time.  
She's a kindhearted woman, she studies evil all the time.  
You well's to kill me, as to have it on your mind.

# LIFE IS LIKE THAT

TRO - © Copyright 1959 (Renewed) Ludlow Music, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by MEMPHIS SLIM  
Edited with New Material by ALAN LOMAX

**MODERATELY**

1. You've got to cry a lit - tle, \_\_\_\_\_ die a lit - tle,  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

Well, and some-times you got to lie a lit - tle. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, life is like that, —

Chords: G7, C7

well that's— what you've got— to do. Well, if you  
 don't un - der - stand, peo - ple. I'm sor - ry for you.

Additional Lyrics

2. Sometimes you'll be held up, sometimes held down,  
Well, sometimes your best friends don't even want you around, you know...
3. There's some things you got to keep, some things you got to repeat.  
People, happiness is never complete, you know...
4. Sometimes you'll be helpless, sometime you'll be restless,  
Well, keep on strugglin' so long as you're not breathless...

# LETTER TO MY BABY

© Copyright 1972 by MCA MUSIC PUBLISHING, A Division of UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, INC.

Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**MODERATE BLUES** *E7/A A*

I wrote my ba - by a let - ter, no one to break the seal.  
 Hur - ry, ba - by, hur - ry back to me.  
 Jump me, ma - ma, in your big brass bed.

Write my ba - by a let - ter.  
 Hur - ry, babe,  
 Jump me, ma - ma,

*E7sus E7 D9*

I'm writ - in' me a let - ter. And I want no one to break the  
 hur - ry back to me. I ain't had no lov - in', ba - by,  
 in your big brass bed. Jump me 'til I don't want no

*A E7sus E7 A*

seal.  
 more. I'm tell - in' my babe in the let - ter,  
 Ba - by, since you've been gone.  
 (Instrumental)

*D9 A*

hon - ey, please hur - ry back to me.  
 Wait a min - ute.

*G F E7 A*

## LAST NIGHT

Copyright © 1954 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
WALTER JACOBS

**SLOWLY** C7 3 F7 C7 3

Last night, \_\_\_\_\_ I lost the best friend I ev - er had. \_\_\_\_\_

G7 F7 C7

Now you've gone and left me. \_\_\_\_\_ that made me feel so bad. \_\_\_\_\_

Now it's ear - ly in the morn - ing, and my love is com - in' down - for

you. \_\_\_\_\_ Ear - ly in the morn - ing and my

love is com - in' down - for you. \_\_\_\_\_ I want you to

G7 F7 C7

tell me ba - by. \_\_\_\_\_ ba - by what are we gon - na do? \_\_\_\_\_

I'm gon - na wait till to - mor - row, till you tell me ev - 'ry day brings 'bout a change. \_\_\_\_\_

I'm gon - na wait till to - mor - row,

till you tell me ev - 'ry day brings 'bout a change. \_\_\_\_\_ I

G7 F7 C

love you, love you, babe, you know that's a cry - in' shame. \_\_\_\_\_

## LET ME LOVE YOU BABY

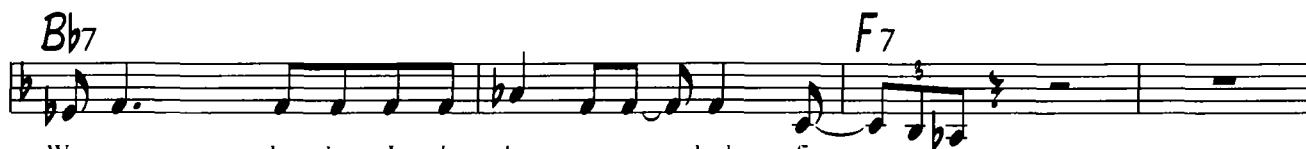
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Words and Music by  
WILLIE DIXON

MODERATELY FAST



Woo-ee. ba - by I de - clare you sure look fine. —  
Ba - by, when you walk, you know you shake like a wil-low tree. —



Woo-ee. ba - by I de - clare you sure- look fine. —  
Ba - by, when you walk, you know you shake like a wil-low tree. —



Girl like you — would make man - y a man change his mind. —  
Girl like you — would just love to make a fool of me. —



Let me love — you ba - by. Let me love — you ba - by.



Let me love you lit - tle dar - lin'. Let me



love you ba - by. Let me love — you dar - lin' till your



good love drives me cra - zy. Let me love —

## LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS

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Copyright Renewed

By B.B. KING

## SLOW BLUES

**A7**



I'm glad to see— you back, ba - by.— you been gone such a long, long time. And



now that you're back,— ba - by, let's make up for long lost time. Well, the



day that you left— me, ba - by, I near-ly went out— of my mind.— I could-n't



hard - ly sleep— at night.— ba - by, ev - 'ry morn-ing I woke— up cry - in! So

**D7** **A7**



let's get down to bus-'ness, yea, let's get down to bus-'ness.

**E7** **D7**



Well, let's get down to bus - 'ness, ba - by you been gone such a long, long

**A7** (♩ = ♩)



time. Now I know that I love you, ba - by, and I

**D** **A7**



thought that you loved me too. Now, now that we're to - geth - er— tell me



what are we gon - na do?— Well, what made us break—

**D** **A7**



— up ba - by, I don't know 'til to - day.— But



if it was my fault, ba-by, I swear I'll change my ways.-

So let's get down to bus-ness, yea.

let's get down to bus-ness. Well,

let's get down to bus-ness, you been gone such a long

time. Let's get down to bus-ness...

*REPEAT AND FADE*

## LITTLE RED ROOSTER

© 1961 (Renewed 1989) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SLOW BLUES**

1. I am a lit-tle red roost-er, too la-zy to crow for day.  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

I am a lit-tle red roost-er, too

la-zy to crow for day. Keep ev-'ry-thing in the

barn-yard up-set in ev'-ry way.

### Additional Lyrics

2. The dogs begin to bark and the hounds begin to howl.  
The dogs begin to bark and the hounds begin to howl.  
Oh, watch out strange kin people, the little red rooster is on the prowl.
3. If you see my little red rooster, please drive him home.  
If you see my little red rooster, please drive him home.  
There's been no peace in the barnyard since my little red rooster's gone.

# LITTLE BABY

(You Go and I'll Go with You)

© 1961 (Renewed 1989) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

MODERATE BEAT

*E<sub>b</sub>*

You go and I'll come with you, lit - tle ba - by. \_\_\_\_\_

*B<sub>b</sub>7*

You go and I'll come with you, lit - tle ba - by. \_\_\_\_\_

*E<sub>b</sub> Eb7 Ab*

You go and I'll go with you. You bet your life that I won't quit you.

*E<sub>b</sub>* *FINE*

You go and I'll come with you, lit - tle ba - by. \_\_\_\_\_

You go to court— and I go a - long— And  
 You go to church— and I go there too— And  
 You get the fare— and I go to show—

you go to jail— I go your bond— You got time— tell you  
 you go to work— I tell you what I do. You're get - tin' paid— I'll—  
 You bet the hors - es and I pick up the dough. You work hard— I—

*D.C. AL FINE*  
*(3RD TIME)*

what I do— I stay out - side and wait for you. \_\_\_\_\_  
 hold the mon - ey. I'll be right there to pro - tect you, hon - ey.  
 hurt my pride— I'll be right there— by your side. \_\_\_\_\_

# LONG GONE LONESOME BLUES

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Words and Music by  
**HANK WILLIAMS**

**MODERATELY** C

I went down to the riv - er to watch the fish - swim by. \_\_\_\_\_ but I  
 find me a riv - er, One that's cold - as ice. \_\_\_\_\_ When I

F7 C

got to the riv - er so lone - some I want - ed to die. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh,  
 find me that riv - er, Lawd, I'm gon - na pay - the price. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh,

G7

Lawd. And then I jumped in the riv - er but the dog - gone riv - er was  
 Lawd. I'm go - in' down in it three times, but I'm on - ly com - in' up

C

dry. \_\_\_\_\_ I had me a wom - an, she could - n't be true; she  
 twice. \_\_\_\_\_ She told me on Sun - day she was check - in' me out, a -

C7 F7

made me for my mon - ey and she made me blue. A man needs a wom - an that  
 long a - bout Mon - day she was no - where a - bout, and here it is Tues - day, ain't

C G7 C

he can lean on, \_\_\_\_\_ But my lean - in' post - is done left - and gone } She's -  
 had - no news. - Got them "Gone" but not - for - got - ten blues. }

F C G7

long - gone - and now - I'm lone - some

1 C 2 C

blues. \_\_\_\_\_ Gon - na blues. \_\_\_\_\_

## LIVE ANOTHER DAY

© 1992 STEVIE RAY SONGS (ASCAP)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN

MEDIUM SHUFFLE (♩ =  $\overline{\text{J}^3\text{J}}$ )

**E**

Well now, sit-tin' here so lone - ly, feel - in' oh so blue, my

**A7**

ba - by tried mis-treat-in' me 'n' I don't know what to do, ah, some

**E**

Why do I have to feel this way, ah? (If) I

**B7** **A7** **E**

can't love my ba - by, I can't ah live an - oth - er day, ah.

**B7** **E**

Yeah, I've loved ya such a long time 'n' I ain't at all this way.

**A7**

Sit-tin' here so lone - ly, tears keep fall-in' just like rain, so I'm cry - in'.

**E**

Why'd I have to feel this way, ah? (If) I

**B7** **A7** **E**

can't love my ba - by, I can't ah live an - oth - er day, ah.

**B7** **E n.c.**

Yeah, ya know I love you, ba - by, I'll do an - y - thing for you, but

**A7**

when we start to fight-in', I just get these same old blues, so I'm cry - in'.

Why — do I have — to feel — this ah way? —

(If) I can't love my ba - by, I can't ah live an - oth - er day. —

Yeah, — when I first met you, ba - by,

things seemed to be fine, but now when we're to - geth - er, yeah, — it's a

to - tal waste of time, — so I'm cryin' — Why — do I have — to feel this

way, — yeah? (If) I can't love my ba - by,

I can't ah live an - oth - er day, — yeah. Well, — I

guess it's just my own — fault — that you be - gan to hide. — (If) I

ev - er get her back a - gain, now I'll stay — right by her side, — I won't be cry -

in'. I'll stay hap - py that ah way. — Been

lov - in' my lit - tle ba - by ev - 'ry night — an' ev - 'ry day. —

# LITTLE QUEEN OF SPADES

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**MODERATELY**

1. Now she is a lit-tle queen of spades, and the men will not let her be.—  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

Hoo.\_\_\_\_\_ she's the lit - tle queen of spades.—

and the men will not— let her be.— Ev - 'ry

time she makes a spread, hoo, fair brown, cold chills just run all o - ver me.—

## Additional Lyrics

2. I'm gon' get me a gamblin' woman, if it's the last thing that I do.  
I'm gon' get me a gamblin' woman, if it's the last thing that I do.  
Well, a man don't need a woman, hoo fair brown, that he got to give all his money to.
3. Everybody say she got a mojo, now she's been using that stuff.  
Everybody say she got a mojo, now she's been using that stuff.  
But she got a way of trimmin' down, hoo fair brown, and I mean it's most too tough.
4. Now, little girl, since I am the king, baby, and you is a queen.  
Now, little girl, since I am the king, baby, and you is a queen.  
Let us put our head together, hoo fair brown, then we make our money green.

# LONG ROAD

© 1931 (Renewed), 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

**SLOW BLUES**

1. It's a long old road, but I'm gon - na find the end.  
 3. cryin', tears fall - in' on the groun'.

It's a long old road, but I'm gon - na find the end.  
 Weep - in' and cryin', tears fall - in' on the groun'.

And when I get back I'm gon - na shake hands with a friend.  
 When I got to the end I was so wor - ried, wor - ried down.

2. On the side of the road I sat un - der - neath a  
 4. Picked up my bag, ba - by, and I tried it a -  
 5. no - bod - y, you might as well be a -

tree.  
 gain.  
 lone. On the side of the road I  
 Picked up my bag, ba - by, and  
 You can't trust no - bod - y, you

sat un - der - neath a tree. No - bod - y knows the  
 I tried it a gain. I got to make it I've  
 might as well be a lone. Found my long lost friend and I

To CODA

thought that came o - ver me. 3. Weep - in' and  
 got to find the  
 might as well stayed at

D.S. AL CODA

end. 5. You can't trust

CODA

home.

## LONESOME WHISTLE BLUES

Copyright © 1961 by Fort Knox Music Inc. and Trio Music Co., Inc.  
Copyright RenewedWords and Music by  
RUDY TOOMBS

MODERATELY SLOW

Packed up and left me. did-n't e - ven tell me the rea - son  
why. Well, you packed up and left me.  
did-n't e - ven tell me the rea - son why. Well.  
if I did-n't please you, ba - by, may-be 'cause I did-n't try.  
Well, it a - was a - bout mid-night when I heard that old, lone - some - can-non-ball.  
Well, it a - was a - bout mid-night  
when I heard that old, lone - some can - non - ball. Well,  
when I think a - bout you ba - by, tears be - gin to fall.  
I'm gon - na find you, ba - by, if it takes my whole life to track  
you down. I'm gon - na find you, ba - by.



if it takes my whole\_ life\_ to track you down.\_\_\_\_\_ Well,

if I don't find you by\_\_\_\_\_ plane. I'm a - use\_ my old\_ blood - hound.

# LONELY BOY BLUES

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by JAY McSHANN,  
WALTER BROWN and SKIPPA HALL

**MODERATE BLUES** C

1. I'm all a - lone in this cit - y. well, I don't know what to do.\_\_\_\_\_

2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

— I'm all a - lone in this cit - y, well, I don't know what to

do.\_\_\_\_\_ Say, I'm slow - ly go - in' cra - zy and it's

all on ac - count of you.\_\_\_\_\_ Why can't you  
Well, you should

## Additional Lyrics

2. Why can't you be like other people and get along like lovers should?  
Please be like other people and get along like lovers should.  
But you're too much like the Devil, and you don't mean me no good.
3. Well, you should get yourself together, so we can spread somebody joy.  
Please get yourself together, so we can spread somebody joy.  
I want to be your lover, and not just an old play-toy.

## LONG DISTANCE CALL

© 1959 (Renewed 1987) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by  
McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

## SLOW BLUES



You say you love me ba - by,

please call me on the phone some - time.



You say that you love me ba - by,

please call me on the phone some-time.

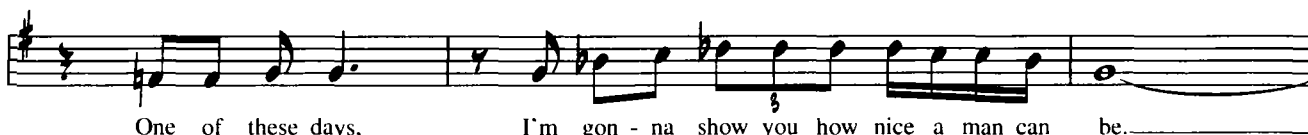


When I hear your voice,



yeah, I know it ease— my wor - ried

mind.



One of these days,

I'm gon - na show you how nice a man can

be.



One of these days,

I'm gon-na show you how nice a man can



be.

I'm gon-na buy you a brand new Ca-dil-lac—



if you on - ly speak some good

words a - bout

me.



You hear my phone ring - ing,

sounds like a long dis - tance call.



I know you hear my phone keep ring - ing,—

yeah, I know it sounds like a long dis - tance

Musical notation for the first system of 'Long Gone Blues'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. Chords G and D7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: call. I pick up my re - ceiv - er, the par - ty said, "Noth - er mule kick - in' in your stall."

## LONG GONE BLUES

Copyright © 1960 by Edward B. Marks Music Company  
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By BILLIE HOLIDAY

### MEDIUM BLUES

Musical notation for the second system of 'Long Gone Blues'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. Chords G, C7, G, G7, C7, G, G7, D7, Am7, D7, G, C, G, D7, G are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: Oh tell me, ba - by, tell me what's the mat - ter now? Tell me, ba - by, what's the mat - ter now? Are you try - in' to quit me, ba - by, but you don't know how. I've been your slave ev - er since I've been your babe. I've I'm a good gal, but my love is all wrong. been your slave ev - er since I've been your babe. But be - I'm a good gal, but my love is all wrong. I'm a fore I see you go. I'll see you in your grave. real good gal, but my love has long gone.

# LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by  
MCKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**SLOW BLUES** G

Now look what you done, heart, now look what you done, a wor-ried mind. Look what you done. Be-cause of you,--

C G D

— ba - by, now look what you done. You've left me here, the lone - ly  
— ba - by, down all the time. I once had a dream, but now I've

C D G

one. And all I can say is look what you done.  
none. You've ta-ken your love, and see what it done.

1 2

G D G D G

A bro-ken I saw you last night- out mov - in'  
cries,-- the shad - ow

C G

round with- your new toy. You paint-in' the town. It is O.  
falls. Gloom - y mem - 'ries- and I re - call. Your love is

D C D

K., keep hav - in' your fun. Be-cause some - day pay for all you've  
my life, as warm as the sun. But now it is gone, and see what it

G 1 2

C C#DIM7 G D G G7

done. A night bird  
done.

# LOUISE, LOUISE BLUES

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Words and Music by JOHNNY TEMPLE  
and J. MAYO WILLIAMS

**SLOW BLUES**

Lou - ise, — you're the sweet - est gal I know. —

Lou - ise. — you're the sweet - est gal I know. —

Yeah. - you made me walk from Chi - ca - go, ba - by, Down to the Gulf of Mex - i -

co. —

1. Now look - a here, Lou - ise.  
2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

what you tryin' to do? You tryin' to love me ba - by love some oth - er man too.

Well, Lou - ise ba - by, that will nev - er do. —

Yeah. you know, you know - you can't love me. — Yeah, when you love some oth - er man -

too. — gone. —

### Additional Lyrics

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Louise, you know you got ways, like a rattlesnake in his coil.<br/>Ev'ry time you start to makin' love, I declare, it's out of this worl',<br/>Well, Louise, baby, that will never do,<br/>Yeah, you know, you know I ain't had no lovin'. Louise,<br/>Ever since Louise has gone.</p> | <p>3. Louise, the big boat's up the river, she's on a bank of sand.<br/>Now if she don't strike deep water, I declare she'll never land.<br/>Well, Louise, baby, why don't you hurry home,<br/>Yeah, you know, you know, Louise,<br/>I ain't had no lovin' since you've been gone.</p> |
|--|--|

# LOVE STRUCK BABY

© 1983 STEVIE RAY SONGS (ASCAP)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN

**MODERATELY FAST** *A7*

Well, I'm a love struck mm - ba - by, I must con - fess. — Life —

— with-out you, dar-lin', it's a sor - ry mess. — Think - in' 'bout you, ba - by, give me

*A7*

such a thrill. — I got - ta have you, — ba - by, can't — get my fill. — I —

*E7* *A7*

— love ya, ba - by, and I know just what's to do. —

*E7#9* *D7*

I — still re - mem-ber, a - let it be said: the

*A7* *D7*

way you made me feel — take a fool to for - get. — I saw a ton o' bricks that hit me

*E7*

in the head, — 'n' what ya do, — lit - tle ba - by, ain't o - ver it yet. Ev -

*D7* *A7*

- 'ry time I see ya make me feel so fine: — my heart's beat - in' cra - zy, my blood's  
sparks start fly - in' ev - 'ry time we meet. — Let me tell you, ba - by, you knock

*D7*

— run - nin' wild. Your lov - in' make me feel — like a - might - y, might - y fine. — Love —  
me off my feet. Your kiss - es, your lov - in', they're so god - damn sweet. Don't -

*E7* *A7*

— me, mm - ba - by. I know — you're mine. I'm a { love struck ba - by.  
cha know, mm - ba - by, you can't — be beat. Now I'm a {

*D7*

Yeah, I'm a love struck ba-by.

*To CODA* ⊕

*A7* *E7* *D7#9*

You got me love struck, mm-ba-by, an' I know just what's to do.

*A7* *D7* *A7* *E7*

*Instrumental solo*

*A7* *E7* *E7 D.S. AL CODA* *⊕ CODA* *E7* *N.C.* *A7*

*Solo ends* The know just what to do.

# LOVE IN VAIN BLUES

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Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**SLOWLY** *G* *G7*

And I fol-lowed her to the sta-tion,  
train rolled up to the sta-tion,  
it left the sta-tion,

with a suit-case in my hand.  
I looked her in the eye.  
with two lights on be-hind.

And I fol-lowed  
When the train rolled  
When the train, it

*C* *G7* *D7*

her to the sta-tion,  
up to the sta-tion,  
left the sta-tion,  
with a suit-case in my hand.  
I looked her in the eye.  
with two lights on be-hind.

*G* *A7* *D7*

Well, it's hard to tell, it's hard to tell,  
Well, I was lone-some, I felt so lone-some,  
Well, the blue light was my blues,  
when all your love's in vain,  
and I could not help but cry,  
and the red light was my mind.

*G* *D7*

All my love's in vain.  
When the  
When the

# LOVER MAN

(Oh, Where Can You Be?)

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By JIMMY DAVIS,  
ROGER "RAM" RAMIREZ and JIMMY SHERMAN

MODERATE BLUES (♩ =  $\overset{-3-}{\text{J}} \text{J}$ )

*A<sub>m</sub>* *D7* *A<sub>m</sub>* *D7*

I don't know why, but I'm feel - ing so sad. \_\_\_\_\_

*G9* *D<sub>M7</sub>* *G9* *G7*

I long to try some - thing I've nev - er had. \_\_\_\_\_

*C7* *F7*

Nev - er had no kiss - in', oh, what I've been miss - in'.

*B<sub>b7</sub>* *F<sub>m</sub>* *G9* *D<sub>M7</sub>* *C* *E7*

Lov - er man, oh where can you be?

*A<sub>m</sub>* *D7* *A<sub>m</sub>* *D7*

The night is cold, and I'm so all a - lone. \_\_\_\_\_

*G9* *D<sub>M7</sub>* *G9* *G7*

I'd give my soul just to call you my own. \_\_\_\_\_

*C7* *F7*

Got a moon a - bove me, but no one to love me,

*B<sub>b7</sub>* *F<sub>m</sub>* *G9* *D<sub>M7</sub>* *C* *F*

lov - er man, oh where can you be?



*E<sub>M</sub>* *G<sub>M6</sub>* *A7* *E<sub>M7</sub>* *G<sub>M6</sub>*

I've heard it said that the thrill of romance can

*D* *E9* *B<sub>b7</sub>* *D* *A7*

be like a heavenly dream;

*D<sub>M</sub>* *F<sub>M6</sub>* *G7* *B<sub>bM</sub>*

I go to bed with a pray'r that you'll make love to

*C* *B<sub>b7</sub>* *D<sub>M6</sub>* *E7#5* *E7*

me, strange as it seems.

*A<sub>M</sub>* *D7* *A<sub>M</sub>* *D7*

Some-day we'll meet and you'll dry all my tears—

*G9* *D<sub>M7</sub>* *G9* *G7*

then whisper sweet little things in my ears.—

*C7* *F7*

hug-gin' and a-kiss-in', oh what we've been miss-in'.

*B<sub>b7</sub>* *F<sub>M</sub>* *G9* *D<sub>M7</sub>* *C* *E7#5* *E7* *C*

lov-er man, oh where can you be? be?

# LOVIN'EST WOMAN IN TOWN

© 1955 (Renewed 1983) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MODERATELY**  $\frac{3}{8}$   $C_M$

I trav - eled land and sea.— I stood the third de - gree.— I got a  
 strong back bone.— all my en - er - gy's gone.— But my -  
 left in bed.— talk - in' out of my head.— The

$F_7$

fine lit - tle wo - man, but she's kill - in' me.— }  
 fine lit - tle girl, she can love so long.— } But I love that wo - man, I  
 thrill could have lovin' - est 'bout to kill me dead.— }

$C$   $G_7$

know she's get - tin' me down.— I'll bet you my life,— she's 'bout the

$F_7$   $C$  *To CODA*  $\oplus$

lov - in' - est wo - man in town.— I got a — She got my

$C_M$

blood pres - sure sail - in'.— She got my heart a - fail - in'.—

$F_7$   $C$

But I love that wo - man, I know she's get - tin' me down.—

$G_7$   $F_7$

I'll bet you my life,— she's 'bout the lov - in' - est wo - man in

$C$  *D.S. AL CODA*  $\oplus$  *CODA*

town.— I'm be - in' town.—

## LUCILLE

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Words and Music by  
B.B. KING

**SLOW BLUES**

*(To be recited over blues background)*

The sound that you're listening to is from my guitar that's named Lucille. I'm very crazy about Lucille. Lucille took me from the plantation, oh...and you might say brought me fame. I don't think I could just talk enough about Lucille. Sometimes when I'm blue, seem like Lucille try to help me, call my name. I used to sing spirituals and I thought that this was the thing that I wanted to do. But somehow or other, when I went in the Army, I picked up on Lucille and started singin' the blues. Well, now when I'm payin' my dues—maybe you don't know what I mean when I say payin' dues; I mean when things are had with me I can always, I can always, if you know, like, depend on Lucille. Sorta hard to talk to you myself, I guess I'll let Lucille say a few words...

You know, I doubt if you can feel it like I do, but when I think about the things that I've gone through, like, well for instance, if I have a girlfriend and she misuses me and I go home at nights; maybe I'm lonely. Well, not maybe, I am lonely. I pick up Lucille and I string out those funny sounds that sound good to me, you know? Sometimes I get to the place where I can't even say nothin'. Sometimes I think it's cryin'.

You know, if I could sing pop tunes like Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr. ... I don't think I still could do it. 'Cause Lucille don't wanna play nothin' but the blues. I think I'm pretty glad about that 'cause don't nobody sing to me like Lucille. Sing, Lucille...

Well, I'll put it like this, take it easy, Lucille, I like the way Sammy sings and I like the way Frank sings, but I can get a little Frank, Sammy, a little Ray Charles, in fact all the people with soul.

You know, I imagine a lot of you wanna know why I call the guitar Lucille. Lucille practically saved my life two or three times. I remember once I was in an automobile accident, and when the car stopped turning over, it fell over on Lucille and it held it up off me. Really, it held it up off me. So that's one time it saved my life.

The way I came by the name Lucille, I was over in Twist, Arkansas. I know you've never heard of that one, have you? And one night the guy started a brawl over there. And the guy that was mad at his old lady when she fell over on this gas tank that was burning for heat. The gas ran all over the floor and when the gas ran all over the floor, the building caught on fire and almost burned me up trying to save Lucille. I imagine you're still wandering why I called it Lucille. The lady that started that brawl that night was named Lucille. And that's been Lucille ever since to me. *(to final ending)*

# LOVING YOU

© 1955 (Renewed 1983) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SLOWLY** **F**

Lov - ing you, babe, is all I crave. Lov - ing

**Bb7** **F**

you, babe, is all I crave. You know you're

**C7** **F**

the on - ly one that can make me hap - py all my days. You

know I love you, ba - by, with tears all in my eyes. You know I

**Bb7** **F**

love you, ba - by, with tears all in my eyes. And I would

**C7** **F**

do an - y - thing I know, just to make you sat - is - fied. If I

had a mil - lion dol - lars, ba - by, I'll tell you what I would do. Yes, if I

**Bb7** **F**

had a mil - lion dol - lars, ba - by, let me tell you what I would do. I would

**C7** **F**

give you one mil - lion dol - lars, just to keep on lov - ing you. Your love is

sweet-er than hon - ey, and your heart is pure as gold. Your -

*Bb7* *F*

love is sweet-er than hon - ey, and your heart is pure as gold. Ev - 'ry -

*C7* *F*

time you kiss me, you sat - is - fy my soul.

# MAD MAN BLUES

Copyright © 1961 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**MEDIUM BLUES** *C7*

I came home last night a - bout nine o' - clock, -  
take you down by the ri - ver - side. -  
you, my ba - by, the night be - fore. -  
take you, my ba - by, for an ea - sy ride.

*F7*

ear - ly one day and I knocked, and I knocked. }  
Hang you up, my ba - by, by your neck. } Got the mad man blues, -  
You'll not stay out, don't let me down. }  
Drop you off by the ri - ver - side. }

*C7* *G7*

got the mad man blues. Got the mad man blues, -

*F7* *C7* 1-3 4

mad, don't you know, don't you know. }  
I'm gon - na Begged -  
I'm gon - na

## MATCHBOX

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Words and Music by  
 CARL LEE PERKINS

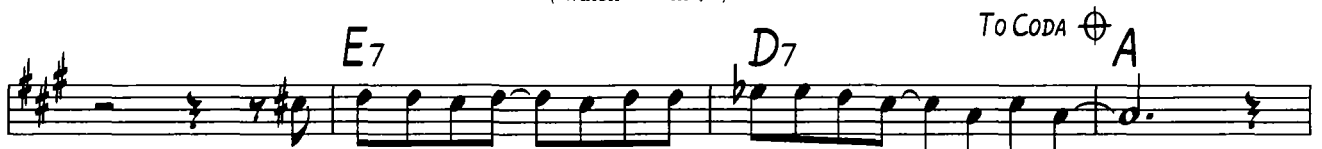
BRIGHT BOOGIE-SHUFFLE (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$   $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )



I said I'm sit-tin' here watch-in', Match-box hole in my clothes;



I said I'm sit-tin' here {won-d'rin',  
 watch-in'} Match-box hole in my clothes.



