

THE BLUES FAKE BOOK

ISBN 978-0-7935-5855-1



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364 Twenty Nine Ways to My Baby's Door
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Fats Domino

47 Blueberry Hill

The Doors

33 Back Door Man
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377 Who Do You Love

K.C. Douglas

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24 At My Front Door

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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
194 In the Evening

Fleetwood Mac

161 (I) Can't Afford to Do It

Jimmy Forrest

269 Night Train

Aretha Franklin

77 Come Back Baby
362 Trouble in Mind

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

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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)
338 Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do

Earl Hooker

105 End of the Blues

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

- Jimmy Rushing**
95 Did You Ever
319 Shipwrecked Blues
- Sade**
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- 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
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366 Weary Blues
390 Yellow Dog Blues
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398 You Don't Know My Mind
- Mamie Smith**
86 Crazy Blues
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156 I Ain't for It
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- Koko Taylor**
372 Wang Dang Doodle
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165 I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues
354 Tishomingo Blues
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92 Custard Pie
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60 Born to Be Blue
- Sophie Tucker**
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- Joe Turner**
118 Flip, Flop and Fly
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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
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- T-Bone Walker**
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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
- Fats Waller**
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46 Blue Turning Grey over You
- Washboard Sam**
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185 I've Been Treated Wrong
- Ethel Waters**
331 Stormy Weather
- Muddy Waters**
12 All Aboard
30 Baby Please Don't Go
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52 The Blues Had a Baby and
They Named It Rock and Roll
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76 Clouds in My Heart
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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
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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
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371 Walking through the Park
378 Who's Been Talking
389 You Can't Lose What You Ain't Never Had
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404 You Shook Me
- Muddy Waters and Otis Spann**
102 Diving Duck
- Johnny "Guitar" Watson**
348 Three Hours Past Midnight
- Ernie Watts**
79 Continental Blues
- Josh White**
295 Saint James Infirmary
- The Who**
304 Road Runner
- Rev. Robert Wilkins**
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
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114 Fattening Frogs for Snakes
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340 Take It Easy Baby
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- 361 Trying to Get Back on My Feet
367 23 Hours Too Long
406 Your Funeral My Trial
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304 Road Runner
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- Jimmy Witherspoon**
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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
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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. The score ends with a double bar line.

Chord symbols: Eb, E_{DIM7}, F_{M7}, F_{#DIM7}, Eb/G, G7_{#5}, Ab₆, Db₉, Eb/G, C₇, F_{M7}, Bb₉, G₇, C₇, F₇, Bb₇, Eb, E_{DIM7}, F_{M7}, F_{#DIM7}, Eb/G, G7_{#5}, Ab₆, Db₉, Eb/G, C₇, F_{M7}, Bb₉, Eb, Ab, Eb, D7b₉, G₇, C_M, Ab_{7/C}, F_{7/C}, C₇, F₆, C_{M7}, F₉, G7_{#9}, C₇, F₇, Bb₇, Eb, E_{DIM7}, F_{M7}, F_{#DIM7}, Eb/G, G7_{#5}, Ab₆, Db₉, Eb/G, C₇, F_{M7}, Bb₉, Ab₉, Eb_{6/9}

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_b



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_b7 C_M E_b7



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_b7

E_b A_b E_b A_b



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

E_b

A_b7



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

F₇

B_b7

A_b

E_b

1. 2.

3.

E_b9



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

ALL BLUES

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By MILES DAVIS

MODERATELY

G₇

C₇



(Instrumental)

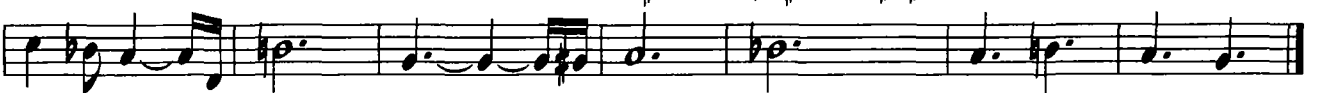
G₇

D₇#₉

E_b7#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

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

ALL MY LOVE IN VAIN

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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
peo-ple have al-ways told me. That a wom-an was a glo-ry for a man.
If you whis-per when she needs it, The judge will not let you ex-
plain. If you whis-per when she needs it, The
judge will not let you ex-plain; Be-cause he be-
lieves in jus-tice. And a wom-an is the glo-ry for man.
I'd rath-er be tied out in the des-ert, Right out in the fall-ing rain,
Tied out in the des-ert,

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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Words and Music by
OTIS RUSH

SLOW BLUES *E_M*

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

A_M *E_M*

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_M* *E_M* **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

A₉ *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

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Words and Music by
JOHN LEE HOOKER

SLOW BLUES

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

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

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Words by EARL BRENT
Music by MATT DENNIS

SLOW BLUES

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_b B_b+ E_b B_b+ E_b

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

E_b7 A_b

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

E_b B_b7 *To CODA* ⊕

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

A_b9 E_b A_b7 E_b

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

E_b6

— All that — I am ask - in',

E_b A_b9

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

E_b N.C. B_b7

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

E_b B_b7 E_b B_b+ E_b *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_{M7} A_M A_{M7sus}/G A_{M7}/G D/F# D₇/F# F E

Babe. ba - by, ba - by, I'm—

A_{M7} A_M A_{M7sus}/G A_{M7}/G D/F# D₇/F# F E

— gon - na leave— you.— I said—

A_{M7} A_M A_{M7sus}/G A_{M7}/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_M E_M/G D₇/F# D/F#

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

F E A_M A_{M7} D_M(ADD9)

— the sum - mer comes— a - long.—

A_{M7} A_M A_{M7sus}/G A_{M7}/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_{M7} A_M A_{M7sus}/G A_{M7}/G D/F# D₇/F# F E

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

A_{M7} A_M A_{M7sus}/G A_{M7}/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

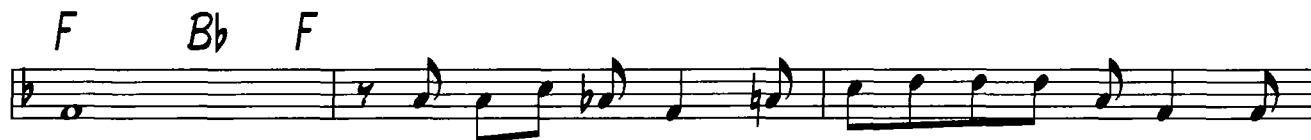
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By BESSIE SMITH

MODERATELY



Hon-ey, there's a fun - ny feel - ing 'round my heart, and it's bound to drive your ma - ma



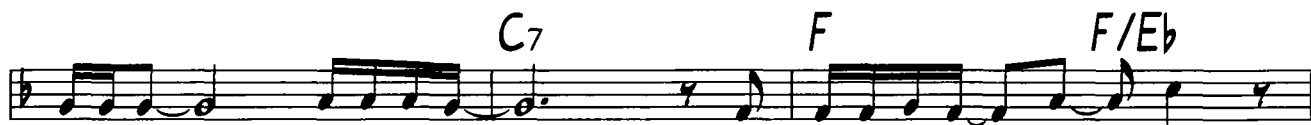
wild. It must be some - thing they call the Cu - ban doll, — it



weren't your ma - ma's an - gel child. I went to see the doc - tor the oth - er day, he



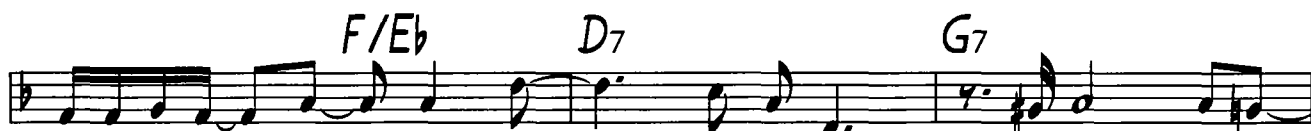
said I's well as well could be: But I said, "Doc - tor, you don't know -



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
 Bb_{MAJ7} , B_{DIM7} , *D.S. AL CODA*, F *CODA* \oplus

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

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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

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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,

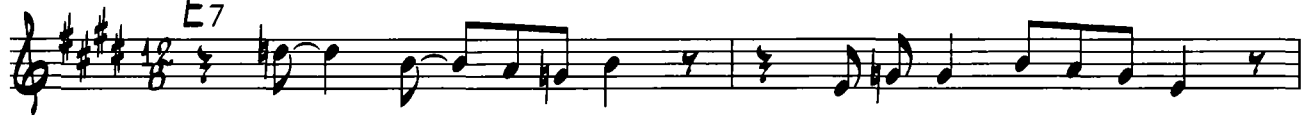
BACK DOOR MAN

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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

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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

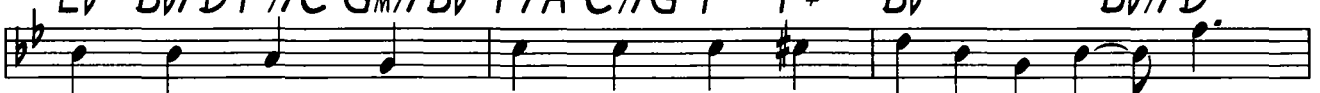
C7/G

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

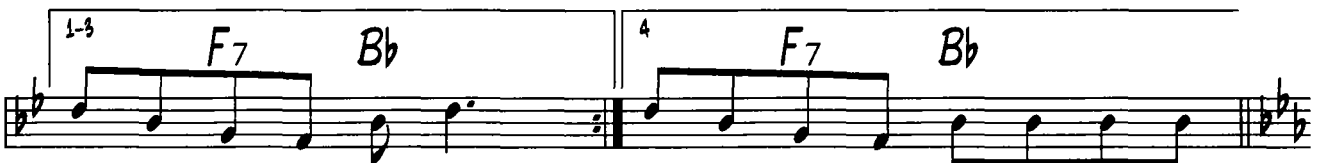
F7

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

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

BASIN STREET BLUES

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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.—

A BIG HUNK O' LOVE

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Words and Music by AARON SCHROEDER
 and SID WYCHE

BRIGHT ROCK **G** **G_m** **G**

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

G_m **C7** **G**

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

D7 **D_{b7}** **C7** **G** **N.C.**

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

G_m 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_m 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_{b7}** **C7** **G** **N.C.** **N.C.**

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_m* *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_m *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#m* *D* *E*

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

A *E/G#* *F#m* *D* *E*

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

A *A_{MAJ7}/C#* *A7* *D* *E*

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

A *A_{MAJ7}/C#* *A7* *D* *E*

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

F *G7* *E* *A* *A_{MAJ7}/C#*

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

Musical notation for the first system of 'BIG ROAD 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 are indicated above the staff: A7, D, E, A, and A_{MAJ7}/C#. The lyrics are: 'Give me one more day, please. I don't want to fade a way.' The second line of music starts with chords A7, D, E, F, and G7. The lyrics are: 'In your heart I want to stay. (Instrumental)'.

BIG ROAD BLUES

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TRADITIONAL

SLOW BLUES

Musical notation for the second system of 'BIG ROAD 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 are indicated above the staff: D and G7. The lyrics are: 'I ain't goin' down that big road by my self. my back door some day. like you do, do, do. what makes you do, like you do, do, do.' The third line of music starts with chords D and A7. The lyrics are: 'big road by my self. my back door some day. like you do, do, do. If I don't carry you, gon' And the wind goin' to change, gon' Now you say you goin' to do me'.

— 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,

big road — by my - self, — If I — don't car - ry 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

Musical notation for the third system of 'BIG ROAD 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 are indicated above the staff: G7 and D. The lyrics are: 'car' some - bod - y else. to blow my blues a - way. like you done poor cher - ry Red. Cry - in', sun - Ba - by, —'.

— 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)

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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

Cold emp - ty bed, — springs hard as lead, — pains in my head, —
 feel like old Ned. — What did I do — to be so black and blue —
 No joys for me, — no com - pan - y; — E - ven the mouse ran from my house.
 All my life thru — I've been so black and blue. —
 I'm white — in - side, — it don't help my case, —
 'cause I — can't hide — what is on my face, ooh!
 I'm so for - lorn, — life's just a thorn, — my heart is torn, — why was I born? —
 What did I do — to be so black and blue? —

BLUE PRELUDE

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 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

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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_{M7} *C7* *F_{7#9}* *G_{b7#9}* *F_{7#9}* *G_{b7#9}*

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_{7#9} *G_{b7#9}* *F_{7#9}* *B₁₃* *B_{b9}*

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_{MAJ7} *G_{M7}* *A_{M7}* *D_{7#5(b9)}* *G_{M7}*

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_{M7/C} *F_{7#9}* *G_{b7#9}* *F_{7#9}* *G_{b7#9}* *F_{7#9}* *G_{b7#9}* *F_{7#9}*

To may - be come a - round. _____ I'm _____
 To may - be come a - round. _____

BLUEBIRD

Copyright © 1961 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by
 JOHN LEE HOOKER

SLOWLY *F* *B_{b7}*

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 *F₇* *B_{b7}*

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 *C₇*

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

B_{b7} *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

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A Division of MPL Communications, Inc. and RAZAF MUSIC

Lyrics by ANDY RAZAF
Music by THOMAS "FATS" WALLER

MODERATELY

The musical score is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'MODERATELY'. The score consists of seven lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: '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.'

C F#m7b5 B7 E7m7b5 A9 A7
 My, how I miss your ten-der kiss and the

D9 F#m7 B7b5 G C6 D7 G7 G7#5 C
 won-der-ful things you would do; I run my hands-

F#m7b5 B7 E7m7b5 A9 A7 D9 F#m7 B7b5
 thru silv-ry strands 'cause I'm blue, turn-ing grey-

G C B7 Bm7 C7 F Dm7
 o-ver you. You used to be

C C7 F D7sus D7 G7
 so good to me, that's when I was a nov-el-ty;

D7 G7 C F#m7b5 B7 E7m7b5
 Now you have new thrills in view, found some-one new,

A9 A7 D9 F#m7 B7b5 G C Fm6 C
 left me blue, turn-ing grey-o-ver you.

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), 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

down in the deep— blue sea. To-day has been—

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

a long,— long, lone - some day.——

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_b7#9**
A_b7#11 **E_b7#9** **B_b7#9**
¹ **E_b7#9** ² **E_b7#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

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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

¹ A_{m7} D_{m7} G_{m7} C_7 ² A_{m7} D_{m7} G_{m7} C_7 F_{MAJ9}

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

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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

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

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

C

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

F7 **C**

Take you in my arms, 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.

G7 **F7** **C**

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.

1, 2 **3** **C6**

I like the way you right Come on— and shake. (Shake it,
I need you right

ba - by) shake it up, ba - by. it, ba - by) Come on, now,

F7 **C**

(Shake it, ba - by) I don't mean may be.— (Shake it,
ba - by,

G7 **F7** **1 C**

ba - by) (Shake it, ba - by) (Shake it,
You're driv - in' me cra - zy, come on.— come on.—
Come on.— come on.— All right, all right.—

2 C

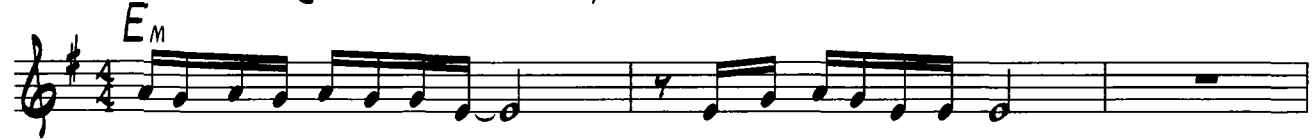
ba - by) (Shake it, ba - by)
Come on— and —

BORN IN MISSISSIPPI, RAISED UP IN TENNESSEE

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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.

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-

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

BLUES WITH A FEELING

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Words and Music by
WALTER JACOBS

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

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,

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'

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

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

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

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*₉ *D*_{b9} *C*₉ *G*_{b7} *F*₉ *E*_{b7b9}

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*_bMAJ7 *A*_b7 *G*7#5 *C*_M *D*_{b9} *C*_M7 *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 —

¹ *F*_{M7} *D*7b5 *D*_{M7} *G*7 ² *F*_{M7} *A*_b9 *G*9#5 *C*

'cause I was born to be blue.

'cause I was born to be blue.

*A*_bm7 *D*_{b9} *A*_bm7 *D*_{b9} *A*_bm7 *D*_{b7b9}

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

*G*_bMAJ7 *D*_bm7 *G*_b9 *C*_bMAJ7 *A*_bm7

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

*F*_{M7} *B*_b7 *E*_bMAJ7 *D*_{M7} *G*9 *D.C. AL CODA* ⊕ *CODA* *F*_{M7} *A*_b9 *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_{SUS}, E, E_{SUS}, 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.

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?

Instrumental introduction in G major, 4/4 time. Chords: C9, G6, Am7, D11, G, G6.

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

Chords: A, D7, E7, D7, A, E7, D7, A.

CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER

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Copyright RenewedWords 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_M** **G** **E_b7** **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_M** **G** **E_b7** **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_M** **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

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

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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'.

