80 favorites, including
BABY PLEASE DON'T GO • I'M A MAN • KANSAS CITY • RECONSIDER BABY
WANG DANG DOODLE • YOU SHOOK ME
AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS
AS THE YEARS GO PASSING BY
BABY PLEASE DON'T GO
BEFORE YOU ACCUSE ME (Take a Look at Yourself)
BIG BOSS MAN
BLUES BEFORE SUNRISE
THE BLUES IS ALRIGHT
BLUES WITH A FEELING
BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN
BOURGEOIS BLUES
BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY
CALDONIA (What Makes Your Big Head So Hard?)
CATFISH BLUES
CHEAPER TO KEEP HER
COME ON IN MY KITCHEN
CRAZY BLUES
CROSSCUT SAW
DIMPLES
EARLY IN THE MORNIN'
EASY BABY
EVERYDAY I HAVE THE BLUES
FLIP, FLOP AND FLY
FORTY-FOUR
FURTHER ON UP THE ROAD
GANGLER OF LOVE
GOING DOWN SLOW
GOOD MORNING LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL
GOT MY MO JO WORKING
HAVE YOU EVER LOVED A WOMAN
HI-HEEL SNEAKERS
HOW LONG, HOW LONG BLUES
I AIN'T GOT YOU
I JUST WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PUTTIN' DOWN
I'D RATHER GO BLIND
I'M A MAN
I'M READY
IF YOU LOVE ME LIKE YOU SAY
IT HURTS ME TOO
JUKE
KANSAS CITY
KEY TO THE HIGHWAY
KIDNEY STEW BLUES
KOZMIC BLUES
THE LEMON SONG
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL
LET'S HAVE A NATURAL BALL
LITTLE RED ROOSTER
LOVE STRUCK BABY
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB
MATCHBOX
MEMPHIS BLUES
THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL
MILK COW BLUES
MY BABE
NIGHT TIME IS THE RIGHT TIME
NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT
ORGAN GRINDER BLUES
PARCHMAN FARM BLUES
PLEASE SEND ME SOMEONE TO LOVE
RECONSIDER BABY
THE RIGHT TIME
SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY
SEE SEE RIDER
SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD
SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING
SMOKING GUN
STATESBORO BLUES
SUGAR MAMA
TEN LONG YEARS
THE THINGS THAT I USED TO DO
THIRD DEGREE
THREE HOURS PAST MIDNIGHT
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TUPELO (Tupelo Blues)
TURN ON YOUR LOVE LIGHT
WANG DANG DOODLE
YOU SHOOK ME
YOU'VE GOT TO LOVE HER
WITH A FEELING
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4 AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 AS THE YEARS GO PASSING BY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 BABY PLEASE DON'T GO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 BEFORE YOU ACCUSE ME (Take a Look</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at Yourself)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18 BIG BOSS MAN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 BLUES BEFORE SUNRISE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24 THE BLUES IS ALRIGHT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 BLUES WITH A FEELING</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36 BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40 BOUREOGIS BLUES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33 BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42 CALDONIA (What Makes Your Big Head</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>so Hard?)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48 CATFISH BLUES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 CHEAPER TO KEEP HER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55 COME ON IN MY KITCHEN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60 CRAZY BLUES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68 CROSSCUT SAW</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65 DIMPLES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72 EARLY IN THE MORNIN'</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76 EASY BABY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79 EVERYDAY I HAVE THE BLUES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84 FLIP, FLOP AND FLY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88 FORTY-FOUR</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96 FURTHER ON UP THE ROAD</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91 GANGSTER OF LOVE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104 GOING DOWN SLOW</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>109 GOOD MORNING LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>112 GOT MY MO JO WORKING</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>118 HAVE YOU EVER LOVED A WOMAN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115 HI-HEEL SNEAKERS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120 HOW LONG, HOW LONG BLUES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123 I AIN'T GOT YOU</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>126 I JUST WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128 I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PUTTIN' DOWN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>130 I'D RATHER GO BLIND</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134 I'M A MAN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>138 I'M READY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>146 IF YOU LOVE ME LIKE YOU SAY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>150 IT HURTS ME TOO</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>154 JUKE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>141 KANSAS CITY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>156 KEY TO THE HIGHWAY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>158 KIDNEY STEW BLUES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>162 KOZMIC BLUES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE LEMON SONG
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL
LET'S HAVE A NATURAL BALL
LITTLE RED ROOSTER
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TURN ON YOUR LOVE LIGHT
WANG DANG DOODLE
YOU SHOOK ME
YOU'VE GOT TO LOVE HER WITH A FEELING
AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS

Words and Music by CLARENCE WILLIAMS, JAMES WITHERSPOON, PORTER GRAINGER and ROBERT PRINCE

Moderately slow (♩=♩=♩)

F D7 G7b9 C6 C7

F6 Em7 A7 Dm7 F9

1. One day I have ham and bacon, and the next day,

3. Instrumental solo

Bb Bdim7 F Dm7

it ain't nothin' shakin', and it ain't nobody's business

G7 C9 F D9

if I do, what I do.

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2. Me and my babe, oh, we fuss and fight
4. (See additional lyrics)

...and then the next minute, every thing is alright...

...and it ain't nobody's business what we do...

D.S.
One day, I might take a notion to
go right down and jump in the ocean and it ain't nobody's business

if I do.

Additional Lyrics

4. One day I think I'm going crazy,
   And the next day I'm laid back and lazy,
   And it ain't nobody's business if I do.
   To Verse 5
AS THE YEARS GO PASSING BY

Words and Music by
DEADRIC MALONE

Slow Blues

1. There is noth-in' I can do,
   as you leave me here to cry.

3., 5. Instrumental solo ad lib.

2. There is noth-in' I can do,
   as you leave me here to cry.
You know my love will follow you as the years go by.

2. Give you all that I own;

that's one thing you can't deny.
So long, so long, goodbye.

all that I own; leave it up to you.

that's one thing you can't deny.
So long, so long, goodbye.
You know my

love will follow you

as the years go passing

D.S. al Coda

End solo 7. Gonna

as the years go passing

molto rit. a tempo rit.
BABY PLEASE DON'T GO

Words and Music by JOSEPH LEE WILLIAMSON

Slowly

G

Ba - by, please don't go,  ba - by,
lamp down low,  turn the

please don't go,  ba - by,
lamp down low,  turn the

C7

Bb7

please don't go down to New Or - leans,  I know I
lamp down low, I beg you all night long,  Baby,
Before I

You know your

be your dog,

be your dog,

be your dog,

be your dog,

man done gone,

man done gone,

man done gone,

man done gone,

'way out here,

down the county line,

may be the
wrong no more. Turn the

You phoned me 'way down here,

you phoned me 'way down here,

'way down here about a rolling stone, but you could come down here.
BEFORE YOU ACCUSE ME
(Take a Look at Yourself)

Words and Music by
ELLAS Mc DANIEL

Medium Shuffle \( \frac{7}{4} \)

N.C.

E7

Before you accuse me,
called your mama

A7

take a look at yourself,
'bout three or four nights ago.

E7

Before you accuse me,
I called your mama

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take a look at yourself.

'bout three or four nights ago.

You said, "I'm spendin' my money on other women.
Your mamma said, "Son, don't

You're takin' money from someone else." call my daughter no more."