I ain't got no match-es, but I sure got a long-way to go.—



I'm an ol'— poor boy and I'm a long— way from home:—



I'm an ol'— poor boy and I'm a long— way from home:—



I'll nev-er be hap-py 'cause ev-'ry-thing I ev-er did was wrong.



Well,— if you don't— want my peach-es, hon-ey, please don't— shake my



tree:

If you don't want an-y of those peach-es, hon-ey,



please don't mess a-round my tree.—

I got news— for you ba-by.

leave me here in mis-er - y. Well. let me be your lit-tle dog  
 till your big dog comes:- Let me be your lit-tle dog  
 till your big dog comes. And when your big dog gets here.  
 watch how your pup-py dog runs. Well. I said I'm

Chords: D7, A, E7, A, D7, A, E7, D.S. AL CODA, A, A6

## MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

© 1988 MIC-SHAU MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by BUDDY GUY

**MODERATELY**

Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb. his fleece was white as snow.  
 Eve-ry-where the child went. the lamb was sure to go.  
 He fol - lowed her to school one day,  
 Tis - ket, tas - ket.  
 and broke the teach - er's rule, And what a time (did) they  
 a green a yel - low bas - ket. Sent a let - ter to my  
 have that day at school.  
 ba - by, and on my way I passed it.

Chords: E7, A7, E7, B7, A7, E7, A7, B7, A7, E7

# MEAN MISTREATER

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Words and Music by  
JAMES GORDON

**SLOW BLUES**

*F* *Bb7* *F*

She's a mean mis-treat-er wom-an, she don't mean me— no— good.

*F7* *Bb9*

She's a mean mis-treat-in' wom-an, she don't mean me— no good.

*F* *Am11* *D7* *Gm7*

Ring-in' door-bells on the av-e-nue ma-ma—

*C7* *F* *Gm7* *C7*

but I'd be the same way if I on-ly could.

*F* *Bb7* *F*

You said— you were gon-na leave me, and you said you'd leave me soon.

*F7* *Bb7*

You said you were gon-na leave me, and you were gon-na leave me soon.

*F* *Am11* *D7* *Gm7*

But I had no i-de-a wom-an.

*C7* *F* *Gm7* *C7*

That you meant to leave— at high noon.



*F* *Bb7* *F*

You're a mean mis-treat-er, and you mis-treat-ed me all the time.

*F7* *Bb7*

You're a mean mis-treat-er, 'cause you mis-treat-ed me all the time.

*F* *Am7* *D7* *Gm7*

When I tried to love you, baby.

*C7* *F* *Gm7* *C7*

girl, you would-n't pay me no mind.

*F* *Bb7* *F*

Do you re-mem-ber the morn-in', ma-ma, when I knocked on your door?  
Ain't it lost love liv-in' by your-self, when the one that you're lov-in' is lov-in' some-one

*F7* *Bb7* *F*

Can't you re-mem-ber, ba-by, the morn-in' I knocked up-on your door?  
else. Ain't it lost love- stay-in' by your-self.

*F* *Am11* *D7* *Gm7* *F*

You had the nerve- to tell me,  
when there's one that you're lov-in'.

*C7* *F*

to tell me that you did-n't want me no more!  
and she's lov-in' some-one else.

# MEAN OLD FRISCO BLUES

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by  
ARTHUR CRUDUP

**BRIGHT BLUES** *F*

Well, that mean— old. mean- old fris - co.—

and— that low— down San - ta Fe. Well, that

*Bb7*

mean old fris - co, and that low - down San - ta

*F* *3* *C7*

Fe. Well, it car - ried my babe a - way.-

*F*

and it's blown right back on me.

*C7* *F*

I was stand - ing, I was

lis - t'ning, for that South - ern whis - tle to

*Bb7*

blow. I was stand - ing and lis - t'ning for that

*F* *3*

South - ern whis - tle to blow. Lord, she

*C7*

did not catch the South - ern, and now where do you s'pose that

wom - an might have gone? Well, then  
 I ain't... I ain't got no... got no  
 spe - cial... rid - er here, Lord... I ain't got no,  
 got no spe - cial rid - er here...  
 Well, I think I will leave, 'cause I  
 don't feel wel - come. Well, my  
 ma - ma she done told me, and my pa - pa  
 told me too. Well, my ma - ma she told me,  
 and my pa - pa told me too...  
 Ev - 'ry - bod - y grins in your face, son... well, they  
 ain't no friend of yours.

# MEAN WOMAN BLUES

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Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

## MODERATE BLUES

*E*

Mean wom-an, mean wom-an. Mean wom-an, won-der why you so— mean?

Mean wom-an, mean wom-an, why— you so mean?

And that's why I'm gon-na leave you, mean wom-an.— Mean wom-an, you so

mean. Look-a here now, mean wom-an, I'm a-fraid to lay down at night, mean

wom-an. You sleep with a ice pick in your hand.— I'm a-

fraid to lay down at night with you, mean wom-an. You sleep with a ice pick, pick in your hand all

night long.— That's why I'm gon-na leave you, mean wom-an.

*A7* *E*

You fight so in your sleep, mean wom-an.— you know you do, mean wom-an.

Look-a here now, I work hard ev-'ry day un-til the eve-ning sun goes

down. I work hard— for you, wom-an. un - til the eve - ning sun goes

down. I come home in the eve - ning, my sup-per is nev-er done, mean wom-an..

— Recitation: Talkin' 'bout you, mean woman. Yeah! Looka here, now, I'm going to leave you, mean woman. I'm afraid to lay down at night, I can't take it.

## MAUDIE

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Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

MODERATELY

Now Maud-ie, ba-by I— love you.

Oh, Maud - ie, ba - by I—

love you. You been gone— so long,— 'cause I

need you so. Now Maud - ie,

why— did you hurt me? Oh. Maud - ie, hey,—

why— did you hurt me? I love— you ba - by,

you been gone— so long.—

# MEAN OLD WORLD

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Words and Music by  
BIG BILL BROONZY

MODERATELY (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

G7 C7 G7 D7

(Instrumental)

G7 C7 G7

This is a mean old world.— try liv-ing by your - self.——

A $\flat$ 7 G7 C7 G7

This is a mean old world. try liv - ing— by your - self.——

D7 C7

Can't get the one you're lov - in'.— have to use some - bod - y

G7 C A7 G E $\flat$ 7 D7 G7 C7

else. I've got the blues, gon-na pack my bags and

G7 C7

go.—— Yes. I've got the blues, gon - na pack my bags and

G7 D7

go.—— Yes. I guess you real - ly don't love me,

C7 G7 C A7 G A $\flat$ 13 G13

I'm just an un - luck - y so and so.——

# MERCURY BLUES

© 1970, 1998 B-FLAT PUBLISHING and TRADITION MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by K.C. DOUGLAS  
and ROBERT GEDDINS

**MODERATE ROCK**  $\frac{3}{4}$  **G7**

1. Well, if I had mon - ey, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

**C7**

go down - town and buy a Mer - cu - ry or two. Cra - zy 'bout a Mer - cu - ry.

**G7**

Lord, I'm cra - zy 'bout a Mer - cu - ry. I'm gon - na

**To CODA**  $\oplus$  **G7**

buy me a Mer - cu - ry and cruise it up and down - the road. —

**1-2** **3** **D.S. AL CODA**  $\oplus$  **CODA** **E<sub>M</sub>** **C7**

Well, the Well... Well, my — I'm gon - na

**E<sub>M</sub>** **D<sub>9</sub>** **C7** **G7**

buy me a Mer - cu - ry and cruise it up and down the road. —

## Additional Lyrics

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Well, the girl I love, I stole her from a friend.<br/>He got lucky, stole her back again.<br/>She heard he had a Mercury, Lord, she's crazy 'bout a Mercury.<br/>I'm gonna buy me a Mercury and cruise it up and down the road.</p>             | <p>3. Well, hey now, mama, you look so fine,<br/>Ridin' 'round in your Mercury '49.<br/>Crazy 'bout a Mercury, Lord, I'm crazy 'bout a Mercury.<br/>I'm gonna buy me a Mercury and cruise it up and down the road.</p> |
| <p>4. Well, my baby went out, she didn't stay long.<br/>Bought herself a Mercury, come a-cruisin' on home.<br/>She's crazy 'bout a Mercury, yeah, she's crazy 'bout a Mercury.<br/>I'm gonna buy me a Mercury and cruise it up and down the road.</p> |  |

# MEMPHIS BLUES

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Words and Music by  
W. C. HANDY

**MEDIUM BLUES** G7 G

You want to be my man... you got to give me for - ty dol - lars down.

D<sub>M7</sub> G7 C7 G

You want to be my man... you give me for - ty dol - lars down.

D7 C7 D7 G

If you won't be my — man... your ba - by's gon - na shake this town.

D D7 G

Mis - ter Crump don't 'low... no eas - y rid - ers here.

G7 D7 B(7)

Crump don't 'low... no eas - y rid - ers here.

E7 A<sub>M</sub> E7

We don't care... what Mis - ter Crump don't 'low... We gon - na bar - rel - house

A<sub>M</sub> D7(ADD13) G

an - y how... Mis - ter Crump don't 'low... no eas - y rid - ers here.

G7 C7

I'm go - in' down the riv - er, go - in' down to the riv - er, gon - na  
Mis - sis - sip - pi Riv - er, Mis - sis - sip - pi, \_\_\_\_\_

F7

take my rock - in' chair... Goin' down the riv - er, \_\_\_\_\_  
so deep — and wide... Mis - 'sip - pi Riv - er, \_\_\_\_\_



gon - na take my rock - in' chair. — Blues o - ver - take me  
riv - er so — deep and wide. — Man, I — love. —

gon - na rock a - way from here. — Oh, the  
he is on the oth - er side. —

## MICHIGAN WATER BLUES

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Words and Music by  
CLARENCE WILLIAMS

MODERATELY

1. Mich - i - gan wa - ter tastes like sher - ry wine, I mean sher - ry  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

wine. — Oh, the Mis - sis - sip - pi wa - ter tastes like tur - pen - tine. —

Mich - i - gan wa - ter tastes like sher - ry wine. —

### Additional Lyrics

2. Believe to my soul that girl's got a black cat bone, yes, a black cat bone.  
She'll go away but she'll surely come back home.  
Michigan water tastes like sherry wine.
3. She looks like a frog, hops like a kangaroo.  
If you ain't got no hopper, she'll be your hopper too.  
Michigan water tastes like sherry wine.  
Michigan water tastes like sherry wine.
4. Gal in Alabama, one in Spain.  
Another in Mississippi, I'm scared to call her name.  
Michigan water tastes like sherry wine.  
Michigan water tastes like sherry wine.

# MERRY CHRISTMAS, BABY

Copyright © 1948 by Unichappell Music Inc.  
Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by LOU BAXTER  
and JOHNNY MOORE

## MEDIUM BLUES

Mer-ry Christ-mas, ba - by, you sure— did treat me nice.\_\_\_\_\_

Mer-ry Christ-mas, ba - by, you sure— did treat me nice.\_\_\_\_\_ Gave me a

dia-mond ring for Christ-mas Now I'm liv-in' in Par-a - dise.\_\_\_\_\_ Well, I'm

feel-in' might-y fine. Got good mu-sic on my ra-di-o,\_\_\_\_\_ Well, I'm

feel-in' might-y fine. Got good mu-sic on my ra-di-o,\_\_\_\_\_ Well, I

want to kiss you ba-by While you're stand-in' neath the mis-tle - toe.\_\_\_\_\_ Saint

Nick came down the chim-ney 'bout half - past three. Left all these pret-ty pres-ents that you

see be-fore me. Mer-ry Christ-mas, lit-tle ba - by, you sure— been good to

me.\_\_\_\_\_ I have - n't had a drink this morn-in' But I'm

all lit up like— a Christ - mas tree.\_\_\_\_\_

# THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

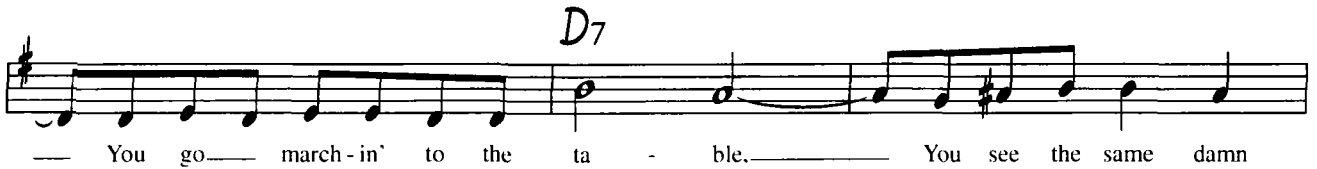
TRO - © Copyright 1936 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by HUDDIE LEDBETTER  
 Edited by JOHN A. LOMAX and ALAN LOMAX

**SLOWLY**



1. Well, you wake up in the morn - ing. \_\_\_\_\_ Hear the ding dong ring. \_\_\_\_\_  
 2, 3 (See additional lyrics)



— You go — march - in' to the ta - ble. \_\_\_\_\_ You see the same damn



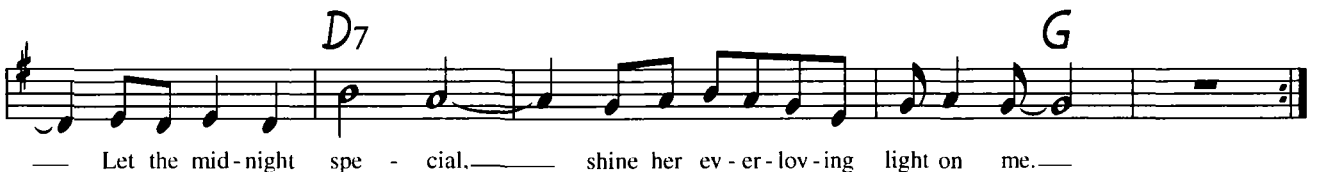
thing. Well it's on — one — ta - ble. \_\_\_\_\_ Knife and fork and pan. \_\_\_\_\_



— And if you say a thing a - bout it. \_\_\_\_\_ you're in trou - ble with the



man. Let the mid - night spe - cial \_\_\_\_\_ shine its light on me. \_\_\_\_\_



— Let the mid - night spe - cial. \_\_\_\_\_ shine her ev - er - lov - ing light on me. —

## Additional Lyrics

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. If you ever go to Houston,<br/>         Boys you better walk right.<br/>         And you better not stagger,<br/>         And you better not fight.<br/>         The sheriff will arrest you,<br/>         And he'll carry you down.<br/>         And if the jury finds you guilty,<br/>         You're penitentiary bound.</p> | <p>3. Yonder comes Miss Rosie,<br/>         How in the world do you know.<br/>         I can tell by her apron,<br/>         And the dress she wore.<br/>         Umbrella on her shoulder,<br/>         Piece of paper in her hand.<br/>         She goes a-marching to the captain.<br/>         Says, "I want my man."</p> |
|---|---|

# MELLOW DOWN EASY

© 1954 (Renewed 1982) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**FAST BLUES** **A7**

You jump, jump here. you jump, jump there. You  
Shake, shake here. you shake, shake there. You  
wig-gle, wig-gle here. you wig-gle, wig-gle there. You

jump, shake, wig-gle. jump, shake, wig-gle. jump, shake, wig-gle }  
ev - 'ry - where. Then you mel - low down

eas - y, mel - low down eas - y.

**E7**

Mel - low down eas - y when you real - ly want to blow your top.—

**A7** 1 2 3

You

# MOANIN' FOR MY BABY

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Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETT

**MODERATELY** **F**

Oh, my ba - by is cry - in'.  
Oh, I wish I had.  
Well, I ain't gon - na tell my ba - by,

Oh, she wants me to come home.  
oh, my ba - by for my own.  
oh, when I'm comin' home.

my ba - by is cry - in'.  
I wish I had.  
I ain't gon - na tell my ba - by.

she wants me to come home.  
my ba - by for my own.  
when I'm comin' home.

Oh, you've been gone so long.  
She said, "You've been gone so long."  
Oh, my ba - by is cry - in'.  
I wish I had.  
Oh, you've been gone so long.  
She said, "You've been gone so long."

# MOANIN' AT MIDNIGHT

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Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETT

MODERATELY

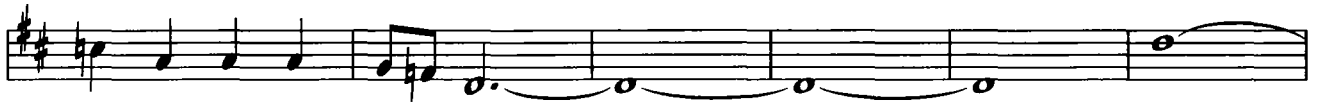
*D<sub>M</sub>*



There's \_\_\_\_\_ some - bod - y knock - in' on my door. \_\_\_\_\_



There's \_\_\_\_\_ some - bod - y



knock - in' on my door. \_\_\_\_\_ Well, \_\_\_\_\_



\_\_\_\_\_ I'm so wor - ried, \_\_\_\_\_ don't know where to go. \_\_\_\_\_



Well \_\_\_\_\_ some - bod - y's call - ing me \_\_\_\_\_



\_\_\_\_\_ call - ing me on my tel - e - phone. \_\_\_\_\_



Well \_\_\_\_\_ some - bod - y's call - ing me \_\_\_\_\_ o - ver my tel - e - phone. \_\_\_\_\_



Well, \_\_\_\_\_ keep on call - ing



tell 'em I'm not at home. \_\_\_\_\_

*Spoken: "Well, do not worry,  
daddy's goin' to bed."*

# MIDNIGHT SUN

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Words and Music by LIONEL HAMPTON, SONNY BURKE and JOHNNY MERCER

SLOWLY, WITH A BEAT

The musical score for "Midnight Sun" is written in 4/4 time and consists of ten staves of music. The key signature has one flat (B-flat major). The tempo is marked "SLOWLY, WITH A BEAT". The score includes various musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines to indicate the harmonic structure. The chords used include C<sub>MAJ7</sub>, C<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>9</sub>, B<sub>bMAJ7</sub>, B<sub>bM7</sub>, E<sub>b9</sub>, A<sub>bMAJ7</sub>, A<sub>bM7</sub>, D<sub>b9</sub>, A<sub>M7</sub>, D<sub>M7</sub>, G<sub>7b9</sub>, C<sub>MAJ7</sub>, B<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>9</sub>, B<sub>bMAJ7</sub>, A<sub>bMAJ7</sub>, A<sub>bM7</sub>, D<sub>b9</sub>, C<sub>MAJ7</sub>, A<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>sharpM7</sub>, B<sub>7b9</sub>, E<sub>MAJ7</sub>, E<sub>6</sub>, E<sub>M7</sub>, A<sub>7</sub>, D<sub>MAJ7</sub>, D<sub>6</sub>, D<sub>MAJ7</sub>, D<sub>6</sub>, D<sub>M7</sub>, G<sub>9</sub>, G<sub>7sharp5</sub>, E<sub>M7</sub>, E<sub>b9</sub>, D<sub>M7</sub>, D<sub>b7sharp9</sub>, C<sub>MAJ7</sub>, C<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>9</sub>, C<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>9</sub>, B<sub>bMAJ7</sub>, B<sub>bM7</sub>, and E<sub>b9</sub>.

$A\flat_{MAJ7}$   $A\flat_{M7}$   $D\flat_9$

$C$   $A_{M7}$   $D_{M7}$   $G\flat_9$   $C$   $D\flat_9$   $C_9$

## MIDNIGHT

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By B.B. KING

**SLOWLY**

$E$   $A_9$   $E$   $B_7$   $A_9$   $E$   $B_7$   $E$   $E_7$   $A_9$   $E$   $E_7$

## MILK COW BLUES

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Words and Music by  
KOKOMO ARNOLD

## SLOW BLUES

**E7**  
Hol-ler-ing good morn - in',— I— said, "Blues,— how do you do?"

**A9** **E7**  
I said, "Blues,— blues, how do you do?—

**B7**  
You're might - y ear - ly this morn - in',— and I can't get a -

**E** **E7**  
long— with you." How can I do right,— ba - by,

when you won't do right your - self? How can I

**A9** **E7**  
do right, ba - by, when you won't do right your - self?—

**B7**  
If my good gal quits me,— Lord, I don't

**E** **E7**  
want no - bod - y else. Well I woke up this morn - in',

looked out my door, and I know my milk cow by the way she lows. If you



*A*<sub>9</sub> *E*<sub>7</sub>

see my milk cow, please drive her home.— I ain't

*B*<sub>7</sub> *E*

had no milk— and but - ter— since that cow's— been gone.—

*E*<sub>7</sub>

My blues fell this morn - in', and my love— came fall - in'

*A*<sub>9</sub>

down.— Well, my blues— fell this morn - in', and my

*E*<sub>7</sub> *B*<sub>7</sub>

love came fall - in' down.— I may be a low down- dog.— ma -

*E*

- ma, but— please— don't dog— me 'round.— It takes a

*E*<sub>7</sub>

rock - in' chair to rock, a rub - ber ball— to roll. Takes a long tall sweet gal— to—

*A*<sub>9</sub>

sat - is - fy— my soul. Lord, I don't feel wel - come no—

*E*<sub>7</sub> *B*<sub>7</sub>

place I go.— Well, the wom - an I love—

*E*

has done drove me from her door.—

# MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

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Words and Music by  
**HANK WILLIAMS**

**MEDIUM BLUES** **E**

If the wife and I are fuss - in', broth - er, that's all right. — 'cause  
 wom - an on the par - ty line's a nose - y thing. — She  
 got a lit - tle gal that wears her hair up high. — The  
 want to hon - key tonk a - round till two or three. — Now  
 oth - er peo - ple's busi - ness seems to be high toned. — I

me and that sweet wom - an got a lic - ense to fight. —  
 picks up the re - ceiv - er when she knows it's my ring. — } Why don't you  
 boys all whis - tle when she walks by. —  
 broth - er, that's my head - ache, don't you wor - ry 'bout me. —  
 got all that I can do just to mind my own. — }

**A7** **E**

mind your own busi - ness? Mind — your own — busi - ness.

**B7**

'Cause if you mind your busi - ness then you won't be mind - ing mine. —

**E** 1-4 5

Oh, the  
 I  
 Well, if I  
 Mind - ing

# MY BABY LEFT ME

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Words and Music by  
**ARTHUR CRUDUP**

**MODERATELY BRIGHT** **F**

Yes, my ba - by left me, nev - er said a  
 stand at my win - dow, wring my hands and  
 one of these morn - ings, Lord, it won't be  
 stand at my win - dow, wring my hands and

word. Was it some - thing I done, some - thing that she  
 cry. I hate to lose that wom - an, hate to say good -  
 long. You'll look for me and, ba - by, — and Dad - dy he'll be  
 moan. All I know is that the one I love is

*Bb7*

heard? My ba - by left me, my ba - by left me. }  
 bye. You know she left me, yes, she left me. }  
 gone. You know you left me, you know you left me. }  
 gone. My ba - by left me, you know she left me. }

*C7*

My ba - by e - ven left me, nev - er

*F7*

said a word.

*N.C.* *F*

Now, I  
 Ba - by  
 Now, I

# MY BABE

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Written by WILLIE DIXON

**FAST BLUES**

*E7*

My ba - by don't stand no cheat - in', my babe.  
 My babe, I know she love me, my babe.  
 My babe, she don't stand no cheat - in', my babe.  
 My ba - by don't stand no fool - in', my babe.

*B7*

My ba - by don't stand no cheat - in', my babe.  
 My babe, I know she love me, my babe.  
 My babe, she don't stand no cheat - in', my babe.  
 My ba - by don't stand no fool - in', me babe.

*E7*

My ba - by don't stand no cheat - in', she  
 Oh yeah, I know she love me. She  
 Oh no, she don't stand no cheat - in'. Ev - 'ry -  
 My ba - by don't stand no fool - in'.

*A7* *E7*

don't stand none of that mid - night creep - in'.  
 don't no noth - ing but kiss and hug me.  
 thing she do she do so pleas - in'. My babe,  
 When she's not there ain't no cool - in'.

*E7*

true lit - tle ba - by, my babe.

# MULE KICKING IN MY STALL

Copyright © 1970 Songs Of PolyGram International, Inc.  
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Words and Music by  
McKINLEY MORGANFIELD

**MODERATE BLUES** **E7**

I've got a mule kick-in' in my stall.  
I'm in love with. she out of sight.  
shoot my baby. kick that mule a - way.

**A7** **E7**

I've got a mule kick-in' in my stall.  
The wom-an I'm in love with. she out of sight.  
I'm gon-na shoot my ba - by, kick that mule a - way.

**B7** **A7** **E7**

I'm gon-na kill that mule. had no trou-ble at all.  
But a mule made me see the light.  
He bet-ter kick in that mule 'cause he drove me a - way.

**B7** **E7**

I got a mule been kick-in' in my stall.

**A7** **E7**

I got a mule been kick-in' in my stall.

**B7** **A7**

If I find that mule, it won't be no mule at all.

**E7** **B7** **B7 E7**

The wom - an  
I'm gon - na

# MY BABY IS SWEETER

© 1959 (Renewed 1987) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

## MEDIUM BLUES

*E<sub>b</sub>7*

Your ba - by ain't sweet like mine.—

She do the right thing ev - 'ry time.— She needs me,

*A<sub>b</sub>7*

she please me. all day long she hug and she squeeze me. Your ba-by ain't

*E<sub>b</sub>7*

sweet like mine.— She real-ly loves me all the time.—

She clothes me. she boards me, all day long she kiss and

she hugs me. Your ba - by ain't sweet like mine.—

Your ba - by ain't sweet like mine.— She makes me feel so

good and kind.— When I'm lone-some, when I'm blue,

*A<sub>b</sub>7*

my ba - by knows just what to do.— Your ba - by,

*E<sub>b</sub>7*

your ba - by ain't sweet like mine.— She do the right thing,

she do the right thing— all the time.

# MY COUNTRY SUGAR MAMA

Copyright © 1964 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETT

**SLOWLY** *E* *A7*

Now just tell me, Sug - ar Ma - ma, where in the world did you get your sug - ar  
 cof - fee in the morn - in', wom - an. I'm cra - zy a - bout my tea at  
 brag - gin' a - bout your good sug - ar. You know they're brag - gin' all o - ver

*E* *A7*

from?  
 night.  
 town. Now just tell me, Sug - ar Ma - ma.  
 I like my cof - fee in the morn - in',  
 You know they're brag - gin' a - bout your sug - ar, ba - by.

*E*

where in the world did you get your sug - ar from?  
 wom - an. I'm cra - zy 'bout my tea at night.  
 You know they're brag - gin' all o - ver town. (What are they sayin' about you?)

*B7* *A7*

'Way down in Loui - si - a - na, it come off of you fa - ther's sug - ar  
 If I don't get my sug - ar three times a day, oh, dar - lin', I don't feel  
 They say that's gran - u - lat - ed sug - ar. Does she ev - er come off the -

*E*

farm.  
 right.  
 town. I like my  
 You know they're

# MY FIRST WIFE LEFT ME

Copyright © 1963, 1968 (Renewed) by Conrad Music, a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**MODERATELY** *E*

When my first wife left me, she left my heart in mis - er -  
 get her back a - gain, I'll nev - er roam - no  
 It's my fault. on - ly have my - self to

*E*

y. more. blame. When my first wife left me, she left my heart in mis - er -  
 If I get her back a - gain, I'll nev - er roam - no  
 It's my fault. on - ly have my - self to

y. \_\_\_\_\_ Ev - er since that day, boy. I don't think I'll ev - er love a -  
 more. \_\_\_\_\_ I had a good wife. but I did not treat her -  
 blame. \_\_\_\_\_ It's my fault, boys. - on - ly have my - self - to -

gain. \_\_\_\_\_ If I can \_\_\_\_\_  
 right. \_\_\_\_\_  
 blame. \_\_\_\_\_

# MYSTERY TRAIN

Copyright © 1955 by Unichappell Music Inc.  
 Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by SAM C. PHILLIPS  
 and HERMAN PARKER JR.

**MODERATELY FAST A7**

1. Train I ride \_\_\_\_\_ six - teen - coach - es  
 2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

E A E A E A E

long. \_\_\_\_\_ Train I

A7

ride \_\_\_\_\_ six - teen - coach - es

E A E A E A E

long. \_\_\_\_\_ Well, that

B7 A7 E A E

long black train got my ba - by and gone. \_\_\_\_\_

A E A E 1. 2 3

Train. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Train. \_\_\_\_\_

## Additional Lyrics

2. Train, train, coming 'round 'round the bend.  
 Train, train, coming 'round 'round the bend.  
 Well, it took my baby, well, it never will again.  
 (No not again).
3. Train, train, coming down the line.  
 Train, train, coming down the line.  
 Well, it's bringing my baby 'cause she's mine, all mine  
 (She's mine, all mine).