E7 **A** **A[#]DIM** **E**

1

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 **E7**

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

A **A[#]DIM** **E** **E7**

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

A **A[#]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. } As
 { like the sight of your eye. }
 { as I can get. }

G7 **C7**

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

G

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

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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

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. _____

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

1. Come back, ba - by. Please don't go. The way I
 2-4 (See additional lyrics)

love you, ba - by. you'll nev - er know. Come back, ba - by. Let's talk it

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 for 'Continental Blues' is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'MODERATELY'. The score consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to two flats. The first measure is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change to two flats, followed by the chord symbol F_7 . The melody features a prominent sixteenth-note triplet in the first measure, marked with a '6' and a '3'. The second staff continues the melody with a Bb_7 chord. The third staff introduces a F_7 chord and a C_7 chord. The fourth staff features a F_7 chord and a Bb_7sus chord. The fifth staff contains a complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth notes. The sixth staff continues the melody with a F_7 chord. The seventh staff features a Bb_7 chord. The eighth staff has a F_7 chord. The ninth staff includes the instruction 'To CODA' with a circled cross symbol and an F_7 chord, followed by 'D.S. AL CODA'. The final staff is the CODA section, starting with a circled cross symbol, an F_7 chord, and the instruction 'REPEAT AD LIB. AND FADE'. The CODA consists of a few measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes.

Chord symbols: F_7 , Bb_7 , C_7 , Bb_7sus , F_7 , Bb_7 , F_7 , C_7 , F_7 , Bb_7sus .

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.) I

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.) I

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

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

F#m B7 E F#m B7
 I used to cook your meals and break for your door.
 E F#m B7 E
 I'm all fed up. (Yeah.
 F#m B7 E
 yeah. you're bug - gin' me.)

COOL DRINK OF WATER BLUES

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Words and Music by
TOMMY JOHNSON

SLOW BLUES E
 1. I ask for wa-ter, and she gave me gas - o - line..
 2. 3. (See additional lyrics)
 A7
 I ask for wa-ter, give me gas - o - line..
 E
 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

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(Cross Road Blues)

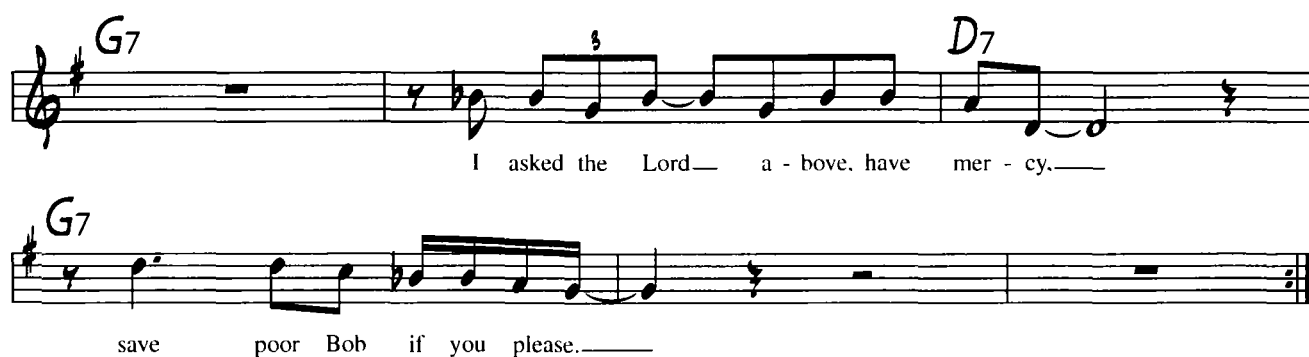
Words and Music by
ROBERT JOHNSON

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

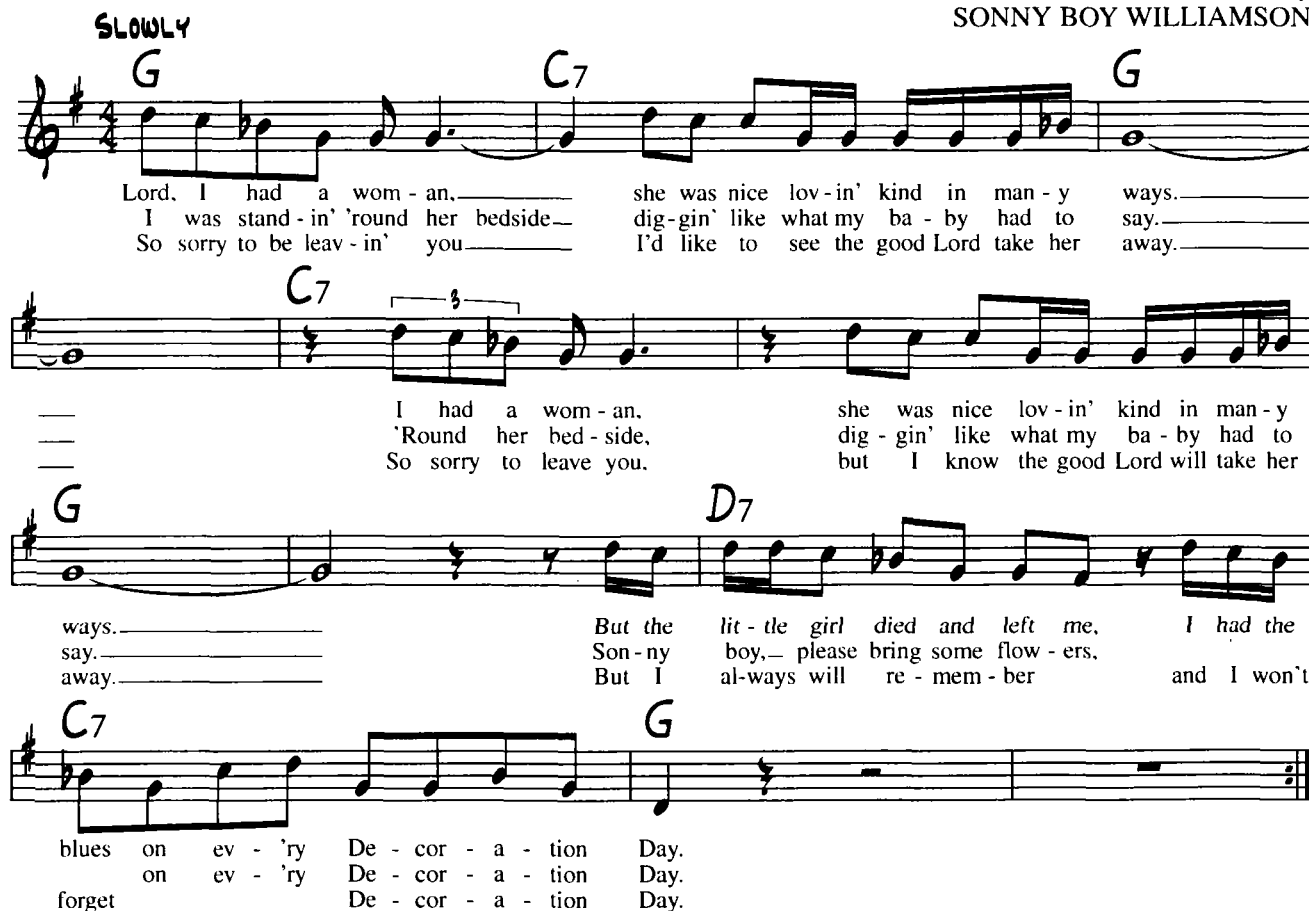
2. Standin' at the crossroad, tried to flag a ride.
Standin' at the crossroad, tried to flag a ride.
Didn't nobody seem to know me, everybody pass me by.
3. Standin' at the crossroad, risin' sun goin' down.
Standin' at the crossroad, risin' sun goin' down.
I believe to my souls, po' Bob is sinking down.
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

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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

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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 & 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. _____ Some Long."
ball. _____ 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.
 When you cut your pie, please save me a piece.
 I've gotta have some of it.
 I've gotta have some of it.
 Well, I want some of it
 Before you give it all away.</p> | <p>3. I done told you, babe, it's understood
 You got the best pie in this neighborhood.
 I've gotta have some of it.
 Well, I want some of it.
 I've gotta have some of it
 Before you give it all away.</p> |
| <p>4. I done sung this song, I didn't tell no lie
 Until, babe, you brought some of that custard pie.
 I've gotta have some of it.
 I've gotta have some of it.
 Yes, I want some of it
 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 D.S. AL FINE (2ND TIME)

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

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

C7 F7 C7

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

F7 C7

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

G7 C7

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

Additional Lyrics

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

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.—
Ham - il - ton's on ten— can get you straight. But
A hun - dred dol - lar Frank - lin is real - ly sweet.— Five
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

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Words and Music by
BLIND BLAKE

MEDIUM BLUES

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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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by
JIMMY RUSHING

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)

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

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

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 F₉

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

C F_{#DIM}/E_b D_{M7} C D_{#DIM} C/E C F₉

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

F₇ C D_{M7} D_{#DIM} C/E F D_{M7} C C_{#DIM}

— that is no good?— No mat - ter

G_{7/D} G₇ G_{7#5} C¹⁻⁵ C₇ F_{#/C} F_{M6/C}

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

C C_{#DIM} G_{7/D} G₇ C⁶ C₇ F_{#DIM} F_{M6/C} C

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

© 1955 (Renewed 1983) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

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 C₆ G₇^{#5} C_{MAJ7} A_{M7} E_{M7} A_{M7}

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

D₉ D_{M7} D_{#DIM7} E_{M7} A₇

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

D_{M7} A_{b7} G₇ C₆ G₇^{#5}

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

C_{MAJ7} A_{M7} E_{M7} A_{M7} D₉ D_{M7} D_{#DIM7}

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

E_{M7} A₇ D_{M7} G₇ C C_{M7b5} F₇ B_{bM7} E_{b9}

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

A_b F₇ B_{bM7} E_{b9} A_b A_{M7} D₉

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

G₆ E_{M7} A_{M7} D₉ D_{M7} G₇

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

C₆ G₇^{#5} C_{MAJ7} A_{M7} E_{M7} A_{M7} D₉

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

D_{M7} D_{#DIM7} E_{M7} A₇ D₉ G_{7b9} 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

B₇



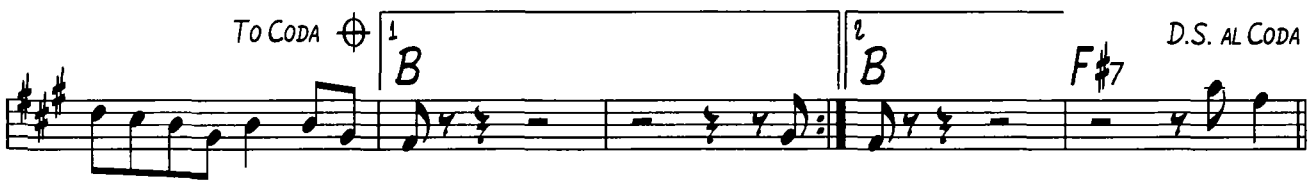
1. There's two kinds of peo - ple that I just can't stand:— a
2. D.S. told me that you love me long time a - go. That



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 chords and their positions are as follows:

- Staff 1: Bb , $F7$, C_{M7} , F_{DIM} , $F7$
- Staff 2: Bb , E_{b7} , Bb_6 , Bb_7
- Staff 3: E_{b9} , Bb_6
- Staff 4: $F7$, Bb_6 , C_{MAJ7} , $C\#_{DIM}$, Bb_6
- Staff 5: Bb , E_{b9} , Bb , Bb_7
- Staff 6: E_{b9} , Bb
- Staff 7: $F7$, Bb , C_{MAJ7} , $C\#_{DIM}$, Bb
- Staff 8: Bb_m , Bb , Bb_m , Bb_7 , E_{b9}
- Staff 9: Bb , $F7$, Bb_6 , Bb
- Staff 10: Bb_9 , $n.c.$, E_{b9} , $n.c.$, E_{b9}

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> |
|---|--|
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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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_b *C7* *F7* *B_b7*

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
 {gal,}

E_b *C7*

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

F7 *B_b7* *E_b7*

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 -
 {gal}

A_b *G7*

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

F7 *B_b* *C7* *F7* *B_b* *B_b7*

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.
 {he's} {she's}

E_b *A_b* *B_b7* *E_b*

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_b7 *A_b* *B_b7*

Got the Trou - ble, trou - ble, I've had it all my
 world in a jug.— The stop - per's in my

E_b *B_b7*

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 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_b

1. My man's got some - thin': _____ he gives me such a thrill. _____
2-5 (See additional lyrics)

A_b9 *A_b7* *F_{7b}9* *F₇* *F_{7b}9*

— Ev - ry - time he smiles at me, — I can't keep my bod - y still. —

B_b7 *E_b*

— I done cried — so much; — look like I've

A_b9 *A_b7*

got the mumps. — I can't keep — from wor - ryin' —

F_{7b}9 *A_b7/B_b* *E_b* *B_b7(ADD13)* *E_b*

'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} $G(ADD9)$ $\text{\textsubscript{1-3}}$ G/D $B_7/F\#$ B_7/F A_7 $\text{\textsubscript{4}}$ 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.

A_{b7} $G7$ C_M F_{M6} C_M F_{M7} $G7\#5$ $G7b9$ 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 *D_M* *A_M* 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 *D_M* *E7* *A_M*

(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

2. Nobody loves me, nobody seems to care.
Nobody loves me, nobody seems to care.
Speakin' of worries and troubles, darlin',
You know I've had my share.
3. Everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday,
Everyday, everyday I have the blues.
When you see me worryin', woman,
Honey, it's you I hate to lose.

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

2. He's a coffee grinder - grinding all the time
He's a coffee grinder - grinding all the time
He can grind my coffee, 'cause he's got a brand-new grind.
3. He's a deep-sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong
He's a deep-sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong
He can reach the bottom 'cause his breath holds out so long.
4. He came home one evening with his spirit 'way up high
He came home one evening with his spirit 'way up high
What he had to give me made me wring my hands and cry.
5. He taught me a lesson I never had before
He taught me a lesson I never had before
When he got through teaching, from my elbows down I was sore.
6. Well, he boiled my cabbage and he made it awful hot
Well, he boiled my cabbage and he made it awful hot
Then he put the bacon and overflowed the pot.
7. Well, he knows how to thrill me, and I told my girlfriend, Lou
Well, he knows how to thrill me, and I told my girlfriend, Lou
And the way she's raving she must have gone and tried it too.
8. If you get good loving, never go and spread the news
If you get good loving, never go and spread the news
Gals will doublecross you and leave you with the empty bed blues.

EYESIGHT TO THE BLIND

Copyright © 1951 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

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

Copyright © 1964, 1965 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

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

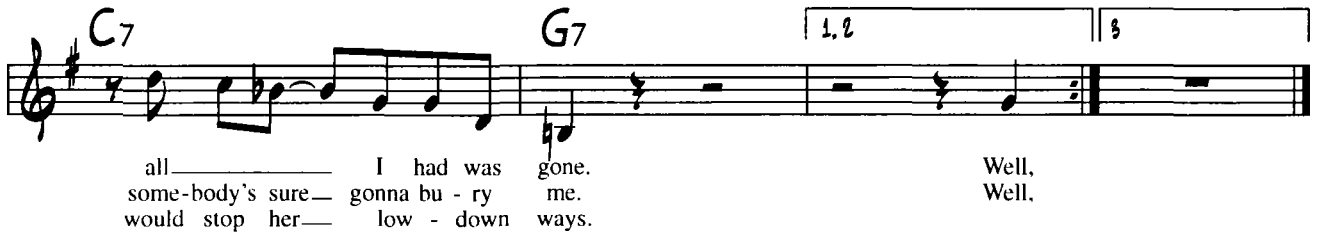
Well, it's get - tin' late in the eve - nin', I feel like like blow - in' my horn.
looks like the o - cean's — run - nin' in - to the sea,
min - utes seem like hours, hours be - gin to seem like dreams.

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

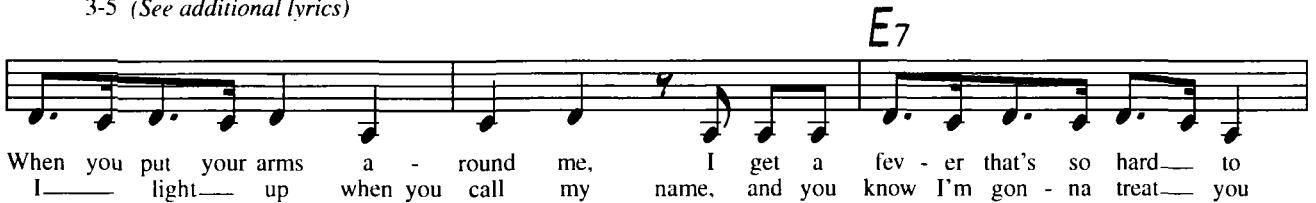
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Copyright Renewed

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)



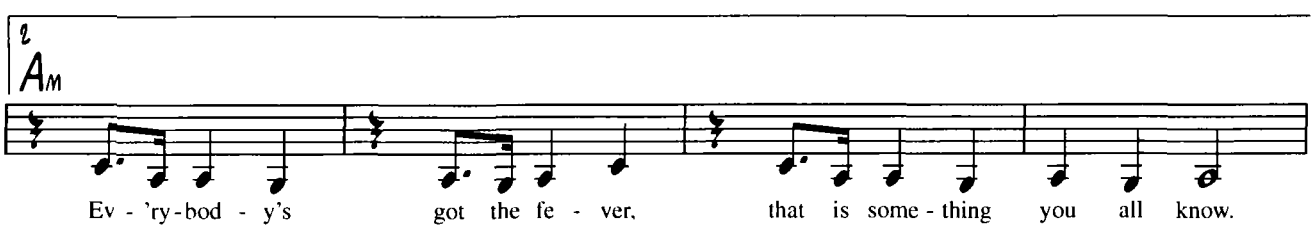
When you put your arms a-round me, I get a fev-er that's so hard to
I light-up when you call my name, and you know I'm gon-na treat you



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

3. Romeo loved Juliet,
Juliet she felt the same.
When he put his arms around her, he said,
"Julie, baby, you're my flame."