B7

B7
(1, 3.) fore you accuse me, take a look at your
(2.) Come on back home, baby. Try my love one more

self. __ time. __

Become

fore you accuse me, take a look at your
on back home, baby. Try my love one more

self. __ time. __

You say I’m
You know I don’t
spend-in' my mon-ey on oth-er wom-en.

You're tak-in' mon-ey from some-one else.

know when to quit you.

I'm gon-na lose my mind.

Robert!

Instrumental solo
BIG BOSS MAN

Moderate Rock tempo

Words and Music by AL SMITH and LUTHER DIXON

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Ab9  Ab7  Eb  Eb6  Eb7  Eb6  Eb  Eb6

hear me when I call?

Eb7  Eb6  Bb  Eb9  Bb7  Bb6  Ab  Ab7

You know you ain't so big. You're just

tall that's all.

Ab6  Eb  Eb6  Eb7  Eb6  1, 2  Bb7

---

Ahead to verse 3  Fine

Well, you
Well, I'm
Well, you
got me working, baby,
I want a little drink of
day but you won't let Jimmy stop.

gon na got a Boss Man,
I work hard in the
resting at night.

got me high, baby,
Tell me, tell me,
what you're gonna do?

got me worried,
Big Boss
Big Boss
Blues before sunrise,

No body knows what a shape I'm in.

Lost everything,
everything I ever owned.

Blues before sunrise with tears standin' in my eyes.

No body knows what a shape I'm in.

Lost everything, everythin' I ever
Ev'rything I could
to get along
with my
wife, oh; blues before sunrise
tears standin' in my eyes.

Such a hard up feelin',

boy, I sure despise.
THE BLUES IS ALRIGHT

Moderately fast (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

Words and Music by MILTON CAMPBELL

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I've got this song
have left me,
some she gave me the

sing.
one blues.

I'm gonna sing it
that meant the whole world just for me.

That was the last thing I thought I could

If you need the blues,
use.

But she left me for some-one else,

But now I'm glad she left me.

I want you to help me sing it, too.

left my heart in misery.
I'm glad she gave me the blues.
I want ev'rybody to hear me when I say
That's when I found out the blues
You see I went out and found me,

that the blues is back and it's here to stay,
would always be a part of me.
I went and found me someone

I used to new.

Hey, hey, the blues is all right.  
Hey, hey, the
glad she left me.

You see, I'm
glad she gave me the blues.

grateful to the blues.

It was the blues that brought me to

you.

You see, if she had
never given me the blues,
I never would have found someone

sweet like you.

night.
It's all right, it's all right
ev'ry day and night.
Blues with a feeling, that's what I have today.
Instrumental solo
What a lonely feeling when you're by yourself.

Blues with a feeling, that's what I have today.
What a lonely feeling when you're by yourself.

I'm gonna find my baby,
When the one that you're loving

if it takes all night and day.
has gone away and left.

Solo ends
Well, you know I love you, baby. I wonder the reason why,
you told me you loved me, baby, and you left me here to cry. Blues with a feeling,

that's what I have today,

I'm gonna find my baby, if it takes all night and day.
tried to tell the woman but she don't believe a word that I said.

got to tell your mama that you don't believe a thing that I said.

Alright, pretty baby, gonna need my help someday.

Alright, pretty baby, gonna need my help someday.

You gonna
wished you had listened to some of the things that I say.

Bright say.

Repeat and Fade
Moderately

Am

When I was just a little boy, my daddy left home.

Bm Am Bm

left me and my mama to go it all alone. You know, the times were hard, but somehow we survived.

Am Bm Am Bm

Lord knows, it’s a mystery to me how she managed to keep us alive.

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Am

Born under a bad sign; been down since I began to crawl.

E
D
Am
Bm

Oh, if it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all. (Let me tell you.)

Am
Bm
Am

Hard luck and trouble
I can't read; I never
Wine and women is

Am

is my only friend; learned how to write.
been on my own ever since I was ten.}
all I crave;
My whole life has been one big fight.}

Bm

a big head woman will carry me to my grave.}
Am

Born under a bad sign; been down since I began to crawl.

E    D    Am
Oh, if it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all.

Bm    Am
To Coda (Spoken:) I've often heard the old folks say,

Bm    Am
"Don't give up, when the chips are down, you got to keep on pushing." So I
guess I gotta keep on pushing. You see, I was down, but I
kind of picked myself up a little bit, oh, and I had to dust myself off,
clean myself up, and now, I'm gonna keep on pushing; I can't stop.

(Spoken ad lib.)
I'm gonna get myself together now,
I'm gonna keep on pushing.
BOURGEOIS BLUES

Words and Music by HUDDIE LEDBETTER
Edited by ALAN LOMAX

Moderately \( \text{\text{\textit{Moderately}} \left( \text{\text{\textit{Moderately}} \right)} \)}

Me and my wife, we went all over town.
Me and my wife, we were standin' up stairs.
Home of the brave, land of the free.
Tell the colored folk to listen to me. Don't
Everywhere we'd go the people put us down. Lord, it's a
heard a white man say, "I don't want no niggers up there. He's a
don't wanna be mistreated by no bourgeoisie, Lord, in a
try to find a home in Washington, D.C., it's a
bourgeois town.
bourgeois town.
bourgeois town.
bourgeois town.
It's a bourgeois town.
I got the Bourgeois Blues, gonna spread the news all around.

1-3
4
Caldonia
(What Makes Your Big Head So Hard?)

Medium Boogie-Woogie

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Walk-in' with mah baby, she's got great big feet._ She's long, lean and lanky, ain't had nothin' to eat. But she's my baby_and I love her just the same._

Crazy 'bout that woman 'cause Calonia is her name._

Calonia is her name._
What makes your big head so hard? But I love you, love you just the same.

Crazy 'bout that woman 'cause California is her name.
(Spoken:) My mama told me to leave Caldonia alone: “She’s bad for your morale.”

But mama didn’t know I loved Caldonia. She’s such a swell gal!

So, I’m goin’ down to Caldonia’s house and ask her just one more time.
don-ia! Cal-don-ia! What makes your big head so hard?
CATFISH BLUES

Words and Music by ROBERT PETWAY

Moderately \( \frac{3}{4} \)

I. Well, I

1. wish
   I____ was a cat-fish
   swim-min'

2. broke
   and____ I'm____ hungry,
   ragged

3. can't,
   can't____ come____ in,
   let me

4. know,
   I know my____ baby,
   well, she's

5. goin',
   ba-by, I'm go-in'
   and your

6. (See additional lyrics)

in the
and I'm
sit down
going to
cryin'

deep blue
dirty
in front of your
door.
jump
make me

sea
too.
scream
stay.

I'd have
Well, if
I'll
when my
Oh, the

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all you women fish in
I clean up, baby, can I stay home with
leave soearly, your man won’t
train pullsin and I come walk in
more that you cry, baby, more that I’ll

after me, fish in’ after me,
you, stay home with you,
know, won’t never know,
out, come walk in’ out,
go away, more that I’ll go away,

Play 6 times

fish in’ after me.
you? I’m
won’t never know.
out. I
come walk in’ out.

Repeat and Fade

Additional Lyrics
6. Well, now I know, I know you don’t want me.
   Why in the world won’t you tell me so?
Then I won’t be caught, baby, ’round
Your house no more,
Your house no more,
Your house no more.
Moderate Swing \( \frac{4}{4} \)

C9  Db9  C9  Db9  C9  Db9

\[ \text{It's cheaper to keep her.} \]

C9  Db9  C7

cheap-er to keep her.

\[ \text{When your little girl make you mad,} \]

F7  C9

and you get an at-ti-tude and pack your bags,
five little children that you're leavin' behind,

son, you're gonna pay some alimony or do some time. That's why it's cheaper to keep her.

