St. Louis Blues

Words and Music by W. C. HANDY

Piano

I hate to see—
de ev' nin' sun go down

Been to de Gypsy
to get ma for tune 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 for tune tole

Lak he owns
de Di-mon Jos-eph line

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Cause my baby—
Cause I'm most wile—
He'd make a cross-eyed o' man go stone blind

Feel-in' tom-row lak— Ah feel to-day
Gypsy done tole me, "don't— you wear no black"
Black-er than mid-night, teeth— lak flags of truce

Feel to-mor— row lak— Ah feel to-day
Yes she done tole me "don't— you wear no black"
Black-est man in— de whole St. Louis

I'll pack my trunk— Make ma get a-way St. Lou-is
Go to St. Louis— You can win him back Help me to
Black-er de berry— Sweet-er is the juice A-bout a

St. Louis Blues 4
Chorus

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 ash-es to ash-es and dust to dust

Dat—man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.
Lak a Ken-tuck-y Col’nel—loves his mint an’ rye.
Said a black head-ed gal make a freight train jump the track.
But a long tall gal makes a preacher ball the town.
I said ash-es to ash-es 
and dust to dust.

Or—else he wouldn’t have gone so far from town
I’ll—love ma ba-by—till the day Ah die.
But a red head wom-an makes a boyslap his—pa—pa down.
If my blues don’t get you—my—jazz—ing must.

Spoken

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