

BLUES IN THE NIGHT

149

Harold Arlen/Johnny Mercer 1941

A B \flat B \flat 7


 My ma-ma done tol' me, when I was in knee pants, my ma-ma done tol' me, son, — A
 From Nat-chez to Mo-bile, from Mem-phis to St. Joe, where - ev-er the four winds blow, — I

E \flat 7 B \flat 7


 wom-an- 'll sweet talk and give you the big eye, but when the sweet talk-in's done, — a
 been in some big towns an' heard me some big talk, but there is one thing I know, —

F7 C7 F7 B \flat ⊕


 wom-an's a two-face, — a wor-ri-some thing who'll leave you to sing the blues — in the night.

B B \flat E \flat 7 B \flat


 Now the rain's a-fall-in', hear the train a call-in', whoo-ee, — (my ma-ma done tol' me) —

E \flat 7 C-7 \flat 5 F7 B \flat


 Hear dat lone-some whis-tle blow-in' cross the tres-tle, whoo-ee — (my ma-ma done tol' me) — a

F7 C7 F7 B \flat


 whoo-ee-duh-who-ee, Ol' click-e-ty clack's a ec-ho-ing back the blues in the night. The eve-nin'

C E \flat 9 C-7 \flat 5 F7 \flat 9 D \flat 7 C7 \flat 9


 breeze - 'll start the trees to cry-in' and the moon - 'll hide its light,
 Take my word, the mock - ing - bird - 'll sing the sad - dest kind of song,

G7 \flat 9 ¹G-7 \flat 5 C7 F7 C-7 \flat 5 F7


 when you get the blues in the night —
 he knows things are

²G-7 \flat 5 C7 F7 G \flat A \flat -6 F7/A B \flat 7 C7 F7 D.S. al C.


 wrong and she's right. — From

⊕ B \flat B \flat 7 C7 F7 C7 F7sus⁴ B \flat


 night. Hum — - My ma-ma was right, there blues — in the night.