## MY MAN BLUES

© 1926 (Renewed), 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

**SLOWLY**  $E_b$   $Bb7$   $E_b$

Cla - ra, who was that man I saw you with — the oth - er day? —

$Bb7$

Bes - sie that was my smooth black dad - dy that we call — Char - lie

$E_b$   $Bb7$   $E_b$   $Bb7$   $E_b$

Gray. — Don't you know — that's my man? Yes. — that's a fact —

$Bb7$   $Bb7\#5$   $E_b$

I ain't seen your name print - ed up and down. his back. —

$Bb7$   $E_b$   $Bb7$   $E_b$

You — bet - ter let him be. —

$Bb7$   $Bb7sus$   $Bb7$   $Bb7\#5$   $E_b$

What — old gal? — Be - cause you ain't talk - in' to me. —

$E_{DIM}$   $F_{M7}$   $Bb7$   $E_b$   $Bb7$   $E_b$

That's — my man. — I want him for my own. —

$Bb7$   $Bb7\#5$

No! No! He's my — sweet dad - dy. You'd bet - ter leave that man — a -

$E_b$   $F_{M7}$   $Bb7$   $E_b$

lone. — See that suit he's got on?

$Bb7$   $E_b$   $Bb7\#5$   $E_b$

I bought it last — week. — I've been buy - in'



*Bb7* *Fm7* *Bb7* *Eb*

clothes for five— years for that is my— black sheik.— I

*Bb7* *Eb*

guess we got to have him on co - op - er - a - tion plan.—

*Eb9* *Ab9* *Eb* *Ab9* *Bb7* *Bb7#5*

I guess we got to have him on— co - op - er - a - tion plan.—

*Eb* *EDIM* *Fm7* *Bb7*

— Bes - sie! Cla - ra! Ain't noth - in' dif - f'rent

*Eb* *Bb* *Bb7#5* *Eb* *Bb7* *Eb*

'bout that rot - ten two— time man.

# MY HOME IS ON THE DELTA

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by

McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**MODERATELY** *F7*

Well, my home's on the del - ta, 'way out on that bump - y road.—  
 know my lit - tle ba - by, this girl don't know what a shape I'm in.—  
 feel like cry - in', but you know the tears won't come down.—

*Bb7*

Now you know I'm leav - in' Chi - ca - go, and peo - ple, I sure do hate to  
 You know I never had no lov - in', boys— you know since God knows  
 I feel like cry - in', but you know the tears won't come—

*F7* *C7*

go. Now you know I'm leav - in' here in the morn - in',  
 when. Now you know I just been— sit - tin' here think - in',  
 down. You— know I got a fun - ny— feel - in', I'm

*Bb7* *F7* 1. 2. 3.

won't be— back— no more.— Well, I  
 wond - rin' where in the world she's been.— Well, I  
 gon - na hate to leave— your town.—

# MY JOHN THE CONQUER ROOT

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

MODERATELY

My pis - ton ain't sound, my mo - jo is frail.  
I was ac - cused of mur - der in the first de - gree.  
When I get in a game, don't have a dime.

But when I rub my root my luck will nev - er fail.  
The judge-'s wife cried, "Let the man go free."  
All I have to do is rub my root, I win ev - 'ry time.

When I rub my root, } my John the con - quer root.  
I was rub - bin' my root. }  
When I rub my root. }

Oh, you know there ain't noth-in' that you can do, not when I rub my John the con - quer

root.

root. \_\_\_\_\_

# NEW YORK TOWN

TRO - © Copyright 1961 (Renewed), 1963 (Renewed) Ludlow Music, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by WOODY GUTHRIE

MODERATELY C

1. I was stand - ing down in New York town one day.  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

Stand - ing down in New York town one day.

I was stand - ing down in

New York town one day. Sing-ing hey, hey, hey, hey.

Additional Lyrics

- 2. I was broke, I didn't have a dime.  
I was broke, I didn't have a dime.  
I was broke, I didn't have a dime.  
Every good man gets a little hard luck sometime.
- 3. Down and out and he ain't got a dime.  
Down and out and he ain't got a dime.  
Down and out and he ain't got a dime.  
I'm gonna ride that new morning railroad train.
- 4. Holdin' my last dollar in my hand.  
Holdin' my last dollar in my hand.  
Holdin' my last dollar in my hand.  
Looking for a woman that's looking for a man.
- 5. If you don't want me, you don't have to stall.  
If you don't want me, you don't have to stall.  
If you don't want me, you don't have to stall.  
I can get more woman than a passenger train can haul.
- 6. If you don't want me, just please leave me be.  
If you don't want me, just please leave me be.  
If you don't want me, just please leave me be.  
I can buy more lovers than the Civil War set free.

# NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO

Copyright © 1964, 1965 (Renewed), 1973 by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
**CHUCK BERRY**

Rid-ing a-long in my au-to-mo-bile. My ba-by be-side me at the  
bible. I was anx-ious to tell her the way  
go, so we parked way out on the co-ca-  
boose. still try-ing to get her belt un-

wheel; I feel, mo. loose. I stole a kiss at the turn of a mile,  
So I told her soft-ly and sin- cere,  
The night was young and the moon— was gold.  
all the way home I held— a grudge

My cu-ri-os-i-ty run-n ing wild. Cruis-ing and play-ing the ra-di-  
And she learned and whis-pered in my ear. Cud-dling more— and driv-ing  
so we both de-cid-ed to take a stroll. Can you i-mag-ine the way I  
for the safe-ty belt— that woul-d-n't budge. Cruis-ing and play-ing the ra-di-

o. slow, felt? o, With no par-tic-u-lar place to go.  
With no par-tic-u-lar place to go.  
I couldn't un-fas-ten her safe-ty belt.  
With no par-tic-u-lar place to

Rid-ing a-long in my au-to-mo- No— par-tic-u-lar place— to  
Rid-ing a-long in my cal-a- go.

# MY LAST GOODBYE TO YOU

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Words and Music by  
BIG BILL BROONZY

**MODERATELY SLOW BLUES**

**B $\flat$**

This is my last good-bye  
There's a day com-in', ba-by.

I de-clare, I done quit try-in' to be  
I de-clare you're goin' to sing- your-

**B $\flat$ 7** **E $\flat$ 7**

good. \_\_\_\_\_  
song. \_\_\_\_\_

This is my last good-bye, ba-by.  
There's a day com-in' ba-by.

**B $\flat$**

I de-clare, I done quit try-in' to be  
I de-clare you're goin' to sing- your-

good. \_\_\_\_\_  
song. \_\_\_\_\_

Now I de-  
And I de-

**F**

clare you're al-right with me, ba-by,  
clare you're gon-na be blue and wor-ried,

oh— Lord, too man-y know you in this neigh-bor-  
ooh, ooh, and have plen-ty trou-bles of your

**B $\flat$**  **F7** **B $\flat$**

hood.  
own.

I be-lieve,  
Bye-bye-bye, bye-bye, ba-by.

I'm my moth-er's bad luck  
this is my last good-bye to

**B $\flat$ 7** **E $\flat$ 9**

child. \_\_\_\_\_  
you. \_\_\_\_\_

I be-lieve,  
Bye-bye-bye, bye-bye, ba-by,

dar-lin', I'm my moth-er's bad luck  
this is my last good-bye to

**B $\flat$**  **F7**

child. \_\_\_\_\_  
you. \_\_\_\_\_

I de-clare, I have so much trou-ble here, ba-by,  
Now, this is my last good-bye, ba-by.

**E $\flat$ 7** **B $\flat$**

ooo— Lord, I be-lieve I may go out of style. \_\_\_\_\_  
ooh,— Lord, I don't care what you do. \_\_\_\_\_

# NIGHT TRAIN

Copyright © 1952 (Renewed) by Embassy Music Corporation (BMI) Words by OSCAR WASHINGTON and LEWIS C. SIMPKINS  
Music by JIMMY FORREST

WITH A DRIVING BEAT

*Bb* *Bb9*

Night train that took my ba-by so far a-way. —

*Eb7* *Bb* *Bb9*

Night train that took my ba-by so far a-way. —

*F9#5* *Eb7* *Bb* *Bb9*

Tell her I love her more and more ev-'ry day. — My

*Bb*

moth-er said I'd lose her if I ev-er did a-buse her, should have lis-tened. —

*Bb7* *Eb7*

My moth-er said I'd lose her if I ev-er did a-buse her, should have

*Bb* *Bb7* *Eb7*

lis-tened. — Now I have learned my les-son, my sweet

*Bb* *Bb9* *Bb*

ba-by was a bless-ing, should have lis-tened. — Night

*Bb9* *Eb7*

train your whis-tle tore my poor heart in two. — Night

*Bb* *Bb9* *F9#5*

train your whis-tle tore my poor heart in two. — She's

*Eb7* *Bb* *F7* *Bb*

gone and I don't know what I'm gon-na do! —

## 99 BLUES

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Words and Music by  
ROBERT BROWN

## MODERATE BLUES

C F7 C

I wake up ev - 'ry morn - in' with the ris - in' sun. —

C7 F7 C

I wake up ev - 'ry morn - in' with the ris - in' sun. —

C#DIM7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C

Think-in' a - bout — my hon-ey drip - per, and all — the — wrong he — done. —

G7 C F7 C

He treats — me so — mean, just — comes to see me some - time. —

C7 F7 C

He treats — me so — mean, just comes to see me some - time. —

C#DIM7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C

But the way he spreads his hon-ey, he will make me — lose my — mind. —

G7 C F7 C

Just be - cause I'm down, — he wants — to drive me a - way. —

C7 F7 C

Just be - cause — I'm down, — he wants to — drive me a - way.

*C#DIM7* *DM7* *G7* *DM7* *G7*

'Cause he knows he's a good hon-ey drip-per. and I need- him— ev -

*C* *G7* *C* *F7*

'ry- day.— Lord, the man I love,— he real-ly— made me—

*C* *C7* *F7*

— fall.— Lord, the man I love,— he real-ly has made

*C* *C#DIM7* *DM7* *G7* *DM7* *G7*

me— fall.— The way he drips his hon-ey, he— won my— heart,

*C* *G7* *C*

that's all.— He's a real sweet man.— I want to sign-

*F7* *C* *C7* *F7*

— him up for nine-ty-nine years.— Lord, he's a— real sweet man.— I want to-

*C* *C#DIM7*

— sign him up for nine - ty - nine— years.— 'Cause he's got—

*DM7* *G7* *DM7* *G7* *C*

— what it— takes to ease my mind- and stop my tears.—

# NOBODY KNOWS THE WAY I FEEL THIS MORNING

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Words and Music by  
TOM and PEARL DELANEY

**SLOW BLUES** C

I woke up this morn - in' out of my dream.—

F G7 C G7 C C<sub>M6</sub>

I felt so mis - treat - ed I had to scream. Just think - ing a - bout— that

G A<sub>M7</sub> A<sub>M7b5</sub> D7 G7

mean man of mine.— I don't know why he treats me so un - kind.—

C F G7 C C7

1. No - bod - y knows the way I feel— this morn - in',— this morn - in'.  
2-9 (See additional lyrics)

F C C7

No - bod - y knows the way I feel— this morn - in',— this morn - in'.

F C G

If I on - ly had my way— the grave yard is the place my

E7 G7 C C7 F F<sub>#DIM</sub> C G7

man would lay.— No - bod - y knows— the way I feel— this

1-8 C 9 C

morn - in', this morn - in'. morn - in'.



## Additional Lyrics

2. I pawned everything that I had this mornin'.  
I pawned everything that I had this mornin'.  
I pawned my ring, gold watch and chain.  
I would have pawned myself but I felt ashamed.  
Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.
3. I feel like I could scream and cry this mornin'.  
I feel like I could scream and cry this mornin'.  
I feel like I could scream and cry.  
But I'm too stouthearted, I'd rather die.  
Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.
4. If your man stays out all night 'til mornin'.  
If your man stays out all night 'til mornin'.  
When he comes home don't fuss with him.  
Just mall him 'cross the head with a rollin' pin.  
Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.
5. I'd rather be a sinker on a fishing line this mornin'.  
I'd rather be a sinker on a fishing line this mornin'.  
I'd rather be a sinker on a fishing line.  
Than to have my mind flusterated all the time.  
Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.
6. Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.  
Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.  
I promised not to holler but I got to squall.  
Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.
7. I even hate to hear your name this mornin'.  
I even hate to hear your name this mornin'.  
I even hate to hear your name.  
I can kill you quicker than an express train.  
Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.
8. I'm goin' away just to ease my mind this mornin'.  
I'm goin' away just to ease my mind this mornin'.  
I'm goin' away just to ease my mind.  
Baby you treat me so unkind.  
Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.
9. I'm leaving here on a southbound train this mornin'.  
I'm leaving here on a southbound train this mornin'.  
I'm leaving here on a southbound train.  
Nothin' goin' to bring your sweet baby back again.  
Nobody knows the way I feel this mornin'.

## NO PLACE TO GO

Copyright © 1960 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETT

**SLOWLY** **D**

How man - y more years have you got to wreck my life? \_\_\_\_\_  
times you're gonna treat me like you do? \_\_\_\_\_  
old and gray, got no place to go. \_\_\_\_\_  
stairs, I'm gon - na beg you for my clothes. \_\_\_\_\_

**G7**

How man - y more years have you got to wreck my  
How man - y more times you're gonna treat me like you  
Now I'm old and gray, got no place to  
I'm go - in' the stairs, I'm gon - na beg you for my

**D** **A7** **G7**

life? \_\_\_\_\_ Well when you done, you're gon - na wreck my  
do? \_\_\_\_\_ You took all of my money, and all of my love  
go. \_\_\_\_\_ You got yourself a young - ster, and you can't stand me no  
clothes. \_\_\_\_\_ For where I go, no - bod - y

**D** **1-3** **4**

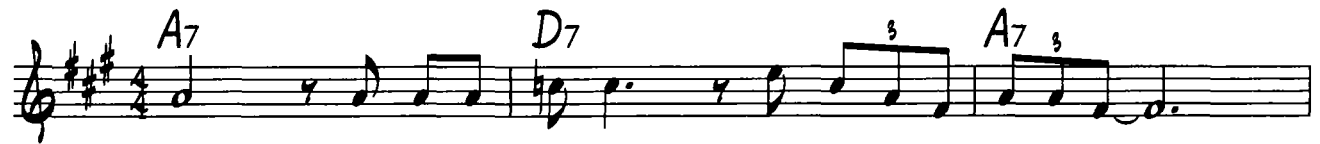
life. How man - y  
too. Now I'm  
more. I'm goin' to the  
knows.

# NINE BELOW ZERO

Copyright © 1952 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

## MEDIUM BLUES



Yeh! Ain't that a pit - y? Now ain't that a cry - in' shame?



Ain't that a pit - y. I de - clare it's a cry - in' shame.



She wait 'til it got nine be - low ze - ro and put me down — for an - oth - er man.



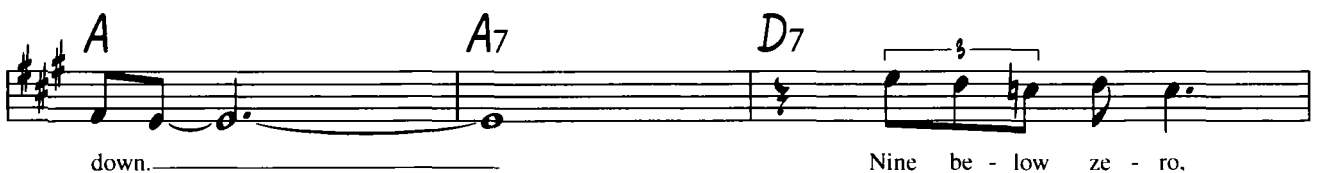
I'll give her all my mon - ey, all of my lov - in' and ev - 'ry - thing.



I'll give her all my mon - ey, all of my lov - in' and ev - 'ry - thing.



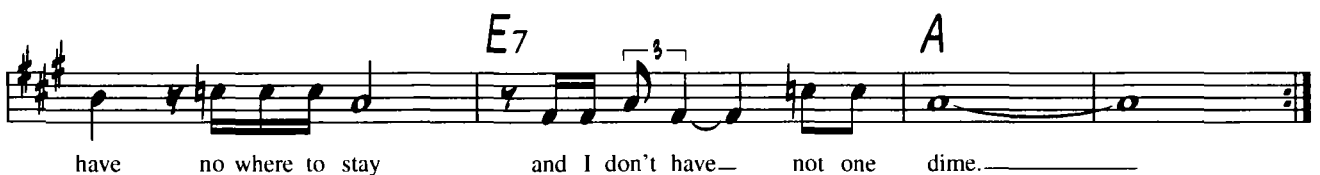
Nine be - low ze - ro, — the lit - tle girl — she done put me



down. — Nine be - low ze - ro.



the lit - tle girl she done put me down. — She knew I don't



have no where to stay and I don't have — not one dime. —

# ON THE ROAD AGAIN

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Words and Music by ALAN WILSON  
and FLOYD JONES

MEDIUM SHUFFLE (♩ =  $\overline{\overline{\overline{\text{J}}}}\text{J}$ )

**G**

1. Well, I'm so tired of cry - in', but I'm out on the road a - gain.  
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

**G<sub>M</sub>** **G**

I'm on the road a - gain. — Well, I'm so tired of cry - in', but I'm

**G<sub>M</sub>**

out on the road a - gain, I'm on the road a - gain. — I ain't

1-4 5

got no wo - man just to call my spec - ial friend. — You know the

## Additional Lyrics

2. You know the first time I traveled out in the rain and snow, in the rain and snow;  
You know the first time I traveled out in the rain and snow, in the rain and snow;  
I didn't have no fare-o, not even no place to go.
3. And my dear mother left me when I was quite young, when I was quite young.  
And my dear mother left me when I was quite young, when I was quite young.  
She said, "Lord, have mercy on my wicked son."
4. Take a hint from your mama, please don't you cry no more, don't you cry no more.  
Take a hint from your mama, please don't you cry no more, don't you cry no more.  
'Cause it's soon one mornin' down the road I'm goin'.
5. But I ain't goin' down that long lonesome road all by myself.  
But I ain't goin' down that long lonesome road all by myself.  
I can't carry you, baby, gonna carry somebody else.

# NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

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Words and Music by  
JIMMIE COX

## MEDIUM BLUES

*F* *A7* *D7* *G<sub>M</sub>* *D7*

Once I lived the life of a mil-lion-aire, spend-ing my mon-ey, I

*G<sub>M</sub>* *B $\flat$*  *E7* *F* *D7*

did - n't care. I took all my friends out for a good time, buy - in'

*G7* *C7* *F* *A7*

high price liq - uor, cham - pagne and wine.— When I be - gan to

*D7* *G<sub>M</sub>* *D7* *G<sub>M</sub>*

fall so low, I did - n't have a friend. and no place to go.— If I

*B $\flat$*  *E7* *F* *D7* *G7*

ev - er get my hands on a dol - lar a - gain,— I'm gon - na hold on to it till the

*C7* *F* *A7* *D7* *G<sub>M</sub>* *D7*

ea - gle grins. No - bod - y knows you when you're down— and out—

*G<sub>M</sub>* *B $\flat$*  *E7* *F* *D7*

— in your — pock - et not — one — pen - ny,

*G7* *C7* *F* *A7*

and your friends, you have - n't an - y. But if you ev - er get on your

D7 G<sub>M</sub> D7 G<sub>M</sub>  
 feet a - gain, then you'll meet your long lost friends..

B<sub>b</sub> E7 F D7 G7  
 It's might-y strange, with-out a doubt, — { no - bod - y knows you when you're  
 { no } { man } can use you when you're  
 { gal }

C7 F D7 G7 C7 F  
 down and out, I mean — when you're down and — out.  
 down and out, I mean — when you're down and — out.

## ONE BOURBON, ONE SCOTCH, ONE BEER

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Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

MEDIUM BLUES (♩ =  $\overline{\text{J}}^3$ )

CHORUS

E

One bour-bon, — one scotch and one beer. — — — — — One bour-bon, — one  
 scotch and one beer. — — — — — Hey, Mis - ter Bar - ten - der — — — — — come  
 here I want an - oth - er drink and I want it now, my ba - by's — — she gone —  
 — she can be gone to - night. — — I ain't seen my ba - by since the night be - fore last. —  
 — — — — — One bour - bon, — — — — — one scotch and one beer. — — — — —

### Additional Lyrics

1. (*Spoken:*) I better not sit there, gettin' high, mellow,  
Knocked out, feelin' good;  
About that time I looked on the wall  
At the old clock on the wall:  
About that time it was ten-thirty then.  
I looked down the bar at the bartender, he said,  
"What do you want down there?"
2. (*Spoken:*) And I sat there gettin' high, stoned, knocked out.  
About that time I looked at the wall  
At the old clock up there.  
About that time it was a quarter to two,  
The last call for alcohol. I said,  
"Hey, Mister Bartender."  
"What do you want?"

Chorus

Chorus

# OH! DARLING

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Words and Music by JOHN LENNON  
 and PAUL McCARTNEY

**SLOWLY**  
 E+ A E

Oh! ——— Dar - ling, ——— please be - lieve me, ———  
 Dar - ling, ——— If you leave me, ———

F#m D Bm7 E7

I'll nev - er do you ——— no harm: ——— Be - lieve me when I tell you,  
 I'll nev - er make it ——— a - lone: ——— Be - lieve me when I beg you,

Bm7 E7

1 A D A E

I'll nev - er do you ——— no harm. ——— Oh! ———  
 Don't ev - er leave me ——— a -

2 A D A A7 D

lone. ——— When you told me ——— you did - n't

F7 A

need me an - y - more, ——— Well you know, I near - ly broke down ——— and

B7

cried. ——— When you told me ——— you did - n't

E7 F7b5

need me an - y - more, ——— Well you know, I near - ly fell down and

E7 E+ A E

died. ——— Oh! ——— { Dar - ling, ——— if you leave me, ———  
 { Dar - ling, ——— please be - lieve me, ———

I'll nev - er make it — a - lone; ——— (Spoken:) Be - lieve me when I tell you  
 I'll nev - er let ——— you down. ——— Oh, believe me, Be - lieve me when I tell you  
 darling.

I'll nev - er do you — no harm. ——— (Spoken:) Believe me, darling. When you

I'll nev - er do you — no harm.  
 (Instrumental)

# OOH WEE

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Written by WILLIE DIXON

Ooh wee, ——— look at what I see, ——— Ooh  
 sure got eyes, — eyes that hyp - no - tize, ——— You  
 wee, ——— look at what I see, ——— Ooh  
 I see you walk, I just can't hard - ly talk, ——— When

wee ——— look at what I see: ——— Won't you  
 sure got eyes, — eyes that hyp - no - tize; ——— You  
 wee ——— look at what I see: ——— The  
 I see you walk, I just can't hard - ly talk; ——— From

tell — me — ba - by, just who you may be. ——— You  
 got a lit - tle wig - gle, wig - gle that will par - a - lyze. ——— Ooh  
 fine — lit - tle thing, — she sure is kill - ing me. ——— When  
 now — on, — ba - by, I'm gon - na watch you like a hawk. ———

## ONE MORE TIME

© 1963 (Renewed 1991) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MODERATELY**

I got a cute lit - tle girl, — sweet as she can — be. — But this - a  
fine lit - tle girl — is - a kill - in' me — with that one more time. — yes.  
one more time. — Ev - 'ry dance you do, — she hol - ler. "One more time."  
When I have had my fun — and I need some rest, — here she comes with that  
same old mess. One more time, — yes. one more time. —  
Ev - 'ry dance you do, — she hol - ler. "One more time." Now  
I can — do a rum - ba — and I can do a sam - ba too; —  
— and I can e - ven do the cha - cha. — But a  
girl like this, she don't — ev - er get through. She got my knee bones ach - in', she got my  
shoul - ders sore. — When I have done my best, — she still cries for more.



Musical notation for the first system of the song. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with notes G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Chords F7 and C are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "One more time, \_\_\_\_\_ yes, one more time, \_\_\_\_\_".

Second staff: Treble clef, same key and time. Notes: G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. Chords G7, F7, and C are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "Ev - 'ry dance you do, \_\_\_\_\_ she hol - ler, 'One more time.'"

## RAMBLIN' ON MY MIND

Copyright © (1978). 1990. 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**SLOW BLUES**

Musical notation for the second system. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Chords E7, A7, and E7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "1. I got ram - blin', - I got ram - blin' on my mind. \_\_\_\_\_  
2.-4. (See additional lyrics)".

Second staff: Treble clef, same key and time. Notes: G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. Chords A7 and E7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "I got ram - blin', - I got ram - blin' on my mind."

Third staff: Treble clef, same key and time. Notes: G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3. Chords B7, A7, and E7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "Hate to leave my ba-by, but she treats me so un - kind. \_\_\_\_\_"

### Additional Lyrics

2. I got mean things, I got mean things all on my mind.  
I got mean things, I got mean things all on my mind.  
Hate to leave you here, babe, but you treat me so unkind.
3. Runnin' down to the station, catch the first mail train I see.  
Runnin' down to the station, catch the first mail train I see.  
I got the blues about miss so-and-so,  
And the child's got the blues about me.
4. I'm leaving this morning with my arms fold up and cryin'.  
I'm leaving this morning with my arms fold up and cryin'.  
I hate to leave my baby, but she treats me so unkind.

# PAYING THE COST TO BE THE BOSS

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Words and Music by  
B.B. KING

## MODERATE BLUES

You act like you don't wan-na lis - ten, when I'm talk - ing to you. You  
think you ought to do, ba - by, an - y - thing you want to do. — You must be cra - zy.  
ba - by, — you just got to be out of your mind. As long as I'm pay - ing the bills,  
wom - an, — I'm pay - ing the cost — to be the boss. — I'll  
drink if I want to, and play a lit - tle pok - er, too. Don't you say noth - ing to me  
Now that you've got me you act like — you're a - shamed. You don't act like an - y wom - an,  
as long as I'm tak - ing care of you. As long as I'm work - ing, ba - by,  
you're just us - ing my name. — I tell you I'm gon - na han - dle all the mon - ey,  
and pay - ing all the bills, and I don't want no back talk. I don't want no mouth from you  
'Cause if you don't like the way I'm do - ing,  
a - bout the way I'm sup - posed to live. You must be cra - zy,  
just pick up your things and — walk. You got - ta be cra - zy.

wom - an. you just got - ta be out of your mind.  
 ba - by. you must be out of your mind.

As long as I'm foot-ing the bills and pay-ing the cost to be the  
 As long as I'm foot-ing the bills I'm pay-ing the

boss. cost to be the boss.

# PRISON BOUND

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TRADITIONAL

**SLOW BLUES**

1. It was ear - ly one morn - in'. Lord, the blues came fall - in'  
 2-4 (See additional lyrics)

down. It was ear - ly one morn - in'. the

blues came fall - in' down. I'm all locked up in jail.

Lord, and I'm pris - on bound. It was  
 Now -  
 At my

## Additional Lyrics

2. It was all last night I sat in my cell and moaned.  
 It was all last night I sat in my cell and moaned.  
 Thinkin' about my baby, great God, and my happy home.
3. Now, baby, you will never see my smilin' face again.  
 Now, baby, you will never see my smilin' face again.  
 But you always can remember that your daddy has been your friend.
4. At my trial, baby, you could not be found.  
 At my trial, baby, you could not be found.  
 It's too late, mistreatin' woman, you know I'm prison bound.

# PEACH ORCHARD MAMA

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Words and Music by  
JOE WILLIAMS

**MODERATE BLUES**

Peach or - chard ma - ma. you swore no one's goin' use your peach-es but me. —

— Peach or - chard ma - ma. ————— swore

no one's goin' use your peach-es but me. If you want- me to

work in your or - chard, then keep your or - chard free. You

got me to the place. I hate to see that eve - nin' sun go down. —

Yeah, man, I hate to see that eve - nin' sun — go down. —

— Well, get — up in the morn - in', hoo, well,

C G

peach or-chard ma-ma, she's on my mind... Got a

man to buy your gro-c'ries, and an-oth-er gen-tle-man to pay your rent.——

C

She's got a man to buy her gro-c'ries, and an-oth-er gen-tle-man to pay her rent.

G D7

Well, you got me work-in' in your or-chard, hoo.——

C G

while I'm bring-in' you ev-ry cent.—— Some-times

she makes me hap-py, and a-gain she makes me cry.——

C

Some-times she makes me hap-py, and a-gain she makes me cry.