It's cheaper to keep her. (It's cheaper to keep her.)

When you get to stare, the time you get through lookin' that
judge in the face,
you're gonna wanna cuss
the whole human race. That's why it's
cheaper to keep her.
(It's cheaper to keep her.)
cheaper to keep her.
(It's cheaper, it's cheaper, it's cheaper, it's cheaper, it's cheaper to keep her.)
You didn't pay but two dollars to
I know you think the
bring that little girl home. Now you're about to pay two thousand way over on the other side.

to leave her alone. You see another woman out there and you When that judge give you that

wanna make a change. But she ain't gonna want you 'cause you won't have a dirty look, you may as well put your money in

damn thing. That's why it's mama's pocket-book. That's why it's
COME ON IN MY KITCHEN

Moderately slow

Words and Music by ROBERT JOHNSON

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Ah, the woman I love, took from my best friend.

Some joker got lucky, stole her back again.

You better come on in my kitchen, babe; it's gon' to be rainin' outdoors.

Aw, she's
Bb

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, babe, it’s

gon’t to be rainin’ outdoors.
(Spoken:) Baby, can’t you hear that wind howl?

Oh, can’t you hear that wind howl? You better come
on in my kitchen, bay, it's gon' to be rain-in' out doors.

When a woman gets in trouble every body throws her down.

Lookin' for her good friend, none can be found.

You better come on in my kitchen, bay, it's
gon' to be rain-in' out-doors.

Winter-time's com-in', it's gon' be slow. You can't make the

winter, babe, that's dry long so. You better come on in my kitch-

en, 'cause it's gon' to be rain-in' out-doors.
CRAZY BLUES

Medium Blues tempo \( \frac{4}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \)

C7

\[ \text{I can't sleep at night.} \]

C9

Db9

\[ \text{I can't eat a bite 'cause the } \]
\[ \text{man I love} \]

F

\[ \text{he don't treat me right.} \]

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He makes me feel so blue. I don’t know what to do. Sometimes I sit and sigh

and then begin to cry ’cause my best friend said his last goodbye.

There’s a change in the ocean, change in the deep blue sea, my baby,
I'll tell you, folks, there ain't no change in me.

My love for that man will always be.

Now I can read his letters. I sure can't read his mind.
I thought he's lovin' me. He's leavin' all the time.

Now I see my poor love was blind.

Now I got the crazy blues since my baby went away.

I ain't got no time to
I must find him today. Now the doctor's gonna do all that he can. But what you're gonna need is an undertaker man. I ain't had nothin' but bad news. Now I got the crazy blues.
DIMPLES

Words and Music by JOHN LEE HOOKER and JAMES BRACKEN

Moderate Shuffle

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walk, day, day, jaws,
said I'm crazy 'bout your
in your neighbor-
walk in' up and down the
you got dimples in your

I love the way you
I see you ev'ry
you got on your high heel
you got dimples in your

talk day, steel, baby, jaws,
when you're talkin' that talk.
and you sure look good.
you you sure look neat.
you got dimples in your jaws.
I love the way you walk,
you're my

I see you every day,

I see you every day,

You got dimples in your jaws,

Bb7

F

babe, I got my eyes on you.

I see you every

I see you every

You got dimples in your

F    F7    Bb    Bdim    C7    Gb7    F

you.
cross-cut saw, baby, drag me a-cross your log.

I'm a cross-cut saw, baby, drag me a-cross your log.

I'll cut your wood so easy for you you can't help but say, "Hot Dog!"

Some
call me Wood-cutting Sam, some call me Wood-cutting Jim, the
double blade, axe that really cuts, good. I'm a

last girl I cut wood for, she wants me back again. Well, I'm a
cross-cut saw that will bury in your wood. I'm a

D

cross-cut saw, baby, drag me across
cross-cut saw, baby, drag me across
I'll cut your log.
I'll cut your log.

wood so easy for you,
you can’t help but say,

"Hot Dog!"
"Hot Dog!"

I've got a
It's early in the mornin' and I went to Jinx Lou's to get

can't get right 'cause I had a date with my

baby last night. Now it's early in the mornin'.

"Pops, you look beat." Now it's
It's early in the mornin' and I ain't got nothin' but the blues.
Went to all the places where we used to go. 
Went to see her girlfriend but she was out. 
I had a lot of money when I started out.

To her house but she didn't live there no more. 
Knock'd on her mother's door and how she did shout. 
Could'n't find my baby, now my money's run out.

Early in the mornin'
It's early in the mornin',

early in the mornin' and I ain't got nothin' but the blues.

1, 2

2nd time D.S. 3
EASY BABY

Written by WILLIE DIXON

Moderately

C7

Eas-y, ba-by, eas-y, ba-by.

G7

Eas-y, ba-by, let me love you night and

F7
You don’t have to work all day. Just hold me, baby.
Weep and moan. Just make love to me and say easy, baby.

(2,3.) Easy, baby, easy, baby.

Easy, baby, oh, you love me night and
Easy, baby, let me love you night and
EVERYDAY I HAVE THE BLUES

Words and Music by
PETER CHATMAN

Walking Blues tempo

G E7(b5(b9))

A7 D7(b5(b9)) G

E7(b5(b9))

A7 D7(b5(b9)) G

C7

Ev'ry day, ev'ry day I have the

G G7 C7

blues,
ev'ry day,

Ev'ry day I have the blues;

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see me worry, baby; because it's you I hate to lose.

Nobody loves me; nobody seems to care;

Nobody loves me, nobody seems to care;

Speakin' of bad luck and trouble, well, you
know I've had my share. I'm gonna

pack my suitcase, movin' on down the line,

oh, I'm gonna pack my suitcase, move on down the line; well, there ain't nobody worryin' and there ain't nobody
Seems to me ev'-ry day, ev'-ry day, ev'-ry day I have the blues,

You see me wor-ry, ba-by, 'cause it's you I hate to lose.

To Coda

No
Now when I get the blues, I get me a rock-in' chair.

When I get the blues, I give me one more kiss,
get me a rock-in' chair.
hold it a long, long time.
When the blues o-ver-take me gon-na rock right a-way from here.
love me, ba-by, till the feel-ing hits my head like wine.

Now when I get lone-some I jump on the tel-e-phone.
Here comes my ba-by, flash-ing a new gold tooth.
Mis-sis-sip-pi bull-frog sit-tin' on a hol-low stump.

When I get lone-some I
Here comes my ba-by,
I'm like a Mis-sis-sip-pi bull-frog
jump on the telephone.
flash ing a new gold tooth.
sit - tin’ on a hol - low stump.

Well,
I
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.
got so man - y wom - en I don’t know which way to jump.

Now flip, flop and fly;

I
don’t care if I die.
Now flip, flop and fly;
I don't care if I die.

Don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye.

Give me

I'm like a
I wore my forty-four so long, I've made my
mad this mornin'.  I don't know where

shoulder sore.
in the world to go.

I wore my forty-four so long.
Well, I'm so mad this mornin',
I done made my shoulder sore.
I don’t know where in the world to go.

Well, I’m wonderin’, every
Well, I’m lookin’ for me some

bod - y,
where’d my ba - by go.

mon - ey.
Pawned gun to have some gold.