Chorus: Thou givest fever, when we kisseth
Fever with thy flaming youth.
Fever—I'm afire
Fever, yea I burn forsooth.

4. Captain Smith and Pocahontas
Had a very mad affair
When her Daddy tried to kill him, she said,
"Daddy-o don't you dare."

Chorus: Give me fever, with his kisses,
Fever when he holds me tight.
Fever—I'm his Missus
Oh Daddy won't you treat him right.

5. Now you've listened to my story
Here's the point that I have made.
Chicks were born to give you fever
Be it fahrenheit or centigrade.

Chorus: They give you fever,
when you kiss them
Fever if you live and learn.
Fever—till you sizzle
What a lovely way to burn.

FINE AND MELLOW

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Words and Music by
BILLIE HOLIDAY

MODERATELY SLOW BLUES

F_{M6} *B_{b7}* *F*

My man don't love me, treats me oh so mean, mean.

F₇ *B_{b7}* *B_{b9}* *F*

my man he don't love me, treats me aw - ful mean.

C_{DIM} *C₇* *B_{b7}* *F*

he's the low - est man that I've ev - er seen.

C₇ *C₇^{#5}* *F_{M6}* *B_{b7}* *F*

He wears high - draped pants. - stripes are real - ly yel - low.

F₇ *B_{b7}* *F*

he wears high - draped pants. - stripes are real - ly yel - low.

C_{DIM7} *C₇* *B_{b7}* *F*

But when he starts in to love me he's so fine and mel - low.

C₇^{#5} *F_{M6}* *B_{b7}*

Love will make you drink and gam - ble, make you stay out all night

F *F₇* *B_{b7}*

long. Love will make you drink and gam - ble,

F *C₇^{#5}*

make you stay out all night long. Love will make you do things

F *C7#5*

make you stay out all night long. — Love will make you do things

Bb7 *F* *C7* *F N.C.*

that you know is wrong. — But if you treat me right ba - by,

Bb7 *F* *F7* *Bb7*

I'll stay home ev - 'ry day: — if you treat me right ba - by.

F *C7#5* *C7*

I'll stay home ev - 'ry day. — But you're so mean to me ba - by,

Bb7 *F* *C7#5*

I know you're gon-na drive me a - way. Love is

Fm6 *Bb7* *F* *F7*

just like a fau-cet. it turns off and on: —

Bb7 *Bb9* *F* *Cdim7*

Love is like a fau-cet, it turns off and on. — Some-times when you

C7 *Bb7* *F*

think it's on ba - by, it has turned off and gone.

FLIP, FLOP AND FLY

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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

Markings: 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

Markings: 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.

Men sure is de - ceit - ful and they's get - tin' wors - er ev - 'ry -
I used to love a man. He al - ways made my poor - heart -

day. ache. He Act like a bunch of wom - en, and
was crook - ed as a cork - screw

they's just - a gab, gab, gab - bin' a - way. There's I
e - vil as a cop - per - head snake.

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 - stand.
I know a cer - tain man who spent a year run - nin' a poor gal -

stand: down. a man - nish act - in' wom - an and a
And when she let him kiss her. the

skip - pin' twist - in' wom - an - act - in' man. I
fool blabbed it all o - ver town.

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 D⁶₉
 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.

D₉ n.c. B^b₉ A₉
 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** ^{1, 2} ³

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

¹ **Eb** **F7** **Ab7** **G7** ² **Eb** **Abm6** **EbMAJ7**

you! you!

FURTHER ON UP THE ROAD

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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

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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 major) 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 marked with '1' and '2' respectively.

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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Words and Music by DAN FISHER,
 IRENE HIGGINBOTHAM and ERVIN DRAKE

SLOW BLUES

Chords: C_M A_b/C C_{M6} C_{M7} F B_b/F
 Good morn-ing heart-ache, you old gloom-y sight. Good morn-ing heart-ache, tho't we

Chords: B_b_{M7}/E_b E_b7b9 A_{M7}/D $D7b9$ G_{M7} $B_{M7}b5$ B_b_{M7} A_{M7} A_b_{M7} D_b9
 said good - bye last night. I tossed and turned un - til it seemed you had gone.

Chords: G_{M7} $C7\#5(\#9)$ F D_b_{MAJ7} C_M A_b/C C_{M6} C_{M7}
 but here you are with the dawn. Wish I'd for - get you but you're here to stay.

Chords: F B_b/F B_b_{M7}/E_b E_b7b9 A_{M7}/D $D7b9$ G_{M7} $B_{M7}b5$ B_b_{M7}
 It seems I met you when my love went a - way. Now ev - 'ry day I start by

Chords: A_{M7} A_b_{M7} D_b9 G_{M7} $C7\#5(\#9)$ G_b7 B_b/F F B_b_{MAJ7} A_{M7} G_{M7} F_{MAJ7}
 say - ing to you, "Good morn-ing heart-ache, what's new?"

Chords: E_{M7} $A7\#5(\#9)$ D_M A/D $F7$ E_{M7} A_{13} D_{MAJ7} $F\#_{M7}$ E_{M7} E_b_{M7}
 Stop haunt-ing me now. Can't shake you no - how.

Chords: D_{M7} $G7\#5(\#9)$ C $C\#_{M7}$ $F\#7(ADD13)$ C_{M7} $F7(ADD13)$
 Just leave me a - lone. I've got those Mon - day blues straight thru Sun - day blues.

Chords: C_M A_b/C C_{M6} C_{M7} F B_b/F
 Good morn-ing heart-ache, here we go a - gain. Good morn-ing heart-ache, you're the

Bb_{M7}/Eb $Eb7b9$ A_{M7}/D $D7b9$ G_{M7} $B_{M7}b5$ Bb_{M7} A_{M7} Ab_{M7} $D7b9$

one who knew me when. Might as well get used to you hang-in' a-round.

G_{M7} $C7$ $Gb7$ F D_{bMAJ7} F Eb_{M7} $D7\#9$ D_{bMAJ7} $G7$ $C7\#9$ $C7$ $F9b5$

Good morn-ing heart-ache, sit down! down!_____

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

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Words and Music by
EDDIE GREEN

MODERATELY $E7$ $A7$

A good man_____ is hard to find:_____ you al-ways get_____ the oth-er

$D7$ G *N.C.*

kind. Just when you think that he is your pal— you look for him and find him fool-ing

G $D7$ G $E7$

'round some oth-er gal. Then you rave:_____ you e-ven crave_____ to see him

$A7$ $D7$ G G_{DIM7} G A_{M7} $D7$

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',

$A7$ A_{M7} $D7$ 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

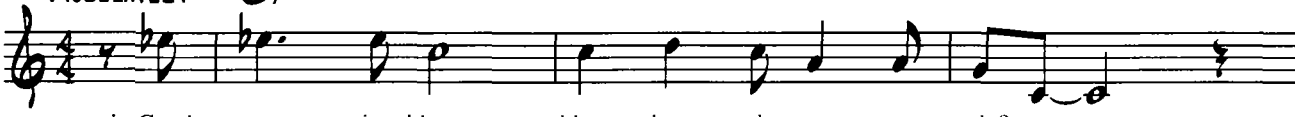
G^{M7} $C9$ $C7b9$ F^{M9} B_b7 E_b6
 God bless' the child that's got his own! That's got his own.

GOOD MORNIN' BLUES

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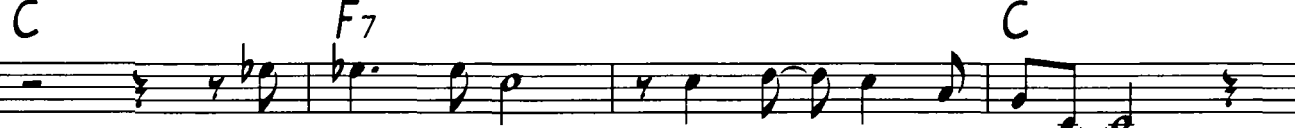
Words and Music by HUDDIE LEDBETTER
 Edited by ALAN LOMAX

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


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Laid down last night, turnin' from side to side.
 Laid down last night, turnin' from side to side.
 I was not sick, but I was just dissatisfied.</p> <p>4. I got a new way of spelling Memphis, Tennessee.
 I got a new way of spelling Memphis, Tennessee.
 Double E, double T, Lord, double X-Y-Z.</p> | <p>3. When I got up this mornin', blues walkin' round my bed.
 When I got up this mornin', blues walkin' round my bed.
 I went to eat my breakfast, the blues was all in my bread.</p> <p>5. I sent for you yesterday, here you come walking today.
 I sent for you yesterday, here you come walking today.
 You got your mouth wide open, you don't know what to say.</p> |
|--|--|

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Yes, whiskey straight will drive the blues away.
 Yes, whiskey straight will drive the blues away.
 That be the case, I wants a quart today.</p> <p>4. I said, "Babe, what make you do me this a-way?"
 I said, "Babe, what make you do me this a-way?"
 Well, that I bought, now you give it away.</p> | <p>3. I bought my baby a great big diamond ring.
 I bought my baby a great big diamond ring.
 Come right back home and caught her shaking that thing.</p> <p>5. I took my gun and broke the barrel down.
 I took my gun and broke the barrel down.
 I put that joker six feet in the ground.</p> |
|---|--|
6. You got the blues, and I still ain't satisfied.
 You got the blues, and I still ain't satisfied.
 Well, some old day, gonna catch that train and ride.

GOOD ROCKIN' TONIGHT

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By ROY BROWN

IN GENUINE ROCKABILLY

E7

Well, I heard the news, there's good rock-in' to - night.—
 heard the news? Ev - 'ry - bod - y's rock - in' to - night.—

A7 *E7*

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 -

A7

night she'll - know I'm a might - y, might - y man. I heard the news,—

B *E* *To CODA* \oplus

there's good rock-in' to - night.— I say he'll meet me in a hur-ry, be -

B7

hind the barn.— Don't— you be a - fraid, dar - lin', I'll do you no harm.— I

E

want you to bring— a - long my rock - in' shoes, 'cause to - night I'm gon - na rock a - way

A7 *B7* *E*

all the blues. I heard the news,— there's good rock-in' to - night.—

E7

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 tempo/style is 'Moderate Blues'. The melody is characterized by frequent triplet patterns, often marked with a '3' below the notes. Chord changes are indicated by letters A, D, E, and A above the staff. The piece begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The melody is written in a bluesy style, with many triplet patterns. The chords are indicated by letters A, D, E, and A above the staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Instrumental guitar score for 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl'. The score consists of four staves of music in treble clef, 4/4 time. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with several triplet markings. Chord symbols 'D', 'A', and 'E' are placed above the staff. The piece concludes with a 'D.S. AND FADE' instruction.

GOOD MORNING LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL

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Words and Music by
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

FAST BLUES

Vocal score for 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl'. The score is in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps. It includes four lines of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols 'A7', 'D7', and 'E7' are placed above the staff. A '2' (second ending) is marked above the third line of music. The piece ends with a double bar line.

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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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by
CLARENCE WILLIAMS

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

E_b G_b^{DIM7} B_b7 E_b

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_b7 B_b G₇ C_M G_b7 F₇ B_b B_b7

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_b G_b^{DIM7} B_b7 G₇ C_M

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_b D₇ D_{M7b5} G₇ C₇ G_b^{DIM7} F₇ B_b B_b7

{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_b B_b7 E_b E_b7

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_b F_M F_{M7b5} E_b B_b E_b

{man / gal} I love has gone left me in this town, _____
mail - man passed by he did - n't leave no news, _____

G_b^{DIM7} B_b7 C₇ F₇ B_b7

_____ 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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Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by
BILLY MYLES

SLOW BLUES

C7

Have you ev - er loved a wom - an_____

F7 **C7**

so much you real - ly_____ hate to be a - lone?_____

F7

Have you ev - er loved a wom - an_____

C7 **F7**

so much you real - ly_____ 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 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The first staff starts with a C7 chord. The second staff has chords C7, F7, C7, A13, A7#5, and D7sus. The third staff has D7#11, G11, G7, CMAJ7, F7, and Eb7. The fourth staff has Ab9(#11), G7, CMAJ7, Bb7, A7b9, Dm7, and Db7. The fifth staff has CMAJ7, Bb7, A13b9, A7#5, D11, D7#11, D11, and D7. The sixth staff has Db7, Abm7, G7#5, C7, and F7. The seventh staff has C, G7, A13, A7#5, D11, Dm7, and G7b9. The eighth staff shows two endings: the first ending has C7 and G7#5, and the second ending has C7, G7#5, F7, and C.

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

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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

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Words and Music by
WILLIAM "BIG BILL" BROONZY

FAST BLUES

Musical notation for the first line of the song, featuring a treble clef, a 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, a 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

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Written by WILLIE DIXON

MEDIUM BLUES

Hey, hey, pret-ty ma-ma, how you want your roll - ing done?—

Hey, hey, pret-ty ma-ma, how you want your roll - ing done?—

You get it three times a day— or you can have it from sun to sun.—

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
need me, ba - by, I can roll all night. Hey, hey, pret - ty ma - ma,
how you want your roll - ing done?— You get it
three times a day— or you can have it from sun to sun.—

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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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_M

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_M *Ab7*

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_M *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_M*

— 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. Bb

You ain't noth-in' but a hound dog, cry - in' all the time.

Eb7 Bb

You ain't noth-in' but a hound dog, cry - in' all the time.

F7 Eb7 Bb

Well, you ain't nev - er caught a rab - bit and you ain't no friend of mine.

N.C. Bb

When they said you was high - classed, well, that was just a lie.

Eb7 Bb

When they said you was high - classed, well, that was just a lie.

F7 Eb7

Well, you ain't nev - er caught a rab - bit and you ain't no friend - of

1 Bb N.C. 2 Bb Eb7 Bb

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. she sweet like cher - ry
 Ev - ry time she kiss - es. she makes the light o

wine. But I'm so glad she loves - me. she 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 $D7\#5$ G $D7\#5$
 (I got the blues) (The wea - ry blues)

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**

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_{DIM} F

Ain't got the change of a nick - el, — ain't got no bounce in my shoes, —

B_{b9} D₇ D_{b9} G_{M7/C} C₇

— ain't got no fan - cy to tick - le, — I ain't got noth - in' but the

F F_{7/E_b} F_{DIM/D} B_{bM6/D_b} F/C D_{DIM7} B_{bM/D_b} F_{DIM} F

blues. — Ain't got no cof - fee that's perk - in', —

B_{b9} D₇ D_{b9} G_{M7/C} C₇

ain't got no win - nings to lose, — ain't got a dream that is work - in', —

F F_{7/E_b} F_{DIM/D} B_{bM6/D_b} 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_{7b5/D_b}

— Be - lieve me, Pap - py, — I can't get hap - py — since my

C₇ D₇ D_{b9} F_{DIM} F

ev - er - lov - in' ba - by left town. — Ain't got no rest on my slum - bers, —

B_{b9} D₇ D_{b9}

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

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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.
meet my ba - by, but heav - en knows. } No I can't -

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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Words and Music by B.B. KING
and DAVE CLARK

SLOW BLUES

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of ten staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: F7, Bb7, C7, and F9. The lyrics are: "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. I be - lieve I've been blue too long. I be - lieve, I be-lieve, I be-lieve I've been blue 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) HOOCHIE 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'in' an'
I'll make you do like a tur-tle.

C7 **G** **G7** **C7**

talk-in' all in your sleep.
drag it all in the sand.

I heard you scream-in' an' hol-l'in' an'
I'll make you do like a tur-tle,

G **D7**

talk-in' all in your sleep.
drag it all in the sand.

I'll make you tell all the world that your
I'll make you love mud-dy wa-ter

C7 **D7** **G** **D7** **2**

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_{M7} C₇ G_{M7} C₇ C_{M7} F_{7#5}
 I got - ta right to sing the blues, ——— I got - ta right to feel low - down, ———

F_{M7} B_{b7} F_{M7} B_{b7} D_{M7b5}
 ——— I got - ta right to hang a - round ——— down a - round the riv -

G₇ G_{M7} C₇ G_{M7} C₇ C_{M9} F₁₃
 er. ——— A cer - tain man in this old town ——— keeps drag - gin' my poor heart a - round, ———

C_{M9} F₁₃ B_b F₇ F_{7#5} B_b C_{M7} C_{#DIM7} F₁₃ B_b
 ——— all I see for all me is mis - e - ry. I got - ta

G_{M7} C₇ G_{M7} C₇ C_{M7} F_{7#5}
 right to sing the blues, ——— I got - ta right to moan and sigh, ——— I got - ta

F_{M7} B_{b7} F_{M7} B_{b7} D_{M7b5} G₇
 right to sit and cry ——— down a - round the riv - er. I know the

G_{M7} C₇ G_{M7} C₇ E_{bM#7}
 deep blue sea ——— will soon be call - ing me. ———

G_{M7} C₇ C_{M7} C_{M7b5} F₇
 It must be love, say what you choose. I got - ta right to sing the blues. —

B_b F_{7#5} B_{b7}
 I got - ta

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 snappin' a pis - tol in your
all in my sleep, 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

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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

F7 **C**

called you? I don't know.
 know. (You mean to tell me she didn't come, man?) } I don't know. But I'm
 what? I don't know.
 what? I don't know.