G D7

If ev-er a-gain I get a peach or-chard ma-ma, hoo,— well,

C G

then I wish to God that she would die.——

# PICKPOCKET BLUES

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By BESSIE SMITH

## MEDIUM BLUES

My best man, my best friend... told me to stop  
 ped - dl - in' gin.— They e - ven told me to keep my hands—  
 out peo-ple's pock - et where their mon - ey was in.— But I would-n't lis - ten or  
 have an - y shame,— 'long as some - one else would take the blame.—  
 Now—— I can see it all come home to me. I'm  
 set-tin' in the jail - house now.— I mean, I'm in the jail - house now. I—  
 — done stop— run - nin' a - round— with this one and these—  
 good-look - in' browns. An - y - time you see me I was good - time bound,— with  
 this one, that one, most all in town.— I'm in the jail - house  
 now, I'm sit - tin' in— the jail - house now.—

# PLEASE HELP ME GET HIM OFF MY MIND

© 1928 (Renewed) FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

MODERATELY SLOW

C F F7 C

I've cried and wor-ried, all night I laid and groaned.

C7 F9 C

I've cried and wor-ried, all night I laid and groaned.

G7 F7 C

I used to weigh two hun-dred now I'm down to skin and bones.

G7/B C F7 C

1. It's all a-bout a man- who al-ways kicked and dogged me 'round.  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

C7 F9 C

It's all a-bout a man- who al-ways kicked and dogged me 'round.

C G+ C G7 F7

And when I try to kill him that's when my love for him comes down.

1-3 C D#dim/G C G7/B 4 C C/E F7b9 G7#5 C G9 C7

I've

## Additional Lyrics

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. I've come to see you gypsy, beggin' on my bended knees.<br/>I've come to see you gypsy, beggin' on my bended knees,<br/>That man's put something on me, oh take it off of me, please.</p> | <p>3. It starts at my forehead and goes clean down to my toes.<br/>It starts at my forehead and goes clean down to my toes.<br/>Oh, how I'm sufferin' gypsy, nobody but the good Lawd knows.</p> |
| <p>4. Gypsy, don't hurt him, fix him for me one more time,<br/>Oh, don't hurt him gypsy, fix him for me one more time.<br/>Just make him love me, but, please mam, take him off my mind.</p>    |  |

# PINETOP'S BLUES

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Words and Music by  
PINETOP SMITH

MEDIUM BLUES

Now, my wom - an's got a heart- like a rock— cast down in— the sea.——

— Now, my wom - an's got a heart- like a rock— cast down in— the sea..

— She thinks she can love— ev - 'ry - bod - y— and—

— mis - treat poor— me.—— Now, I cooked—

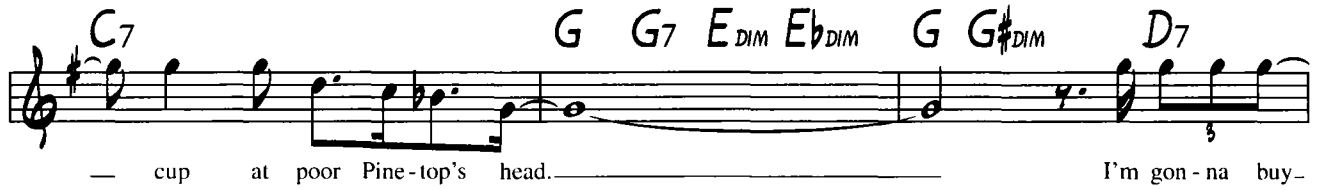
— her break - fast,— e - ven car - ried it to— her bed.——

— Now, I cooked— her break - fast,— e - ven car - ried it to— her bed..

— Now, she took— one . bite— and threw the tea—



C7 G G7 E<sub>DIM</sub> E<sub>bDIM</sub> G G<sub>#DIM</sub> D7



— cup at poor Pine-top's head. I'm gon-na buy—

G C7 G G7



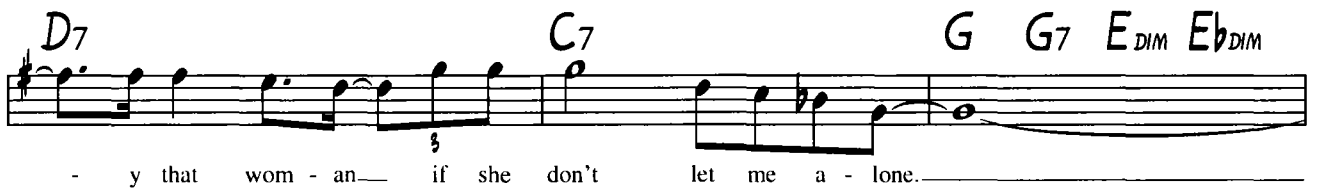
— my - self— a grave - yard of— my own. I'm gon-na buy—

C7 G



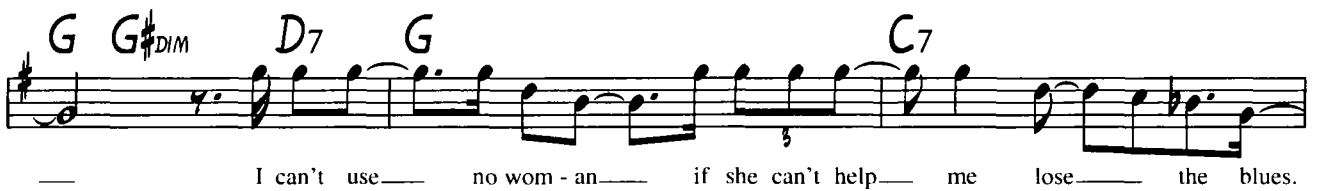
— my - self— a grave - yard of— my own. I'm gon-na bur—

D7 C7 G G7 E<sub>DIM</sub> E<sub>bDIM</sub>



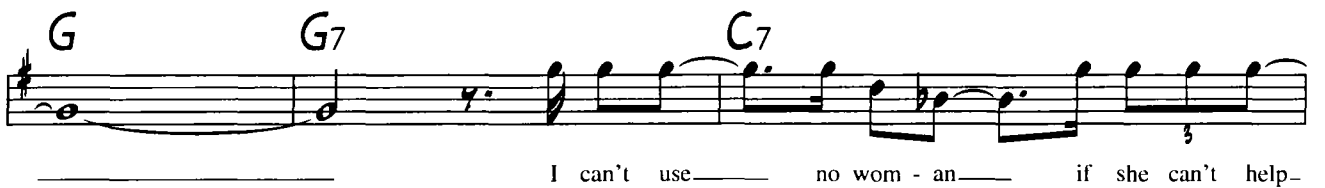
- y that wom - an— if she don't let me a - lone.

G G<sub>#DIM</sub> D7 G C7



— I can't use— no wom - an— if she can't help— me lose— the blues.

G G7 C7



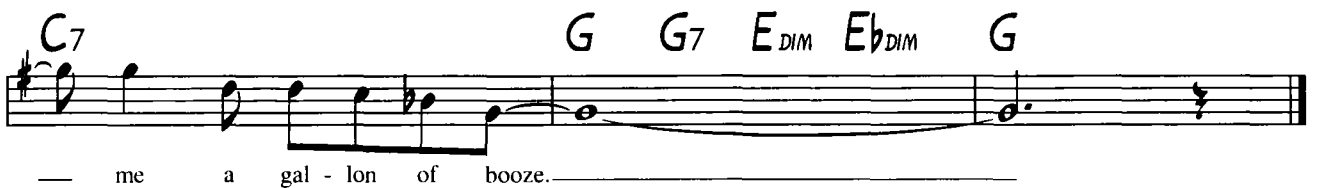
— I can't use— no wom - an— if she can't help—

G D7



— me lose— the blues. Go-in' down— on State Street— just to buy.

C7 G G7 E<sub>DIM</sub> E<sub>bDIM</sub> G



— me a gal - lon of booze.

# PINEY BROWN BLUES

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Words and Music by JOE TURNER  
and PETE JOHNSON

MEDIUM BLUES  $\frac{9}{8}$

Well, I've been to Kan - sas Cit - y, girls and ev - 'ry-thing's real - ly al - right.  
want to watch you, ba - by, when the tears roll down your cheeks.

Yes, I've been to Kan - sas Cit - y, girls and ev - 'ry-thing's  
Yes, I want to watch you, ba - by, when the tears roll down your

real - ly al - right. — Say the boys jump and swing —  
cheeks. — I wan - na hold your hand. —

un - til the broad day - light. — I dreamed last night I was  
tell you that your kind can't be. —

stand - in' on Eight - eenth and Vine. Yes, I dreamed last night —

I was stand - in' on Eight-eenth and Vine. — I shook

hands with Pi - ney Brown and I could hard - ly keep from cry - in'. — Now,

come to me, ba - by I wan - na tell you why — I'm in love with you. —

*Chords: C<sub>6</sub>, F, F<sub>9</sub>, C, C<sub>7</sub>, F<sub>11</sub>, F<sub>9</sub>, F<sub>7</sub>, G<sub>7</sub>, C, C<sub>#</sub>DIM7, G<sub>7</sub>, F, To CODA ⊕ C, G<sub>7</sub>, C, F<sub>7</sub>, C, C<sub>7</sub>, F, G<sub>7</sub>, C, D<sub>M7</sub>, F<sub>7</sub>, C, G<sub>7</sub>, C, F<sub>7</sub>, C*

C7 F7

Please come to me, ba - by, I wan - na tell you why—

C C#DIM7 Dm7 G7

I'm in love with you. Be - cause you un - der - stand—

F7 G7 C C7 F6 Ab7 G7 D.S. AL CODA C F7 C

ev - ry - thing - I do. I

*CODA*

# RIVERSIDE BLUES

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A Division of MPL Communications, Inc.

Words and Music by THOMAS A. DORSEY  
and RICHARD M. JONES

**MODERATELY**

G7 C7 F A<sub>DIM</sub>/E<sub>b</sub> G#<sub>DIM</sub>/D G<sub>DIM</sub>/D<sub>b</sub> F/C C

(Instrumental)

F7 C7#5 F F7

Go - ing to the riv - er side - take - a chair and - set down -

Bb7 C7#5 F7 C13 C7

Go - ing to the riv - er take - a chair and - set down - If I get wor - ried I'll

C7#5 F A<sub>DIM</sub>/E<sub>b</sub> G#<sub>DIM</sub>/D G<sub>DIM</sub>/D<sub>b</sub> F/C C

jump o - ver - board - and drown.

Bb7 C7#5 F A7/E A7b5/E<sub>b</sub> D7

T. it stands for Tex - as T. for Ten - nes - see.  
An - y - bod - y ask you who wrote this lone - some song,

G7 C7 F A<sub>DIM</sub>/E<sub>b</sub> G#<sub>DIM</sub>/D G<sub>DIM</sub>/D<sub>b</sub>

These north - ern towns don't make no heav - y hit with me -  
a strang - er wrote it but you heard me put it on -

1 F/C C 2 F7 E7 Eb7 D7 Db7 C7b9 F7

(Instrumental)

## PLEASE SEND ME SOMEONE TO LOVE

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Words and Music by  
PERCY MAYFIELD

**SLOW FOUR**  $\frac{3}{8}$  **G**

Heav - en, — please send to all man - kind, — un - der -

**C** **D $\flat$ DIM7** **A7** **To CODA**  $\oplus$  **G/D** **D $\flat$ m7 $\flat$ 5**

- stand - ing — and — peace of mind. — But, if it's not ask - ing too much. —

**C $_9$**  **D $_9$**  **E $\flat$  $_9$**  **D $_9$**  **G**

please - send me some - one — to love. Show all the world how to

**G7** **C7** **D $\flat$ DIM7** **A7**

get a - long. — peace will en - ter — when hate is gone. — But, if it's

**G/D** **D $\flat$ m7 $\flat$ 5** **C7** **D7** **G**

not — ask - ing too much. — please - send me some - one — to love.

**G7** **C7** **C $_m$ 7** **G** **G7**

I lay a - wake nights and pon - der — world trou - bles. — My

**A $_m$ 7** **D7** **G6** **G7** **C** **C $_m$ 7**

ans - wer — is al - ways - the same. — That un - less men - put an end — to

**G** **E7 $\sharp$ 5** **A7** **D7 $\sharp$ 5**

all of this. — hate will put the world — in a flame, — what a shame. — Just be -

G G7 C7

cause I'm— in— mi-se - ry— I'm not beg - ging for— no—  
*Instrumental*

DbDIM7 A7 G/D Dbm7b5 C7 D7

— sym - pa - thy. But, if it's not— ask - ing too much.. please send me some - one

G6 G6 D.S. AL CODA CODA G/D Dbm7b5

to— love.. Heav - en,— not— ask - ing too much.

C7 D7 G Am7 Gm7/Bb Am7 G

please— send me some - one— to love. Hm - mm - mm.—

# ROBERTA

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 Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by HUDDIE LEDBETTER  
 Edited by JOHN A. LOMAX and ALAN LOMAX

## MEDIUM BLUES

G G7

1. Run here, Ro - ber - ta, — sit down on my knee.—  
 2-6 (See additional lyrics)

C G

Run here, Ro - ber - ta, sit down on my knee.—

D7 G

Got some - thing to tell you, and that's been wor - ryin' me.—

## Additional Lyrics

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2. I went down to the river, I sat down on the ground.<br/>             I went down to the river, I sat down on the ground.<br/>             I'm gonna stay right here, Lord, till Roberta comes down.</p> <p>4. Well, way up the river, just as far as I could see.<br/>             Well, way up the river, just as far as I could see.<br/>             Lord, I thought I'd find my old time used to be.</p> | <p>3. Oh, Roberta, tell me how long, how long?<br/>             Oh, Roberta, tell me how long, how long?<br/>             I'm gonna wait for you baby, I've gotta see you<br/>             Since you been gone.</p> <p>5. She was a brownskin woman, she had black wavy hair.<br/>             She was a brownskin woman, she had black wavy hair.<br/>             And I can't subscribe her, anymore, anywhere.</p> <p>6. I'm going to the station and talk to the chief of police.<br/>             I'm going to the station and talk to the chief of police.<br/>             Roberta done quit me, I can't see no peace.</p> |
|--|---|

# POISON IVY

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Words and Music by  
MEL LONDON

**MODERATELY E**

Now cat. — don't touch that gal there please. you - 'll get wast - ed

down to your knees. No, I don't like to brag, I don't like to say what I'd do. —

— But I'm like — poi-son i - vy. I'll break — out all — o - ver you. —

— Ev - 'ry day when I shave, wear - in' my house coat, Two —  
bought me a blade, one that I could af - ford. Too —

men have to hold me or I'll cut my throat. } No, I don't like to brag, I  
long to be a knife and too short to be a spoon. }

don't like to say what I'd do. — But I'm like —

— poi-son i - vy, I'll break — out all — o - ver you. — Well I

— Last night — some cat got smart with my niece. —

Now he wears a sign sayin' rest — in peace. — No, I don't like to brag, I

don't like to say what I'd do. But I'm like —

poi-son i-vy, I'll break out all o-ver you. Now I don't

claim to be bad, don't claim to be strong. I just like to keep bad peo-ple from

do-in' me wrong. No, I don't like to brag, I don't like to say what I'd do. —

But I'm like — poi-son i-vy, I'll break out all o-ver you.

## SAINT JAMES INFIRMARY

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
JOE PRIMROSE

**SLOWLY** I went down to Saint James In - fir - mary, heard my ba - by groan.

I felt - so brok - en - heart - ed, she used to be my own. I

tried to keep from cy - in' my heart felt just like lead. She was

all I had to live for, I wished that it was me in - stead.

# PRIDE AND JOY

© 1985 RAY VAUGHAN MUSIC (ASCAP)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN

**MODERATE BLUES SHUFFLE**

**E**



Well, you've heard a - bout love giv - in' sight — to the blind.—  
love my ba - by, my heart and soul.—



My ba - by's lov - in' cause the sun to shine.— } She's my sweet lit - tle thing,  
Love like ours won't nev - er grow old. }



she's my pride and joy.— She's my sweet lit - tle ba - by, I'm—



— her — lit - tle lov - er boy.— Yeah, I



love my la - dy to be long and lean.— You mess with her, you'll see a  
love my ba - by like the fin - est wine; stick with her — un - til the



man get - tin' mean. } She's my sweet lit - tle thing, she's my pride and joy.—  
end of time. }



She's my sweet lit - tle ba - by, I'm — her — lit - tle lov - er



boy.— Yeah, I boy.— Yeah, I

*D.S. AND FADE*



# RECONSIDER BABY

Copyright © 1955, 1964 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
LOWELL FULSON

**MODERATELY**

So long, oh, how I hate to see you go. So long, oh, how I hate to see you go. And the way that I will miss you, I guess you will never know.

We've been together so long, you said you once did love me, to have to separate this but now I guess you have changed your way.

We've been together too long, You said you once did love me, to have to separate this way, I'm gonna let you Why don't you go ahead on, baby, re-consider, baby, pray that you'll come back home some day. So give yourself just a little more time.

# RAIN IS SUCH A LONESOME SOUND

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by JIMMY WITHERSPOON  
and RACHEL WITHERSPOON

**SLOW BLUES**

Well, the sun— should be shin - in', but the rain keeps com - in' down.

The sun— should be shin - in', but the rain keeps

com - in' down. When you're wait-in' for your ba - by.

rain is such a lone - some sound. I've

got a fine lit - tle girl, and she weighs a - bout a hun - dred and two.

Yes, I've got a lit - tle girl, and she weighs a - bout a

hun - dred and two. She's mean and e - vil some - times.

*D<sub>M7</sub>* *G7* *C* *G7*

but so am I. and so are you. Like a

*C* *F7* *C*

fool I let her leave me. one bright sun - shin - y day.

*C7* *F7*

Like a fool I let her leave me. one bright sun -

*C* *E<sub>b</sub>DIM* *D<sub>M7</sub>*

shin - y day. Well, it's been noth - ing but storm - y weath - er,

*G7* *C* *G7* *C*

ev - er since she went a - way. Well, I woke up this morn - in', looked

*C*

thru my win - dow pane. I was think - in' a - bout my ba - by, but

*C<sub>9</sub>* *F7*

all I saw was rain. The sun should be shin - in', but the rain -

*C* *E<sub>b</sub>DIM* *D<sub>M7</sub>*

keeps com - in' down. When you're wait - in' for your ba - by,

*G7* *C*

rain is such a lone - some sound.

## ROCKING CHAIR BLUES

© 1924 (Renewed), 1993 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

Lyric by BESSIE SMITH  
Music by BESSIE SMITH and IRVING JOHNS

BLUES, IN A SLOW 2

Did you ev - er wake up — with sor - row all on — your mind? —

Did you ev - er wake up — with sor - row all — on your

mind? — He plays the blues to his con - gre - ga - tion, hear his trom - bone —

whine. — He'll make you laugh, — he'll make you cry. — He'll

sit right down — and moan. He'll weep and moan till I hear him

say. — Lord, I won - der where my — lov - ing man is gone. —

Eas - y rid - er,

you see I'm go - ing a - way. — I won't be back un -

til you change your — ways. — I won't be back un -

til you change your ways. — I'm

C G7 C7

go - ing to the riv - er car - ry - in' a brand new rock - in' chair. I'm  
Blues jumped a rab - bit, run — him for a sol - id mile.

F7 G7 C G7/D

go - ing to the riv - er car - ry - in' a brand new rock - in' chair.  
Blues — jumped a rab - bit, run — him for a sol - id mile.

C/E C#DIM7 G7 Dm7b5 G7

I'm gon - na ask — Mis - ter Tad - pole to move all his stuff from  
The rab - bit — turned o - ver and he cried like a nat - u - ral

1 C E DIM Eb DIM D DIM C/G G7 2 C E DIM Eb DIM D DIM C

here. child.

# THE SAME THING

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

MEDIUM BEAT G

What makes men go cra - zy when a wo - man wears a dress so tight. —  
all of these men — try to run a big leg - ged wo - man down. —  
you feel so good. — when your ba - by gets her eve - ning gown. —

What makes men go cra - zy when a  
Why do all of these men — try to  
What makes you feel so good. — when your

wo - man wears a dress so tight. — }  
run a big leg - ged wo - man down. — }  
ba - by gets her eve - ning gown. — } Well, it means the

D7 C7 G

same old thing that makes a } tom - cat fight all night. —  
} bull - dog hug a hound. —  
} preach - er lay his bi - ble down. —

Why do  
What makes

# ROLL 'EM PETE

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Words and Music by PETE JOHNSON  
and JOE TURNER

## MEDIUM BLUES

G C7 G

Well, I got a gal,— she lives— up on the hill.

C7 G

Well, I got a gal, she lives— up on the hill.

D7 C7

Well, this wom-an's tryin' to quit me, Lord,— but I love— her still.—

G D7 G C7

— She's got eyes— like dia-monds, they shine—

G C7

— like— Klon - dike gold.— She's got eyes—

G

— like dia-monds, they shine— like Klon - dike gold.— Ev - 'ry

D7 C7 G

time she loves— me, she sends— my mel - low soul.—

C7 G

Well, you're— so beau - ti - ful, you've got to die some— day.  
ba - by, I'm— goin' a - way and leave you by your - self.

C7

Well, you're— so beau - ti - ful, but you've got to die some day.—  
Pret - ty ba - by, I'm goin' a - way and leave you by your - self.—

G D7

All I want's a lit - tle lov - ing, just be -  
 You've mis - treat - ed me. now you can mis -

C7 G

1 2

fore you pass - a - way. Pret - ty  
 treat some - bod - y else.

# ROCK ME BABY

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Words and Music by JOE JOSEA  
 and B.B. KING

**MODERATELY**

C7 F7 C7

Rock me ba - by, rock me all night long.  
 Rock me ba - by, hon - ey rock me slow.

F7 C7

Rock me ba - by, rock me all night long.  
 Rock me ba - by, hon - ey rock me slow.

G7 F7 C

I want you to rock me ba - by, like my back ain't got no bone.  
 Rock me ba - by, till I want no more.

C7 F7 C7

Roll me ba - by, like you roll a wag - on wheel.

F7 C7

Roll me ba - by, like you roll a wag - on wheel. I want you to

G7 F7 C7

roll me ba - by, you don't know how it makes me feel.





# SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

TRO - © Copyright 1958 (Renewed) and 1963 (Renewed) Hollis Music, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by  
JESSE FULLER

**MEDIUM BLUES**

1. I got the blues from my ba - by left me by the San Fran - cis - co  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

Bay. O - cean lin - er took her so far a - way.

Did - n't mean to treat her so bad, she was the best gal I ev - er had.

Said good - bye, made me cry, I want to lay down and die. I

ain't got a nick - el and I ain't got a lous - y dime. She

ev - er come back, I think I'm gon - na lose my mind. If she

ev - er comes back to stay, it will be an - oth - er brand new day.

Walk - in' with my ba - by down by the San Fran - cis - co Bay.

## Additional Lyrics

- Sitting down by my back door, wondering which way to go.  
Woman I'm so crazy about, she don't love me no more.  
Think I'll take me a freight train, 'cause I'm feeling blue.  
Ride all the way till the end of the line, thinking only of you.
- Meanwhile, in another city, just about to go insane.  
Sound like I heard my baby, the way she used to call my name.  
If she ever come back to stay, it will be another brand new day.  
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

# ROLLIN' AND TUMBLIN'

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by  
McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

MODERATELY FAST SHUFFLE (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

G

(Instrumental)

D C

Well, I woke up this morn - in', I best get roll - in' on.—

G

(Instrumental)

C

Well now, come here ba - by, sit down on dad - dy's knee.—

G C

(Instrumental)

Well now, come here ba - by,

G

(Instrumental)

sit down on dad - dy's knee.—

D C

I wan - na tell you a - bout— the way— they treat - ed me.—

G

(Instrumental)

(Guitar solo)

C G

1 2 D C

G

(Solo ends)

C

Well, I rolled an' I tum - bled, cried the whole night long.—  
 (D.S.) hmm, mmm, ah.

G

(Instrumental)

C

Well, I rolled an' I tum - bled, cried the whole night long.—  
 Well, ah hmm, mmm, ah.

G

When I  
Mmm.

D C G

woke up this morn - in'. all I had— was gone.— } (Instrumental)  
 Ah, ah, ah, mmm whoa.

To CODA ⊕

D.S. AL CODA ⊕ CODA

Well, ah (Guitar solo)

REPEAT AD LIB.

(Solo ends)

## ROYAL GARDEN BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by CLARENCE WILLIAMS  
and SPENCER WILLIAMS

**QUICKLY**

*F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sub>m</sub> F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sub>m</sub> F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sub>m</sub>*

No use of talk-in', no use of talk-in', you'll start in dog-walk-in' no

*F F<sub>9</sub> B $\flat$ <sub>6</sub> F $7^{\sharp}5$  B $\flat$ <sub>6</sub> F $7^{\sharp}5$*

mat-ter where.- There's jazz-co-pa-tion, blues mod-u-la-tion,

*B $\flat$ <sub>6</sub> F $7^{\sharp}5$  B $\flat$ <sub>DIM</sub> B $\flat$ <sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> D<sub>DIM7</sub> C<sub>DIM7</sub>*

just like a Hai-tian you'll rip and tear.— Most ev-'ry-

*C<sub>7</sub> D $\flat$ <sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> F C<sub>7</sub> F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sub>m</sub>*

bod-y likes the blues:— here's why I'm rav-in',—

*F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sub>m</sub> F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sub>m</sub> F F<sub>9</sub>*

here's why I'm rav-in', if it's blues you are crav-in', just come on down.—

*B $\flat$ <sub>6</sub> F $7^{\sharp}5$  B $\flat$ <sub>6</sub> F $7^{\sharp}5$  B $\flat$ <sub>6</sub> F $7^{\sharp}5$*

You'll hear 'em play-in', you'll hear 'em play-in', soon you'll be say-in', "Hon,

*B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> D<sub>DIM7</sub>/C C<sub>DIM7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> D $\flat$ <sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> F C<sub>7</sub>*

jazz me 'round." be-cause your feet they can't re-fuse.—

*F F<sub>7</sub> F F<sub>7</sub> F F<sub>7</sub>*

What's that fa-mil-liar strain, that true blue note re-frain? It's driv-in' me in-sane.  
There goes that mel-o-dy, it sounds so good to me, and I am up a tree.



Can't keep still tho' it's a - gainst my will.  
 It's a shame you don't know the name.



I'm on my P's and Q's. I just can't re - fuse.  
 It's a brand new blues.



the Roy - al Gar - den Blues.



Ev - 'ry - bod - y grab some - bod - y and start jazz - ing 'round.



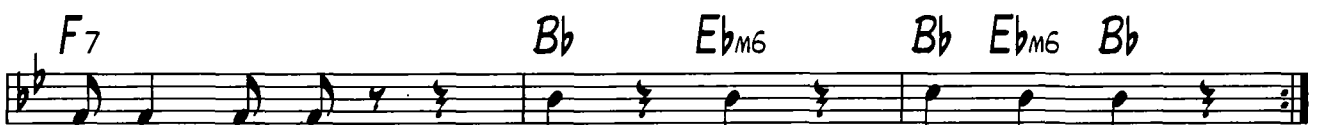
Hon. don't you hear that trom - bone moan? Just lis - ten to that  
 That weep - in' mel - an - cho - ly strain, say, but it's sooth -



sax - o - phone. — Gee, hear that clar - i - net and flute, —  
 ing to the brain. Just wan - na — get right up and dance.



cor - net a - jazz - in' with a mute. — makes me just throw my -  
 Don't care, I'll take most an - y chance. No oth - er blues I'd



self a - way — when but I hear 'em play.  
 care to choose — but Royal Gar - den Blues.

# ROLLIN' STONE

(Catfish Blues)

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by

McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

MODERATE BLUES (♩ =  $\frac{3}{4}$ )

Musical notation for the first system of 'Rollin' Stone'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is 'MODERATE BLUES' with a quarter note equal to 3/4 of a minute. The first measure is marked with a chord symbol 'E7'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Below the staff, the lyrics are: '1. Well, I wished I was a cat-fish. swim-min' in the—'.

1. Well, I wished I was a cat-fish. swim-min' in the—  
2-4 (See additional lyrics)

deep blue sea. I would have all— you good look-in' wom-en fish-in',

fish-in' af - ter me.— shaw' 'nuff af-ter me.— shaw' 'nuff af - ter me.—

Oh Lord, Oh Lord, shaw' 'nuff.

## Additional Lyrics

2. I went my baby's house, and I sit down on her sill.  
She said, "Come on in (Muddy), my mother's just not well."  
Shaw' 'nuff, just not well.  
Shaw' 'nuff, just not well.  
Oh, Lord, oh, well.
3. Well, my mother told my father just before I was born,  
"I got a boy child comin',  
Gonna be a rolling stone.  
Gonna be a rolling stone.  
Gonna be a rolling stone."  
Oh, well, he's a...
4. Well, I feel, yes I feel, baby, like my lowdown time ain't long.  
I'm gonna cut the twist train, Spokane bound.  
Back down the road I'm goin', boy.  
Back down the road I'm goin', boy.  
Back down the road I'm goin', boy.  
Shaw' 'nuff.