1
2

Well, I’m so
GANGSTER OF LOVE

Words and Music by JOHNNY WATSON

Moderately

Jesse James and Frank James,
I robbed a local beauty contest,

Billy Kid and the rest,
for their first-place winner.

(Spoken:) They found her with me out in Hollywood,

out there in the west.

But when they dug me

eatin' a big steak dinner.

They tried to get her to go back

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and my gangster ways, they hung up their guns. She stood up and told them, “You
made it to the grave, ’cause I’m a gangster of love. Just don’t realize that he’s a gangster of love. I’m a gangster of love. Well, now,
when I walk down the street, all the girls that I meet say he’s a when I walk in a bar, girls from near and far say he’s a
G7

Gangster of love.

Gangster of love.

D7

I jump on my white horse Cad-ill-lac. I ride a-cross the bor-der-line.
I roped sixty-five girls
I kiss 'em all at the same time.

I take twenty-five or thirty.
I'd put 'em all on a freight.

A million dollar reward for me,
each and every state.

The sheriff say, "Is you Guitar Watson?"
in a very deep voice.
I say, "Yes, Broth-er Sher-iff, and that's your wife on the back of my horse, 'cause I'm a gang-ster of love."

When I walk down the street, all the girls that I meet say he's a gang-ster of love."
Further on up the road somebody's gonna hurt you
like you hurt me.
Further on up the road.

some-bod-y's gon-na hurt you like you hurt me.
Further on up the road,
baby, just you wait and see.

Now you're laugh-in' pretty baby,
pretty soon you're gon-na be
Cry in'.

Now you're laughin', pretty baby.

Pretty soon you're gonna be cryin'.

Further on...

Up the road, you'll find out I wasn't lyin'.

Guitar solo ad lib.
like you hurt me. Further on up the road,
some-bod-y’s gon-na hurt you, too. Further on up the
road some-bod-y’s gon-na hurt you, too.
Guitar solo ad lib.
Further on up the road.

Further on up the road.
Further on up the road... Further on up the road...

you're gonna find out I wasn't lyin'.
GOING DOWN SLOW

Words and Music by J.B. ODEN

Slow Blues tempo

D7

C7

mf

G

Eb7

D7

G7

C7

I've had my fun,

Lord, I can't be low no

more.
C7

I've had my fun,

Lord, I can't be low no

more.

D7

None of my friends come a-round me,

Lord knows I'm go-in' down

slow.
When I had money
I had friends for miles a...

round.

When I had money
I had friends for miles a...

round.
Ain't got no mon-ey; none of my friends can be
found.

Please write my moth-er, Lord, and tell her the shape I'm
in.

C7sus  
C7  
C7sus

Please — write my moth-er,
Lord and tell her shape I'm

G7

in——

D7

Tell her to pray for her lit-tle boy;
please for-give me for my

C7sus  
C7  
C7sus

G7

sins——
GOOD MORNING
LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL

Words and Music by
WILLIE WILLIAMSON

Good mornin', little schoolgirl,
know what,

Good mornin', little schoolgirl,
Can I come

I'm gonna buy me an airplane.
Fly right
can I come home with you?

Tell your mother and your father, you ain't gonna get even.

mothers and your fathers, I once was a boy, too.

What in the world to do.

Tell your mother and your father, you ain't gonna get even.

Tell your mother and your father, you ain't gonna get even.
Sometimes I don't

Instrumental solo

G

Dm

A7

G7

Dm

D.S. al Coda

Solo ends I'm gonna buy me an

CODA
GOT MY MO JO WORKING

With a moving beat

I got my mo - jo work-ing but it just won’t work-on

you.

I got my mo - jo work-ing but it
just won’t work on you. I got my

I got my black cat bones all pure and dry. I got a

G7

love you so till I don’t know what to do.

gypsy woman giving me advice. I got some

F9

I got my hoo-doo ashes all around your bed. I got my

C7

rabbit’s foot, I know it’s working right. I got your

C

four-leaf clover all hanging high. I got my mojo working but it

F9

black snake boots underneath your head. I got my red hot

tips I have to keep on ice. I got my strand of hair, I keep it day and night.
just won't work on you.
Oh, I want to

G7
love you so till I don't know what to do.

C
1-3

4
C13

Got my
I got a
I got my
HI-HEEL SNEAKERS

With a beat

N.C.

G G/F C/E Cm/Eb G/D Eb9 D7

Put on your

red dress, baby,

'cause we're

Put your

go in' out tonight,

oh,

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yeah. yeah.
Put on your red dress,
Put on your high heel.

baby.
sneakers.
Oh, we're going out to
Slap that wig right on your

night.
head.
oh, oh, yeah.

Well, I'm pretty sure now,
gloves,

Well, wear some box in', baby,
in case some fool may start a fight.

Hear what I say.)

Put on your dead.

(Hear what I say.)
HAVE YOU EVER LOVED A WOMAN

Slow Blues

C

F

1. Have you ev-er loved a wom-an

2,3. (See additional lyrics)

much you trem-ble in pain?

Have you ev-er loved a wom-an

so much

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Additional Lyrics

2. But you just love that woman so much, it's a shame and a sin.
   You just love that woman so much, it's a shame and a sin.
   But all the time, you know she belongs to your very best friend.

3. Have you ever loved a woman, oh, you know you can't leave her alone?
   Have you ever loved a woman, yes, you know you can't leave her alone?
   Something deep inside of you won't let you wreck your best friend's home.
HOW LONG, HOW LONG BLUES

Words and Music by
LEROY CARLTON

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Slow Blues (♩= 4/3)

How long, how long has that
eve-nin' train been gone?
How long, how long...

ba-by, how long?

Heard the whistle
blow-in'. Could-n't see no train. Way down in my heart I had an ach-in'

Fm C G7
pain. How long, how long, baby, how

C C7 Cdim7 Dm7b5 C
long? I'm sad and lonely all the whole day

C7 F Fm
through. Why don't you write me and give me the news? You have
Additional Choruses (ad lib.)

If I could holler like a Mountain Jack,
I’d go up on the mountain and call my baby back,
How long, how long, how long.

I went up to the mountain, looked as far as I could see,
The man (woman) had my woman (man) and the blues had poor me,
How long, how long, how long.

I can see the green grass growing on the hill,
But I ain’t see the green grass on a dollar bill,
For so long, so long, baby so long.

If you don’t believe I’m sinkin’, see what a hole I’m in,
If you don’t believe me, baby, look what a fool I’ve been,
Well, I’m gone how long, baby, how long.

I’m goin’ down to Georgia, been up in Tennessee,
So look me over, baby, the last you’ll see of me,
For so long, so long, baby so long.

The brook runs into the river, the river run into the sea,
If I don’t run into my baby, a train is goin’ to run into me,
How long, how long, how long.
I AIN’T GOT YOU

Words and Music by CALVIN CARTER

Moderate Blues (♩=♩·♩)

N.C.

\[ F7 \]

\[ N.C. \]

\[ F \]

\[ Bb9 \]

\[ Bdim \]

\[ F7 \]

\[ F \]

\[ Bb9 \]

\[ Bdim \]

I got a El-do-ra-do Cad-il-lac with the spare tire on the back,

I got a charge account at Gold-blat’s, but I

ain’t got you.

I got a closet full of clothes,
F7           F     Bb9     Bdim    F7          and no matter where I go,
you keep the

F                                      Bb9     Bdim     F7          N.C.
ring in my nose, but I ain't got you.