G7 **F7**

try - in' to get in touch with my ba-by, and find out— why she dis - 'point - ed me

C

so.

re -

I CAN'T STOP, BABY

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

Written by WILLIE DIXON

SLOWLY

F **Bb** **F**

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._____

Bb

— 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

F **C7**

love._____
 rain._____
 State._____ Yes,____ if I quit you, ba - by,
 Yes, when I think a - bout my ba - by,
 Yes, when I think some oth - er man_____

Bb7 **F**

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

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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.

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

G₆ G_{6/9} C_{9#11} B_{M7} E_{7b9}

The po - ets say that all who love are blind; But

A_{M7} D_{9sus} C_{9#11} B_{M7} E_{7b9} A_{M7} D_{7#5} G_{6/9} C_{9#11}

I'm in love and I— know what time it is!— The Good Book says "Go seek and ye shall

B_{M7} E_{7b9} A_{M7} D_{9sus} D₉ G

find." Well, I have sought and my— what a climb it is!— My

D_{M7} G_{7#5} C_{MAJ7} A_{M7} B₇ E₇

life is just like the weath-er, it chang-es with the hours:- When he's near I'm fair and warm-er,

A₇ E_{b7} D_{7b9} G_{6/9} C_{9#11} G_{6/9}

when he's gone I'm cloud-y with show-ers. In e-mo-tion, like the o-cean, it's eith-er sink or swim when a

D_{6/A} C₁₃ B_{7b9} E_{M7} A₁₃ D_{7sus} D₇ G_{MAJ7} E_{M7}

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

A₇ A_{M7} B_{7#5} E₉ A₇ D_{7b9} G E_{M7}

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_{M7} D_{7b5} G_{MAJ7} E_{M7} A₇

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_{M7} B_{7#5} E₉ A₇ D_{7b9} G A_{M7} B_{bDIM7} G/B C_{MAJ7}

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_{M6}, F₇, G_{MAJ7}, F₇, B_{M7}, E₇, A_{M7}, D₇, G_{MAJ7}, E_{M7}, A₇, A_{M7}, B₇^{#5}, E₉, A₇, D₇, G¹, E_{M7}, A_{M7}, D₇, G², C_{M6}, G

I GOT WHAT IT TAKES

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

Written by WILLIE DIXON

SLOWLY C₇

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. _____

F₇ C₇

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. _____

G₇

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_{M7}* *F₇* *Bb*

You go in - to a drug - store, you say you won't be long.—

F₇ *Bb* *Bb₇/Ab* *E_b* *E_{DIM7}* *Bb/F* *F₇*

— you come back thir - ty min - utes lat - er and you wan - na know what's wrong.

Bb *F₇* *Bb* *Bb/D* *C_{M7}* *F₇*

— I take you out to din - ner.

Bb *F₇* *Bb* *Bb₇/Ab*

ev - 'ry - thing you do is wrong.— This is strict - ly con - fi - den - tial - ly, ba -

E_b *E_{DIM7}* *Bb/F* *F₇* *Bb* *F₇#5(b9)* *Bb₉*

- by: I think your wig is gone.—

E_b6

I don't wan - na be too hast - y in things I say and

C₉

do.— but if it's not ask - ing too much, ba - by, please

F₇ *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_{M7} *F₇* *Bb* *F₇*

- 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_{DIM7}*

— 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 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

(Instrumental)

go ver - y far.
 jump - and shout.
 you to do.

When
 I
 If you

(Instrumental)

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.

TO CODA

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 C **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

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Words and Music by
ELLAS McDANIEL

MODERATELY SLOW

G C G C

Now when I was a lit - tle boy, at the age of five,

G C G C

I had some - thin' in my pock - et, keep a lot o' folks a - live.

G C G C G C

Now I'm a man, made — twen - ty - one. You know, ba - by,

G C G C G C C

we can have a lot o' fun. I'm a man. I spell M. A. _____

G C G C G C C

N. _____ Man. _____ Ah, _____ ah, _____

G C G C G C C

ah, _____ ah, _____ All you pret - ty wom - en stand in line. —

G C G C G C C

I can make love to you, ba - by, — in an ho - ur's time. I'm a man.

G C G C G C G

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)

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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.—

D C

I am a stead-y roll - in' man—

D C A

and I roll— both night and day.— But I ain't

E D G Ab *To CODA* ⊕

got no— sweet wom - an, ooh— Lord, to be roll - in' this a - way.—

A

I am a man— that— rolls—

when i - ci - cles— are hang-in' on the trees.— I am a

D C D C A

man— that— rolls— when i - ci-cles are hang-in' on the trees.

E D G Ab

But can't you hear me beg - gin', ma-ma.— ooh Lord, down— on my bend-ed knee.—

A *D.S. AL CODA*

I am a

⊕ *CODA* **A** *REPEAT AND FADE*
2

I'M READY

© 1954 (Renewed 1982) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by WILLIE DIXON

SHUFFLE BLUES (♩ = $\overline{\text{♩}^3\text{♩}}$)

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. —

E7 *B7* *E7*

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'

A7

ain't no square. 'Cause I'm read - y, read - y's an - y - bod - y can be..-

E7 *B7* *A7*

I am read - y for you.. I hope you read - y for me..-

E7 *B7* *E7*

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

A7 *E7*

read - y, read - y's an - y - bod - y can be..— I am

B7 *A7* *E7* *B7* *E7*

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. **G** **E_{DIM7}** **Am7** **D7** | 3. **G** **G_{DIM7}** **Am7** **D9** **G6**

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)

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 **F7** 4

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

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

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
|--|---|

I'M TORE DOWN

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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...
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... want - me to... Ev - 'ry time you leave me I get mad... with you... Well, I'm
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.
 Can't eat, can't sleep, so weak I can't walk my floor.
 Feel like hollerin' murder, let the Police Squad get me once more.</p> <p>They woke me before day with trouble on my mind.
 They woke me before day with trouble on my mind.
 Wringin' my hands and screamin', walkin' the floor hollerin' and cryin'.</p> | <p>3. Catch 'em, don't let them blues in here.
 Catch 'em, don't let them blues in here.
 They shakes me in my bed, can't set down in chair.</p> <p>Oh, the blues has got me on the go.
 Oh, the blues has got me on the go.
 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.—



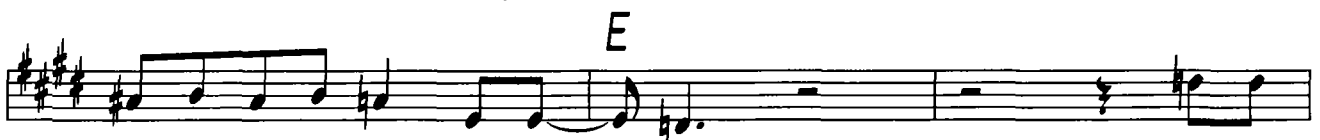
See now, all my fla - vors are guar - an - teed— to— sat - is -



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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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** **G** **D7#5** **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

Copyright © 1957 (Renewed) by Conrad Music, a division of Arc Music Corp. (BMI)

Words and Music by
MEL LONDON

SLOW BLUES

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.

Chords: C, F7, G7, C, C7, F, F_M, C, G+7, C, F7, G7, C, C7, F, F_M, C, G+7, C, F7, C, G7, C, C7, F, F_M, 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.—

Chord symbols: C7, F7, F#DIM7, C6, C#DIM7, DM7, G7, G7#5, C, F#DIM7, G7, C6, C7, F, F#DIM7, C7, C#DIM7, DM7, G7, G7#5, C.

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

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff starts with a treble clef and a key signature change to Bb. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a key signature change to F major. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

1. My babe went off.— stayed out all— night long.— She nev - er got back till the
2-6 (See additional lyrics)

break of dawn.— 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.— I'm gon - na

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
♩ E A7

1. D.S. It serves me right to suf-fer,— it serves me right
2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

E7 A7

to be a - lone.— It serves me right to suf-fer,

E7

it serves me right to be a - lone.— Be-cause my mind, I'm still

B7 E

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,
And, folks, she makes me think of mine.
Every time I see a woman,
And, folks, she makes me think of mine.
And that's why, that's why,
Folks, I just can't keep from crying.</p> | <p>3. My doctor put me on
Milk, cream and alcohol.
My doctor put me on, put me on,
Milk, cream and alcohol.
He said, "Johnny, your nerves are so bad,
So bad, Johnny, until you just can't
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
F

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

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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



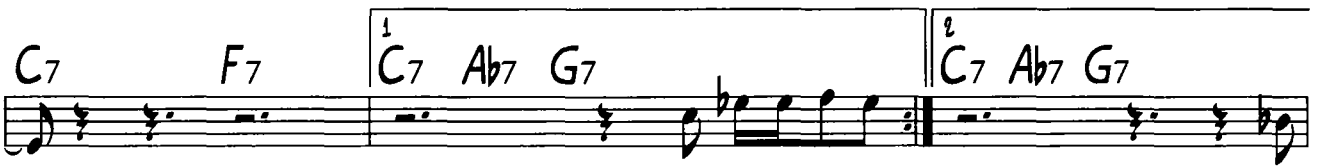
things are go-in' so tough with me. and it was paint-ed white and black. Well, I

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



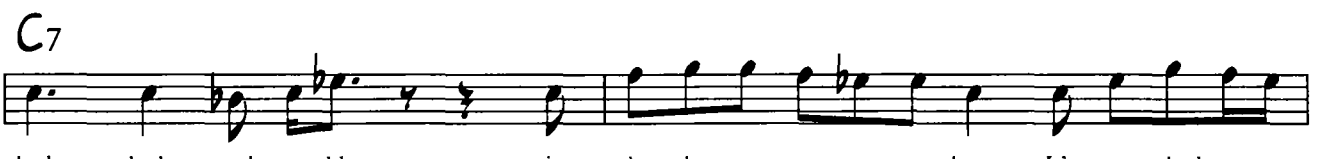
I used to have a

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, B7, 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

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By FERDINAND "JELLY ROLL" MORTON

MODERATELY

B \flat *G \flat M \flat* *G \flat D \flat M \flat 7* *B \flat* *N.C.*
A \flat *E \flat* *B \flat 6*
D \flat D \flat M \flat 7 *F7* *E \flat* *F7* *G \flat D \flat M \flat 7* *G \flat* *F7* *B \flat* *G \flat D \flat M \flat 7* *G \flat* *F7*
B \flat *N.C.* *B \flat 6* *N.C.* *D7* *N.C.* *B \flat 6* *D7* *B \flat* *E \flat* *B \flat 7*
E \flat *B \flat* *N.C.*
D \flat D \flat M \flat 7 *C \flat M \flat 7* *F7* *G7* *C7* *G \flat 7* *F7*
B \flat *G \flat D \flat M \flat 7* *G \flat 7* *F7* *B \flat* *N.C.* *B \flat*
B \flat 7
E \flat *E \flat D \flat M \flat 7* *E \flat 7* *E \flat D \flat M \flat 7* *B \flat* *D \flat D \flat M \flat 7*

C_{M7} F₇ G₇ C₇ G_{b7} F₇ B_b G_{DIM7} G_{b7} F₇ B_b
 B_{b7} E_b B_{b7} E_b B_{b7}
 E_b G₇ E_b
 E_{b7} A_b³ A_{DIM7}
 E_b/B_b E_b B_{b7} C_{DIM7} C_{b7}³ B_{b7}
 E_b C_{DIM7} C_{b7}³ B_{b7} E_b n.c. E_b
 G₇ E_{b7} A_b
 A_{DIM7} E_b/B_b E_b B_{b7}
 C_{DIM7} C_{b7}³ B_{b7} E_b C_{DIM7} C_{b7}³ B_{b7} E_b B_{b7}^{#5} E_{b9}

JUKE

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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) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'MEDIUM BLUES' with a note value of 1 quarter note equal to a triplet of eighth notes. 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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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

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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

1 *A7(NO3RD)* *E7* 2 *A7(NO3RD)* *A7*

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'

1-5 *E7* 6 *E7*

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,
Where I'm better known,
Because you haven't done nothing,
But drive a good man from home. | 4. Now, gimme one more kiss baby
Yes, just before I go.
'Cause when I leave you this time now, baby,
I declare I won't be back no more. |
| 3. Now, when the moon peeks over the mountain,
Yeah... you know I'll be on my way,
I'm gonna walk, walk this ol' highway,
Deep until the break of day. | 5. So long and goodbye,
Yes, I had to say goodbye.
'Cause I'm gonna walk, walk this ol' highway,
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?
Mmm, baby, where you been so long?
I can tell, mama, something's going on wrong. | 3. Mmm, baby, you don't know, you don't know.
Mmm, baby, you don't know, you don't know.
Papa's all ready, going back to Kokomo. |
| 4. And me and my baby had a falling out last night.
And me and my baby had a falling out last night.
Somehow ain't nothing, and my babe won't treat me right. | 5. Mmm, baby, what's the matter now?
Mmm, baby, what's the matter now?
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.
And I'll sing this verse, baby, I can't sing no more.
My train is ready, and I'm going to Kokomo. | |

LADY SINGS THE BLUES

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Words and Music by HERBERT NICHOLS
and BILLIE HOLIDAY

SLOW BLUES

C_{M6} Ab7 C_{M6} C_{M7}

La - dy sings the blues, she's got them bad, she feels so sad.

C_{MAJ7} F_{MAJ7} C A9 D_{M7} G9

Want the world to know what the blues are all a - bout.

C_{M6} Ab7 C_{M6} C_{M7}

La - dy sings the blues, she tells her side, noth - ing to hide.

C_{MAJ7} F_{MAJ7} C A9 D_{M7} G9

Now the world will know just what the blues are all a - bout. The

C₉

blues ain't noth - in' but a pain in your heart. When you get a bad start, when you and your

D₉

man have to part, she ain't gon - na just sit a - round and cry. She knows she won't

G₉ C_{M6} Ab7

die be - cause she loves him. La - dy sings the blues, she's tell - ing

C_{M6} C_{M7} C_{MAJ7} F_{MAJ7}

you she's got them bad. Now the world will know, she's

C G7 C_{M7} F₉ G7#5 C_{M6}

nev - er gon - na sing them no more, no more.

KINDHEARTED WOMAN BLUES

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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

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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.

D9 E7/A A

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

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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

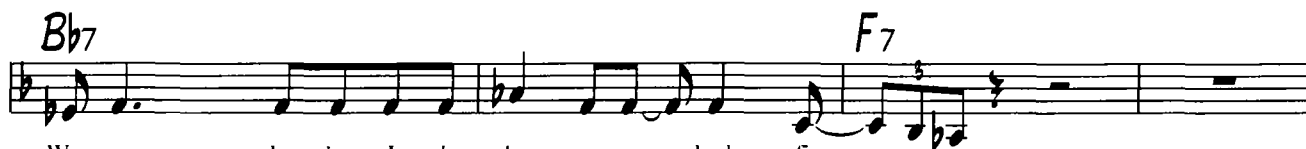
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Words and Music by
WILLIE DIXON

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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By B.B. KING

SLOW BLUES



I'm glad to see— you back, ba - by.— you been gone such a long, long time. And



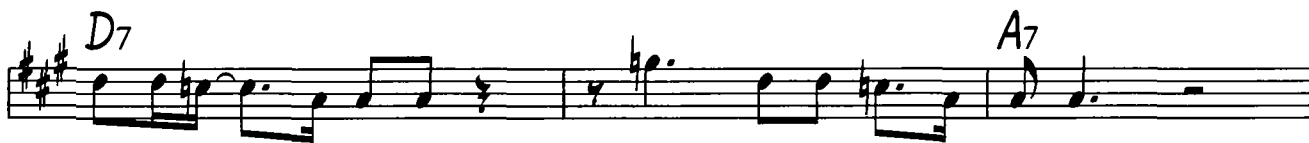
now that you're back,— ba - by, let's make up for long lost time. Well, the



day that you left— me, ba - by, I near-ly went out— of my mind.— I could-n't



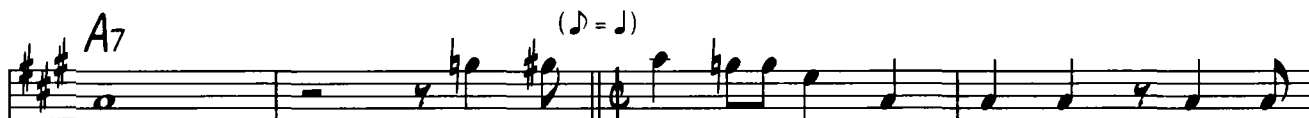
hard - ly sleep— at night.— ba - by, ev - 'ry morn-ing I woke— up cry - in! So



let's get down to bus-'ness, yea, let's get down to bus-'ness.