# SHAKE THAT THING

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Words and Music by  
PAPA CHARLIE JACKSON

Musical notation for the first system of 'Shake That Thing'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is 'FAST BLUES'. The first measure is marked with a chord symbol 'C7'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Below the staff, the lyrics are: '1. Now, the old folks like it, and the young folks too.— The old folks tell the young'.

1. Now, the old folks like it, and the young folks too.— The old folks tell the young  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

folks how to do.— You gon - na shake that thing,— aw,

shake that thing. I'm get - tin' sick and tired of

tell - in' you to shake that thing. Now it,

### Additional Lyrics

2. Now, it ain't no Johnson, ain't no chicken wings.  
All you got to do is to shake that thing.  
Why don't you shake that thing, shake that thing.  
I'm getting sick and tired of telling you to shake that thing.
3. I was walking downtown and stumbled and fell.  
My mouth jumped open like a front wheel well.  
Why don't you shake that thing, shake that thing.  
I'm getting sick and tired of telling you to shake that thing.

## THE SEVENTH SON

© 1955 (Renewed 1983) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

1. Now - eve - ry - bod - y's cryin' a - bout the sev - enth son. In the  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

whole round world there is on - ly one. I'm the one,  
yeah, I'm the one. I'm the

one, I'm the one, the one they call the sev - enth son.

### Additional Lyrics

2. Now I can tell your future, before it comes to pass.  
I can do things for you, make your heart feel glad.  
I can look in the skies, and predict the rain.  
I can tell when a woman's got another man.
3. I'm the one, I'm the one.  
I'm the one, I'm the one,  
I'm the one they call the seventh son.
4. I can hold you close and squeeze you tight.  
I can make you grab for me, both day and night.  
I can heal the sick, I can raise the dead.  
I can make you little girl, talk you out of your head.
5. I'm the one, I'm the one.  
I'm the one, I'm the one,  
I'm the one they call the seventh son.
6. I can talk these words, and sound so sweet.  
And make your lovin' heart even skip a beat.  
I can take you, baby, hold you in my arms,  
And make the flesh quiver, lovely forms.

# RUSTY DUSTY BLUES

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Words and Music by  
J. MAYO WILLIAMS

## MEDIUM BLUES

Ma-ma, don't you beg your dad - dy for no dia - mond rings. —

Ma-ma, don't you beg your dad - dy for no dia - mond -

— rings. — 'Cause ma-ma you al - read - y got —

the best of ev - 'ry - thing. I seen you rid - in'

'round in a brand new car. — I seen you rid - in'

a-round in a brand new car. — I know you could-n't buy it, —

you're not used to cav - i - ar. — Now

get up, get up, get up, get up, wom-an. Get up off your big fat rust - y dust - y.

Don't you hear me? Get up, get up, get up, wom-an. Get up off your big fat rust - y



*G* *B<sub>DIM</sub>* *A<sub>M7</sub>*

dust - y. \_\_\_\_\_ Get up, ma - ma. \_\_\_\_\_ get up be -

*D<sub>7</sub>* *G* *A<sub>M7</sub>* *D<sub>7</sub>* *G*

fore you get— too rust - y. Now, you got the ver - y best,

*C<sub>9</sub>* *G* *G<sub>7</sub>*

best of ev-'ry-thing. Yes, \_\_\_\_\_ ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ you've got the best of ev - 'ry - thing. - Mm. -

*C<sub>9</sub>* *C<sub>#DIM</sub>* *G* *B<sub>DIM</sub>*

— you bet-ter lose \_\_\_\_\_ that cham - pagne taste. — 'Cause

*A<sub>M7</sub>* *C<sub>9</sub>* *G*

I'm so a-fraid, ma-ma, ooo, \_\_\_\_\_ you're let-ting me go — to waste. -

# SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING

Copyright © 1956 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETT

**MODERATELY** *C<sub>M</sub>*

Smoke, \_\_\_\_\_ smoke - stack light - ning, shin - ing just like  
 \_\_\_\_\_ tell me, ba - by, what's the mat - ter  
 \_\_\_\_\_ tell me, ba - by, where did you stay last  
 \_\_\_\_\_ stop your train, \_\_\_\_\_ let us go for a  
 \_\_\_\_\_ fare thee well, \_\_\_\_\_ nev - er see you no

gold. \_\_\_\_\_  
 here? \_\_\_\_\_  
 night? \_\_\_\_\_ Well, don't you hear me cry - ing, boo -  
 ride. \_\_\_\_\_  
 more. \_\_\_\_\_

hoo. \_\_\_\_\_ Boo - hoo, \_\_\_\_\_ boo -

hoo. \_\_\_\_\_ Well, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Well, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Well, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Well, \_\_\_\_\_

## SEE SEE RIDER

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Words and Music by  
MA RAINEY

## MODERATE BLUES

C G7 C G7 C G7 C7

See see rid - er. see what you have done. Law'd, Law'd, Law'd.

F F#DIM C G+ G7 C C#DIM

made me love you, now your gal has come. You

D<sub>M7</sub> G7 D<sub>M7</sub> G7 C D<sub>9</sub> G7

made me love you, now your gal has come. I'm

C G7 C G7 C7

goin' a - way - ba - by, I won't be back 'til fall. Law'd, Law'd, Law'd.

F F#DIM C G+ G7 C C#DIM

goin' a - way ba - by, won't be back 'til fall. If I

D<sub>M7</sub> G7 D<sub>M7</sub> G7 C A<sub>b7</sub> G7 C

find me a good man, won't be back at all. I'm gon - na

G7 C G7 C7

buy me a pis - tol, just as long as I am tall. Law'd, Law'd, Law'd.

F F#DIM C G7 C C#DIM

shoot my man, and catch a can - non ball. If he won't.

G7 D<sub>M</sub>7 G7 C A<sub>b</sub>7 G7  
 — have me, — he won't have no gal at all. —

C G7 C G7 C7  
 See see rid - er, — where did you stay last night? — Law'd, Law'd, Law'd, your

F F<sup>#</sup><sub>DIM</sub> C G7 C C<sup>#</sup><sub>DIM</sub>  
 shoes ain't but - toned, your clothes don't fit you right. — You

D<sub>M</sub>7 G7 D7 G7 C G7 C  
 did - n't come home - 'til the sun was shin - ing bright. —

## SORROWFUL BLUES

© 1924 (Renewed) FRANK MUSIC CORP.

Words and Music by  
BESSIE SMITH

**MEDIUM BLUES** C  

 1. If you catch me steal - in', I — don't mean no harm. If you  
 2-5 (See additional lyrics)

F7 C  
 catch — me steal - in', I don't mean no harm. It's a

G7 C  
 mark in my fam - 'ly and it must be car - ryin' on. —

### Additional Lyrics

2. I got nineteen men and won't want more.  
I got nineteen men and won't want more.  
If I had one more I'd let that nineteen go.
3. It's hard to love another woman's man.  
It's hard to love another woman's man.  
You catch him when you want him, you got to catch him when you can.
4. Have you ever seen a preacher throw a sweet potato pie?  
Have you ever seen a preacher throw a sweet potato pie?  
Just step in my backyard and taste a piece of mine.
5. I'm gonna tell you, daddy, like Solomon told the Jew.  
I'm gonna tell you, daddy, like Solomon told the Jew.  
If you don't like-ee me, I sure don't like-ee you.

## SHADY LANE BLUES

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Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**MEDIUM BLUES**

I was just— sit-tin' here and look - in',— look - in' way down in— Shad-y Grove.—

I was just sit-tin' and look - in',— look -

in' way down in— Shad-y Grove.— Now that's where they

car-ried my ba - by a long, long— time a - go.—

I heard the church bells ring-in',— and the hearse was— driv-in' slow.—

I heard the church bells ring - in', peo -

ple, and the hearse was— driv - in' slow.— Lord, and I hate to

see my ba-by leave me, oh— peo - ple,— but she just had to go.—

I looked in my moth-er's face.— and, Lord,— I just hung my— head and cried.—

I looked in my moth-er's face, peo-ple,  
 I just hung my head and cried. I said that these  
 good-look-in' wom-en kill me. Mom-ma you just leave- your poor- Son-ny Boy die.  
 You know I laid down last night, peo-ple. I tried to take my rest.  
 You know I laid down last night. peo-ple.  
 I tried to take my rest. You know my  
 mind got to ram-blin'. just like the wild geese in the West. Lord, I'm go-  
 in' to the gyp-sies, to have my ba-by's for-tune told.  
 I swear, I'm goin' to the gyp-sies, Lord, to have my ba-by's for-tune told.  
 But she said "Son-ny Boy, you're a bad luck child, and you just  
 catch the Dev-il ev-ry-where you go."

# SIX COLD FEET OF GROUND

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Words and Music by  
LEROY CARR

**SLOW BLUES**

*E<sub>b</sub>7*

Just re-mem-ber me, ba - by. when I'm in six feet of cold,— cold ground.

*E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>7 E<sub>b</sub> A<sub>b</sub>7*

Just re - mem-ber me, ba - by.—

*E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>7 E<sub>b</sub>*

when I'm in six feet of cold,— cold ground.—

*B<sub>b</sub>7*

lay it in six cold feet— of ground. Well.

I have to be the los - er, when the deal goes down.

## SHIPWRECKED BLUES

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Words and Music by  
SPENCER WILLIAMS

**SLOW BLUES**  $G_M$   $D_7$   $G_M$

1. Oh, the gale is rag - in' — and my ship's with - out a sail. ————  
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

$C_M$   $D_7$   $G_M$

— Oh, the gale is rag - in' — and my ship's with - out a sail.

$C_M$   $D_7$

If the wind keeps on blow - in', I won't be left to tell the

1-4  $G_M$  5  $G_M$

tale. Now, my last. ————

### Additional Lyrics

2. Now, my ship is sinkin' and the lightnin' struck the mast.  
Now, the ship is sinkin' and the lightnin' struck the mast.  
And my crew done deserted,  
I've got to stick here to the last.
3. With no life preserver, tell me what am I to do.  
With no life preserver, tell me what am I to do.  
If my ship hits the bottom,  
I know I'll float the ocean blue.
4. Lawd, I don't mind drownin', but the water is so cold.  
No I don't mind drownin', but the water is so cold.  
If I must leave, leave this good world,  
I wanna leave it brave and bold.
5. Shipwrecked, shipwrecked, I ain't got not time to lose.  
Oh, I'm shipwrecked, shipwrecked and ain't got not time to lose.  
Lawd, if someone don't save me,  
I'll go down singin' the shipwrecked blues.

# SILVER CITY BOUND

TRO - © Copyright 1959 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by  
**HUDDIE LEDBETTER**  
 Edited by **ALAN LOMAX**

**FREELY**

**D**

Sil - ver Cit - y bound, I'm Sil - ver Cit - y bound,

**D7 G7 D**

Well, I tell my ba - by I'm Sil - ver Cit - y bound.

**A7 D**

Hey, — Blind Lem - on gon - na ride on down.

**B7 E7**

1. Catch me by the hand, aw, ba - by. —  
 2. (See additional lyrics)

**A7 D**

Blind Lem - on was a blind — man.

**B7 E7**

Catch me by the hand, aw, ba - by. —

**A7 D**

Blind Lem - on was a blind — man.

## Additional Lyrics

2. Catch me by the hand, aw, baby,  
 Blind Lemon was a blind man. He'd holler:  
 Blind Lemon was a blind man. He'd holler:  
 Catch me by the hand, aw, baby,  
 And lead me all throughout the land.  
 And lead me all throughout the land.



## SOME OF THESE DAYS

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
SHELTON BROOKS

**MODERATELY** *B7* *E<sub>M</sub>*

Some of these days \_\_\_\_\_ you'll miss— me hon - ey, \_\_\_\_\_ some of these

*B7* *E<sub>M</sub>*

days \_\_\_\_\_ you'll feel— so lone - ly, \_\_\_\_\_ You'll miss my

*E7#5* *E7* *A7*

hug - ging, \_\_\_\_\_ you'll miss my kiss - es: \_\_\_\_\_ you'll miss me.

*D7*

hon - ey, \_\_\_\_\_ when you go a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ I feel so

*G* *G7* *C*

lone - ly \_\_\_\_\_ just for you on - ly, \_\_\_\_\_ for you know,

*E7* *A<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>/G* *F#m7b5* *B7* *C*

hon - ey, \_\_\_\_\_ you've had your way, \_\_\_\_\_ And when you leave me \_\_\_\_\_

*C#DIM7* *G/D* *F9* *E7* *A7*

— I know 'twill grieve me, \_\_\_\_\_ you'll miss— your lit - tle ba - by:

*D7* *G* *G/B* *BbDIM7* *A<sub>M</sub>7* *G* *N.C.* *G*

yes some— of these days, \_\_\_\_\_ Some of these \_\_\_\_\_

## ST. LOUIS BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
W. C. HANDY

MODERATELY



1. I hate to see—  
2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

the ev'-nin' sun go down.\_\_\_\_\_



Hate to see— the ev'-nin' sun go down.\_\_\_\_\_



'Cause my ba-by— he done left this town.\_\_\_\_\_



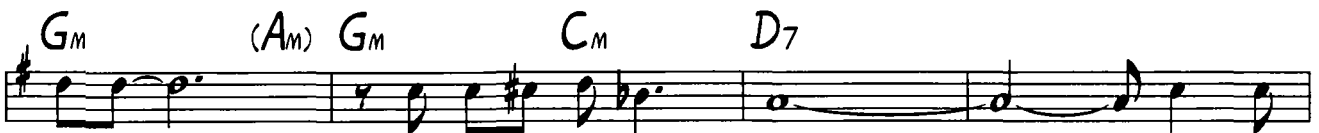
Feel-in' to-mor-row like— I feel to-day.\_\_\_\_\_



Feel to-mor-row like— I feel to-day.\_\_\_\_\_



I'll pack my trunk— make my get-a-way.\_\_\_\_\_ St. Lou-is



wom-an, with her dia-mond rings.\_\_\_\_\_ Pulls that



man 'round by her a-pron strings.\_\_\_\_\_ 'Twant for

G<sub>M</sub> (A<sub>M</sub>) G<sub>M</sub> C<sub>M</sub> D<sub>7</sub>  
 pow - der, — and for store — bought hair, — The  
 man I love — would not gone no - where. — Got the  
 G (G<sub>6</sub>) (G) (G<sub>6</sub>) G (G<sub>6</sub>) (G) (G<sub>6</sub>) G G<sub>7</sub>  
 St. Lou - is blues just as blue as — I — can be. — That —  
 C<sub>(6)</sub> (C<sub>7</sub>) G  
 man got a heart like a rock cast — in the — sea, — Or —  
 A<sub>M</sub><sub>7</sub> D<sub>7</sub> G (D<sub>7</sub>)  
 else he — would - n't have gone — so — far — from — me. —

### Additional Lyrics

2. Been to the Gypsy to get my fortune told,  
 To the Gypsy, to get my fortune told.  
 'Cause I'm most wild about my jelly roll.

Gypsy done told me: "Don't you wear no black."  
 Yes she done told me: "Don't you wear no black,"  
 Go to St. Louis, you can win him back.

Help me to Cairo, make St. Louis by myself,  
 Gone to Cairo, find my old friend Jeff.  
 Goin' to pin myself close to his side,  
 If I flag his train, I sure can ride.

I love that man like a schoolboy loves his pie,  
 Like a Kentucky Colonel loves his mint and rye.  
 I'll love my baby till the day I die.

3. You ought to see that stovepipe brown of mine,  
 Like he owns the diamond Joseph line.  
 He'd make a cross-eyed old man go stone blind.

Blacker than midnight, teeth like flags of truce,  
 Blackest man in the whole St. Louis.  
 Blacker the berry, sweeter is the juice.

About a crap game, he knows a powerful lot,  
 But when work time comes, he's on the dot,  
 Goin' to ask him for a cold ten spot,  
 What it takes to get it, he's certainly got.

A black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track,  
 Said a black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track.  
 But a red-headed woman makes a preacher ball the jack.

# STANDING AROUND CRYING

© 1959 (Renewed 1987) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by

MCKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

## SLOW BLUES

*F* *Bb7* *F*

Oh, ba - by, look how you've got me stand-ing a-round cry - ing.

*F7* *Bb7*

Oh, ba - by, look how you've got me stand-ing a-round

*F* *C7*

cry - ing. I know I don't love you lit - tle girl.

*Bb7* *F*

but you're al - ways rest - ing on my mind. Oh, ba - by,

*Bb7* *F* *F7*

I ain't gon - na be rid - in' you a - round in my au - to - mo - bile.

*Bb7* *F*

Oh, ba - by, I ain't gon - na be rid - in' you a - round in my au - to - mo - bile.

*C7* *Bb7*

You've got so man - y men, that I'm a - fraid - you may get me killed. -

*F* *Bb7*

Oh, ba - by, you ain't noth - in' like you used to be. -

*F* *F7* *Bb7*

Oh, ba - by, you ain't noth - in' like you used to be. -

F C7  
When I was deep in love with you, lit - tle girl.

Bb7 F  
you were just as sweet as an ap - ple on a tree. *(Instrumental)*

## SOMETHING INSIDE ME

Copyright © 1967 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
ELMORE JAMES

### HEARTFELT BALLAD

D7 Ab7 G7  
1. Now, some-thing in-side me that just won't let me be.  
2, 3 *(See additional lyrics)*

D D7 Ab7 G7  
Some-thing in - side me.

D A9/E D/F# Fm6  
that just won't let me be.

A9 G9  
My ba-by's gone and left me,— and my heart's in mis-er -

1. 2. D G7 D7 Bb9 A9 3. D D7 G Gm D7 A7 D7  
y.

### Additional Lyrics

2. I wake up early in the mornin' in my bedroom all alone.  
I wake up early in the mornin' in my bedroom all alone.  
I don't find my baby, and I wonder, I wonder where's she gone?
3. My baby's gone, and I done tired, it's a cryin's shame.  
Yeah, you know I done tried, it's a cryin's shame.  
Ever since she's been gone, you know my life don't feel the same.

# STATESBORO BLUES

Copyright © 1929 by Peer International Corporation  
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Words and Music by  
WILLY McTELL

**MODERATE SHUFFLE**

D7 G7 D7

1., 4. Wake up, ma - ma, turn your lamp down low. —  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

G7 D7

Wake up, ma - ma, turn your lamp down low. — Ya

A7 G7 D7

got no nerve. — ba - by to turn Un - cle John from your door. —

To CODA ⊕  
(LAST TIME)

1. 3 A7 2 A7 D7 G7 D7

(Instrumental)

G7 D7 A7 G7

D7 1 A7 2 A7 D7 n.c.

Well, my ma - ma died and left me, my

(End instrumental)

D7 n.c. D7 n.c.

pa - pa died and left me. I ain't good - look - in', ba - by. but I'm

D7 G7

some - one — sweet and kind. — I'm goin' — to the coun - try,

D7 A7

ba - by, do you wan - na go? —

Spoken: If you can't make it, baby,

G7 D7 A7 D.C. AL CODA (WITH REPEATS) CODA C#13 D#13

Sung: your sis - ter Lu - cille said she wan - na go. — Spoken: Well, I sho' nuff tell ya...

Additional Lyrics

- 2. I woke up this mornin', and I had them Statesboro blues.  
I woke up this mornin', and I had them Statesboro blues.  
Well, I looked over in the corner, baby.  
Your grandpa seem to have them, too.
- 3. I love that woman better than any woman I've ever seen.  
Well, I love that woman better than any woman I've ever seen.  
Well, she treat me like a king, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
I treat her like a doggone queen.

# SPOONFUL

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

MODERATELY E7

It could be a spoon - ful of dia - monds. —  
could be a spoon - ful of cof - fee. — it  
could be a spoon - ful of wa - ter. —

could be a spoon - ful of gold, just a lit - tle spoon of your  
could be a spoon - ful of tea. But a lit - tle spoon of your  
saved from the des - ert — sand. But one spoon of luck from my

pre - cious love, — sat - is - fy — my soul. — Men  
pre - cious love, — is — good e - nough for me. — Men  
lit - tle for - ty - five, save — from a - noth - er man. —

lie — a - bout a - lit - tle, some men cries — a - bout a,  
lie — a - bout that. Some of them dies — a - bout that.

some of ('em) dies — a - bout a lit - tle, ev -  
Some of them cries — a - bout that. But

- 'ry - thing fight a - bout (a) spoon - ful, — that spoon, that spoon, that  
ev - 'ry - body fight a - bout that spoon - ful, — that spoon, that spoon, that

1. 2. 3.  
spoon - ful. — It  
spoon - ful. — It

# STEAMROLLER

(Steamroller Blues)

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Words and Music by  
JAMES TAYLOR

MODERATE BLUES (IN 4)

G G6 G G6 C7 C6 C7 C6 4

I'm a steam - roll - er, ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm bound to roll \_\_\_\_\_ all o - ver  
steam - roll - er, ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm bound to roll \_\_\_\_\_ all o - ver

G G6 G G6 G G6 G G6 C7 C6 C7 C6

you, I'm a steam - roll - er, ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_  
you, I'm a steam - roll - er, ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_

C7 C6 C7 C6 4 G G6 G G6 G G6 G G6

I'm bound to roll \_\_\_\_\_ all o - ver you. I'm gon - na in -  
I'm bound to roll \_\_\_\_\_ all o - ver you. I'm gon - na in -

D7 C7 C6 C7 C6 G

ject your soul \_\_\_\_\_ with sweet rock and roll. Hum. \_\_\_\_\_  
ject your soul \_\_\_\_\_ with sweet rock and roll and shoot you full of rhy - thm and

D7 G G6 G G6 C7 C6 C7 C6

blues. I'm a ce - ment mix - er. a churn - in' urn \_\_\_\_\_ of burn - in' funk. \_\_\_\_\_  
I'm a na - palm bomb, just guar - an - teed \_\_\_\_\_ to blow your mind. \_\_\_\_\_

G G6 G G6 G G6 G G6 C7 C6 C7 C6

I'm a ce - ment mix - er.  
I'm a na - palm bomb,

C7 C6 C7 C6 G G6 G G6 G G6 G G6

a churn - in' urn \_\_\_\_\_ of burn - in' funk. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm a  
just guar - an - teed \_\_\_\_\_ to blow your mind. \_\_\_\_\_ If I can't



dem - o - li - tion der - by, — a heft - y hunk - of steam - in' junk.  
 have your love now, ba - by, — there won't be noth - ing left be -

*I'm a hind.. (Instrumental)*

## SUGAR BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words by LUCY FLETCHER  
 Music by CLARENCE WILLIAMS

### MODERATE BLUES

Su - gar Blues, — ev - 'ry - bod - y's sing - ing the Su - gar Blues. — The  
 whole town is ring - ing. { My lov - in' man's — sweet as he can be, — but the  
 I love my cof - fee. I love my tea. — but the  
 dog - gone fool turned sou - r on me. — { I'm so un - hap - py. I  
 dog - gone cream turned sou - r on me. — }  
 feel so bad — I could lay me down and die. You can say what you choose but I'm  
 all con - fused. I've got the sweet, sweet Su - gar Blues, more su - gar. I've  
 got the sweet, sweet Su - gar Blues. — I've got the Blues. —



# STORMY WEATHER

(Keeps Rainin' All the Time)

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Lyric by TED KOEHLER  
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

**SLOW BLUES**

Don't know why there's no sun up in the sky, storm-y weath-er.  
bare. gloom and mis-'ry ev-'ry-where, storm-y weath-er.

Since my <sup>man</sup>gal and I ain't to- geth- er, keeps rain- in' all the  
Just can't get my poor self to- geth- er, I'm wear- y all the

time. Life is time, the time.

So wear- y all the time. When <sup>he</sup>she went a- way the blues walked

in and met me. If <sup>he</sup>she stays a- way old rock- in' chair will get me.

All I do is pray the Lord a- bove will let me walk in the sun once

more. Can't go on, ev-'ry- thing I had is gone, storm-y weath-er.

Since my <sup>man</sup>gal and I ain't to- geth- er, keeps rain- in' all the

time. Keeps rain- in' all the time.

Chords: G, G#DIM7, Am7, D9, G, E7, Am7, D9, G, E7, Am7, D7#5(b9), G, C, G, Bm7, E7, Am7, D7b9, G, Dm7, G7, CMAJ7, G/B, Am7, GMAJ7, CMAJ7, G/B, Am7, GMAJ7, C, C#DIM7, G/D, E7, Am7, B7, Em7, A7, Am7, D7, G, G#DIM7, Am7, D9, G, E7, Am7, D7#5(b9), G, Am7, AbMAJ7, GMAJ7, C, G6

# STILL A FOOL

© 1959 (Renewed 1987) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by  
McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**MODERATELY**  $\frac{3}{4}$   $F_7$

Well, now, there's two, zy. there's two trains run-nin':  
Yes, I been a fool.

well, ain't not one, ho. going my way. Well now, one-  
I been cra-zy, oh. all of my life. Well, I done

run at mid-night and the oth-er one run-nin' just 'fore day,  
fell in love with- her, with an-oth-er man's wife.

a run-nin' just 'fore day, with an-oth-er man's wife,  
It's run-nin' just 'fore day, with an-oth-er man's wife.

oh, Lord. Sure 'nough then.- Oh well.  
Oh, Lord. Sure 'nough I done. Oh well. Oh well.

Hmm. Long. she's ho ho. so long and tall,

Some-bod-y help me, ho. with these blues.—  
'til she weeps like a wil-low tree.

Well now, she's the one I'm lov-in'. She the one  
Well now, then say she's no good, but, she's all right.

I do hate to lose, I do hate to lose, To CODA ⊕

I do hate to lose.— Oh Lord,— sure e-nough I do.

Oh well.— I been cra- She's all right with me.

She's all right. She's all right. She's all right. She's all right.

*⊕ CODA*  
*D.S. AL CODA*  
**DOUBLE TIME FEEL**

# SWEET HOME CHICAGO

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
**ROBERT JOHNSON**

**MEDIUM BLUES** E7 A7 E7 3

1. Oh, \_\_\_\_\_ ba - by don't you want to go. \_\_\_\_\_  
 2-5 (See additional lyrics)

Oh, \_\_\_\_\_ ba - by don't you want \_\_\_\_\_ to

go. \_\_\_\_\_ Back to the land \_\_\_\_\_ of Cal - i - for - nia. \_\_\_\_\_ to my

sweet home Chi - ca - go. \_\_\_\_\_ Now,

## Additional Lyrics

2. Now, one and one is two, two and two is four.  
 I'm heavy loaded, baby, I'm booked, I gotta go.  
 Cryin' baby, honey, don't you want to go.  
 Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chicago.
3. Now, two and two is four, four and two is six.  
 You gon' keep on monkeyin' 'round here, friend-boy,  
 You gon' get your business all in a trick.  
 I'm cryin' baby, honey, don't you want to go.  
 Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chicago.
4. Now, six and two is eight, eight and two is ten.  
 Friend-boy, she trick you one time, sure she gon' do it again.  
 I'm cryin' hey, hey, baby, don't you want to go.  
 To the land of California, to my sweet home Chicago.
5. I'm goin' to California, from there to Des Moines, Iowa.  
 Somebody will tell me that you need my help someday.  
 Cryin' hey, hey, baby, don't you want to go.  
 Back to the land of California, to my sweet home Chicago.

# STILL GOT THE BLUES

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Words and Music by  
GARY MOORE

**SLOW BLUES**

*D<sub>M7</sub>* *D<sub>M7</sub>/G* *C<sub>MAJ7</sub>* *F<sub>MAJ7</sub>*

Used to be so ea - sy ——— to give my heart a - way. —  
I found out love ——— was no ——— friend of mine.  
Used to be so ea - sy ——— to fall in love a - gain. —  
But I found that love ——— was more than just a game —

*B<sub>M7b5</sub>* *E<sub>7</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>*

But I found out the hard way. there's a price ——— you have to pay. —  
But I ——— should've  
But I found out the hard way. it's a road ——— that leads to pain. —  
you're play - in'

*B<sub>M7b5</sub>* *E<sub>7</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *E<sub>M</sub>*

known to win. but you'll lose ——— time ——— af - ter time. } So ——— long. ——— it was  
just the same. }

*A<sub>M</sub>* *D<sub>9</sub>* *F<sub>9</sub>*

so ——— long a - go. — but I've still ——— got the blues ——— for — you. ———

*B<sub>M7</sub>* *B<sub>M</sub>/E* *A<sub>M</sub>* *B<sub>M7</sub>*

So man - y years since I've seen your face. ——— but here in my —

*B<sub>M</sub>/E* *F<sub>MAJ7</sub>* *E<sub>M7</sub>* *N.C.* *A<sub>M</sub>*

heart ——— there's an emp - ty space ——— you used to be. So ———

*E<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *D<sub>9</sub>* *E<sub>9</sub>*

long. ——— it was so ——— long a - go. — but I've still ——— got the

blues — for you. ——— Though the days — come and go — there is

one — thing I know, — I've still — got the blues for you.