Fdim/G#        F/A     Bb     Bbdim7   Bb       Bbdim7     Bb
I got a tavern and a liquor store; I hit the

Bbdim7      Bb       Bbdim7   Bb               Bb7       Eb9
numbers, four forty-four. I got a mojo,
don't you know? I'm all dressed up with no place to go. I got

women to the left of me,

women to the right of me,

women all around me,

but I ain't got you.

I got a ain't got you.
I JUST WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU

Written by WILLIE DIXON

Moderate Blues (\( \frac{4}{4} \))

\( \text{Eb} \)  \( \text{Ab7} \)  \( \text{Ab/Bb} \)  \( \text{Eb} \)  \( \text{Ab} \)  \( \text{Ab/Bb} \)

I don’t want you to be no slave,
All I want to do is wash your clothes,
All I want to do is bake your bread.

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{Eb} \)  \( \text{Ab7} \)  \( \text{Ab/Bb} \)  \( \text{Eb} \)  \( \text{Ab} \)  \( \text{Ab/Bb} \)

I don’t want you to work all day.
I don’t want to keep you in doors.
just to make sure that you’re well fed.

\( \text{To Coda} \)

\( \text{Eb} \)  \( \text{Fm7} \)  \( \text{Bb9/F} \)  \( \text{Eb/G} \)  \( \text{Ab} \)  \( \text{Ab/Bb} \)  \( \text{Eb} \)  \( \text{Db/F} \)  \( \text{Eb/G} \)  \( \text{Ab} \)

All I want you to be true, and I just want to make
There is nothing for you to do but keep me mak - in’
I don’t want you sad and blue. I just want to make

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love to you.

I can tell by the way you walk that walk, I can hear by the way you talk that talk, I can know by the way you treat me, girl, that I could give you all the lovin’ in the whole wide world.

CODA  

love to you.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PUTTIN' DOWN

Words and Music by LOUIS JORDAN and BUD ALLEN

Moderately (♩= ℞)

There's a whole lot-a talk a-round town
bod-y's try'n' to dig you,
on last night
You got a ram-blin' mind,

'Bout the way you car-ry'n' your-self.
ev'ry bod-y but me.
to a din-ner, show and a dance.
just don't wan-na stay at home.

There's a whole lot-a talk a-round town
Ev'-ry bod-y's try'n' to dig you,
You went out last night
You got a ram-blin' mind,

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I'D RATHER GO BLIND

Words and Music by ELLINGTON JORDAN
and BILLY FOSTER

Slow Blues

A

Bm

Something told me it was over

when I saw you and her talking.

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Some-thing deep down in my soul said, "Cry, girl,"

when I saw you and that girl walk-ing,

I would rather, I would rather go blind, boy,

than to see you walk a-way from me.
So you see, I love you so much, and I don't wanna watch you leave, baby.

But most of all, I just don't wanna be free.

I was just, I was just, I was just sitting here thinking

of your kiss and your warm embrace.
when the reflection in the glass that I held to my lips, baby,

revealed the tears that was on my face.

I would rather be blind, boy,

than to see you walk away from me.
I'M A MAN

Moderately slow Shuffle (\( \frac{7}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \))

Now, when I was a little boy
I had something in my pocket,

Now I'm a man,
I'm goin' back down

Words and Music by ELLAS Mc DANIEL

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G

You know, ba - by,
Bring back a sec - ond cous - in,
we can have a lot o' fun.

G

C

G

C

G

C

I'm a man...
I spell M___

A

N,
Man.

Ah...

G

C

G

C

G

C

Ah__________

Ah__________

Ah__________
All you pretty women, stand in line.
I can make love to you, baby, in an hour's time.

The line I shoot will never miss.
The way I make love to 'em, they came for this.

I'm a man.
Spelled M A

To Coda

N, Man.
I'M READY

Written by
WILLIE DIXON

Shuffle Blues (3/4)

I am ready, ready as anybody can be.

I am ready, ready as anybody can be.
I'm drink-in' T. N. T. I'm smok-in' tomb-stone bul-lets wear-in' balls and chains. I'm drink-in' I ain't no-where. But stop what you're doin', ba-by. I feel so good, I want you to know. One more drink, I
dy-na-mite. I hope some screw-ball come o-ver here. I’ll prove to you, ba-by, that I ain’t no square. 'Cause I’m wish you would. It takes a whole lot of lovin’ to make me feel good. 'Cause I’m ready. ready’s an-y-bod-y can be.

A7

I am ready for you. I hope you ready for me.

B7

1, 2

B7

3

E7

{Oh, you I been
KANSAS CITY

Medium Blues

Words and Music by JERRY LEIBER and MIKE STOLLER

G7

F7

C7

I'm go-in' to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come.

C

F7

I'm go-in' to Kansas City,

C

Kansas City here I come. They got a
G7

crazy way of lovin' there and I'm gonna get me some.

C7

I'm gonna be

standing on the corner

pack my clothes, leave at the crack of dawn

I'm gonna be
I'm goin' to
standin' on the corner
pack my clothes, leave at the crack of dawn.

with my My old

Kansas City baby and a bottle of Kansas City wine.
Lady will be sleepin' an' she won't know where I'm gone.

Well, 'Cause if I
might take a train, stay with that woman
I might take a plane, I know I'm gonna die,
but gotta

if I have to walk find a brand new baby
I'm goin' just the same, and that's the reason why I'm goin' to

Kansas City, Kansas City here I

come. They got a
G7

C7

F7

C7

They got a crazy way of lovin' there and

I'm goin' to

I'm gona get me some.

They got a crazy way of lovin' there and

I'm gona get me some.
IF YOU LOVE ME LIKE YOU SAY

Words and Music by
LITTLE JOHNNY TAYLOR

Funky

\[ C7 \]

\[ \text{If you love me like you say,} \]

\[ \text{why you treat me like you do?} \]

\[ \text{If you love me like you say, ba - by.} \]
why you treat me like you do?

Well, I ain't no fool. I'm cool, I know the rule.

Said you'd never run around. Instrumental solo

Said you'd never stay out late.
Said you’d never run around, baby.

Said you’d never stay out late.

Let me tell you, pretty babe, I’ve got to set you straight.

Solo ends

1

2

If you love me like you

N.C.

D.S. al Coda

N.C.
CODA

Why, yah, yah, yah.

I'm cool, I know the rule.

Why, yah, yah, yah,

I'm cool, I know the rule.
Slow Blues

You say you’re hurt, you almost lost your

F7

mind, the man you love, he hurt 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 behind him and you take this mess, when things go wrong, go wrong with
you, it hurts me, too.

He loves another woman and I love you,

but you love him and stick to him like glue,

glue, when things go wrong, go wrong with you it hurts me,
C    C7    F    Fm    C    G7#5    C

too.

F7

stay - to see you pushed a - round,

G7

you,  it hurts me,  too.

C    C7    F    Fm    C    B    C

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
Moderately (♩= 3/4)

Words and Music by
WALTER JACOBS
KEY TO THE HIGHWAY

Words and Music by BIG BILL BROONZY
and CHAS. SEGAR

Slow Blues (3\(\frac{3}{4}\))

1. I got the key to the highway,

2. I got the key to the highway,

billed out and bound to go.

Gonna

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Additional Lyrics

2. I'm goin' back to the border
   Where I'm better known.
   Though you haven't done nothin',
   Drove a good man away from home.

3. Oh, gimme one more kiss, mama,
   Just before I go,
   'Cause when I leave this time,
   I won't be back no more.

4. Repeat Verse 1
You're a high-class mama,
She ain't the cavalier kind,

so I guess it ain't no dice,
just plain ol' kidney stew.

