St. Louis Blues

Words and Music by W. C. HANDY

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Ukulele in D Tuning

I hate to see—de ev'nin' sun go down.
Been to de Gypsy to get ma fortune tole.
You ought to see—dat stovepipe brown of mine.

Hate to see—de ev'nin' sun go down.
To de Gypsy done got ma fortune tole.
Lak he owns de Di-mon Jos-eph line.
Cause my baby—
Cause I'm most wil—
He'd make a cross-eyed

he done lef dis
town
'bout ma Jel-ly Roll
o'man go stone
blind

Feel-in' to-mor-row
Gypsy done tole me,
Black-er than mid-night,

lak— Ah feel to-day
"don't— you wear no black"
teeth— lak flags of truce

Feel to-mor-row
Yes she done tole me
Black-est man

lak— Ah feel to-day
"don't— you wear no black"
in— de whole St. Louis

I'll pack my trunk—
Go to St. Louis—
Black-er de berry—

Make ma get a-way
You can win him back
Sweet-er is the juice

St. Lou- is
Help me to
A-bout a

St. Louis' Blues 4
wo·man——Wid her dia·mon' rings——Pulls dat
Cai·ro——make St. Louis by ma·self——Git to
crap game——he knows a pow·ful lot——But when

man roun'——by her a·pron strings——'Twant for
Cai·ro——find ma ole friend Jeff——Gwine to
work-time comes——he's on de dot——Gwine to

pow·der——an' for store bought hair——De
pin ma——self close to——his side——If ah
ask him——for a cold·ten spot——What it

man I love——would not gone no·where.
flag his train——I sho' can ride.
takes to git it——he's cer·th·ly got.
Got de St. Lou-is Blues jes as blue as— Ah— can be
I— loves dat man lak a school boy— loves— his pie
A— black head-ed gal make a freight train— jump— the track
Lawk a blonde head-ed wom-an makes a good-man— leave the town
Oh— ashes to ashes and dust to dust

Dat— man got a heart lak a rock cast in the
Lak a Ken-tuck-y Col’— nel— loves his mint an’
Said a black head-ed gal make a freight train— jump the—
I said blonde head-ed wom-an makes a good man leave the—
I said ashes to ashes and dust to—

sea.
rye.
track.
town.
dust.

Or— else he wouldn’t have gone— so far— from
I’ll— love ma ba-by— till— the day— Ah
But a long tall gal makes a— preach— er— ball the
But a red head wom-an makes a boy slap his— pa— pa
If my blues don’t get you— my— jazz— ing

Spoken

me.
die.
Jack.
down.
must.

Dog—gone—it!
me.
die.
Jack.
down.
must.