# T-BONE SHUFFLE

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Words and Music by  
T-BONE WALKER

**BOOGIE WOOGIE FEEL** (♩ =  $\overline{\overline{\overline{\text{J}}\text{J}}}$ )

1. Let your hair down ba - by and let's have a nat-'ral ball. ———  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

Let your hair down ba-by, let's have a nat-'ral ball. ———

'Cause when your not hap-py, it ain't no fun at all. ———

## Additional Lyrics

2. You can't take it with you, that's one thing for sure.  
You can't take it with you, that's one thing for sure.  
There's nothing wrong with you that a good chunk of boogie won't cure.
3. Have your fun while you can, fate's an awful thing.  
Have your fun while you can, fate's an awful thing.  
You can't tell what might happen, that's why I love to sing.

# SUN'S GONNA SHINE IN MY DOOR

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by  
BIG BILL BROONZY

## MODERATELY SLOW BLUES

Just sit-tin' here hun - gry, ain't got a dime. Looks like my  
 friends would come to see me some time, But it won't mat - ter how it hap -  
 pens, the sun gon-na shine in my door - some day. When I was in  
 jail, ex-pect-in' a fine, when I went be-fore that judge not a friend could I  
 find. But it won't mat - ter how it hap - pens, the sun gon-na  
 shine in my door - some day. I lost my fa - ther, lost broth - er  
 too. That's why you hear me sing-in', I'm lone - some and blue. But it won't  
 mat - ter how it hap - pens, the sun gon-na shine in my door - some day.

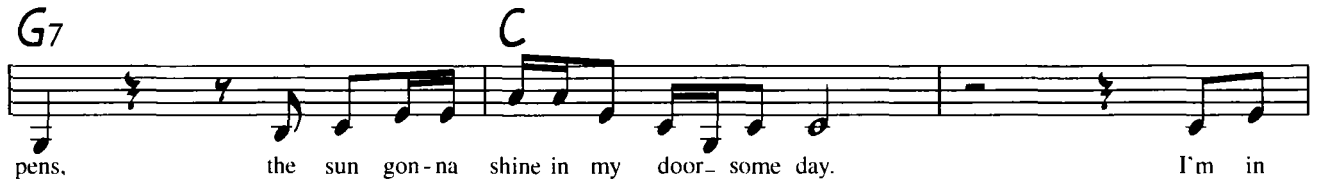




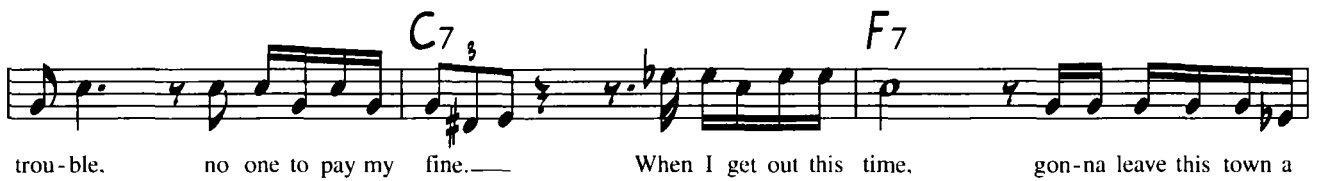
Lawd - y, Lawd - y, Lawd - y, Lawd.— I used to be your



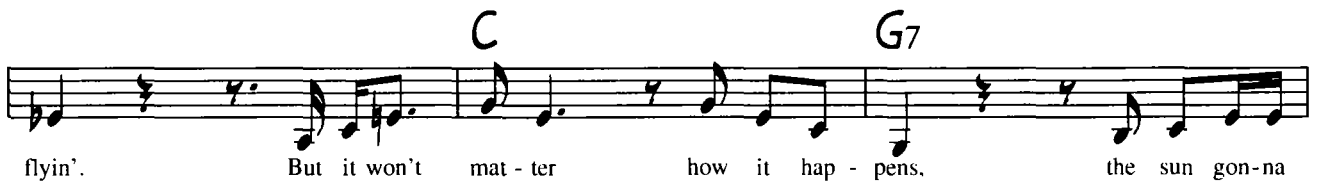
reg - 'lar. now I got to be your dog. But it won't mat - ter how it hap -



pens, the sun gon-na shine in my door- some day. I'm in



trou-ble. no one to pay my fine.— When I get out this time, gon-na leave this town a




flyin'. But it won't mat - ter how it hap - pens, the sun gon-na



shine in my door- some day. I was with my bud - dy thru thick and thin.



— My bud-dy got a - way, and I got in. But it won't



mat-ter how it hap - pens, the sun gon-na shine in my door- some day.—

# TAIN'T NOBODY'S BIZ-NESS IF I DO

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Words and Music by PORTER GRAINGER  
and EVERETT ROBBINS

## MODERATE BLUES

There ain't noth - in' I can do, nor noth - in' I can say,  
Af - ter all the way to do is do just as you please.

that folks don't crit - i - cize me. But I'm gon - na  
re - gard - less of their talk in'. Oft - en - times the

do just as I want to an - y - way. I don't care  
ones that talk will get down on their knees, and beg your

if they all de - spise me. If I should take a no - tion  
par - don for their squawk in'. If I dis - like my lov - er

to jump in to the o - cean, } 'tain't no - bod - y's  
and leave her for an - oth - er, }

biz - ness - if I do. } Rath - er than per - se - cute me,  
If I go to church on Sun - day,

I choose that you would shoot me. } 'Tain't no - bod - y's biz - ness if I  
then cab - a - ret on Mon - day, }

do. } If I should get the feel - in' to dance up -  
If my friend ain't got no mon - ey and I say

Musical score for the first system of 'Tail Dragger'. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb). The notes are: Eb, E, Bb, Bb, F, Bb, G. Chords above are Eb, E DIM, Bb, Bb DIM, F7, Bb, G7. Lyrics: on the ceil-in', 'Tain't no-bod-y's biz-ness if I do. "take all mine hon-ey." } If I let give my best com-pan-ion drive me right If I give her my last nick-el and it leaves in-to the can-yon, 'tain't no-bod-y's biz-ness if I me in a pick-le. }

Musical score for the second system of 'Tail Dragger'. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb). The notes are: C, F#, Bb, D, G, Bb. Chords above are C7, F#5, Bb DIM, Bb, D7, Gm, Bb7. Lyrics: } If I let give my best com-pan-ion drive me right If I give her my last nick-el and it leaves in-to the can-yon, 'tain't no-bod-y's biz-ness if I me in a pick-le. }

Musical score for the third system of 'Tail Dragger'. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb). The notes are: Bb, Bb7, Bb DIM, Eb, Bb, Gb7, F7. Chords above are Eb, E DIM, Bb, Bb DIM, F7. Lyrics: in-to the can-yon, 'tain't no-bod-y's biz-ness if I me in a pick-le. }

Musical score for the fourth system of 'Tail Dragger'. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb). The notes are: Bb, Bb7, Eb6, Gb7, Bb, F#5, Bb. Chords above are Bb, Bb7, Bb DIM, Ebm6, Bb, Gb7, F7. Lyrics: do. do.

## TAIL DRAGGER

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Written by WILLIE DIXON

Musical score for 'Tail Dragger' starting with 'MEDIUM BEAT'. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The notes are: C, F7, C. Chords above are C, F7, C. Lyrics: I'm a tail drag-ger, I'm wide 'bout my tracks. When I get what I want, I don't come-sneak-in' back. The might-y wolf mak-in' a mid-night creep, the hun-ters The 'cu-da drags his tail in the sand, the fish wig-gles they can't find him. Steal-in' sheep ev-'ry-where he goes, his tail in the wa-ter. When the might-y wolf comes a-long drag-gin' his tail, and drag-gin' his tail be-hind him. I'm a he has stole some-bod-y's dog. I'm a

Musical score for the end of 'Tail Dragger'. It consists of one staff of music. The notes are: C. Chords above are C. Lyrics: I'm a I'm a

D.S. AL FINE  
(2ND TIME)

# TAKE IT EASY BABY

Copyright © 1966 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

MODERATELY SLOW BLUES

**A**

Take it eas - y, ba - by, so I can get a-long with you. —

**D**

Take it eas - y, ba - by, I might get a-long with

**A** **E7**

you. — { The life you're try - in' to live, —  
I'm so a - fraid dar - lin', —

**D7** **A** **To CODA** ⊕

you know I don't ap - prove... } Lit - tle  
some - thin' might hap - pen to you. — }

**A**

girl if you — take it eas - y, let me make you un - der - stand.

You ain't noth-in' but a fe - male, and God knows I'm a man. Take it eas - y,

**D** **A**

ba - by, that's all I want to do.

**E7** **D7**

I love you, dar - lin', I'm a - fraid - some - thin' bad — might hap - pen to you.

**A**

I will fix your break - fast, and I'll bring it to your bed. —

**D.S. AL CODA** ⊕ **CODA**

Lit - tle girl I'll brush your teeth, take the time and comb - your hair.

# THAT'S NO WAY TO GET ALONG

Copyright © 1969 (Renewed 1997) Wynwood Music Co., Inc.

Words and Music by  
Rev. ROBERT WILKINS

**MODERATELY** *D7*

1. I'm go - in' home.- friends, sit down, and tell— my,— my  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

*G7* *D*

ma - ma.— my ma - ma.— Friends, sit down and tell my ma. I'm

*G* *D* *G*

go - in' home, sit— down, tell my ma.— I'm go - in' home.-

*D* *G*

sit down, tell my ma.— And that's no

*Ab/C* *A/C#* *D* *1-5* *6*

way to get a - long.— These

## Additional Lyrics

2. These low down women, mama, they treated your, aw, poor son wrong.  
Mama, treated me wrong.  
These low down women, mama, treated your poor son wrong.  
These low down women, mama, treated your poor son wrong.  
And that's no way to get along.
3. They treated me like my poor heart was made of rock or stone.  
Mama, made of a rock or stone.  
Treated me like my poor heart was made of rock or stone.  
Treated me like my poor heart was made of rock or stone.  
And that's no way to get along.
4. You know, that was enough, mama, to make your son wished he's dead and gone.  
Mama, wished I's dead and gone.  
That's enough to make your son, mama, wished he's dead and gone.  
That's enough to make your son, mama, wished he's dead and gone.  
'Cause that's no way to get along.
5. I stood on the roadside, I cried alone, all by myself.  
I cried alone by myself.  
I stood on the roadside, I cried alone by myself.  
I stood on the roadside, I cried alone by myself.  
Cryin', "that's no way to get along."
6. I's wantin' some train, for some train, to come along and take me away from here.  
Friends, take me away from here.  
Some train to come along and take me away from here.  
Some train to come along and take me away from here.  
And that's no way for me to get along.

# TERRAPLANE BLUES

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Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**MODERATELY**  $\frac{3}{8}$  **A7**

1. And I feel so lone - some, you hear me when I moan. \_\_\_\_\_  
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

**D7**

And I feel so lone - some, you hear me when I moan. \_\_\_\_\_

**A7** **N.C.** **To CODA**  $\oplus$

Who been driv - in' my ter - ra - plane

**A7** 1. 2. 3. 5

for you since I been gone? \_\_\_\_\_

4 **N.C.** **A7**

Now ya know the coils \_\_\_\_\_ ain't e - ven burn - ing, lit - tle

gen - er - a - tor won't get the spark. All's in a bad con - di - tion, you got - ta have -

**D7**

\_\_\_\_\_ these batt - 'ries charged. - I'm cry - in' please, \_\_\_\_\_

**A7**

please! \_\_\_\_\_ Don't do me wrong! - \_\_\_\_\_ Who been

**N.C.** **A7** **D.S. AL CODA**

driv - in' my ter - ra - plane for you since I been gone? \_\_\_\_\_

⊕ CODA

A A7 A6 A+ A

and your spark-plug 'll give-me fire.——

Additional Lyrics

2. I'd said I flash your light, mama, your horn won't even blow.  
(Spoken: Somebody's been runnin' my batteries down on this machine.)  
I even flash my lights, mama, this horn won't even blow.  
Got a short in this connection, hoo-well, babe, it's way down below.
3. I'm 'on' h'ist your hood, mama, I'm bound to check your oil.  
I'm gon' h'ist your hood, mama, mmm, I'm bound to check your oil.  
I got a woman that I'm lovin' way down in Arkansas.
4. Mr. Highwayman, please don't block the road,  
Please don't block the road  
'Cause she's re'ist'rin' a cold one hundred,  
and I'm booked and I got to go.
5. Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm,  
You, you hear me weep and moan.  
Who been drivin' my Terraplane now for you-hoo since I been gone?
6. I'm 'on' get deep down in this connection, keep on tanglin' with your wires.  
I'm 'on' get deep down in this connection, hoo-well, keep on tanglin' with your wires.  
And when I mash down on your little starter,  
And your sparkplug 'll give me fire.

TEXAS FLOOD

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Words and Music by LARRY C. DAVIS  
and JOSEPH W. SCOTT

MODERATE BLUES C7 F7 C

Well, it's flood-ing down in Tex - as,—— all the tel - e - phone lines are down,——  
dark clouds are roll - ing,—— Man, I'm stand-ing out here in the rain,——  
I'm leav - ing you, ba - by,—— Lord, I'm go - ing back home to stay,——

C7 F7

— Well, it's flood-ing down in Tex - as,—— and all the tel - e - phone lines are  
— Well,—— dark clouds are roll - ing,—— Man, I'm stand-ing out here in the  
— Well, I'm leav - ing you, ba - by,—— Lord, I'm com-ing back home to

C7 G7

down,—— Well, I been try - ing to call my ba - by,  
rain,—— Well, flood wa - ters keep on roll - ing.  
stay,—— Well, where there's no—— floods and tor - na - dos.

F7 C7

but I can't get a sin - gle sound,—— Well,  
Man, it's a - bout to drive me in - sane,—— Well,  
Ba - by, and the sun shines ev - 'ry day,——

1. 2. 3. Dm7 G7 G7#5 C

# THAT'S ALRIGHT

© 1989 KING OF BOOGIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by JOHN LEE HOOKER

**SLOWLY**

*E<sub>m</sub>7*

Hm. hm.— Lord.— Lord.— Lord.— Lord.—

that's al - right.— babe.——

That's al - right.—— That's al - right. babe.——

I know'd you done me wrong, ba - by.—— but that's al - right.——

As the years go pass - ing by.——

I keep on lov - ing you, ba - by.

Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord.— I keep on lov-in' you, ba - by.

Mm, hm.— You done me wrong, ba - by,

but I for-give you, ba - by. You, you, you done me wrong, ba-by,done me wrong, ba -

- by. But I, I, I for-give you, for-give you.—

Now come home, come home, come home, come on back home to me, ba - by.





That's al-right, ba - by, that's al - right, that's al - right.



Look now peo-ple, when you love a wom-an, you know she's do-ing you wrong.



But love is blind,- love is blind, love is blind. Used, used, used,



you know you been, you know you been used. But that's al-right, that's al - right, ba - by.



Mm.—— Lord.—— Lord,- Lord,- Lord,- Lord.——



That's al - right, ba-by, that's al-right. You- did me wrong- babe,——



—— did me wrong, but I'll keep on lov-in' you.—— Keep on,——



keep on,—— keep on,—— keep on.—— As the years, years go pass-in' by, pass-in' by.



babe, babe,- babe, ba - by,—— As the years-



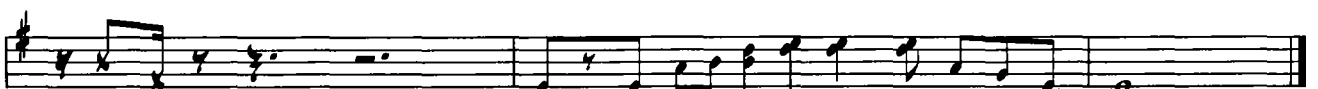
go pass - in' by, I love—— you, I love you



more and more. Hm.——



But that's al - right,—— that's al-right, that's al-right, that's al-right.



Thank you.

(Instrumental)



# THAT'S ALL RIGHT

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Words and Music by  
 ARTHUR CRUDUP

**MODERATELY BRIGHT BLUES**

**E<sub>b</sub>**

1. Well, that's all right, — ma - ma, that's all right for  
 2. My ma - ma, she done told me, pa - pa done told me

3, 4 (See additional lyrics)

you. That's all right, — ma - ma, just — an - y way you  
 too, Son, that gal you're fool - in' with, she ain't no good for

**A<sub>b</sub>7** **E<sub>b</sub>**

do. you, but { That's all right, that's all right. — That's all

**B<sub>b</sub>7**

right, — ma - ma. — an - y way you —

**E<sub>b</sub>** **A<sub>b</sub>7** **E<sub>b</sub>** **A<sub>b</sub>7** **E<sub>b</sub>** **E<sub>b</sub>** **E<sub>b</sub>**

do. — My I'm I

**Additional Lyrics**

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3. I'm leavin' town tomorrow, leavin' town for sure,<br/>             Then you won't be bothered with me hangin' 'round your door.<br/>             But that's all right, that's all right.<br/>             That's all right, mama, any way you do.</p> | <p>4. I oughta mind my papa, guess I'm not too smart.<br/>             If I was I'd leave you, go before you break my heart,<br/>             But that's all right, that's all right.<br/>             That's all right, mama, any way you do.</p> |
|---|--|

# THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE

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By MERCER ELLINGTON

MODERATELY

*E<sub>b</sub>7*

Got so wear-y of be - in' noth - in', — felt so drear-y just do - in' noth -  
No use be - in' a doubt - in' Thom - as, — no ig - nor - in' that ros - y prom -

*A<sub>b</sub>7* *A<sub>b</sub>m7*

- in', — did - n't care ev - er get - tin' noth - in', felt so low. —  
- ise: — now I know there's a hap - py sto - ry yet to come. —

*E<sub>b</sub>7* *F<sub>M</sub>7*

— Now my eyes on the far ho - ri - zon can see a glow - an -  
— It's the dawn of the day of glo - ry: mil - len - ni - um. — I

To CODA ⊕ *B<sub>b</sub>7* *E<sub>b</sub>7* *F<sub>M</sub>7* *B<sub>b</sub>7*

noun - cin' things ain't what they used to be. — Look at that  
tell you things ain't what they used to be. —

*E<sub>b</sub>7*

ar - my — fight - in' to be free. It does - n't bar me! —

*A<sub>b</sub>7*

Shows me how to go with my head up; — eyes ain't look - in' low. Don't feel

*E<sub>b</sub>7* *F<sub>M</sub>7*

fed up. — that's how come I see a vic - to - ry: — be -

D.C. AL CODA ⊕ CODA *B<sub>b</sub>7* *E<sub>b</sub>7* *F<sub>M</sub>7* *B<sub>b</sub>7* *E<sub>b</sub>7*

lieve me things ain't what they used to be. —

# THEY'RE RED HOT

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**VERY FAST**

C B A7 D7 G7 C



Hot ta - ma - les, they're red hot! Yeah, she got 'em for sale. Hey!

B A7 D7 G7



Hot, hot, they're red hot, ah, she's got 'em for sale.

C F/A



1. I got a girl, says she's long and tall, sleeps in the kitch-en with her

2 You know the mon - key, now the baboon playin' in the grass, well, the mon-key stuck his fin - ger in that  
3, 4 (See additional lyrics)

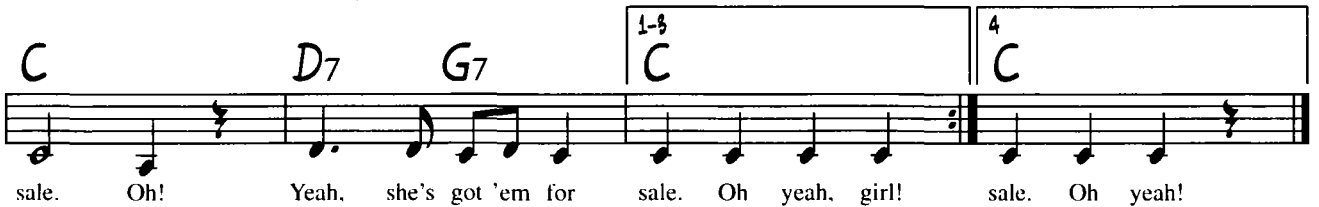
F<sub>M</sub>/A<sub>b</sub> C B A7 D7 G7



feet in the hall. Hey!  
old "Good Gulf gas." Hey!

Hot ta - ma - les, they're red hot, ah, she's got 'em for

C D7 G7 C C



sale. Oh! Yeah, she's got 'em for sale. Oh yeah, girl! sale. Oh yeah!

### Additional Lyrics

- 3. She got two for a nickel, got four for a dime,  
Would sell you more, but they ain't none of mine.
- 4. I'm 'onna upset your backbone, put your kidneys to sleep out,  
I'll due to break 'way your liver an' dare your heart to beat 'bout.

# THREE HOURS PAST MIDNIGHT

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Words and Music by JOHNNY WATSON  
and SAM LING

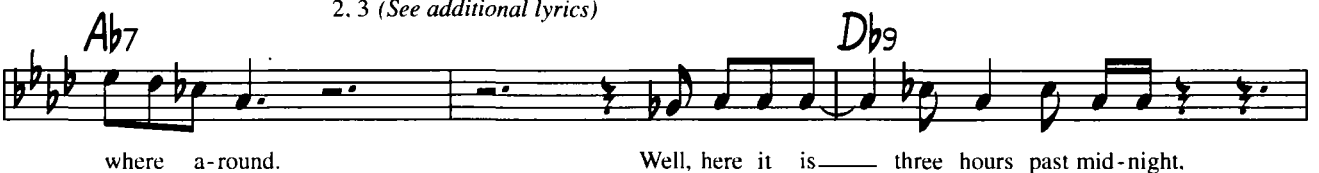
**MODERATELY** (♩ =  $\overline{\overline{\overline{\text{J}^3\text{J}}}}$ )

A<sub>b</sub>7 D<sub>b</sub>9




1. Here it is three hours past mid-night, and my ba - by's no -

A<sub>b</sub>7 D<sub>b</sub>9



where a-round. Well, here it is three hours past mid-night.

A<sub>b</sub>



and my ba - by's no-where 'round. Well. I

lis-ten so hard to hear her foot-steps, and I ain't e - ven- heard a sound.

Yes, I tossed— sat - is - fied.

Additional Lyrics

2. Yes, I tossed and tumbled on my pillow, but I just can't close eyes.  
Yes, I tossed and tumbled on my pillow, but I just can't close eyes.  
If my baby don't come back pretty quick, yes I just can't be satisfied.
3. Well, I want my baby, I want her by my side.  
Well, I want my baby, I want her by my side.  
Well, if she don't come home pretty soon, yes I just can't be satisfied.

# THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF JOY

© 1963 (Renewed 1991) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MODERATELY G**

Well, all you birds think the day has gone, you  
been grinnin' and hid-in' be-hind his back, and  
Hoy— hoy— I'm your boy, I

don't have to wor - ry, you can have your fun.— Take me, ba - by, for  
you got your man— that— you don't like.— Throw that cat, ba-by.  
got three hun-dred pounds of heaven - ly joy.— I'm so glad— that you

your lit - tle boy— you're get - tin' three hun-dred pounds of  
out of your mind.— fol - low me, ba - by, and  
un - der - stand.— I'm three hun-dred pounds of

heav - en - ly joy.— }  
have a good time.— } Well, this is it, this is  
a love - ly boy.— }

it, look what you're get - tin'. You've

# THIS PAIN IN MY HEART

© 1956 (Renewed 1984) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SLOWLY**

This pain in my heart, some-times it's cruel, it makes me  
hap - py, some-times I am a fool. This pain in my heart is  
on - ly here for you. This pain in my  
heart, it makes me sigh. Some-times I'm laugh-ing, a - gain, it makes me  
cry. This pain in my heart, it makes you my de -  
sire. Oh ba - by,  
you know it's true. Deep down in my heart, dear there's  
on - ly love for you. This pain in my heart, it drives me  
mad. Some-times I feel so good, a - gain. I feel so bad. This pain in my  
heart, the worst I've ev - er had.

# THREE O'CLOCK BLUES

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Words and Music by B.B. KING  
and JULES BIHARI

MODERATELY

1. Now, here it is, three o' - clock — in the morn - ing. —  
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

and I can't e - ven close my — eyes. —

Oh yes, it's three o' - clock in the morn - ing ba - by. —

I — can't e - ven close my eyes. —

Well, I

can't find — my ba - by. — Lord, — and I can't be sat - is - fied. —

I've looked a - round

## Additional Lyrics

2. I've looked around me, people, and my baby knows she can't be found.  
I've looked around me, people, and my baby knows she can't be found.  
Well, you know if I don't find my baby, I'm going down to the Golden Ground.
3. Goodbye everybody, I believe this is the end.  
Goodbye everybody, I believe this is the end.  
I want you to tell my baby to forgive me for my sins.

# TIN ROOF BLUES

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Lyric by WALTER MELROSE  
Music by NEW ORLEANS RHYTHM KINGS

**SLOWLY**  $E_b$   $Bb7$   $Bb7\#5$   $E_b$

I have seen \_\_\_\_\_ the bright lights burn - ing up and down old Broad-

$E_b7$   $A_b$   $A_b7$

way. Seen 'em in gay Ha-van - a, Bir-ming-ham. Al - a-bam - a, and say,—

$E_b$   $E_b_{MAJ7}/G$   $G_b_{DIM7}$   $Bb7$

\_\_\_\_\_ they just can't com - pare with \_\_\_\_\_ my home-town New Or - leans..

$E_b$   $E_b7$   $F_M$   $B7$   $E_b$

\_\_\_\_\_ 'Cause there you'll find the old Tin Roof Ca - fe, —

$E_b7$   $A_b7$

where they play the blues till break of day. — Fas - ci - nat - in' ba - bies

$E_b$   $C7$   $F9$

hang - in' 'round, danc - in' to the mean - est band in town. — Lawd. \_\_\_\_\_

$Bb_M$   $Bb_{13}$   $E_b$   $E_b7$   $E_b_{DIM7}$   $F_M7b5/E_b$   $E_b$   $E_b7$   $F_M$   $B7$

— how they can play the blues. \_\_\_\_\_ And

$E_b$   $E_b7$

when that lead - ers man starts play - in' low, — folks get up and start to



walk it slow.— do a lot of move-ments hard to beat—  
 'til that old floor-man says move your feet.— Lawd,——  
 — I've got those Tin Roof Blues.——

Chords:  $A\flat_7$ ,  $E\flat$ ,  $C_7$ ,  $F_9$ ,  $B\flat_M$ ,  $B\flat_{13}$ ,  $E\flat$ ,  $E\flat_7$ ,  $E\flat_{DIM7}$ ,  $F_M\flat_5/E\flat$ ,  $E\flat$ ,  $B\flat_7$ ,  $E\flat$

## 32-20 BLUES

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**MODERATELY**  $A_7$   $A_{DIM7}$   $A_7$   
 1. I sent— for my ba - by, and she don't come.  
 2-7 (See additional lyrics)  
 $D_7$   $A_7$   
 I sent— for my ba - by, man, and she don't come.  
 $E_7$   $D_7$   
 All the doc - tors in Hot Springs sure— can't help— her none.—  
 1-6  $A$  7  $A$   
 And if—

### Additional Lyrics

2. And if she gets unruly, thinks she don't want do.  
And if she gets unruly, thinks she don't want do.  
Take my 32-20 and cut her half in two.
3. She got a thirty-eight special, but I believe it's most too light.  
She got a thirty-eight special, but I believe it's most too light.  
I got a 32-20, got to make the camps alright.
4. If I send for my baby, man, and she don't come,  
If I send for my baby, man, and she don't come,  
All the doctors in Hot Springs sure can't help her none.
5. I'm gonna shoot my pistol, gonna shoot my Gatlin' gun.  
I'm gonna shoot my pistol, gonna shoot my Gatlin' gun.  
You made me love you, now your man done come.
6. Ah baby, where you stay last night?  
Ah baby, where you stay last night?  
You got your hair all tangles, and you ain't talkin' right.
7. Got a thirty-eight special, boys, it do very well.  
Got a thirty-eight special, boys, it do very well.  
Got a thirty-eight special, boys, it do very well.

## TISHOMINGO BLUES

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By SPENCER WILLIAMS

MODERATELY

Oh Mis - sis - sip - pi,  
To - night I'm pray - in',oh Mis - sis - sip - pi,  
to - night I'm say - in',my heart cries out for  
oh Lord, please bless theyou in sad - ness.  
train that takes meI want to be where  
to Tish - o - min - go.the win - try winds don't  
way down old Dix - ieblow. \_\_\_\_\_  
way. \_\_\_\_\_Down where the south - ern  
where south - ern folks aremoon swings low,  
al - ways gay,that's that's  
where I want to  
why you hear mego. } I'm  
say. }

goin' to Tish - o - min - go,

be - cause I'm sad to - day, \_\_\_\_\_



I wish to lin - ger,

way down old Dix - ie

way. \_\_\_\_\_



Oh, my wea - ry heart cries out in pain, — oh, how I wish that I was



back a - gain —

with a race, —

in a place, —



where they make you wel - come all the time.