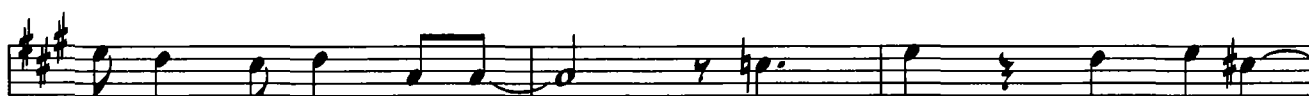
Well, let's get down to bus - 'ness, ba - by you been gone such a long, long



time. Now I know that I love you, ba - by, and I



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—



— 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)

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Written by WILLIE DIXON

MODERATE BEAT

E_b

You go and I'll come with you, lit - tle ba - by. _____

B_b7

You go and I'll come with you, lit - tle ba - by. _____

E_b Eb7 Ab

You go and I'll go with you. You bet your life that I won't quit you.

E_b *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 (♩ = $\bar{\text{J}}^{\text{3}}$)

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

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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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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)

C F7

— I'm all a - lone in this cit - y, well, I don't know what to

C G7

do._____ Say, I'm slow - ly go - in' cra - zy and it's

F7 C

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 first staff has a G chord above the first measure and a D7 chord above the second measure. The lyrics are: call. I pick up my re - ceiv - er.

Musical notation for the second staff. The first measure has a C7 chord above it, and the second measure has a G chord above it. The lyrics are: the par - ty said, "Noth - er mule kick - in' in your stall."

LONG GONE BLUES

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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 first staff has a G chord above the first measure, a C7 chord above the second measure, a G chord above the third measure, and a G7 chord above the fourth measure. The lyrics are: Oh tell me, ba - by, tell me what's the mat - ter now?

Musical notation for the second staff. The first measure has a C7 chord above it, the second measure has a G chord above it, and the third measure has a G7 chord above it. The lyrics are: Tell me, ba - by, what's the mat - ter now? Are you

Musical notation for the third staff. The first measure has a D7 chord above it, the second measure has an Am7 chord above it, the third measure has a D7 chord above it, the fourth measure has a G chord above it, the fifth measure has a C chord above it, the sixth measure has a G chord above it, the seventh measure has a D7 chord above it, and the eighth measure has a G chord above it. The lyrics are: try - in' to quit me, ba - by, but you don't know how. I've

Musical notation for the fourth staff. The first measure has a G chord above it, the second measure has a C7 chord above it, and the third measure has a G chord above it. The lyrics are: been your slave ev - er since I've been your babe. I've I'm a good gal, but my love is all wrong.

Musical notation for the fifth staff. The first measure has a C7 chord above it, the second measure has a G chord above it, and the third measure has a G7 chord above it. The lyrics are: 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

Musical notation for the sixth staff. The first measure has an Am7 chord above it, the second measure has a D7 chord above it, the third measure has an Am7 chord above it, the fourth measure has a D7 chord above it, the fifth measure has a G chord above it, the sixth measure has a C chord above it, the seventh measure has a G chord above it, the eighth measure has a D7 chord above it, and the ninth measure has a G chord above it. The lyrics are: 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.
Ev'ry time you start to makin' love, I declare, it's out of this worl',
Well, Louise, baby, that will never do,
Yeah, you know, you know I ain't had no lovin'. Louise,
Ever since Louise has gone.</p> | <p>3. Louise, the big boat's up the river, she's on a bank of sand.
Now if she don't strike deep water, I declare she'll never land.
Well, Louise, baby, why don't you hurry home,
Yeah, you know, you know, Louise,
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—

D7



— 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**



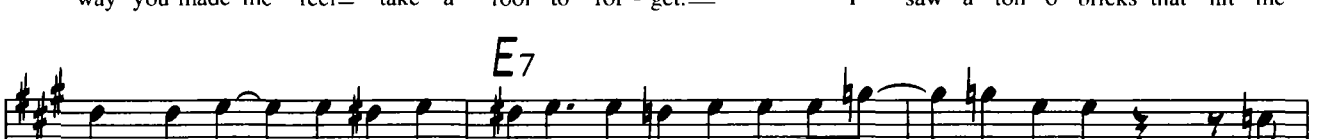
I— still re - mem-ber, a - let it be said: the

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 {

Yeah, I'm a love struck ba - by. You got me
love struck, mm - ba - by, an' I know just what's to do. ———

Instrumental solo

Solo ends The know just what to do. ———

Chords: D7, A7, E7, D7#9, A7, D7, A7, E7, A7, E7, CODA, E7, N.C., A7

LOVE IN VAIN BLUES

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Words and Music by
ROBERT JOHNSON

SLOWLY

And I fol - lowed her to the sta - tion,
train rolled up to the sta - tion,
train, 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

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, —

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.

All my love's in vain. ———
When the —
When the —

Chords: G, G7, C, G7, D7, G, A7, D7, G, D7

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_m *D7* *A_m* *D7*

I don't know why, but I'm feel - ing so sad. _____

G9 *D_{M7}* *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_{b7} *F_m* *G9* *D_{M7}* *C* *E7*

Lov - er man, oh where can you be?

A_m *D7* *A_m* *D7*

The night is cold, and I'm so all a - lone. _____

G9 *D_{M7}* *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_{b7} *F_m* *G9* *D_{M7}* *C* *F*

lov - er man, oh where can you be?

E_M *G_{M6}* *A7* *E_{M7}* *G_{M6}*

I've heard it said that the thrill of romance can

D *E9* *B_{b7}* *D* *A7*

be like a heavenly dream;

D_M *F_{M6}* *G7* *B_{bM}*

I go to bed with a pray'r that you'll make love to

C *B_{b7}* *D_{M6}* *E7#5* *E7*

me, strange as it seems.

A_M *D7* *A_M* *D7*

Some - day we'll meet and you'll dry all my tears—

G9 *D_{M7}* *G9* *G7*

then whis - per sweet lit - tle things in my ears.—

C7 *F7*

hug - gin' and a - kiss - in', oh what we've been miss - in'.

B_{b7} *F_M* *G9* *D_{M7}* *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 wondering 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 love is sweet-er than hon - ey, and your heart is pure as gold. Ev - 'ry -

C7 time you kiss me, you sat - is - fy my soul.

MAD MAN BLUES

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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 got the mad man blues. *G7* Got the mad man blues, -

F7 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 (♩ = $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$)

A

I said I'm sit-tin' here watch-in', Match-box hole in my clothes;

D7 **A**

I said I'm sit-tin' here {won - d'rin',} Match-box hole in my clothes.

E7 **D7** **To CODA** **A**

I ain't got no match-es, but I sure got a long-way to go. —

E7 **A**

I'm an ol' — poor boy and I'm a long — way from home: —

D7 **A**

I'm an ol' — poor boy and I'm a long — way from home: —

E7 **D7** **A**

I'll nev-er be hap-py 'cause ev-'ry-thing I ev-er did was wrong.

E7 **A**

Well, — if you don't — want my peach-es, hon-ey, please don't — shake my

D7

tree: If you don't want an-y of those peach-es, hon-ey,

A **E7**

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

D7 A E7 A D7 A E7 D.S. AL CODA 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.

E7 A7 E7 B7 A7 E7 A7 E7 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*

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*

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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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_M** **C7**

Well, the Well... Well, my — I'm gon - na

E_M **D₉** **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.
He got lucky, stole her back again.
She heard he had a Mercury, Lord, she's crazy 'bout a Mercury.
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,
Ridin' 'round in your Mercury '49.
Crazy 'bout a Mercury, Lord, I'm crazy 'bout a Mercury.
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.
Bought herself a Mercury, come a-cruisin' on home.
She's crazy 'bout a Mercury, yeah, she's crazy 'bout a Mercury.
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_{M7} 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_M E7

We don't care... what Mis - ter Crump don't 'low... We gon - na bar - rel - house

A_M 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

F7

Mis - sis - sip - pi Riv - er, Mis - sis - sip - pi, _____

take my rock - in' chair...
so deep — and wide... _____

Goin' down the riv - er, _____
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._____

Chords: F, Bb7, F, F7, Bb7, F, C7, Bb7, F, F7, Bb7, F, Bb7, F, C7, F, Bb, Bbm, F

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

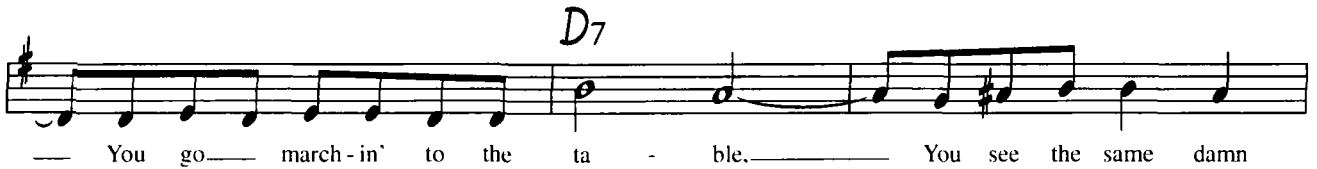
TRO - © Copyright 1936 (Renewed) Folkways Music Publishers, Inc., New York, NY

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



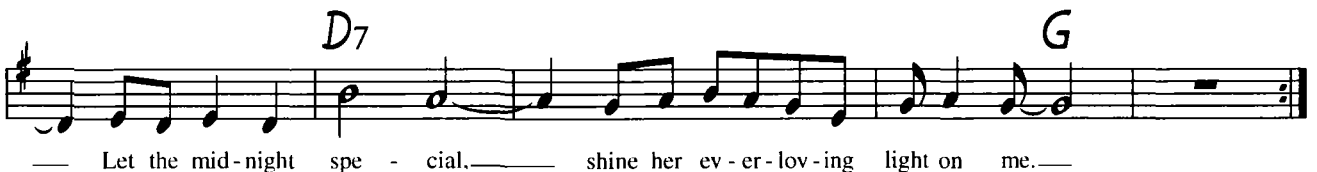
thing. Well it's on — one — ta - ble. Knife and fork and pan.



— 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,
 Boys you better walk right.
 And you better not stagger,
 And you better not fight.
 The sheriff will arrest you,
 And he'll carry you down.
 And if the jury finds you guilty,
 You're penitentiary bound.</p> | <p>3. Yonder comes Miss Rosie,
 How in the world do you know,
 I can tell by her apron,
 And the dress she wore.
 Umbrella on her shoulder,
 Piece of paper in her hand.
 She goes a-marching to the captain,
 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

Copyright © 1958 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

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, when I'm comin' home.
She said, "You've been gone so long."

MOANIN' AT MIDNIGHT

Copyright © 1960 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by
CHESTER BURNETT

MODERATELY

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

Copyright © 1947 (Renewed) by Regent Music Corporation (BMI) and Crystal Music Publishing, Inc. (ASCAP)

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 tempo is marked "SLOWLY, WITH A BEAT". The key signature has one flat (B-flat major). The score includes various chord voicings and melodic lines. The chords are as follows:

- Staff 1: C_{MAJ7}, C_{M7}, F₉
- Staff 2: C_{M7}, F₉, B_{bMAJ7}, B_{bM7}, E_{b9}
- Staff 3: A_{bMAJ7}, A_{bM7}, D_{b9}
- Staff 4: C_{MAJ7}, A_{M7}, D_{M7}, G_{7b9}, C_{MAJ7}
- Staff 5: C_{M7}, F₉, C_{M7}, F₉, B_{bMAJ7}
- Staff 6: B_{bM7}, E_{b9}, A_{bMAJ7}
- Staff 7: A_{bM7}, D_{b9}, C_{MAJ7}, A_{M7}
- Staff 8: F_{#M7}, B_{7b9}, E_{MAJ7}, E₆, E_{M7}, A₇, D_{MAJ7}, D₆
- Staff 9: D_{MAJ7}, D₆, D_{MAJ7}, D₆, D_{M7}, G₉, G_{7#5}, E_{M7}, E_{b9}
- Staff 10: D_{M7}, D_{b7#9}, C_{MAJ7}, C_{M7}, F₉
- Staff 11: C_{M7}, F₉, B_{bMAJ7}, B_{bM7}, E_{b9}

Ab_{MAJ7} Ab_{M7} Db₉

¹ C Am₇ D_{M7} G_{7b9} ² C Db₉ C₉

The first system consists of two staves of music. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab). It contains a melodic line with various note values and rests. Above the staff are the chord symbols Ab_{MAJ7}, Ab_{M7}, and Db₉. The bottom staff continues the melodic line and includes a first ending bracket (marked '1') and a second ending bracket (marked '2'). Above the bottom staff are the chord symbols C, Am₇, D_{M7}, G_{7b9}, C, Db₉, and C₉.

MIDNIGHT

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By B.B. KING

SLOWLY

The second system consists of eight staves of music, all in the key of E major (indicated by three sharps in the key signature). The tempo is marked 'SLOWLY'. The music features a complex melodic line with many triplets and slurs. Chord symbols are placed above the staves: E, A₉, E, B₇, A₉, E, B₇, E, A₉, E, E₇, A₉, E, B₇, A₉, E, E₇. The notation includes numerous triplets (marked with a '3' and a bracket) and slurs over phrases of notes.

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*₉ *E*₇

see my milk cow, please drive her home.— I ain't

*B*₇ *E*

had no milk— and but - ter— since that cow's— been gone.—

*E*₇

My blues fell this morn - in', and my love— came fall - in'

*A*₉

down.— Well, my blues— fell this morn - in', and my

*E*₇ *B*₇

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*₇

rock - in' chair to rock, a rub - ber ball— to roll. Takes a long tall sweet gal— to—

*A*₉

sat - is - fy— my soul. Lord, I don't feel wel - come no—

*E*₇ *B*₇

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.—
 boys all whis - tle when she walks by.— } Why don't you
 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. Now, I
 Ba - by
 Now, I

MY BABE

© 1955 (Renewed 1983) HOOCHIE COOCHIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

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

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.
Copyright Renewed

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_b7

Your ba - by ain't sweet like mine.—

She do the right thing ev - 'ry time.— She needs me,

A_b7

she please me. all day long she hug and she squeeze me. Your ba-by ain't

E_b7

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_b7

my ba - by knows just what to do.— Your ba - by,

E_b7

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. When my first wife left me, she left my heart in mis - er -
 more. If I get her back a - gain, I'll nev - er roam - no -
 blame. 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

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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.



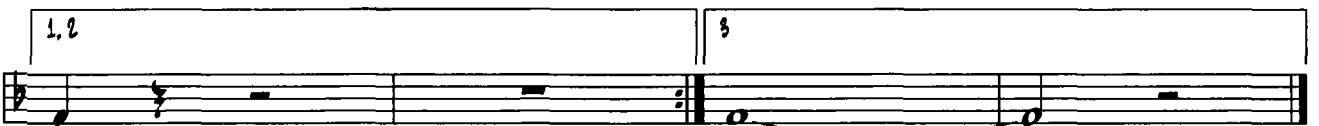
But when I rub my root my luck will nev - er fail.
The judge-'s wife cried. "Let the man go free."
All I have to do is rub my root. I win ev - 'ry time.



When I rub my root, }
I was rub - bin' my root. } my John the con - quer 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

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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

C G7 C

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

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Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY

WITH A BEAT F

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-

Bb

wheel; I feel, I stole a kiss at the turn of a mile,
mo. So I told her soft-ly and sin- cere,
loose. The night was young and the moon— was gold.
I held— a grudge
all the way home

F

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 would-n't budge. Cruis-ing and play-ing the ra-di-

C7 F

o. With no par-tic-u-lar place to go.
slow, With no par-tic-u-lar place to go.
felt? I couldn't un-fas-ten her safe-ty belt.
o, With no par-tic-u-lar place to

N.C. F

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 Cm6

I felt so mis - treat - ed I had to scream. Just think - ing a - bout— that

G Am7 Am7b5 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#DIM 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

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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, I'm 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, I'm 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

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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_M **G**

I'm on the road a - gain. — Well, I'm so tired of cry - in', but I'm

G_M

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_M* *D7*

Once I lived the life of a mil-lion-aire, spend-ing my mon-ey, I

G_M *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_M* *D7* *G_M*

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_M* *D7*

ea - gle grins. No - bod - y knows you when you're down— and out—

G_M *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_M D7 G_M
 feet a - gain, then you'll meet your long lost friends..

B_b 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, ———

F#m *D* *Bm7* *E7*

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.

¹ *Bm7* *E7* *A* *D* *A* *A7*

I'll nev - er do you — no harm. — (Spoken:) Believe me, darling. When you

² *Bm7* *E7* *A* *D* *A* *Bb7* *A7*

I'll nev - er do you — no harm.
 (Instrumental)

OOH WEE

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Written by WILLIE DIXON

MODERATELY *F* *3*

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

Bb7 *3* *F*

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

C7 *Bb7* *F* 1-3 4

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. It consists of two staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The lyrics 'One more time,' are written below the first three notes. The second staff continues the melody with a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, Bb4, and A4. The lyrics 'yes, one more time,' are written below these notes. Chord symbols F7 and C are placed above the first and second staves respectively.