1, 2

Old kidney stew,

old kidney stew is fine.

Old
_kidney stew._
old kidney stew is fine.

You can save your money
and keep your peace of mind.

D.S. al Coda

CODA
KOZMIC BLUES

Words and Music by JANIS JOPLIN
and GABRIEL MEKLER

Slow Blues tempo

Am
Am/G
Am/F#

1
Am/F

2
Am/F

Am

1. Time

Dm

keeps mov' on.
Friends, they turn away, I keep movin' on, but I never found out why. I keep pushin' so hard an', babe, I keep try'n' to make it right to another lonely day. Well.
2. Dawn has come at last.
3. (See additional lyrics)

twent-y-five years, hon-ey, in just one night... oh, yeah.____

Well, I'm twen-ty-five years
old - er now so I know it can’t be right that I’m no

better, babe, and I can’t help you no more than I did when just a girl.

1. But it don’t make no dif - ference, babe, no, no,
2. - 4. (See additional lyrics)

and I know that I can al - ways try. It don’t make no
Bm

dif-ference, babe,

D

I bet-ter hold it now,

4

I'm gon-na need it, yeah.

C#m

Am

I bet-ter use it 'til the day I
die.

To Coda

D.S.

D.S. al Coda
Additional Lyrics

3. Don’t expect any answers, dear
   For, I know that they don’t come with age, no, no
   They ain’t never gonna love you any better, babe
   And they’re never gonna love you right
   So you better dig it right now, right now, oh.

Chorus 3
Don’t make no diff’rence, babe, no, no, no
And it never, ever will
I wanna talk about livin’, and lovin’, yeah
I get to hold it, babe
I’m gonna need it now,
I’m gonna use it.

Chorus 2
Well, it don’t make no diff’rence, babe
And I know, that I can always try
Well, there’s a fire inside ev’ry one of us
You’re gonna need it now,
I get to hold it, yeah
I’m gonna use it, ’till the day I die.

Chorus 4
Don’t make no diff’rence, babe
Oh, honey, I hate to be the one
I said, you better live your life
And, you better love your life
Oh babe, some day you’re gonna have to cry
Yes indeed, yes, indeed.
THE LEMON SONG

Words and Music by CHESTER BURNETT, JOHN BONHAM, JIMMY PAGE, ROBERT PLANT and JOHN PAUL JONES

Moderately

E7#9

N.C.

I should have

E7#9

N.C.

quit you

listened

a long time ago

to my second mind

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I should've listened, baby, to my second mind.

I wouldn't be here, my children, every time I go away and leave you, darlin', send me the blues way down the line.

I should've
I went to sleep last night.

I worked as hard as I can.

I bring home my money, you take it and
give it to another man... I should've quit you, baby.

such a long time ago.

I wouldn't be here with all my troubles down on this killin' floor...
Squeeze me, babe,
till the juice runs down my

Squeeze me, baby,
till the juice runs down my
The way you squeeze my lemon,  
I'm gonna fall right out of bed._

Faster

E7

 accel.

A7

E7
I'm gonna leave my children down on the killin' floor.
Moderate Blues

Hey, ev’rybody, let’s have some fun. You

only live but once, and when you’re dead you’re done. Let the
good times roll.  

Don’t care if you’re young or old.

Get to-geth-er, let the good times roll.

Don’t sit there a-mum-blin’,  
and talk-in’ trash. If you
wanna have a ball, you gotta spend some cash. Let the good times roll.

Don't care if you're young or old. Get together, let the good times roll.
LET'S HAVE A NATURAL BALL

Words and Music by
ALBERT KING

Fast \( \frac{\text{4}}{\text{4}} \)}

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C7} & : \quad \text{mf} \\
\text{F7} & : \\
\text{C7} & :
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{F7} & : \\
\text{Dm7} & : \\
\text{G7} & :
\end{align*}
\]

* Recorded a half step lower.
Well, come on, baby, let's have a natural
Come on, woman,
let's have a natural ball.

Well, if you

Don't rock and roll, it won't be no fun at all.

Won't you love me in the mornin', love me late at night? Don't you
ever leave me, darlin', ev'rything's all right._

Come on, baby.

let's have a nat'ral ball.

Well, if you
don't rock and roll, it won't be no fun at all.
Come on, baby,

let's have a natural ball.

And if you
don't rock and roll, it won't be no fun at all.

Won't you
I got a little red rooster, too lazy to crow today,
dogs begin to bark, the hounds begin to howl.

I got a little red rooster,
The dogs begin to bark,
too lazy to crow today,
the hounds begin to howl.
keeps ev'rything in the barnyard upset in ev'ry
Watch out, all you kin-folk, my little red rooster's on the
way, prowl.

The I tell you that

he keeps all the hens fighting among themselves.
see my red rooster, please send him home.

Tell you that he keeps all the hens
Said if you see my red rooster,
fighting among themselves—
please send him home—

D7

D7

don’t want no hens in the barnyard
had no peace in the barnyard
laying eggs for nobody
since the red rooster’s been

G

gone.

G

Else.

G7

Now if you
LOVE STRUCK BABY

Written by STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN

Fast Rock 'N Roll

Well, I'm a love struck baby
I must confess.
Life without you, darlin', is a solid mess. Think-
in' 'bout you, baby, give me such a thrill. I gotta have you, baby, can't...
get my fill. I love you, ba-by, and I know just what to do.

E7

I still re-mem-ber, a-

let it be said, the way you make me feel would take a fool to for-get. I

A

saw a ton of bricks that hit me in the head. And what you do, lit-tle ba-by, ain’t o-
Ever it yet. Ev'ry time I see ya make me sparks start flyin' ev'ry

feel so fine. My heart beatin' craz-y, my blood runnin' wild. Your
time we meet. Let me tell you, ba-by, you knock me off my feet. Your

lov'in' makes me feel like a mighty, mighty fine. Love
kisses trip me up and they're so doggone sweet. Don't

me, ba-by, and now you're mine. I'm a love struck ba-by.

you know, ba-by, you can't be beat.
Yeah, I'm a love struck baby.

You got me love struck, baby.

And I know just what to do.
MATCHBOX

Words and Music by CARL LEE PERKINS

Bright Shuffle

A

I said I'm sit-tin' here - watch - in', match-box hole in my

clothes;

I said I'm sit-tin' here won - d'rin',

(match - in')

match-box hole in my clothes.
ain't got no match - es, but I sure got a long _ way to go._

I'm an ol' _ poor boy and I'm a long _ way from home;_

I'm an ol' _ poor boy and I'm a long _ way from home;_

I'll
never be happy, 'cause everything I ever did was wrong.

Well, if you don't want my peaches, honey, please don't shake my tree;
If you don't want any of those peaches, honey, please don't mess around my tree.

I got news
for you, baby, leave me here in misery.

(Spoken: All right)

Well, let me be your little dog till your big dog comes.
Let me be your little dog
till your big dog comes,
big dog gets here, watch how your puppy dog runs.

Well, I said I'm
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Written by BUDDY GUY

Moderately

E7

A7

B7

E7#9

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Mar-y had a lit-tle lamb,
its fleece was white as snow,
and broke the teach-er's rules.

Yeah.

Ev-ry-where that child went
What a time did they have

you know the lamb was sure to go, yeah.
He fol-lowed her to school one

Guitar solo ad lib.
Tis' ket,

A green and yellow basket.