Way down in Mis - sis - sip - pi,

a - mong the cy - press trees, they get you dip - py.  
 with their strange mel - o - dies, to re - sist temp -  
 ta - tion, I just can't re - fuse, in Tish - o - min - go  
 I wish to lin - ger, where they play the wea - ry blues. I'm blues.

Chords: C, G, G7, C, B, G, B7, Em, Eb7, G/D, D7, G, D7, G G#dim D/A D, G D7 G

# THE THRILL IS GONE

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Words and Music by ROY HAWKINS  
and RICK DARNELL

## SLOW BLUES

The thrill is gone, the thrill is gone— a - way.  
 The thrill is gone, it's gone a - way— from me;  
 The thrill is gone, it's gone a - way— for good.  
 You know I'm free, free now, baby I'm free— from— your spell.

The thrill is gone— ba - by, the thrill is gone—  
 The thrill is gone— it's gone a - way—  
 The thrill is gone— it's gone a - way—  
 You know I'm free, free now, ba - by. I'm free— from your,

— a - way— You know you done me wrong— ba - by.—  
 — from me.— Al-though I'll still live on.—  
 — for good.— Some-day I'll be o - ver it all, ba-by.—  
 — your spell.— And now that it's— all— o - ver,—

and you'll be sor - ry some - day.—  
 but— so— lone - ly I'll be.—  
 just like I know a good man should.—  
 all I can do— is wish you well.—

Chords: Bm, B7, Em, Bm, GMAJ7, F#7, Em, Bm

# TOBACCO ROAD

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Words and Music by  
 JOHN D. LOUDERMILK

MODERATELY, WITH A BACK BEAT

*C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub>*

I was born— in a dump. Ma - ma died— and  
 Gon - na leave.. get a job, with the help— and

*C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub>*

Dad - dy got drunk. Left me here— to die or grow—  
 the grace from a - bove. Save some mon - ey, get rich I know, -

*C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub>*

in the mid-dle of To - bac - co Road. Wo wo wo. \_\_\_\_\_  
 bring it back— to To - bac - co Road. Wo wo wo. \_\_\_\_\_

*C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub>*

Grew up in— a rust - y shack. All I had was  
 Bring dy - na - mite and a crane.. blow it up, start all

*C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C<sub>M</sub> B<sub>b</sub>*

hang - in' on my back. On - ly you— know how I loathe—  
 o - ver a - gain. Build a town— be proud to show, -

*C<sub>M</sub> F<sub>7</sub>*

this place called To - bac - co Road. But it's home. \_\_\_\_\_ }  
 give the name— To - bac - co Road. But it's home. \_\_\_\_\_ }

*C<sub>7</sub>*

the on - ly life I've— ev - er known. { On - ly you—  
 } I de - spise—

*F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b</sub>*

know how I loathe. {  
 you 'cos you're filth - y. } But I love—

# TOO YOUNG TO DIE

Copyright © 1965 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**MODERATE BLUES**

# THE TIME SEEMS SO LONG

© 1948 (Renewed 1976) LORD AND WALKER PUBLISHING (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by T-BONE WALKER

**SLOWLY**

Ab9 Ab9/C Db9 Ab Ab/Eb

The time seems so long, ba - by, when I'm a - way - from you. —  
I felt so good, ba - by, — when you met — me at the — door. —

Ab Ab7/Eb C7 Db9

The time seems so long, ba - by, when I'm a - way from you. —  
I felt so good, ba - by, — when you met — me at the door. —

Ab Eb7 Ab Cm7/Bb Bm7 Eb7

Ev - 'ry - thing goes wrong  
Lis - ten sweet ma - ma.

Bm7 Eb7 Ab Db9 Ab Eb7 A9

and I don't know what — to do. —  
ain't gon - na wait no — more. —

Ab Db Dbm Ab Abdim Eb7 A9 Ab9 Db9

I'm so hap - py, ba - by, to be by your side.

Ab9 C9

Ain't got no blue feel - in'. Yes, I'm real - ly sat - is - fied. —

Db9 Db9/Ab Db9

I'm — hap - py, ba - by, hap - py as I — can be. —

Ab Bbm7 Ab Ab/C Bdim7 Eb7/Bb Eb7 E7

Know - ing you're my ba - by

Eb7 Ab A9 Ab9

and you suit me to — a "t." —

# TRAVELING RIVERSIDE BLUES

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
ROBERT JOHNSON

**SLOW BLUES**

1. If your man— gets per - son - al, want to have your fun.—  
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

If your man— gets per - son - al, want to have your fun.—

Just come on back to Friar's Point, ma - ma, and

bar - rel - house all night long.— I got wom -

## Additional Lyrics

2. I got women in Vicksburg, clean on into Tennessee.  
I got women in Vicksburg, clean on into Tennessee.  
But my Friar's Point rider, now, hops all over me.
3. I ain't gon' to state no color, but her front teeth crowned with gold.  
I ain't gon' to state no color, but her front teeth crowned with gold.  
She got a mortgage on my body, now, and a lien on my soul.
4. Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my side.  
Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my side.  
We can still barrelhouse, baby, 'cause it's on the river side.
5. Now you can squeeze my lemon till the juice run down my...  
(Spoken: Till the juice run down my leg, baby, you know what I'm talkin' 'bout.)  
You can squeeze my lemon till the juice run down my leg.  
But I'm goin' back to Friar's Point, if I be rockin' to my head.

## TOLLIN' BELLS

© 1956 (Renewed 1984) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SLOWLY**

Well, the big bell's toll - in' and trou-ble's been here and  
gone. Well, the big bell's toll - in',  
and trou-ble's been here and gone. And he done  
took my ba - by and left me all a - lone. Well, my  
heart hangs heav - y when the sun starts sink - ing low.  
Well, my heart hangs heav - y when the sun starts sink - ing  
low. It put my soul on a won - der.  
Which way did my ba - by go? Well, I  
heard the loud sing - in' and saw the slow march - in'. I watched the dirt throw - in',



*Bb7* *Eb7*  
 but there was no dodg-in' these tears in my eyes. They keep on stream-in'  
*Bb* *F7*  
 down. I keep look-in' for my ba-by.  
*Eb7* *Bb*  
 but I know she can't be found.

# TRYING TO GET BACK ON MY FEET

Copyright © 1963 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**MODERATELY** *E*  
 I'm try-in' to get back on my feet a-gain. I'm  
 try-in' to get on my feet just one more time. I'm  
*A7* *E*  
 try-in' to get back on my feet a-gain. If I  
 try-in' to get on my feet just one more time. If I  
*B7* *A7*  
 ev-er get my hands on a dol-lar a-gain, I'm gon-na hold it. Hold it, hold it till the ea-gle  
 ev-er get my hands on a dol-lar a-gain, I'm gon-na hold that mon-ey. Hold that mon-ey, nobody else  
*E*  
 grins. I'm  
 gonna get me down.

## TROUBLE IN MIND

Words and Music by  
RICHARD M. JONES© Copyright 1926, 1937 by MCA MUSIC PUBLISHING, A Division of UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, INC.  
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**SLOW BLUES**

Trou-ble in mind, I'm blue. But I won't be blue al - ways, for the  
sun will shine- in my back door some - day. Trou - ble in  
mind, that's true, I have al - most lost my mind. Life  
ain't worth liv - in' feel like I could die. I'm gon - na  
lay my head on some lone - some rail - road line. Let the  
lone at mid - night, and my lamp is burn - ing low. Nev - er  
down to the riv - er, take a - long my rock - ing chair. And if the  
two nine - teen train ease my trou - bled mind.  
had so much trou - ble in my life be - fore.  
blues don't leave me, I'll rock on a - way from there.  
Trou - ble in mind. I am blue, my  
I'm gon - na lay oh, trou - ble. on that  
Well, trou - ble.  
poor heart is beat - in' slow. Nev - er had no trou - ble  
lone - some rail - road track. But when I hear that whis - tle,  
trou - ble on my wor - ried mind. When you see me laugh - in',  
in my life be - fore. I'm all a -  
Lord, I'm gon - na pull it back. I'm go - ing  
I'm laugh - in' just to keep from cry - in'.

# TROUBLE NO MORE

(Someday Baby)

© 1955 (Renewed 1983) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by

McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

MODERATELY BRIGHT 4

I don't care how long you're gone.—  
bod - y

I don't care how long you stay.  
in your neigh - bor - hood

But, good kind treat-ment  
that you're the sweet little girl,—

is gon - na bring you home some - day. }  
but you don't mean me no good. }

But, some - day, ba - by, you ain't go'n' trou - ble poor me — an - y -

more.

} You just keep on bet-tin' that the dice won't  
Well, I know you're leav-in', well, you call that

pass. Well, you know— dar - lin', you are liv-in' too fast. }  
gone. Well, with-out love you can't stay 'lone. }

But some - day, ba - by, you ain't go'n' trou - ble poor me — an - y -

more.

I'm gon - na tell ev - 'ry - Well, good - bye,

ba - by, come on, shake my hand.— I don't want no

wom - an, you can have a man.— But, some - day,

ba - by, you ain't go'n' trou - ble poor me — an - y - more.

# TUPELO

(Tupelo Blues)

Copyright © 1963, 1968 (Renewed) by Conrad Music, a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**SLOW BLUES**  
(THIS MELODY CONTINUES UNDER NARRATION.)  $E_b M$

(INSTRUMENTAL)

### Narration

Did you hear about the flood? It happened long time ago,  
A little country town way back in Mississippi.  
It rained and it rained, it rained both night and day.  
The poor people got worried, they began to cry.  
"Lord have mercy, where can we go now?"  
There were womaen and there was children screaming and crying.  
"Lord have mercy and a great disaster, who can we turn to now, but you?"  
The great flood of Tupelo, Mississippi.  
It happened one evening, one Friday evening a long time ago,  
It rained and it started raining.  
The people of Tupelo, out on the farm gathering their harvest,  
A dark cloud rolled back in Tulepo, Mississippi. Hm, hm

(AFTER NARRATION.)  $E_b M$

Was - n't that a might - y time, was - n't that a might - y  
time? It rained both night and day, the  
poor peo-ple had no place to go. Hm hm, in a lit - tle town,  
called Tu - pe - lo. (Instrumental) **REPEAT AND FADE**

# TWENTY NINE WAYS TO MY BABY'S DOOR

© 1956 (Renewed 1984) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MEDIUM BEAT**  $C$

I got twen - ty-nine ways to make it to my ba - by's door, —  
I got twen - ty-nine ways to make it to my ba - by's door, —  
And if she needs me bad - ly, I can find a - bout two or three more. —

$F_7$   $C$   
 $D_{M7}$   $G_7$  **TO CODA**  $C$

(STOP-TIME) C<sub>6</sub>

I can come through the base - ment, I can tip down the hall. When the  
I can come down the chim - ney like— San - ta Claus.— I can  
I can go through the front and I can slip through the back. I got a

go - in' gets tough, I got a hole in the wall. I got  
go— through the win - dow and— that ain't all.— I got  
whole loose board— where I can

lots of good ways— I don't want you to know.— I e - ven can come up through the

bed - room floor. I got go through the crack. I got

D.S. AL CODA ⊕ CODA

## VICKSBURG BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

TRADITIONAL

MODERATELY

1. I've got the Vicks-burg blues— and I'm sing-in' it ev - 'ry-where I go.—  
2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

I've got the Vicks-burg Blues— and I'm sing-in' it ev - 'ry-where I go.—

Now the rea - son I'm sing - in', my

babe says she don't want me no more.—

### Additional Lyrics

2. I've got those Vicksburg Blues and I'm singing it everywhere I please  
I've got those Vicksburg Blues and I'm singing it everywhere I please  
Now, the reason I'm singing is to give my poor heart some ease.
3. Now, I don't like this place, mama, and I never will  
Now, I don't like this place, mama, and I never will  
I can sit right here in jail and look at Vicksburg on the hill.

## WEARY BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Lyric by MORT GREENE and GEORGE CATES

Music by ARTIE MATTHEWS

**WITH A BEAT**

**C**

Wish I could lose \_\_\_\_\_ these wea - ry blues. \_\_\_\_\_ my ti - red

**F** **C** **G7**

heart \_\_\_\_\_ can't love no more. \_\_\_\_\_ Can't love the way \_\_\_\_\_

**C**

— it did be - fore, \_\_\_\_\_ my love was big, \_\_\_\_\_ your love was

**F** **C**

small. \_\_\_\_\_ And now I've got \_\_\_\_\_ no love at all, \_\_\_\_\_

**G7** **C** **G7 C7**

— wish I could lose \_\_\_\_\_ these wea - ry blues. \_\_\_\_\_

**F** **C** **F**

Want-cha in the morn-in' and I want-cha in the eve-nin', yes, I want-cha, yes, I want-cha but it

**C7**

don't do no good. — Miss ya when it's rain-in' and I miss ya when it's shin-in', and I

**F** **G7** **G<sup>DIM</sup>7**

wish that I could kiss ya and I would if I could. But my heart can't for - get the

**G7** **G<sup>DIM</sup>7** **G7** **C**

run a - round it used to get! Oh, can't you see, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm ti - red

of this old un - fair one - sid - ed love.

- Come back to me. please don't re - fuse. and help me

lose these wea - ry blues. Wish I could

# 23 HOURS TOO LONG

Copyright © 1967 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**SLOWLY**

I was sittin' down this morn - in' one day from sun - up to  
 You know I was so doggone disgusted I  
 You know I was so sad. until  
 I sent a special delivery  
 All right all right

sun - up. Try - in' to get in touch with my ba - by. boy and a big bug went  
 could - n't e - ven get out of my bed. Went to eat my  
 I come down I'm gonna cry. 'Cause I thought she don't  
 I sent a telegram. Then I called her long distance,

by. Oh, I was sit - tin' here wait - in'  
 breakfast the next morn - ing. the blues started walking all over my bread.  
 love me no more.  
 I wanted her to know just where I am.  
 Oh long time missin' somebody better come after me.

for her to call me up on the phone.  
 I was sittin' here waitin' for her to call me on the phone.  
 You know the reason why.  
 It was so sad and so lonesome, and so much ground has gone.

1, 2, 4, 5. She'd been gone twen-ty-four hours and that's twen-ty-three hours too long.  
 3. She'd been gone so long in - side of me she done die.

# VIDA LEE

© 1954 (Renewed 1982) LORD AND WALKER PUBLISHING (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by T-BONE WALKER

**SLOWLY**

G C7

How— could you do that?— How could you do that— to me?—

G Db9 C9

How— could you do that?—

G7 C Bm Bb13

How could you do that— to me?—

Am7 D7#5

You know I'll al-ways love you, ba - by.— just as long— as your name's— Vi-da

G6 C6 G6 D7b9 Ab9 G9

Lee.— You wake up in the morn - in'.

C9 Ab9/C G9

just a-bout the break of day,— and you tell me that you don't love me, yes.—

C9

— you want me to be on my— way.— How— could you do that?

G6 C/D C Bm7 Bb13 Eb9/Bb

How— could you do that to me?—

D7/A D7#5

You know I'll al-ways love you, ba - by.— just as long as your— name's— Vi - da Lee.

G6 C7 G6 D7#5 Ab9/E G9

Some-times- I think you're won-der-ful.



*C*<sub>9</sub> *A*<sub>b</sub><sup>9</sup>/*C* *G*<sub>9</sub>

Then a - gain... I think you're mean. Ev - 'ry - time... we get to - geth - er, you \_\_\_\_\_ don't

*C*<sub>9</sub> *D*<sub>b</sub><sup>9</sup> *C*<sub>9</sub>

wan - na be seen. \_\_\_\_\_ How... can you do that? How... can you do that to me?\_

*G*<sub>6</sub> *A*<sub>M</sub><sup>7</sup> *B*<sub>M</sub><sup>7</sup> *B*<sub>b</sub><sup>13</sup> *E*<sub>b</sub><sup>7</sup>/*B*<sub>b</sub> *D*<sub>7</sub>/*A* *E*<sub>b</sub><sup>7</sup>

— You know I'll al - ways love you. ba - by,

*D*<sub>7</sub><sup>#5</sup> *N.C.* *A*<sub>b</sub><sup>9</sup> *G*<sub>9</sub>

just as long as your name's \_\_\_\_\_ Vi - da Lee. \_\_\_\_\_

# WORRIED MAN BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

TRADITIONAL

MODERATELY FAST

*G* *G*<sub>7</sub>

It takes a wor - ried man to sing a wor - ried song. It  
went a - cross the river and I lay down to sleep. I

*C* *G*

takes a wor - ried man to sing a wor - ried song. It  
went a - cross the river and I lay down to sleep. I

*B*<sub>7</sub> *E*<sub>M</sub>

takes a wor - ried man to sing a wor - ried song. I'm wor - ried  
went a - cross the river and I lay down to sleep, when I woke

*D*<sub>7</sub> *G*<sup>1</sup> *G*<sup>2</sup>

now but I won't be wor - ried long. \_\_\_\_\_ I  
up. had shack - les on my feet. \_\_\_\_\_

# WALK ON

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 for the U.S.A. and Canada

Words and Music by **BROWNIE MCGHEE**  
 and **RUTH MCGHEE**

**MODERATE BLUES**

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of several staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the staff lines. The lyrics are as follows:

Walk on, — walk on, — walk on, — walk on, — walk on, —  
 — walk on, — walk on, — I say walk on. I'm gon-na  
 keep on walk-in' till I find my way back home. —  
 1. When your mind — gets wor-ried. when your shoes get thin, — you  
 2, 3 (See additional lyrics)  
 don't know. where you're go-in', but you do know where you've been. } Walk on, — walk on, —  
 — walk on, — I'll walk on, — I'm gon-na  
 keep on walk-in' till I find my way back home. — Walk

**Additional Lyrics**

- 2. I see so many people happy.  
 I can't get used to happiness.  
 Maybe it is true  
 Happiness is not for me, I guess.
- 3. Well, the world is too hard;  
 I waited too long.  
 No need of us bein' together  
 We can't get along.

# WALKING THROUGH THE PARK

© 1959 (Renewed 1987) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by  
McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

MODERATELY, WITH A BEAT



I'm goin' out walk-in', walk-in' down thru the park.  
goin' out walk-in', walk-in' down on the street.



I'm goin' out walk-in', walk-in' down thru the park.  
I'm goin' out walk-in', walk-in' down on the street.



I'm gon-na walk in the moon-light, walk un-til the night is  
I'm gon-na walk her right side— of me, 'cause I know she can't be



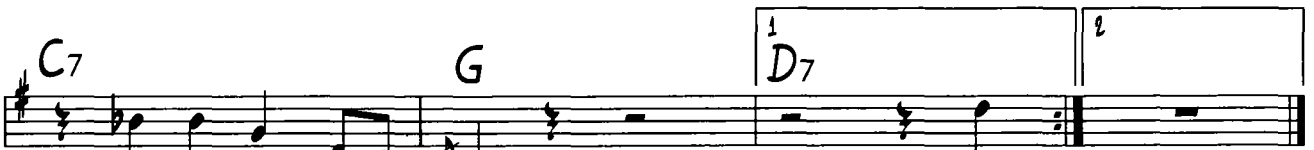
dark. I'm goin' out walk-in', down on the av - e -  
beat. I'm both-er my ba - by, no tell-in' what she'd -



nue. I'm goin' out walk-in', down on the av - e -  
do. Don't both-er my ba - by, no tell-in' what she'd -



nue. I'm gon-na walk her so long— till she  
do. Now that girl she may cut— you,



don't know what to— do. Don't  
she may shoot you— too.

# WANG DANG DOODLE

© 1962 (Renewed 1990) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**MODERATE BLUES F7**

Tell Au - to - mat - ic Slim. — tell Ra - zor To - tin' Jim. —

— Tell Butch - er Knife To - tin' An - nie, tell

Fast Talk - in' Fan - nie. We gon - na pitch a ball, — a down

to that un - ion hall. — We gon - na romp and tromp. — till mid -

- night, we gon - na fuss and fight — till day - light. We gon - na

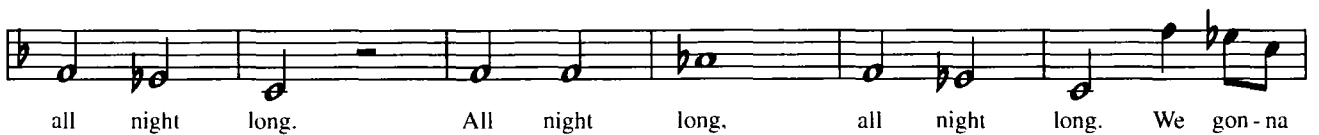
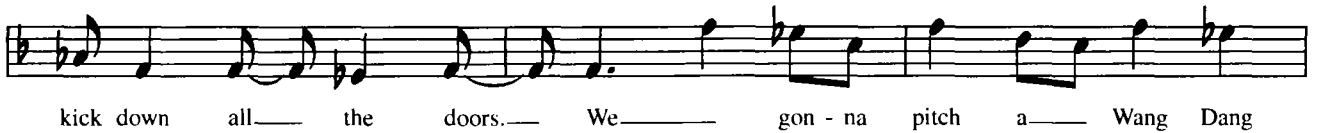
pitch a — Wang Dang Doo - dle all night long. All night

long, all night long. All night long.

all night long. We gon - na pitch a — Wang Dang Doo - dle all night

long. Tell Craw - lin' Red, — tell

(See additional lyrics)

*D.S. AND FADE*

### Additional Lyrics

Tell Fats and Washboard Sam that everybody gon' jam.  
 Tell Shakin' Boxcar Joe, we got sawdust on the flo'.  
 Tell Peg and Caroline Din', we gonna have a heck of a time.  
 And when the fish scent fills the air, there'll be snuff juice everywhere.

# WASTED LIFE BLUES

© 1929 (Renewed). 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

By BESSIE SMITH

MODERATELY SLOW BLUES

Ab Ab<sub>m</sub> Eb G<sub>M7b5/D<sub>b</sub></sub> C<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7b5</sub>

1. I've lived a life but noth - in' I've gained. — Each day —  
 2-4 (See additional lyrics)

F<sub>7b9</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b7#5</sub> B<sub>b7sus</sub> Eb Eb<sub>7</sub> Ab Ab<sub>m</sub>

— I'm full of sor - row and pain. — No one seems — to care e -

REFRAIN  
 Eb G<sub>M7b5/D<sub>b</sub></sub> C<sub>7</sub> F<sub>7b9</sub> B<sub>b7#5</sub> Eb Eb<sub>7/G</sub>

nough for poor me — to give me a word — of sym - pa - thy. Oh.

Ab Ab<sub>m</sub> Eb G<sub>M7b5/D<sub>b</sub></sub> C<sub>7</sub> F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b7#5</sub>

me! Oh. my! Won - der what will } the  
my  
my  
my end —

Eb Eb<sub>7</sub> Eb<sub>7/G</sub> Ab Ab<sub>m</sub> Eb G<sub>M7b5/D<sub>b</sub></sub> C<sub>7</sub>

be? Oh. me! Oh. my! Won - der what

F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b9</sub> B<sub>b7#5</sub> 1-3  
Eb Eb<sub>7/G</sub> 4  
Eb F<sub>M7/B<sub>b</sub></sub> Eb

will be - come of poor me? 2. No me?  
 3. I'm  
 4. I've

## Additional Lyrics

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. No father to guide me, no mother to care.<br/>                 Must bear my troubles all alone.<br/>                 Not even a brother to help me share<br/>                 This burden I must bear alone.<br/> <i>Refrain</i></p>                        | <p>3. I'm settin' and thinkin' of the days gone by.<br/>                 They filled my heart with pain.<br/>                 I'm too weak to stand and too strong to cry,<br/>                 But I'm forgittin' it all in vain.<br/> <i>Refrain</i></p> |
| <p>4. I've traveled and wandered almost everywhere<br/>                 To git a litle joy from life.<br/>                 Still I've gained nothin' but wars and despair,<br/>                 Still strugglin' in this world of strife.<br/> <i>Refrain</i></p> |  |

# WEE BABY BLUES

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by PETE JOHNSON  
and JOE TURNER

**MEDIUM BLUES** *F* <sub>3</sub> *Bb7* *F*

It was ear - ly one Mon - day morn - in', and I was on my way to school: \_\_\_\_\_

*F7* *Bb7* <sub>3</sub> *F*

\_\_\_\_\_ It was ear - ly one Mon - day - morn - in', and I was on my way to school. \_\_\_\_\_

*F<sub>DIM</sub>* *C7* <sub>3</sub> *Bb7* *F*

\_\_\_\_\_ yeah. that was the morn - in' \_\_\_\_\_ when I broke my moth - er's rule.

*Bb7*

I was in love with you, ba - by, be - fore \_\_\_\_\_ I learned to call your name.

*F* *F7* *Bb7* *C7* *F*

\_\_\_\_\_ I was in love with you, ba - by, be - fore \_\_\_\_\_ I learned to call your name.

*F<sub>DIM</sub>* *Db7* *C7* *C7#5*

\_\_\_\_\_ Now you're in love with some - one else, \_\_\_\_\_ and it's driv - ing me in -

*F* *Bb7*

sane. \_\_\_\_\_ Oo - wee, ba - by, you sure look good to me. -

*F* *F7* *F7#9* *Bb7*

\_\_\_\_\_ oo - wee, - ba - by, you sure look good to

*F* *C7*

me. Come \_\_\_\_\_ on and tell me pret - ty ba - by,

*Bb7* *F*

who can your great new lov - er be? \_\_\_\_\_

# WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT

© 1954 (Renewed 1982) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

MEDIUM BEAT

**F** **Bb** **F**  
 I love to look in - to my ba - by's face.— I love to feel her in her  
**Bb** **C9** **F** **F7** **Bb** **B<sub>DIM</sub>7**  
 silk and lace.— And when she kiss - es me, she can make me shout.—  
**F** **C7** **F**  
 Great God A - might - y, when the lights go out!— I love to see her walk - in'  
**Bb** **C9** **F** **Bb** **C9**  
 down the street.— she al - ways dress - es nice and neat.—  
**F** **F7** **Bb** **B<sub>DIM</sub>7** **F**  
 You nev - er know what it's all a - bout,— Great God A - might - y, when the  
**Bb7** **F**  
 lights go out!— You can use your im - ag - i - na - tion, You'd  
**Bb7** **F** **Bb7** **F** **G7**  
 still be far be - hind. There's noth - ing in cre - a - tion like that girl, that  
**C7** **F** **C9**  
 girl of mine. I love to hold her when she talks that talk.—  
**F** **Bb** **C9** **F**  
 I love to watch her when she walks that walk.— And if I pet her when she's  
**Bb** **B<sub>DIM</sub>7** **F**  
 try - in' to pout,— Great God A - might - y, when the lights go out!—



# WHO DO YOU LOVE

Copyright © 1956 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
ELLAS McDANIEL

**MEDIUM ROCK** *A<sub>M</sub>*

I walk for - ty sev - en miles of barb wire, use a cob - ra snake for a  
neck - tie. Got a brand new house on the road - side— made from rat - tle - snake  
hide. I got a brand new chim - ney made on top, made from a hu - man  
skull. Now come on, ba - by, let's take a lit - tle walk and tell me Who do you love?  
*PLAY 4 TIMES*  
— Ar - lene took me by hand,— she said "Oo - ee, dad - dy, I  
*PLAY 3 TIMES*  
un - der - stand. Who do you love?— Who do you love?— The  
night was black and the night was blue.— And a - round the cor - ner an ice wa - gon flew. A  
bump was hit and some - bod - y screamed. You should have heard just what I seen. Now  
*PLAY 3 TIMES*  
Who do you love?— Who do you love?— I got a  
tomb - stone hand, a grave - yard mine. I lived long e - nough and I ain't scared o' dy - in'.  
*PLAY 3 TIMES*  
Who do you love?— Who do you love?—

# WHO'S BEEN TALKING

Copyright © 1960 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
CHESTER BURNETT

**SLOWLY**  $E_M$

My ba - by caught the train  
tick - et, yeah! left me — all a - lone,  
long as her right - arm.

$A_M$   $E_M$

My ba - by caught the train now, — left me all a - lone.  
My ba - by bought the tick - et long as her right - arm.

$B_M$   $A_M$   $E_M$

She says — she's gon - na ride long as I been from home. —  
She says — she's gon - na ride long as I do her wrong. —

1 2

— My ba - by bought a — Well, — who's been talk - ing ba - by  
ba - by,

$A_M$

ev - 'ry - thing that I do. Well who's been talk - ing? —  
hate to see you go. Bye, bye, bye, ba - by, —

$E_M$   $B_M$

Ev - 'ry - thing that I do. You know that I love you  
I hate to see you go. You know that I love you

$A_M$   $E_M$  1

and I hate to tell the news. Well bye bye  
and I'm the caus - in' of it all.

2

Now I'm the caus - in' of it all. Yeah, I'm the caus - in' of it all.