One more time, _____ yes, one more time, _____

Musical notation for the second system of the song. It consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody from the first system with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The lyrics 'Ev - 'ry dance you do,' are written below these notes. The second staff continues the melody with a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, Bb4, and A4. The lyrics 'she hol - ler, "One more time."' are written below these notes. Chord symbols G7, F7, and C are placed above the first, second, and third staves respectively.

Ev - 'ry dance you do, _____ she hol - ler, "One more time."

RAMBLIN' ON MY MIND

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Words and Music by
ROBERT JOHNSON

SLOW BLUES

Musical notation for the first system of the song. It consists of two staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics '1. I got ram - blin', - I got ram - blin' on my mind. _____' are written below these notes. The second staff continues the melody with a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The lyrics '2.-4. (See additional lyrics)' are written below these notes. Chord symbols E7, A7, and E7 are placed above the first, second, and third staves respectively.

1. I got ram - blin', - I got ram - blin' on my mind. _____
2.-4. (See additional lyrics)

Musical notation for the second system of the song. It consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody from the first system with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics 'I got ram - blin', -' are written below these notes. The second staff continues the melody with a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The lyrics 'I got ram - blin' on my mind.' are written below these notes. Chord symbols A7 and E7 are placed above the first and second staves respectively.

I got ram - blin', - I got ram - blin' on my mind.

Musical notation for the third system of the song. It consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody from the second system with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics 'Hate to leave my ba-by, but she treats me so un - kind. _____' are written below these notes. The second staff continues the melody with a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. Chord symbols B7, A7, and E7 are placed above the first, second, and third staves respectively.

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, I don't want no mouth from you
and I don't want no back talk. '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

© 1928 (Renewed), 1974 FRANK MUSIC CORP.

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.
I've come to see you gypsy, beggin' on my bended knees,
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.
It starts at my forehead and goes clean down to my toes.
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,
Oh, don't hurt him gypsy, fix him for me one more time.
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—

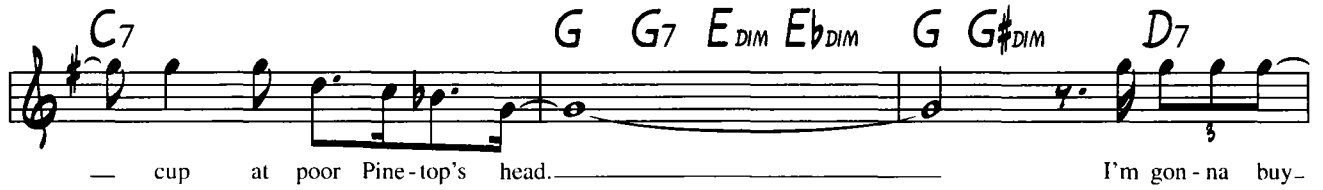
— mis - treat poor— me.——— Now, I cooked—

— 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_{DIM} E_b_{DIM} G G_#_{DIM} D7



— cup at poor Pine-top's head. I'm gon-na buy-

G C7 G G7



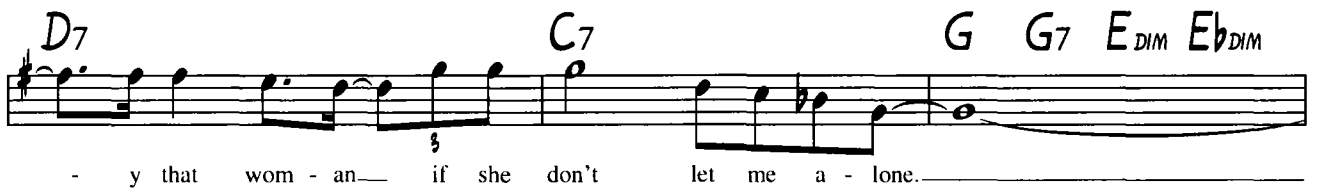
— my - self— a grave - yard of— my own. I'm gon-na buy.

C7 G



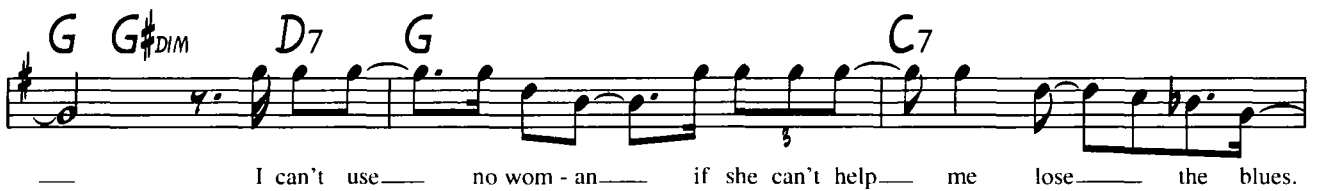
— my - self— a grave - yard of— my own. I'm gon-na bur-

D7 C7 G G7 E_{DIM} E_b_{DIM}



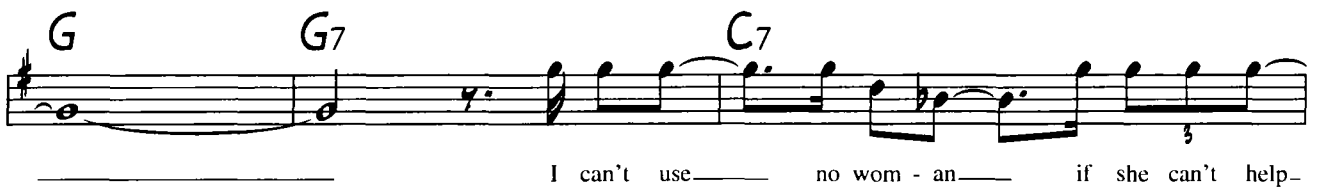
- y that wom - an— if she don't let me a - lone.

G G_#_{DIM} D7 G C7



— I can't use— no wom - an— if she can't help— me lose— the blues.

G G7 C7



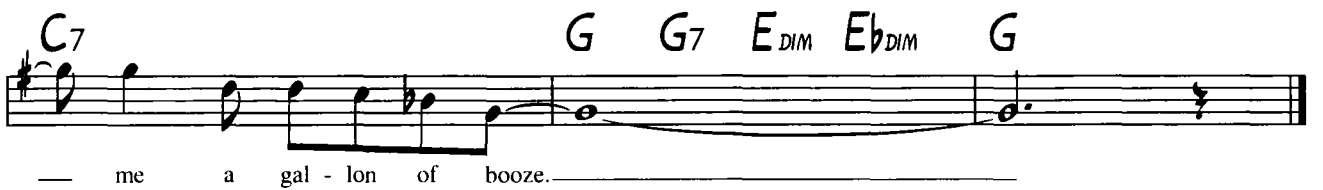
— I can't use— no wom - an— if she can't help—

G D7



— me lose— the blues. Go-in' down— on State Street— just to buy.

C7 G G7 E_{DIM} E_b_{DIM} 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 $\frac{9}{8}$

*C*₆ *F* *F*₉ *C*

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.

*C*₇ *F*₁₁ *F*₉ *F*₇ *G*₇

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

C *C*_{#DIM7} *G*₇

real - ly al - right. Say the boys jump and swing -
cheeks. I wan - na hold your hand.

F *To CODA* \oplus *C* *G*₇ *C*

un - til the broad day - light. I dreamed last night I was
tell you that your kind can't be.

*F*₇ *C* *C*₇ *F*

stand - in' on Eight - eenth and Vine. Yes, I dreamed last night.

*G*₇ *C* *C*_{#DIM7}

I was stand - in' on Eight - eenth and Vine. I shook

*D*_{M7} *F*₇ *C* *G*₇

hands with Pi - ney Brown and I could hard - ly keep from cry - in'. Now,

C *F*₇ *C*

come to me, ba - by I wan - na tell you why - I'm in love with you.

C *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* *A♭7* *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_{DIM}/E♭* *G#_{DIM}/D* *G_{DIM}/D♭* *F/C* *C*

(Instrumental)

F7 *C7#5* *F* *F7*

Go - ing to the riv - er side - take - a chair and - set down. -

B♭7 *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_{DIM}/E♭* *G#_{DIM}/D* *G_{DIM}/D♭* *F/C* *C*

jump o - ver - board - and drown.

B♭7 *C7#5* *F A7/E* *A7♭5/E♭* *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_{DIM}/E♭* *G#_{DIM}/D* *G_{DIM}/D♭*

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. -

F/C *C* *F7* *E7* *E♭7* *D7* *D♭7* *C7♭9* *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

to— love.. Heav - en,—

⊕ CODA G/D Dbm7b5

not— ask - ing too much.

C7 D7 G Am7 Gm7/Bb Am7 G

please— send me some - one— to love. Hm - mm - mm.—

ROBERTA

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

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.
 I went down to the river, I sat down on the ground.
 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.
 Well, way up the river, just as far as I could see.
 Lord, I thought I'd find my old time used to be.</p> | <p>3. Oh, Roberta, tell me how long, how long?
 Oh, Roberta, tell me how long, how long?
 I'm gonna wait for you baby, I've gotta see you
 Since you been gone.</p> <p>5. She was a brownskin woman, she had black wavy hair.
 She was a brownskin woman, she had black wavy hair.
 And I can't subscribe her, anymore, anywhere.</p> |
|--|---|
6. I'm going to the station and talk to the chief of police.
 I'm going to the station and talk to the chief of police.
 Roberta done quit me, I can't see no peace.

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

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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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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_{M7} *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_bDIM* *D_{M7}*

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

C₉ *F7*

all I saw was rain. The sun should be shin - in', but the rain -

C *E_bDIM* *D_{M7}*

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. — } Well, it means the
run a big leg - ged wo - man down. — }
ba - by gets her eve - ning gown. — }

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

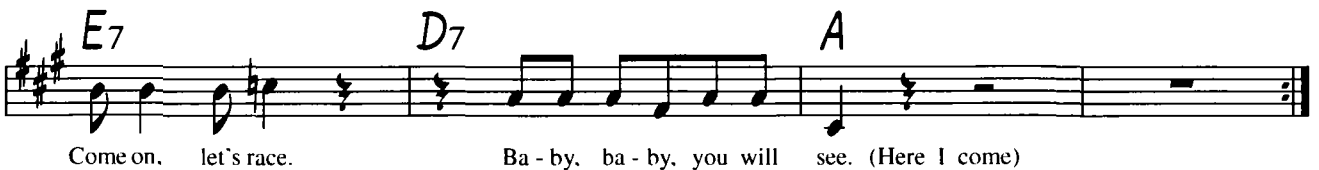
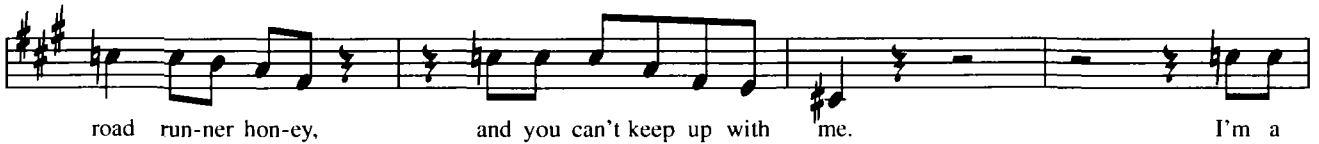
roll me ba - by, you don't know how it makes me feel.

ROAD RUNNER

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Words and Music by
ELLAS McDANIEL

MEDIUM BLUES

*(This line is played behind dialogue.)*

Spoken Verses

1. Move over honey; let me by.
Move over, baby, let this man by.
I'm gonna show you, baby, when I get ahead,
gonna put some dirt in your eye.
Here I go!
2. Take my hand, baby
I wanna prove to you that I'm a ... a road-runnin' man.
I wanna show you something,
that I'm the fastest in the land.
Now, let me by.
(Beep beep.)
3. Oh, yeah! How'm I doin'?'
(Beep beep.) (Beep-beep)
4. Oh, yeah.
You say you're fast. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
But it don't look like you're gonna last.
Good-bye. I've got to put you down.
I'll see you someday, baby,
somewhere hangin' around.
(Beep-beep)

SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

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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

2. 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.
3. 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

(Solo ends)

Well, I rolled an' I tum - bled, cried the whole night long.—
 (D.S.) hmm, mmm, ah.

(Instrumental)

Well, I rolled an' I tum - bled, cried the whole night long.—
 Well, ah hmm, mmm, ah.

When I
Mmm.

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 _m F B \flat B \flat _m F B \flat B \flat _m

No use of talk-in', no use of talk-in', you'll start in dog-walk-in' no

F F₉ B \flat ₆ F $7^{\sharp}5$ B \flat ₆ F $7^{\sharp}5$

mat-ter where.- There's jazz-co-pa-tion, blues mod-u-la-tion,

B \flat ₆ F $7^{\sharp}5$ B \flat _{DIM} B \flat ₇ C₇ D_{DIM7} C_{DIM7}

just like a Hai-tian you'll rip and tear.— Most ev-'ry-

C₇ D \flat ₇ C₇ F C₇ F B \flat B \flat _m

bod-y likes the blues:— here's why I'm rav-in',—

F B \flat B \flat _m F B \flat B \flat _m F F₉

here's why I'm rav-in', if it's blues you are crav-in', just come on down.—

B \flat ₆ F $7^{\sharp}5$ B \flat ₆ F $7^{\sharp}5$ B \flat ₆ 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 ₇ C₇ D_{DIM7}/C C_{DIM7} C₇ D \flat ₇ C₇ F C₇

jazz me 'round." be-cause your feet they can't re-fuse.—

F F₇ F F₇ F F₇

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.

C7 Bb7 Db7 C7 F

Can't keep still tho' it's a- gainst my will.
 It's a shame you don't know the name.

Fm7b5 C7/G C7 F

I'm on my P's and Q's. I just can't re - fuse.
 It's a brand new blues.

C7 F C7#5

the Roy - al Gar - den Blues.

F7 Bb Bbm F F7

Ev - 'ry - bod - y grab some - bod - y and start jazz - ing 'round.

Bb

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 -

Bb7 Eb Ebm

sax - o - phone. — Gee, hear that clar - i - net and flute, —
 ing to the brain. Just wan - na — get right up and dance.

Bb G7 C7

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

F7 Bb Ebm6 Bb Ebm6 Bb

self a - way — when but I hear 'em play.
 care to choose — 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 (♩ = $\bar{\text{J}}^{\text{3}}$)

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

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

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. —

— 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_{DIM}* *A_{M7}*

dust - y. _____ Get up, ma - ma. _____ get up be -

D₇ *G* *A_{M7}* *D₇* *G*

fore you get— too rust - y. Now, you got the ver - y best,

C₉ *G* *G₇*

best of ev-'ry-thing. Yes, _____ ba - by, _____ you've got the best of ev - 'ry - thing. - Mm. -

C₉ *C_{#DIM}* *G* *B_{DIM}*

— you bet-ter lose _____ that cham - pagne taste. — 'Cause

A_{M7} *C₉* *G*

I'm so a-fraid, ma-ma, ooo, _____ you're let-ting me go — to waste. -

SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING

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Words and Music by
CHESTER BURNETT

MODERATELY *C_M*

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_{M7} G7 D_{M7} G7 C D₉ 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_{M7} G7 D_{M7} G7 C A_{b7} 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_M7 G7 C A_b7 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#^{DIM} C G7 C C#^{DIM}
 shoes ain't but - toned. your clothes don't fit you right. — You

D_M7 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_b7

Just re-mem-ber me, ba-by, when I'm in six feet of cold,— cold ground.

E_b B_b7 E_b A_b7

Just re-mem-ber me, ba-by,—

E_b B_b7 E_b

when I'm in six feet of cold,— cold ground.—

B_b7

Al-ways think of me, ma-ma, just say that there's a good man gone down.—

E_b B_b7 E_b E_b7 B_b7

Don't cry, ba-by, save it af-ter I'm gone.

E_b7 A_b7 E_b B_b7 E_b

Don't cry, ba-by, don't cry af-ter I'm gone.

B_b7 E_b B_b7

I'm just a good man who loves you.— and I ain't done noth-in' wrong.

E_b E_b7

Just lay my bod-y,— lay it in six cold feet— of ground.

A_b7

Just lay my bod-y,

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_M*

Some of these days _____ you'll miss— me hon - ey, _____ some of these

B7 *E_M*

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_M* *A_M/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_M7* *G* *N.C.* *G*

yes some— of these days, _____ Some of these _____

ST. LOUIS BLUES

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Words and Music by
W. C. HANDY

MODERATELY

G7 C7 G G7

1. I hate to see— the ev'-nin' sun go down._____

2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

C C7 G

Hate to see— the ev'-nin' sun go down._____

D7 G

'Cause my ba-by— he done left this town._____

G7 C7 G G7

Feel-in' to-mor-row like— I feel to-day._____

C C7 G

Feel to-mor-row like— I feel to-day._____

D7 G

I'll pack my trunk— make my get-a-way._____ St. Lou-is

G_M (A_M) G_M C_M D7

wom-an,— with her dia-mond rings._____ Pulls that

G_M

man 'round— by her a-pron strings._____ 'Twant for

G_M (A_M) G_M C_M D₇
 pow - der, — and for store — bought hair, — The
 man I love — would not gone no - where. — Got the
 G (G₆) (G) (G₆) G (G₆) (G) (G₆) G G₇
 St. Lou - is blues just as blue as — I — can be. — That —
 C₍₆₎ (C₇) G
 man got a heart like a rock cast — in the — sea, — Or —
 A_M₇ D₇ G (D₇)
 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

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a series of ten staves of music. Each staff begins with a chord symbol (F, Bb7, F7, C7, Bb7, F, C7, Bb7, F, F7) and contains a melodic line with triplet markings. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines.