Sent a letter to my baby,
on my way I passed...
MEMPHIS BLUES

Words and Music by
W.C. HANDY

Moderate Blues

You want to be my man, you got to give me forty dollars

down.

You want to be my man, you'll give me
for-ty dol-lars down. If you don’t be my man, your ba-by’s gon-na shake this town.

You want to Mis-ter Crump don’t low no Crump don’t low it,
easy riders here,
ain't goin' have it here,

C7

Crump don't 'low no easy riders here,
Crump don't 'low it, ain't goin' have it here.

A

We don't care what Mister Crump don't 'low_
we gonna bar'l-house any how. Mis-ter Crump don't 'low no

easy riders here. catch his-self some

air.

I'm go-in'
down the river, goin' down to the river, goin' to take my rockin' chair.

Bb7

_ goin' to the river, _ goin' to take my rockin' chair.

F7

Blues o'er take me,

Bb

goin' to rock away from here.

Bb F7 Bb

Oh de
Mississippi River, Mississippi River so deep an' wide,

I said the Mississippi River's so deep and wide.

Man I love,

he is on the other side.
THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

New Words and New Music Adaptation by HUDDIE LEDBETTER
Collected and Adapted by JOHN A. LOMAX and ALAN LOMAX

Medium Rock

G

You get us in the morn - in' you hear the ding - dong
Hous - ton, you'd bet - ter walk on
Lu - cy how in the world do you

G

ring.
by.
know?

Now you look up - on a ta - ble
Oh, you'd bet - ter not gam - ble, boy,
I know by her a - pron and

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you see the same damn thing.
I say you'd better not fight.
the dress that she wore,

you and
der,____
table

you and
der,____
table

But if you say a thing a bout it____
And then before you know it
she gonna see the sheriff

you'd be in trouble with the
you're ten-ta-ry
to try to free her
A - let the mid - night

man.

bound.

man.

shine her light on me,

1, 2

shine her ev - er - lov - in’ light on me.

{ Well, if you’re ev - er in

{ Here comes Miss
blues, how do you do."

Now you look mighty well this morn-in', but I

can't get along with you.

How can I do right, baby,
when you won't do right yourself?

How can I do right, baby,

when you won't do right yourself?

If my good gal quits me,
C7                      G6

don't want no - bod - y else.

G#dim7                  D7

--

Now that big bell is ring - in',

--

C7                      G6

lit - tle bell is bare - ly at all.

--

G7                      C7

--

Big bell is ring - in', lit - tle bell is bare - ly at
G6

all.

I'm low and disgusted,

C7

my milk cow's away from home.

G6

Now

read out your hymn-book,
preach out your Bible,
fall on your knees and pray to

G6

God to help you. You're gonna need,
you're gonna need...
I said, “Ma-ma, quit your sin-nin’,
please quit your low - down ways.”

I woke up this morn-in’,
looked out - doors,
my milk cow’s gone, I know by the way she loads.
If you see my milk cow, bud - dy,
please drive her home.
I ain't had no milk and butter,
long since my cow's been gone.

Additional Lyrics

My blues fell this mornin' and my love came falling down,
My blues fell this mornin' and my love came falling down,
I may be a low-down dog, mama, but please don't dog me around.

It takes a rockin' chair to rock, a rubber ball to roll,
Takes a long, tall, sweet gal to satisfy my soul,
Lord, I don't feel welcome, no place I go,
'Cause the woman I love done threwed me from her door.
My babe, she don't stand no cheat-in', my babe.
My babe, she don't stand no cheat-in', my babe.

Oh, yes, she don't stand no cheat-in', my babe.
My babe, she don't stand no cheat-in', my babe.

Oh, yes, she don't stand no cheat-in', she don't stand none of that
Oh, no, she don't stand no cheat-in', ev'ry-thing she do she
Midnight creepin'. My babe, true little baby is
Do so pleasin'. My babe, true little baby is

My babe, my babe. My babe, she don't

Know she loves me, my babe.
Stand no foolin', my babe.

Oh, yes, I know she loves me, my babe.
My babe, she don't stand no foolin', my babe.
Oh, yes, I know she loves me, she don’t do nothin’ but kiss and hug me. My babe, true little baby is my babe.

Repeat and Fade
Optional Ending

my babe. True little baby is my babe.
NIGHT TIME IS THE RIGHT TIME

Words and Music by ROOSEVELT SYKES and JAMES ODEN

Moderately

You know the

night-time, dar-lin',
moth-er, now,
is the right time
to be

had-n't died now,
and my

father

left me poor child cry-in'.

Say now, oh, ba-

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Well now, come on, baby now, I want you to hold my hand. You the one I'm thinkin' of. Yeah, tight as you can. And the night time is the right time to be with the one you love, now.

You know my Night and day,
night and day, night and day, night and day,

night and day, night and day, night and day,

night and day, night and day, night and day,

night and day, night and day, night and day.
NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

Words and Music by JIMMIE COX

Moderately slow

Bb  Bdim7  F  Cm/Eb  D  G7

G7b5  C7  F  A7/E  D7

I once lived the life of a millionaire,

Gm  D7/A  Gm  Bb  Bdim7

spending my money, I didn't care, always taking my friends out

F  Cm/Eb  D7  G9  G7b5  C7

for a good time, buying champagne, gin and wine. But

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just as soon as my dough got low, I couldn't find a friend, no place I'd go. If I ever get my hands on a dollar again, I'm gonna squeeze it and squeeze it till the eagle grins. Nobody knows you when you're down and out. In your pocket, not one penny and your friends
you haven’t any. And soon as you get on your feet again,
everybody is your long lost friend. It’s mighty strange, with
out a doubt, but nobody wants you when you’re down and out.

Nobody wants you when you’re down and out.
or gan grind-er, or gan grind-er,

way down on Ram-part

Your sweet mu-sic

Your sweet mu-sic

1

D.S. al Coda

CODA
PARCHMAN FARM BLUES

Written and Composed by
BUKKA WHITE

Fast

D

1. Judge gim-me
2. Oh,
3.-5. (See additional lyrics)

life good this morn-in' down on____
by, wife. Oh, you____
Parchman have done Farm gone.
Judge gimme life this mornin'.
Oh, good-bye, wife.

down on Parchman Farm.
Oh, you have done gone.

I wouldn't hate it so bad, but I left my
hope some day you will hear my

wife in mournin'.

lone some song.
Additional Lyrics

3. Oh you, listen you men
   I don’t mean no harm
   Oh-oh listen you men
   I don’t mean no harm
   If you wanna do good
   You better stay off old Parchman Farm, yeah.

4. We go to work in the mo’nin
   Just a-dawn of day
   We go to work in the mo’nin
   Just a-dawn of day
   Just at the settin’ of the sun
   That’s when da work is done, yeah.

5. Ooh, I’m down on old Parchman Farm
   I sho’ wanna go back home, yeah
   I’m down on the old Parchman Farm
   But I sho’ wanna go back home, yeah
   But I hope someday I will overcome.
PLEASE SEND ME SOMEONE TO LOVE

Words and Music by PERCY MAYFIELD

Slow Blues

Hea - ven, please send to all man -

kind, un - der - stand - ing and peace of

To Coda

mind. But, if it’s not ask - ing too much,
please send me someone to love.

Show all the world how to

get along, peace will enter when

hate is gone. But if it's not asking too much,
please send me someone to love.

I lay awake nights and ponder world

troubles.

My answer is always the same.