Yeah. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm the caus-in' of it all. Just be-cause I'm  
 your doll I'm the caus - in' of it all. \_\_\_\_\_

## WALKIN' BLUES

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
 ROBERT JOHNSON

**SLOW BLUES**  
 1. I woke up this morn-in', \_\_\_\_\_ feel-in' round for my shoes.  
 2-4 (See additional lyrics)

Know by that— I got these old walk-in' blues, well. Woke this morn - in' —  
 feel 'round for my shoes.— But you know— by that,— I  
 got these— old walk-in' blues. Well.—

### Additional Lyrics

2. Well, leave this mornin' if I have to ride the blinds.  
 I feel mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'.  
 Leave this mornin' if I have to ride the blind.  
 Babe, I been mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'.
3. Well, some people tell me that the worried blues ain't bad.  
 Worst old feelin' I most ever had.  
 People tell me that these old worried blues ain't bad.  
 It's the worst old feelin' I most ever had.
4. She got a elgin movement from her head down to her toes.  
 Break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes.  
 Ooh, to her head down to her toes.  
 Lord, she break in on a dollar, most anywhere she goes.

## WEST END BLUES

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Words and Music by JOE OLIVER  
and CLARENCE WILLIAMS

## MEDIUM SLOW BLUES

**E**  
I got the blues from my head to my shoes, I'm blue to-

**E7** **A7**  
day. I've got a mean e - vil feel - in', my bel - ly's full of

**E** **B7**  
gin. I'm on my way to the West End, and

**E** **B7** **E**  
that's where trou - bles will be - gin. My gal, my

**A7** **E** **E7** **A7**  
pal, low down, mean houn'. They're in town, they're cut - tin' it

**E**  
up. Yes, they're run - nin' 'round. Soon I'm gon - na

**B7** **E** **B7**  
take a walk - and knock up - on her door. Now those -

**E** **E7**  
folks in West End, folks in West End, they're gon - na

**A7** **E**  
see some shoot - in' like they nev - er saw be - fore.

**B7**  
My gal and my best - pal will nev - er cheat in West End an - y -

more. — I got the blues — from my head to my  
shoes. — blue to - day. — I've got a mean low down feel - in'  
I'm gon - na hear bad news. — I'm on my  
way to the West End — to lose those - West - End blues. —

## WHISKEY AND WIMMEN

Copyright © 1960 (Renewed) by Conrad Music,  
a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI)

Words and Music by  
JOHN LEE HOOKER

**SLOW BLUES**

Whis - key and wim - men' - al - most wrecked my life.  
Whis - key and wim - men' - al - most wrecked my life. If it  
was - n't for whis - key and wim - men' I'd have mon - ey to - day. —  
(Instrumental) Night life night life ain't no good for me.  
Night life night life ain't no good for me. I had a good start but  
wim - men' and whis - key — done tore it down.

# WHY DON'T YOU DO RIGHT

(Get Me Some Money, Too!)

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© Renewed 1969, 1970 MORLEY MUSIC CO.

By JOE McCOY

**SLOW BLUES**

*E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>/D C<sub>7</sub> B<sub>7</sub>*

You had plen - ty mon - ey nine - teen twen - 'y two. — You

*E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>/D C<sub>7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub>*

let oth - er peo - ple make a fool of you. — Why don't you do right. —

*B<sub>7</sub> E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>/D A<sub>M6</sub>/C B<sub>7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7</sub>*

— like some oth - er men do? — Get out of here and

*A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>/D C<sub>7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>/D*

get me some mon - ey too. — Yo' sit - tin' down. won - d'ring what it's

*C<sub>7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>/D C<sub>7</sub> B<sub>7</sub>*

all a - bout. — If you ain't got no mon - ey they will put you out. — Why don't you

*A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>/D A<sub>M6</sub>/C B<sub>7</sub>*

do right. — like some oth - er men do? —

*A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> E<sub>M</sub> B<sub>7</sub>*

Get out of here and get me some mon - ey too. — If

*E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>/D*

you had pre - pared — twen - ty years a - go. — you would - n't be — wan - d'ring now from

*C<sub>7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7</sub>*

do' to do'. — Why don't you do right. — like some oth - er men

*E<sub>M</sub> E<sub>M7</sub>/D A<sub>M6</sub>/C B<sub>7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7</sub> A<sub>M7</sub> B<sub>7</sub>*

do? — Get out of here and get me some mon - ey too. —

Why don't you do right, ————— like some oth - er men do, —  
 ————— like some oth - er men do? —————

# WHEN YOU GOT A GOOD FRIEND

Copyright © (1978), 1990, 1991 King Of Spades Music

Words and Music by  
 ROBERT JOHNSON

1. When you got a good— friend, ————— that will stay right by your side. —  
 2-5 (See additional lyrics)

— ————— When you got — a good friend, ————— that will stay right by your side.

— ————— Give her all of your spare — time,

love and treat her right. ————— I mis -

## Additional Lyrics

2. I mistreat my baby, and I can't see no reason why.  
 I mistreat my baby, and I can't see no reason why.  
 Every time I think about it, I just wring my hands and cry.
3. Wonder, could I bear apologize, or would she sympathize with me.  
 Mmm, would she sympathize with me.  
 She's a brownskin woman, just as sweet as a girlfriend can be.
4. Mmm, babe, I may be right or wrong.  
 Baby, it your opinion, I may be right or wrong.  
 Watch your close friend, baby, your enemies  
 Can't do you no harm.
5. When you got a good friend that will stay right by your side.  
 When you got a good friend that will stay right by your side.  
 Give her all of your spare time, love and treat her right.

# WHY I SING THE BLUES

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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by  
B.B. KING

MODERATELY

C

Ev - 'ry - bod - y wants to know why I sing the blues. —

C7 F7 C

Yes, I say ev - 'ry - bod - y wants to know why I sing the blues.

G7 F7

Well, I've been a - round a long time, I real - ly have paid my dues. —

C

When I first got the blues, they

C7

brought me o - ver on a ship. Men were stand - ing o - ver me and a lot more with the whip, and ev - 'ry -

F7 C

bod - y wan - na know why I sing the blues. Well, I've been a -

G7 F7 C Csus

round a long - time, umm - I real - ly paid my dues. — I. I've

C

laid in the ghetto flats; cold and numb. I heard the rats tell bed - bugs — to

3 (See additional lyrics)



give the roach-es some, and ev - 'ry - bod - y wan-na know why I sing the

blues. Well, I've been a - round a long- time, umm- I real-ly paid my

dues. 2. I stood in line down in the coun-ty hall. I  
4 (See additional lyrics)

heard a man say we are go-ing to build some new a - part-ments for y'all and ev-'ry-bod-y wan-na know

why I sing the blues. Well, I've been a - round a long- time.

umm I real-ly paid my dues. My

### Additional Lyrics

3. My kid's gonna grow up, gonna grow up to be a fool,  
'cause they ain't got no more room, no more room for him in school,  
and everybody wants to know, why I sing the blues.  
I say I've been around a long time, yes, I've really paid my dues.
4. Yea, you know the company told me, yes, you're born to lose,  
everybody around feel it, seems like everybody's got the blues,  
but I had them a long time, I really, really paid my dues.  
You know I ain't ashamed of it, people, I just love to sing the blues.

# WOKE UP COLD IN HAND

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Words and Music by  
JAZZ GILLUM

## MODERATE BLUES

*C*<sub>7</sub> *F* *B*<sub>b</sub>*7*

Since these hard— times have got me,— I've been run-nin' from— door to door.—

*F* *F*<sub>7</sub> *B*<sub>b</sub>*7*

— Since these hard— times have got me,—

*F*

I've been run-nin' from— door to door.— I ain't got

*C*<sub>7</sub> *F*

no bed to sleep in,— I've got to sleep on the dog - gone floor.—

*C*<sub>7</sub> *F* *B*<sub>b</sub>*7*

Well, there's hard times here, and it's hard times ev - 'ry - where I go.—

*F* *F*<sub>7</sub> *B*<sub>b</sub>*7*

— Well, there's hard times here,— and it's hard times an - y - where I go.—

*F* *C*<sub>7</sub>

— I've got to make— me some mon - ey,— so I won't

*F* *C*<sub>7</sub>

have these hard luck— blues— no more.— You know, I used to get—

— me a dol - lar be - fore I could catch my breath. —

I used to get — me a dol - lar — be - fore I could catch my breath. —

— But now I can't get me a dime. — un - less

I talk my poor self to death. — Have you ev - er dreamed

— you were luck - y. and then - woke up - cold in hand. —

Have you ev - er dreamed - you were luck - y. — and then - woke up - cold in hand. —

— Well. you dreamed you had a dol - lar, and

your wom - an's — got an - oth - er man. —

# WOMAN ALONE WITH THE BLUES

© 1955, 1961 (Renewed) EDWIN H. MORRIS & COMPANY, A Division of MPL Communications, Inc.

Words and Music by  
WILLARD ROBISON

**SLOW BLUES**

For my love - sick - ness there's no phy - si - cian,  
 what could he tell me to use? No liq - uid or pill — I'm sure  
 ev - er did or will cure a wom - an a - lone — with the blues. Burn - ing  
 mem - 'ries of — the man that I love, haunt all my men - tal re -  
 views. For all of the pain — I feel, his two lov - in' arms could heal a  
 wom - an a - lone — with the blues. To a blue mel - o - dy,  
 warm and hu - man, I could pour my soul out in song. And the  
 words would be — a - bout a good wom - an, who be - lieved in her man, right or  
 wrong. { He'll come back some - day — to beg for - give - ness  
 What a world this is — when love and kiss - es for  
 blush - ing 'way down to his shoes. No man in this world — can find  
 some - one you can't bear to lose. can heal the de - sire — to die

Chord symbols:  $G_M$ ,  $G_M7$ ,  $A7$ ,  $A7b5$ ,  $Bb6$ ,  $A7b5$ ,  $F_M9$ ,  $G7$ ,  $C_M7$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $Ab6$ ,  $G7$ ,  $F$ ,  $C7\sharp5$ ,  $F$ ,  $F7$ ,  $G_M$ ,  $G_M7$ ,  $A7$ ,  $A7b5$ ,  $Bb6$ ,  $A7b5$ ,  $F_M9$ ,  $G7$ ,  $C_M7$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $Ab6$ ,  $G7$ ,  $C_M7$ ,  $F7$ ,  $Bb$ ,  $D_M$ ,  $A7$ ,  $Eb_M6$ ,  $D7$ ,  $G9$ ,  $D9$ ,  $G_M6$ ,  $A7$ ,  $G_M6$ ,  $A7$ ,  $D_M$ ,  $D_M7$ ,  $G_M$ ,  $A$ ,  $A7$ ,  $G_M$ ,  $G_M7$ ,  $A7$ ,  $A7b5$ ,  $Bb6$ ,  $A7b5$ ,  $F_M9$ ,  $G7$ ,  $C_M7$ ,  $F7$

*Bb Ab6 G7 Cm7 F7 Ab6 G7*

hap - pi - ness or peace of mind and break an - y heart - he may choose, and leave his  
 in a twin-king of an eye, but I give that dev - il his dues; He left a good

*Cm7 F7#5* 1 *Bb* 2 *Bb*

wom - an a - lone with the blues. For my blues.  
 wom - an a - lone with the

# YOU CAN'T LOSE WHAT YOU AIN'T NEVER HAD

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by

McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**MODERATELY**

*C F*

Had a sweet lit - tle girl, ——— I lose my ba - by. Boy, ain't that  
 Had mon - ey in the bank, ——— I got bust - ed. Peo - ple, ain't that —  
 Had a sweet lit - tle home, ——— It got burned down. Peo - ple, ain't that —

*C C7 F7*

sad. Had a sweet lit - tle girl, ———  
 sad. Had some mon - ey in the bank, ———  
 sad. Well, you know I left my own — farm,

*C*

I lose my ba - by. Boy, ain't that sad. — }  
 I got bust - ed. Peo - ple, ain't that sad. — }  
 It got burned down. Peo - ple, ain't that sad. — } Well, you know you can't

*G7 F7*

spend what you ain't got, you can't lose some lit - tle girl you ain't nev - er

*C CDIM G7* 1. 2 *C G7* 3 *C G7 C*

had. Oh yeah. —

# YELLOW DOG BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

Words and Music by  
W.C. HANDY

**MODERATELY**

E'er since Miss Su - san John - son lost her Jock - ey, Lee. — there has been  
I know the Yel - low Dog Dis - trict — like a book, — in - deed I

much ex - cite - ment, more to be. — You can hear her moan - ing night and  
know the route that Rid - er took. — Ev - 'ry cross - tie bay - ou, burg - and

morn. — Won - der where — my Eas - y Rid - er's  
bog. — Way down where — the South - ern cross' - the

gone? — Ca - ble - grams come of sym - pa - thy —  
Dog. — Mon - ey don't zact - ly grow on trees. — on

tel - e - grams go of in - qui - ry. — Let - ters come from  
cot - ton stalks it grows with ease. — No race - horse, race - track,

down in "Bam" — and ev - 'ry - where that Un - cle Sam —  
no grand - stand — is like Old Beck an' Buck - shot land. —

has e - ven a ru - ral de - liv - er - y. All day the  
Down where the South - ern cross' the Dog. Ev - e - ry

phone rings — but — it's not for — me. — At last good  
kitch - en there is — a cab - a - ret. — Down there the

G D

ti - dings boll-weevil - works fill our hearts with while the farm - ers glee. play. This this

E7 A E7 A7

mes-sage comes from Ten - nes - see. Dear Sue, your Yel - low Dog Blues the live - long day.

D D7 G6/D Bb7/D D D7

Eas - y Rid - er struck his burg - to - day. On a

G G7 G G7 D

south boun' rat - tler side door Pull - man car.

A7 D D7 A7

Seen him here, an' he was on the hog. *(Spoken:)* The smoke was broke, no joke, not a jitney on him

D G/D Bb7/D D D7 G7

Eas - y rid - er's got ta stay - a - way, so he had to vamp it

D A7

but the hike ain't far. He's gone where the South - ern

D A7 D A7 E7 A7 D A7 D

cross - the Yel - low Dog. Dear Sue, your

# WORRIED LIFE BLUES

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Words and Music by  
MACEO MERRIWEATHER

**SLOW BLUES**

Oh, Lawd-y Lawd.—— oh, Lawd-y Lawd.—— it hurts me so bad—— for us to

part. But some-day ba - by,—— I ain't gon - na wor - ry my life an - y -

more.—— So man - y morn - in's—— since you've been

gone.— I've been wor-ry-in' and griev - in',—— my life a - lone. But some-day,

ba - by,—— I ain't gon - na wor - ry my life an - y - more.——

So man - y days—— since you went a - way.— Oh, I had to

wor - ry—— all night and day. But some-day, ba - by,——



G7 C C7 F F<sub>M7</sub> C G<sub>DIM</sub> G7

I ain't gon-na wor-ry my life an - y - more. You're on my

C F7

mind ev-'ry place I go, how much I love you no - bod - y

C G7

knows. But some-day, ba - by, I ain't gon - na wor - ry my life an - y -

C C7 F F<sub>M7</sub> C G<sub>DIM</sub> G7 C

more. So that's my sto - ry, this is all I have to

F7

say to you. Oh good-bye, ba - by, and I don't care what you do. But some-day,

C G7 C C7 F A<sub>b7</sub> C D<sub>M7</sub> C<sub>#MAJ7</sub> C

ba - by, I ain't gon-na wor-ry my life an - y - more.

# YER BLUES

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Words and Music by JOHN LENNON  
 and PAUL MCCARTNEY

**MODERATELY**  $E7\#9$

Yes I'm lone - ly wan - na die.\_\_\_\_  
 - ing, wan - na die.\_\_\_\_

$A7$

(Instrumental) Yes I'm lone - ly. (Instrumental)  
 In the eve - ning.

$E7\#9$

wan - na die.\_\_\_\_ } (Instrumental) If I  
 wan - na die.\_\_\_\_ }

$G$   $B A G\#m Gm F\#m$

ain't dead al - read - y, ooh, girl, you know the rea - son

$E7$   $A7$   $E7$   $B7$   $B7$

why. (Instrumental) In the morn - My

**MEDIUM SLOW ROCK**  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

$E$   $B7\#9$   $E$   $B7\#9$

moth - er was of the sky, my fa - ther was of the earth, but  
 ea - gle picks my eye, the worm he licks my bones, I  
 black clouds cross'd my mind, blue mist round my soul, I

$E$  **To CODA**  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  **TEMPO 1**  $E7\#9$   $A7$

I am of the u - ni - verse and you know what that's worth.\_\_\_\_ I'm lone - ly.  
 feel so su - i - ci - dal just like Dy - lan's Mis - ter Jones.\_\_\_\_ I'm lone - ly.  
 feel so su - i - ci - dal e - ven

*(Instrumental)* *(Instrumental)*

wan - na die. — }  
 wan - na die. — }

*G* *B A G#m Gm F#m*

If I ain't dead al - read - y. ooh.

*E A E*

girl, you know the rea - son why. *(Instrumental)*

*B7* *B7 D.S. AL CODA*

The The

⊕ CODA *E7#9*

hate my rock and roll. — Wan - na

*A7 E7#9*

die. — yeah. — wan-na die. — If I

*G B7#5 E7#9*

ain't dead al - read - y. ooh, girl, - you know the rea - son why. —

# YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY THE COVER

© 1962 (Renewed 1990) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**BRIGHTLY** **E<sub>b</sub>**

You can't judge an ap - ple by look - in' at the  
 can't judge sug - ar by look - in' at the  
 can't judge a fish by look - in' at the

tree. you can't judge hon - ey by look - in' at a  
 cane. you can't judge a wo - man by look - in' at a  
 pond. you can't judge right from look - in' at the

bee. You can't judge a daugh - ter by look - in' at the  
 man. You can't judge a sis - ter by look - in' at her  
 wrong. You can't judge one by look - in' at the

moth - er, }  
 broth - er, } you can't judge a book by look - in' at the  
 oth - er, }

**A<sub>b</sub>**

cov - er. Oh, can't you see, oh, you

**E<sub>b</sub>** **B<sub>b</sub>7**

mis - judged me. I look like a

**A<sub>b</sub>7** **E<sub>b</sub>**

farm - er, but I'm a lov - er. Can't judge a

book by look - in' at the cov - er. You cov - er.  
 You cov - er.

# YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO

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Words and Music by  
JIMMY REED
**MODERATE BLUES**

Oh, ba - by. — you don't have to go. —  
Oh, ba - by, hon - ey what's wrong with you? —

Oh, ba - by. — you don't have to go. —  
Oh, ba - by, hon - ey what's wrong with you?

I'm gon-na pack up, dar - lin', down the road I'll go. — }  
Well you don't treat me, dar - lin', like ya used to do. — }

Well, I give you all my mon - ey and you go down - town. And you

get back in the eve - ning say you walked down - town. Oh, ba - by. —

you don't have to go. I'm gon-na pack up, dar - lin',

down the road I'll go. —



# YOU KNOW I GOT TO DO IT

TRO - © Copyright 1963 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

Words and Music by  
HUDDIE LEDBETTER

MODERATELY FAST

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'MODERATELY FAST'. The score consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols E, B, and A7 are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Well, you know I got to do it. Yes, you know I got to do it. Yes, you know I got to do it, and I can't bust a-loose my gal. 1. Mis-sis-sip-pi Riv-er, so deep and wide, I can't get a let-ter from the oth-er side. Well, you know I got to do it. Yes, you know I got to do it. Yes, you know I got to do it, and I can't bust a-loose that gal.' The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign, with a '1-4' box above the first measure and a '5' box above the second measure.

Well, you know I got to do it. Yes, you know I got to do it. Yes, you know I got to do it, and I can't bust a-loose my gal.

1. Mis-sis-sip-pi Riv-er, so deep and wide, I can't get a let-ter from the oth-er side. Well, you know I got to do it. Yes, you know I got to do it. Yes, you know I got to do it, and I can't bust a-loose that gal.

## Additional Lyrics

2. I jumped in the river, I started to drown.  
I thought about my woman, and I turned around.  
Well, you know I had to do it.  
Yes, you know I had to do it.  
Yes, you know I had to do it,  
And I can't bust a-loose that gal.
3. I take her to a dance, she danced with another.  
Wound up gettin' married, she swore it was her brother.  
Well, you know she had to do it.  
Yes, you know she had to do it.  
Yes, you know she had to do it,  
And I can't bust a-loose that gal.
4. First time I met her, I met her at a stand.  
Hit me 'side the head, said, "Big boy, won't you be my man?"  
Well, you know I had to do it.  
Yes, you know I had to do it.  
Yes, you know I had to do it,  
And I can't bust a-loose that gal.
5. I knocked on her door about half past ten.  
When I heard her cryin', said, "You can't come in."  
Well, you know she had to do it.  
Yes, you know she had to do it.  
Yes, you know she had to do it,  
And I can't bust a-loose that gal.

# YOU GONNA NEED MY HELP

© 1964 (Renewed 1992) WATERTOONS MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by

McKINLEY MORGANFIELD (MUDDY WATERS)

**MEDIUM BLUES**

*F7* *Bb7* *F7*

Oh, you gon - na need, \_\_\_\_\_ you gon - na need my help. I say.

*Bb7*

Oh, you gon - na need, \_\_\_\_\_ you gon - na need my help, I

*F7* *To CODA* *C7*

say. You know I won't have to wor - ry,

*Bb7* *F7*

I have ev - 'ry - thing, lit - tle girl, com - in' my way. } Well, you  
} Oh, you

woke up in the morn - ing with your face all, all full of frowns.  
leave home in the morn - ing, you won't come back to - night.

*D.S. AL CODA*  
*(2ND TIME)*

I ask you what's wrong with you, you say I'm slowly put - tin' you down. But, oh,  
You won't cook me no food and you still say you're treat - in' me right. But, oh,

*CODA*



## YOU KNOW MY LOVE

© 1960 (Renewed 1988) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

**SLOWLY** *E<sub>M</sub>* *B7*

Though time has passed and months have gone. But this

*E<sub>M</sub>* *B7*

love in my heart has lain un - known. But when I

*E<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *E<sub>M</sub>*

get wor - ried, I sneak a - way and cry.

*A<sub>M</sub>* *E<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>*

You know my love. you know my love.

*E<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>* *B7* *E<sub>M</sub>*

you know my love has nev - er died.

*FINE* *A<sub>M</sub>* *E<sub>M</sub>*

You're gon - na try man - y things to pac - i - fy your mind. You'll

*A<sub>M</sub>* *E<sub>M</sub>* *A<sub>M</sub>*

e - ven get mar-ried tryin' to have a good time. But all you'll do, you will

*E<sub>M</sub>* *B7*

nev - er rest. You're gon - na spend your life full of for - give - ness. And when you're

*E<sub>M</sub>* *B7*

down and out, you'll need a home. You're gon - na

*E<sub>M</sub>* *B7* *D.S. AL FINE*

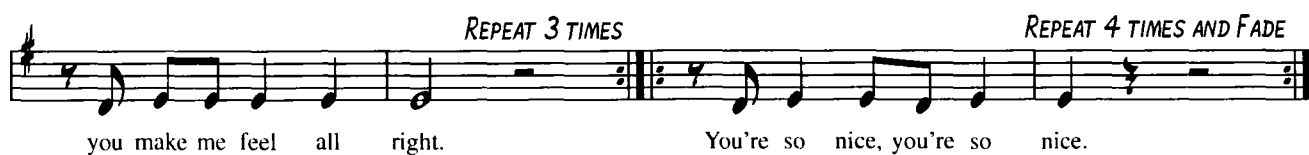
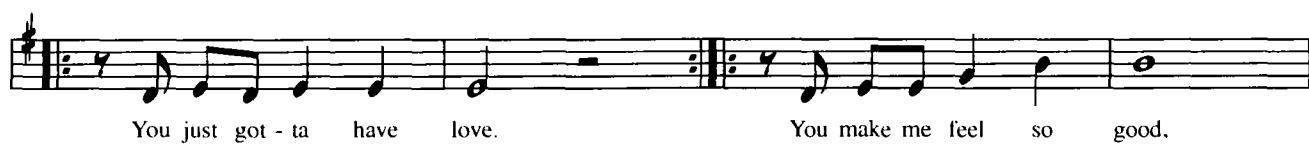
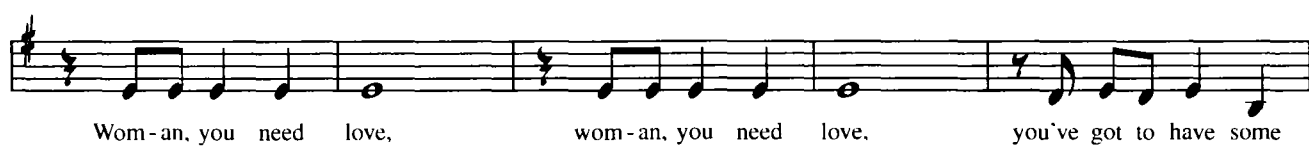
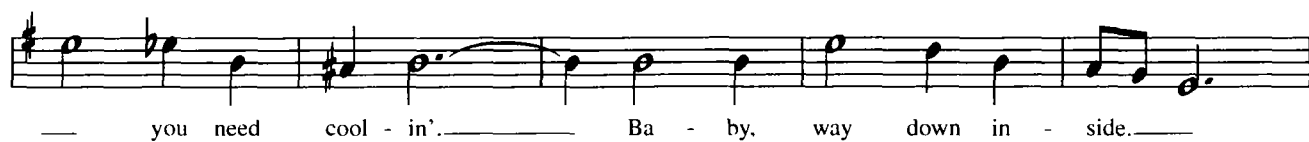
need a friend, and find a goal. But when I

# YOU NEED LOVE

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Written by WILLIE DIXON

**BRIGHTLY****G6**



## YOU SHOOK ME

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Written by WILLIE DIXON  
and J.B. LENOIR

**MODERATELY** D7

You know you shook me, ba - by. You shook me all— night long.

G7

— You know you shook me, ba - by.

D7

You shook me all— night long.—— Oh,——

A7 G7

— you know you kept on— shak - in' me dar - lin', 'til you done messed up— my— hap - py home.

D7

You know you move— me ba - by,

just like a hur - ri - cane. You know you moved

G7 D7

me, — ba - by, just like a hur - ri - cane.

A7 G7

Oh, — you know you move— me sweet - heart, just like an earth - quake— do the

*D7* *A7* *D7*

land. Oh. some-time I won-der

what my poor wife and child gonna do. Oh.

*G7* *D7*

some-time I won-der what my poor wife and child gonna do.

*A7*

Oh. you know you made me mis-treat them, hon-ey.

*G7* *D7* *A7*

Oh. I'm mad-ly in love with you. You know you

*D7*

shook me, ba-by. You shook me all night long.

*G7*

Mm. You shook me all night long.

## YOUR FUNERAL MY TRIAL

Copyright © 1958 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by  
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

**MEDIUM BLUES** **C**

Please come out and see your dad - dy, and ex - plain your - self to me. Be -

**C7** **F7**

cause I know a man and wife try-in' to start a fam - i - ly. I'm beg-gin' you, ba - by,

**C7** **G7**

cut out that "off the wall" jive. ——— If you can't treat me no bet-ter, it's

**F7** **C**

got to be your fu - ner - al ——— and my trial. ——— When I and you

first got to-gether, it was on one Fri-day night. We spent two love-ly hours- to-gether, and the

**C7** **F7**

world knew it was al-right. I'm just beg-gin' you, ba - by, please cut out that "off the wall"

**C** **Gm7** **G7**

jive. ——— You know you got to treat me bet - ter. If you

**F7** **C**

don't, it's got to be your fu - ner - al and my trial. ——— The

Lord made the world and ev - 'ry - thing that was in it. The way my ba - by loves, is so

sol - id send - er. She can go to heal the sick and she can go to raise the dead. You

*F7*

might think I'm jok-in', but you'd bet-ter be - lieve what I said.- I'm beg-gin' you, ba - by,

*C*

cut out that "off the wall" jive. Ei - ther you

*Gm7 G7 F7 C*

got to treat me bet-ter. or it's got to be your fu-ner-al and my trial.

# YOUNG FASHIONED WAYS

(Old Fashioned Ways)

Written by WILLIE DIXON

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**MEDIUM BEAT** *C*

I may be get-ting old, but I got young fash-ioned ways. I  
 may be get-ting old, but I got young fash-ioned ways. I

*F7 C*

may be get-ting old, but I got young fash-ioned ways. But I'm goin' to  
 may be get-ting old, but I got young fash-ioned ways. I don't

*G7 C*

love a good wo - man the rest of my natch-ral days. If my  
 worry a-bout no young ones, there'll be no one to take my place. A

*F7 C*

hair is turn-ing grey, do you think the way I feel? If my  
 young horse is fast, but an old horse knows what's go-in' on. A

*F7 C*

hair is turn-ing grey, do you think the way I feel? There may be  
 young horse is fast, but an old horse knows what's go-in' on. A young

*G7 F7 C*

snow up - on the moun-tain, but there is fire down un-der the hill. I  
 horse may win a race, but an old horse stays out so long.