Oh, ba - by, look how you've got me stand-ing a-round cry - ing.
 Oh, ba - by, look how you've got me stand-ing a-round
 cry - ing. I know I don't love you lit - tle girl,
 but you're al-ways rest-ing on my mind. Oh, ba - by,
 I ain't gon-na be rid-in' you a-round in my au-to-mo-bile.
 Oh, ba - by, I ain't gon-na be rid-in' you a-round in my au-to-mo-bile.
 You've got so man - y men, that I'm a - fraid— you may get me killed.—
 Oh, ba - by, you ain't noth-in' like you used to be.—
 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-

D *G7* *D7* *Bb9* *A9* *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

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Words and Music by
WILLY McTELL

MODERATE SHUFFLE

Musical notation for the first line of the song, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked "MODERATE SHUFFLE". The first measure has a **D7** chord above it. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. There are triplet markings over the first three notes of the first and second measures.

1., 4. Wake up, ma - ma, turn your lamp down low. —
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

Musical notation for the second line of the song. It features a **G7** chord above the first measure and a **D7** chord above the fifth measure. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, including triplet markings.

Wake up, ma - ma, turn your lamp down low. — Ya

Musical notation for the third line of the song. It features **A7**, **G7**, and **D7** chords above the first, second, and fifth measures respectively. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, including triplet markings. A circled cross symbol is at the end of the line.

got no nerve. — ba - by to turn Un - cle John from your door. —

To CODA ⊕
(LAST TIME)

Musical notation for the instrumental section. It shows two first endings. The first ending is marked "1, 3" and leads to an **A7** chord. The second ending is marked "2" and leads to a sequence of chords: **A7**, **D7**, **G7**, and **D7**.

(Instrumental)

Musical notation for the instrumental section, showing a sequence of chords: **G7**, **D7**, **A7**, and **G7**.

Musical notation for the instrumental section, showing a sequence of chords: **D7**, **A7**, **A7**, and **D7 n.c.** (no chord). The melody includes triplet markings.

Well, my ma - ma died and left me, my

(End instrumental)

Musical notation for the instrumental section, showing a sequence of chords: **D7 n.c.** and **D7 n.c.**. The melody includes triplet markings.

pa - pa died and left me. I ain't good - look - in', ba - by. but I'm

Musical notation for the instrumental section, showing a sequence of chords: **D7** and **G7**. The melody includes triplet markings.

some - one — sweet and kind. — I'm goin' — to the coun - try,

Musical notation for the instrumental section, showing a sequence of chords: **D7** and **A7**. The melody includes triplet markings.

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

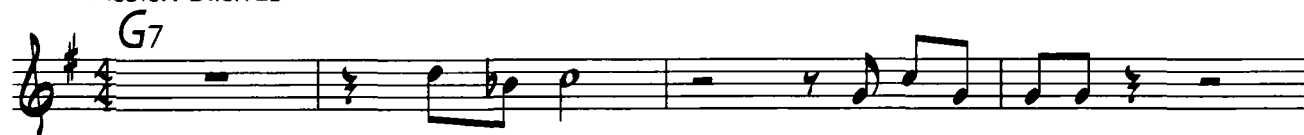
Su - gar Blues, — ev - 'ry - bod - y's sing - ing the Su - gar Blues. — The
 whole town is ring - ing. { My lov - in' man's — sweet as he can be, — but the
 I love my cof - fee. I love my tea. — but the
 dog - gone fool turned sou - r on me. — { I'm so un - hap - py. I
 dog - gone cream turned sou - 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. —

STELLA MAE

Copyright © 1967 (Renewed) by Arc Music Corporation (BMI)

Words and Music by
JOHN LEE HOOKER

MEDIUM SHUFFLE



1. 6. Stel - la Mae, I love you, ba - by. I did it,
 2. Mae, you changed my drink, to milk and creme.
 3-5 (See additional lyrics)



I did it, Stel - la Mae just for you, 'cause I love you. I love you, ba - by. I'd I love you. Stel - la



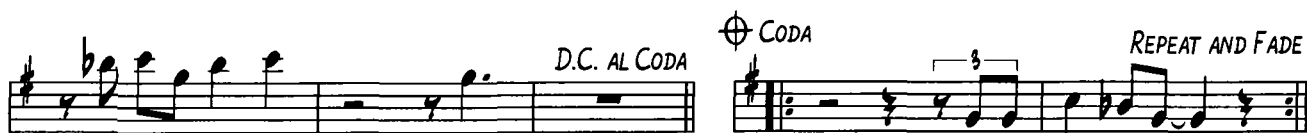
do an - y - thing you asked me to, 'cause I love you. I'd do an - y - thing for you, 'cause I love
 Mae. Spoken: I'd do an - y - thing for you, 'cause I love



you. Stel - la (Instrumental)



Ba - by!



Oo_____

Oo

'cause I love you...

Additional Lyrics

3. Now, Stella Mae, if you told me to jump in the ocean,
 I know I can't swim, but I'd try to do it just for you.
 Because I love you, I love you, Stella Mae.
4. Now, baby, you made me stop gambling;
 You made me stop staying up all night long.
 Now, Stella Mae, I did all these things, I did them just for you.
 'Cause I love you, I love you, oh yeah.
5. Now Stella Mae, if I had my choice for the whole round world,
 I, I, baby, I'd tell you to be my choice.
 'Cause I love you, 'Cause I love you, 'Cause I love you...

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 ^{man}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 ^{he}she went a- way the blues walked

in and met me. If ^{he}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 ^{man}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, 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, D9, G, E7, Am7, D7#5(b9), G, 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 $\frac{3}{4}$ **F7**

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, It's run-nin' just 'fore day,
with an-oth-er man's wife, 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.
she's 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.

SWEET HOME CHICAGO

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

Words and Music by
ROBERT JOHNSON

MEDIUM BLUES E7 A7 E7

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_{M7} *D_{M7}/G* *C_{MAJ7}* *F_{MAJ7}*

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_{M7b5} *E₇* *A_M*

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_{M7b5} *E₇* *A_M* *E_M*

known to win. but you'll lose ——— time ——— af - ter time. } So ——— long. ——— it was
just the same. }

A_M *D₉* *F₉*

so ——— long a - go. — but I've still ——— got the blues ——— for ——— you. ———

B_{M7} *B_M/E* *A_M* *B_{M7}*

So man - y years since I've seen your face. ——— but here in my —

B_M/E *F_{MAJ7}* *E_{M7}* *N.C.* *A_M*

heart ——— there's an emp - ty space ——— you used to be. So ———

E_M *A_M* *D₉* *E₉*

long. ——— it was so ——— long a - go. — but I've still ——— got the

E7#9 *A_M* *A₅* *E₅* *A_M* *E_M*
 blues — for you. — Though the days — come and go there is
A_M *D₉* *F₉* *E7#9* *D_{M7}* *D.C. AND FADE*
 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 (♩ = $\overline{\overline{\overline{\text{J}}\text{J}}}$)

G7
 1. Let your hair down ba - by and let's have a nat-'ral ball. —
 2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

C7 *G7*
 Let your hair down ba-by, let's have a nat-'ral ball. —

A_{M7} *D7* *G7*
 '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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Words and Music by
BIG BILL BROONZY

MODERATELY SLOW BLUES

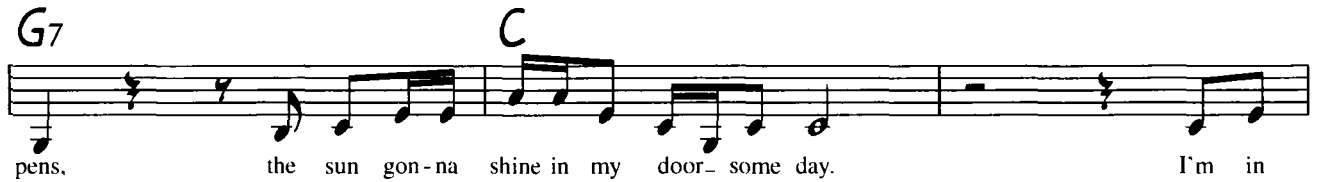
Just sit-tin' here hun - gry, ain't got a dime. Looks like my
 friends would come to see me some time, But it won't mat - ter how it hap -
 pens, the sun gon-na shine in my door - some day. When I was in
 jail, ex-pect-in' a fine, when I went be-fore that judge not a friend could I
 find. But it won't 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.



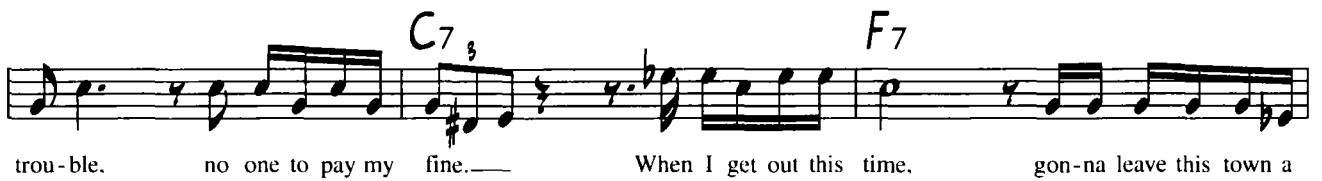
Lawd - y, Lawd - y, Lawd - y, Lawd.— I used to be your



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



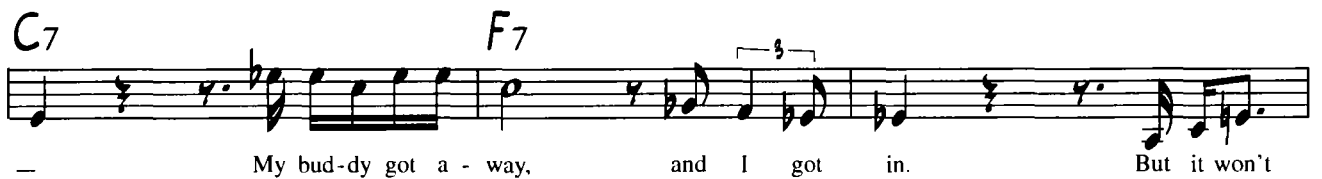
trou-ble. no one to pay my fine.— When I get out this time, gon-na leave this town a



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." }

Musical score for the second system. Notes: C, F#5, Bb, 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

Musical score for the third system. Notes: Eb, E, Bb, Bb, F, Bb, G. 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. It shows two first endings. First ending: Bb, Bb7, Bb DIM, Ebm6, Bb, Gb7, F7. Second ending: Bb, Bb7, Eb6, Gb7, Bb, F#5, Bb. Lyrics: do. do.

TAIL DRAGGER

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

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, F, C, G, 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

Musical score for the second system. Notes: G, F, C, G. Chords above are G7, F7, C. Lyrics: want, I don't come-sneak-in' back. FINE

Musical score for the third system. Notes: C, G, C, G, C. Chords above are C. Lyrics: 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

Musical score for the fourth system. Notes: G, F, C, G, C. Chords above are C. Lyrics: 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,

Musical score for the fifth system. Notes: G, F, C, G, C. Chords above are C. Lyrics: and drag-gin' his tail be-hind-him. I'm a he has-stole some-bod-y's dog. I'm a

D.S. AL FINE
(2ND TIME)

TAKE IT EASY BABY

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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

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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 \flat

_____ 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,——

THAT'S ALRIGHT

© 1989 KING OF BOOGIE MUSIC (BMI)/Administered by BUG MUSIC

Written by JOHN LEE HOOKER

SLOWLY

E_m7

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-



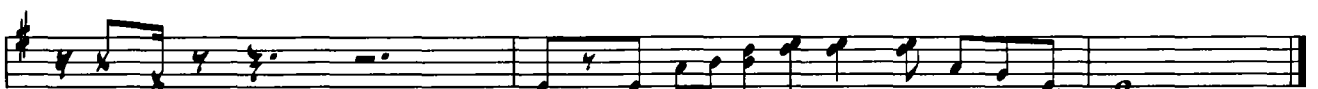
go pass - in' by, I love— you, I love you



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_b

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_b7 **E_b**

do. you, but { That's all right, that's all right. — That's all

B_b7

right, — ma - ma. — an - y way you —

E_b **A_b7** **E_b** **A_b7** **E_b** **E_b**

do. — My I'm I

Additional Lyrics

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. I'm leavin' town tomorrow, leavin' town for sure,
 Then you won't be bothered with me hangin' 'round your door.
 But that's all right, that's all right.
 That's all right, mama, any way you do.</p> | <p>4. I oughta mind my papa, guess I'm not too smart.
 If I was I'd leave you, go before you break my heart,
 But that's all right, that's all right.
 That's all right, mama, any way you do.</p> |
|---|--|

THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE

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 All Rights Administered by Music Sales Corporation

By MERCER ELLINGTON

MODERATELY

E_b7

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_b7 *A_bm7*

- 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_b7 *F_M7*

— 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

B_b7 *E_b7* *F_M7* *B_b7* To CODA ⊕

noun - cin' things ain't what they used to be. — Look at that
 tell you things ain't what they used to be. —

E_b7

ar - my — fight - in' to be free. It does - n't bar me! —

A_b7

Shows me how to go with my head up; — eyes ain't look - in' low. Don't feel

E_b7 *F_M7*

fed up. — that's how come I see a vic - to - ry: — be -

B_b7 *E_b7* *F_M7* *B_b7* D.C. AL CODA ⊕ CODA *E_b7*

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 JOHSON

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_M/A_b C B A7 D7 G7

feets 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 (1-3) C (4)

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

Copyright © 1970 by Powerforce Music
Copyright Renewed

Words and Music by JOHNNY WATSON
and SAM LING

MODERATELY (♩ = $\overline{\overline{\overline{\text{J}^3\text{J}}}}$)

A_b7 D_b9

1. Here it is — three hours past mid-night, and my ba - by's — no -
2, 3 (See additional lyrics)

A_b7 D_b9

where a-round. Well, here it is — three hours past mid-night.

A_b

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 heav-en - 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.

Chords: C, G7#5, C7, F, F7, Dm7, D#dim7, G7, C, F, C#dim7, D7, G7, C, G7#5, C, Dm7, D#dim7, C, G7, C

THREE O'CLOCK BLUES

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Copyright Renewed

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

© 1923 (Renewed) EDWIN H. MORRIS & COMPANY. A Division of MPL Communications, Inc.

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 , $B\flat_M$, $B\flat_{13}$, $E\flat$, $E\flat_7$, $E\flat_{DIM7}$, $F_{M7\flat 5}/E\flat$, $E\flat$, $B\flat_7$, $E\flat$

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

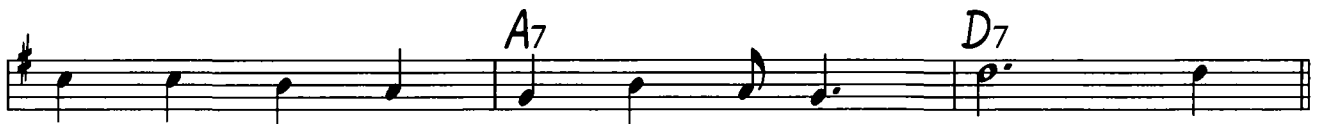
- | | |
|---|--|
| 2. And if she gets unruly, thinks she don't want do.
And if she gets unruly, thinks she don't want do.
Take my 32-20 and cut her half in two. | 3. She got a thirty-eight special, but I believe it's most too light.
She got a thirty-eight special, but I believe it's most too light.
I 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

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

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,

C G G7 C
 a - mong the cy - press trees, they get you dip - py.
 B G
 with their strange mel - o - dies, to re - sist temp -
 B7 E_M E_b7 G/D
 ta - tion, I just can't re - fuse, in Tish - o - min - go
 D7 G D7 ¹G G_{#DIM} D/A D ²G D7 G
 I wish to lin - ger, where they play the wea - ry blues. I'm blues.

THE THRILL IS GONE

Copyright © 1951 by Powerforce Music
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Words and Music by ROY HAWKINS
and RICK DARNELL

SLOW BLUES

B_M
 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.
 B7 E_M
 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,
 B_M G_{MAJ7}
 — 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,—
 F_{#7} E_M B_M
 — 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.—

TOBACCO ROAD

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Words and Music by
 JOHN D. LOUDERMILK

MODERATELY, WITH A BACK BEAT

C_M B_b C_M B_b C_M B_b

I was born— in a dump. Ma - ma died— and
 Gon - na leave.. get a job.— with the help— and

C_M B_b C_M B_b C_M B_b

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_M B_b

in the mid-dle of To - bac - co Road. Wo wo wo—
 bring it back— to To - bac - co Road. Wo wo wo—

C_M B_b C_M B_b C_M B_b

Grew up in— a rust - y shack. All I had was
 Bring dy - na - mite and a crane.. blow it up, start all

C_M B_b C_M B_b C_M B_b

hang - in' on my back. On - ly you— know how I loathe—
 o - ver a - gain. Build a town— be proud to show—

C_M F₇

this place called To - bac - co Road. But it's home.—
 give the name— To - bac - co Road. But it's home.— }

C₇

the on - ly life I've— ev - er known. { On - ly you—
 } I de - spise—

F₇ B_b F₇ B_b F₇ B_b F₇ B_b

know how I loathe. {
 you 'cos you're filth - y. } But I love—

— you } To - bac - co Road.
 } 'cos you're home.

