

# The Birth Of The Blues

Louis Prima

Oh! They say some people long ago  
Were searching for a different tune,  
One that they could croon  
As only they can.

They only had the rhythm so  
They started swaying to and fro.  
They didn't know just what they had  
And that is how the blues really began:

They heard the breeze in the trees  
Singing weird melodies  
And they made that  
The start of the blues.

And from a jail came the wail  
Of a down hearted frail,  
And they played that  
As part of the blues.

From a whippoorwill out on a hill,  
They took a new note,  
Pushed it through a horn  
'til it was born into a blue note.

And then they nursed it, rehearsed it,  
And gave out the news  
That the southland  
Gave birth to the blues!  
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