REPEAT AND FADE

TOO YOUNG TO DIE

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

Words and Music by
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

MODERATE BLUES

When I first met the lit - tle girl,— I did - n't know what I was
 She's a cute— lit - tle girl,— she got such a won - der - ful
 We had a date— and I could - n't make it, that's what made her
 I called my ba - by, and I told her I would be
 do - ing.— Now we are all tied— up.— and my life is ruined.
 mug. When she start the talking,—— a frog bust don't jug.—
 mad. Now I'm looking at two brown eyes.— they turned green - ish grey.—
 late. Time my baby— opened that door.— I looked into the barrel of a thir - ty -

—
 — } I'm scared of that child,—— I'm scared of that child.
 eight.)

I'm scared of that child, 'cause I'm too young to die.—

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',

Chord markings: *Bb7*, *Eb7*, *Bb*, *F7*, *Bb*, *Eb7*, *Bb*, *F7*, *Eb7*, *Bb*

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 is gon - na bring you home some - day. }
that you're the sweet little girl,— 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)

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Words and Music by
JOHN LEE HOOKER

SLOW BLUES
(THIS MELODY CONTINUES UNDER NARRATION.) *E_bM*

(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_bM*

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, —

F₇ *C*

I got twen - ty-nine ways to make it to my ba - by's door. —

D_{M7} *G₇* *To CODA* *C*

And if she needs me bad - ly, I can find a - bout two or three more. —

(STOP-TIME) C₆

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

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TRADITIONAL

MODERATELY D

1. I've got the Vicks-burg blues— and I'm sing-in' it ev - 'ry-where I go.—
2. 3 (See additional lyrics)

D₇ G

I've got the Vicks-burg Blues— and I'm sing-in' it ev - 'ry-where I go.—

D A₇

Now the rea - son I'm sing - in', my

D G₇ D

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

Wish I could lose _____ these wea - ry blues. _____ my ti - red

heart _____ can't love no more. _____ Can't love the way _____

_____ it did be - fore, _____ my love was big, _____ your love was

small. _____ And now I've got _____ no love at all, _____

_____ wish I could lose _____ these wea - ry blues. _____

Want-cha in the morn-in' and I want-cha in the eve-nin', yes, I want-cha, yes, I want-cha but it

don't do no good. _____ Miss ya when it's rain-in' and I miss ya when it's shin-in', and I

wish that I could kiss ya and I would if I could. But my heart can't for - get the

run a - round it used to get! Oh, can't you see, _____ I'm ti - red

Chords: C, F, G7, C7, G7, C, F, G7, G^{DIM7}, G7, C

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*₉ *A*_b⁹/*C* *G*₉

Then a - gain... I think you're mean. Ev - ry - time... we get to - geth - er, you _____ don't

*C*₉ *D*_b^{9 *C*₉}

wan - na be seen. _____ How... can you do that? How... can you do that to me?_

*G*₆ *A*_M⁷ *B*_M⁷ *B*_b¹³ *E*_b⁷/*B*_b *D*₇/*A* *E*_b⁷

— You know I'll al - ways love you. ba - by,

*D*₇^{#5} *N.C.* *A*_b⁹ *G*₉

just as long as your name's _____ Vi - da Lee. _____

WORRIED MAN BLUES

Copyright © 1999 by HAL LEONARD CORPORATION

TRADITIONAL

MODERATELY FAST

G *G*₇

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*₇ *E*_M

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*₇ *G*¹ *G*²

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 by letters above the staff: F, F7, Bb7, C7, and F. The lyrics are: "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



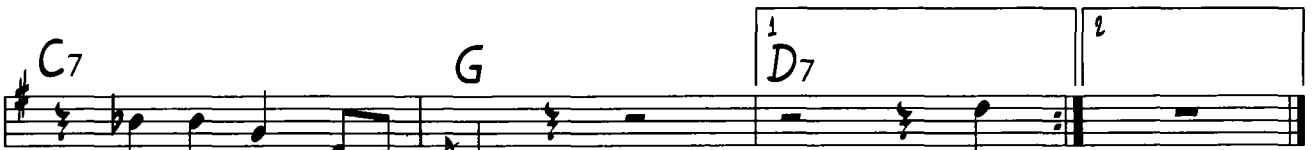
dark. I'm goin' out walk-in', down on the av - e -
beat. I'm both-er my ba - by, no tell-in' what she'd -



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 Abm Eb Gm7b5/Db C7 C7b5

1. I've lived a life but noth - in' I've gained. — Each day —
 2-4 (See additional lyrics)

F7b9 F7 Bb7#5 Bb7sus Eb Eb7 Ab Abm

— I'm full of sor - row and pain. — No one seems — to care e -

REFRAIN
 Eb Gm7b5/Db C7 F7b9 Bb7#5 Eb Eb7/G

nough for poor me — to give me a word — of sym - pa - thy. Oh.

Ab Abm Eb Gm7b5/Db C7 F7 Bb7#5

me! Oh. my! Won - der what will ^{the} _{my} _{my} _{my} end —

Eb Eb7 Eb7/G Ab Abm Eb Gm7b5/Db C7

be? Oh. me! Oh. my! Won - der what

F7 Bb9 Bb7#5 ¹⁻³ Eb Eb7/G ⁴ Eb Fm7/Bb Eb

will be - come of poor me? 2. No me?
 3. I'm
 4. I've

Additional Lyrics

2. No father to guide me, no mother to care.
 Must bear my troubles all alone.
 Not even a brother to help me share
 This burden I must bear alone.
Refrain
3. I'm settin' and thinkin' of the days gone by.
 They filled my heart with pain.
 I'm too weak to stand and too strong to cry,
 But I'm forgittin' it all in vain.
Refrain
4. I've traveled and wandered almost everywhere
 To git a litle joy from life.
 Still I've gained nothin' but wars and despair,
 Still strugglin' in this world of strife.
Refrain

WEE BABY BLUES

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Words and Music by PETE JOHNSON
and JOE TURNER

MEDIUM BLUES *F* ₃ *Bb7* *F*

It was ear - ly one Mon - day morn - in', and I was on my way to school:_____

F7 *Bb7* ₃ *F*

_____ It was ear - ly one Mon - day - morn - in', and I was on my way to school._____

F^{*DIM*} *C7* ₃ *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^{*DIM*} *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_{DIM}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_{DIM}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_{DIM}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_M*

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

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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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By JOE McCOY

SLOW BLUES

E_M E_{M7}/D C₇ B₇

You had plen - ty mon - ey nine - teen twen - 'y two. — You

E_M E_{M7}/D C₇ B₇ A_{M7}

let oth - er peo - ple make a fool of you. — Why don't you do right. —

B₇ E_M E_{M7}/D A_{M6}/C B₇ A_{M7} B₇

— like some oth - er men do? — Get out of here and

A_{M7} B₇ E_M E_{M7}/D C₇ B₇ E_M E_{M7}/D

get me some mon - ey too. — Yo' sit - tin' down. won - d'ring what it's

C₇ B₇ E_M E_{M7}/D C₇ B₇

all a - bout. — If you ain't got no mon - ey they will put you out. — Why don't you

A_{M7} B₇ E_M E_{M7}/D A_{M6}/C B₇

do right. — like some oth - er men do? —

A_{M7} B₇ A_{M7} B₇ E_M B₇

Get out of here and get me some mon - ey too. — If

E_M E_{M7} C₇ B₇ E_M E_{M7}/D

you had pre - pared — twen - ty years a - go. — you would - n't be — wan - d'ring now from

C₇ B₇ A_{M7} B₇

do' to do'. — Why don't you do right. — like some oth - er men

E_M E_{M7}/D A_{M6}/C B₇ A_{M7} B₇ A_{M7} B₇

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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Words and Music by
B.B. KING

MODERATELY



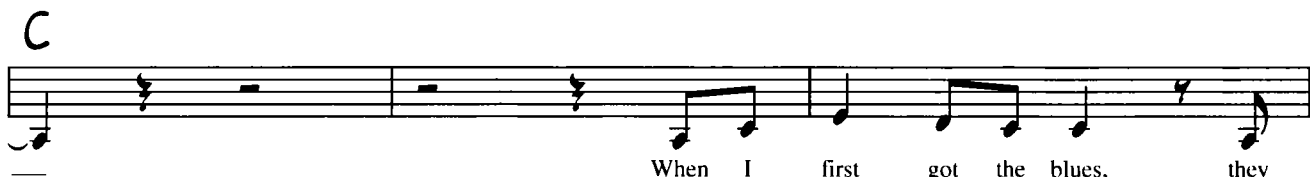
Ev - 'ry - bod - y wants to know why I sing the blues. —



Yes, I say ev - 'ry - bod - y wants to know why I sing the blues.



Well, I've been a - round a long time, I real - ly have paid my dues. —



When I first got the blues, they



brought me o - ver on a ship. Men were stand - ing o - ver me and a lot more with the whip, 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. — I. I've



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

Since these hard— times have got me,— I've been run-nin' from— door to door.—

Since these hard— times have got me,—

I've been run-nin' from— door to door.— I ain't got

no bed to sleep in,— I've got to sleep on the dog - gone floor.—

Well, there's hard times here, and it's hard times ev - 'ry - where I go.—

Well, there's hard times here,— and it's hard times an - y - where I go.—

I've got to make— me some mon - ey,— so I won't

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

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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. — } Well, you know you can't
 I got bust - ed. Peo - ple, ain't that sad. — }
 It got burned down. Peo - ple, ain't that sad. — }

G7 F7

spend what you ain't got, you can't lose some lit - tle girl you ain't nev - er

C C^{DIM} G7 1, 2 *C G7* 3 *C G7 C*

had. Oh yeah. —

YELLOW DOG BLUES

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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.—
bog.— Won - der where— my Eas - y Rid - er's
Way down where— the South - ern cross' - the

gone?—
Dog.— Ca - ble - grams come of sym - pa - thy—
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_{M7} C G_{DIM} 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_{M7} C G_{DIM} 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_{b7} C D_{M7} C_{#MAJ7} 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)*

1 B7 *2 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

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Written by WILLIE DIXON

BRIGHTLY **E_b**

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_b

cov - er. Oh. can't you see. oh. you

E_b **B_b7**

mis - judged me. I look like a

A_b7 **E_b**

farm - er, but I'm a lov - er. Can't judge a

book by look - in' at the cov - er. You cov - er.
 You

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 DON'T KNOW MY MIND

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Words and Music by VIRGINIA LISTON,
SAMUEL GRAY and CLARENCE WILLIAMS

SLOW BLUES $\frac{9}{8}$ C

I went to the race-track, my man he— won. Gave the
said he did - n't want me, I was - n't good e - nough. I'm gon - na
grass is— green, and the moun - tains are blue.

mon - ey to an - oth - er gal and would - n't give me none. }
get my - self an - oth - er man and call— his— bluff. } You don't know.—
That's— not— tell - in' what I'm think - in' 'bout— you. }

F#DIM G7 C G7

you don't know— my mind. You see me laugh - in'.

To CODA \oplus C G7 C

laugh-in' just to keep from cry'n'. } I said to pa - pa, "Can you
I'm not good look - in'— I

C7

stand to see me cry?" He said— "Gal, I can stand to see you die." }
don't— dress— fine. But I'm the kind of wom - an who will take— her— time. }

F7 F#DIM G7 C G7

You don't know,— you don't know— my mind. You see me laugh - in'.

C F C D.S. AL CODA (2ND TIME) \oplus CODA C F C

laugh-in' just to keep from cry'n'. } He
The cry'n'.

YOU KNOW I GOT TO DO IT

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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.

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

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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_M* *B7*

Though time has passed and months have gone. But this

E_M *B7*

love in my heart has lain un - known. But when I

E_M *A_M* *E_M*

get wor - ried, I sneak a - way and cry.

A_M *E_M* *A_M*

You know my love. you know my love.

E_M *A_M* *B7* *E_M*

you know my love has nev - er died.

FINE *A_M* *E_M*

You're gon - na try man - y things to pac - i - fy your mind. You'll

A_M *E_M* *A_M*

e - ven get mar - ried tryin' to have a good time. But all you'll do, you will

E_M *B7*

nev - er rest. You're gon - na spend your life full of for - give - ness. And when you're

E_M *B7*

down and out, you'll need a home. You're gon - na

E_M *B7* **D.S. AL FINE**

need a friend, and find a goal. But when I

YOU NEED LOVE

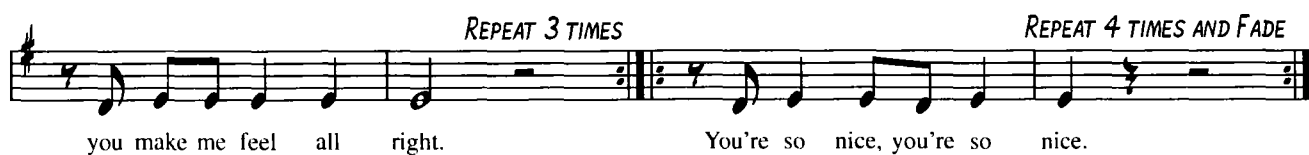
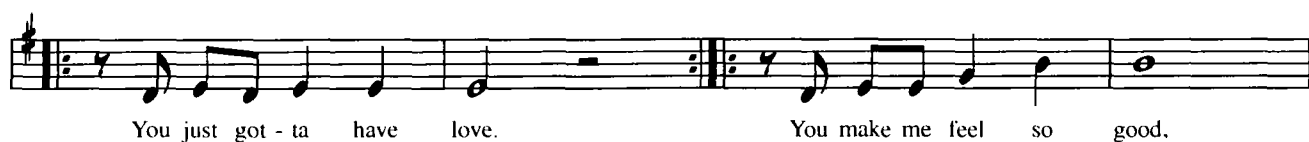
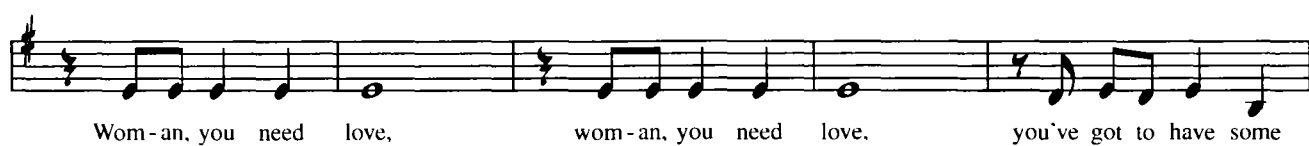
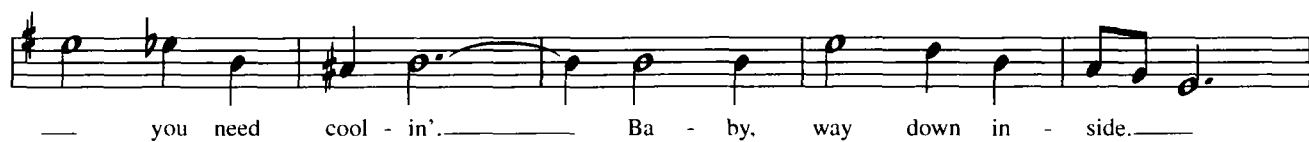
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Written by WILLIE DIXON

BRIGHTLY

G6





YOU SHOOK ME

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Written by WILLIE DIXON
and J.B. LENOIR

MODERATELY D7

The musical score is written in 12/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of nine staves of music. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'MODERATELY' and the chord 'D7'. The lyrics are: 'You know you shook me, ba - by. You shook me all— night long.' The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: 'You know you shook me, ba - by.' The third staff has the lyrics: 'You shook me all— night long.—— Oh,——'. The fourth staff features a four-measure rest at the beginning, followed by the lyrics: '— you know you kept on—shak - in' me dar - lin', 'til you done messed up— my— hap - py home.' The fifth staff has the lyrics: 'You know you move— me ba - by,'. The sixth staff has the lyrics: 'just like a hur - ri - cane. You know you moved'. The seventh staff has the lyrics: 'me, — ba - by, just like a hur - ri - cane.' The eighth staff has the lyrics: 'Oh, —— you know you move— me sweet - heart, just like an earth - quake— do the'. The ninth staff continues the melody.

You know you shook me, ba - by. You shook me all— night long.

You know you shook me, ba - by.

You shook me all— night long.—— Oh,——

— you know you kept on—shak - in' me dar - lin', 'til you done messed up— my— hap - py home.

You know you move— me ba - by,

just like a hur - ri - cane. You know you moved

me, — ba - by, just like a hur - ri - cane.

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

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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.