That unless men put an end to
all of this, hate will put the world in a

flame, what a shame. Just because I'm in misery

I'm not begging for no

sympathy. But, if it's not asking too much,
please send me some-one

to love.

D.S. al Coda

Heav-en,

Solo ends

not asking too much,

please send me some-one to

CODA

not asking too much,

please send me some-one to

love.
RECONSIDER BABY

Words and Music by
LOWELL FULSON

With a beat \( \frac{3}{4} \)

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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,
once did love me,

to have to separate this way.
but now I guess you have changed your mind.

We've been together so long,
You said you once did love me,

to have to separate this way.
but now I guess you have changed your mind.
I'm gonna let you go ahead, baby.
Why don't you reconsider, baby.

pray that you'll come back home someday.

You said you

give yourself just a little more time.
THE RIGHT TIME

Medium Blues tempo

You know the

night time, dar-lin',
moth-er, now,
is the right time to be
hadn't a dime, now._

My fa-
you.

Hold me tight, now, and make

right.

Because the night-time, oh, is the right time
to be with the one you love.

Oh yeah, now.

Tease me!

Squeeze me!
Leave me! Oh, don’t leave me.

Lawdy, baby. Take my hand. Now.

I don’t need no other man. Because the nightlife aw, the right time.
Ab7

to be with the one you love, now. Oh yeah.

now. I said baby, baby.

Baby! Oh.

Ab7

baby, now. Oh, come on, baby.

You know I want you by my
side.
Well, I want you to keep, oh, keep me satisfied, now.
I know the night-time, now, every day is the right time.
Yeah, to be with one you love, now.
Well, it's all right, yeah, yeah, now.
SEE SEE RIDER

Moderate Blues

Words and Music by MA RAINLEY

Dm7  G7  Dm7  G7  C
mf

D9  G7  C  G7  C  G7

See See Rider,

buy me a pistol just as

C  G7  C7  F

see what you have
done. Law'd Law'd Law'd,

long as I am
tall. Law'd Law'd Law'd,

F#dim7  C  G+  G  C  C#dim7

now your gal has come.

catch a cannonball. You

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made me love you, Now your gal has come.
he won’t have me, he won’t have no gal at all.

D9
G7
C

I’m goin’ away, baby.
See See Rid-er.

G7
C7

I won’t be back ’til fall? Law’d Law’d Law’d, your
where did you stay last night? Law’d Law’d Law’d, your

F
F#dim7
C
G+
G

goin’ away, baby. Won’t be back ’til fall.
shoes ain’t buttoned, your clothes don’t fit you right.
If I find me a good man, won't be back at all.

I'm gonna didn't come home 'til the sun was shining bright.
SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY

Words and Music by ELLIS WALSINGHAM and LOUIS JORDAN

Now if you've ever been down to New Orleans then you can understand just what I mean. Now all thru the week it's foolin' 'round just me and him. We decided we could use a little
quiet as a mouse but on Saturday night they go from house to house. You
something to eat, so we went to a house on Rampart Street. We

don't have to pay the usual admission if you're a
knocked on the door and it opened with ease and a

cook or a waiter or a good musician. So if you happened to be just
luscious little miss said, "Come in, please." And before we could

pass in by, we were stop in at the Saturday

night fish fry. } It was rock-in'.

it was rock-in'.

You never

see such scuf-flin' and shov-in' till the break of day.

It was rock-in',

It was rock-in', it was
rock-in'.
You never see such scuffling and shovin' till the break of dawn.

Now my
SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Words and Music by CHESTER BURNETT

Slowly
G7

One summer day she went a-

way,

G7

gone and left me gone to stay,
she's

C7

G7

gone

D7

but I don't worry 'cos I'm

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sit-tin' on top of the world.

sum-mer worked on this farm

G7

G7

G7

G7

G7

G7

sit-tin', sit-tin' on top of the world.
SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING

Words and Music by CHESTER BURNETT

Moderately
N.C.

Cm

Smoke, smoke stack light ning,
tell me, tell me, baby,

shin ing just like gold,
what's the matter here?

Well, Well, Well,

Well, Well, Well,

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hoo, hoo, hoo,
boo hoo, hoo, hoo,
boo hoo, hoo, hoo?
boo hoo, hoo?
boo hoo?

1,2
Well,
Well,
Well,

Cm

stop your train, fare thee well,
let us go for a never see you no
ride. 

Well, don't you hear me crying, boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo?
SMOKING GUN

Written by BRUCE BROMBERG,
RICHARD COUSINS and ROBERT CRAY

Moderately

Em

I get a con - stant bus - ty sig - nal when I
May - be you want to end it.
You've had your

Instrumental solo

stand - ing here be - wil - dered.
I can't re -

call you on the phone.
fill of my kind of fun.
I get a strong un - eas - y feel -
mem - ber just what I've done.
But you don't know how to tell

I can hear the si - ren's whin -

- ing, you're not sit - ting there a - lone.
I'm hav - in'
- ing, my eyes blind - ed by the sun.
I put
Am7

nasty, nasty visions
and, baby, you're in every one,
two and one together,
and we know that's not an even
know that I'll soon be running,
my heart's beating just like a

Am7

yeah._
And I'm so afraid I'm gonna find you with a
sum._
And I know just where to catch you with that
drum._
Now they've knocked me down and taken it, that

N.C.

so-called smokin' gun._
well-known smokin' gun._
still hot smokin' gun._

Em

1-3

Em

still hot smokin' gun._

4

(4.) I'm
Still hot smokin' gun.

They've taken it, that

still hot smokin' gun.

Optional Ending

Repeat and Fade
Solo ends

1.4. Wake up, ma-ma, turn your lamp down low...

2.3. (See additional lyrics)

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

Ya

got no nerve, baby to turn Uncle John from your door.

To Coda

1, 3

Guitar solo
G7

D7

A7

G7

D7

1

A7

2

A7

Solo ends

Well, my

D7

N.C.

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

Words and Music by JOHN LEE HOOKER

Slow Blues ($\frac{3}{4}$)

G7

Sug-ar ma-ma, sug-ar ma-ma.

G

Sug-ar ma-ma, please _come back to me._

Gsus

Sug-ar ma-ma, sug-ar ma-ma.

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Bring my gran-u-lat-ed

sug-ar, sug-ar ma-ma.
Sug-ar ma-ma’d ease my mis’ry.

They’ve been brag-in’bout your sug-ar, sug-ar ma-ma.
They've been braggin' all over town.

Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm mm

Gsus

G

mm mm mm mm mm.

They've been braggin' 'bout your sugar.

G7

They've been braggin' all over town.

Ev'rywhere I go, sugar mama, sugar
mama, I sure can hear your name.
The reason I'm crazy 'bout you,
sugar mama,
because you ease my worried mind.
The reason I'm crazy 'bout you, sugar mama,

because you ease my worried mind.

You got some-thin', sugar mama, ain't

no-body else got but you.
I like my coffee sweet early in the mornin'.

You know I'm crazy 'bout my tea at night.

(Spoken:) You know what I mean about that, sugar mama. I like my
coffeemearly in the mornin'. You know I'm crazy 'bout my tea at night.

Don’t get my sugar threetimes a day, Lord, you know me and you just can’t get a

long right.
TEN LONG YEARS

Words and Music by RILEY B. KING
and JULES BIHARI

Moderately slow (4/4)

Ab7#9

Eb7

I had a woman,
for ten long years,
it's all over, baby,

she was nice and lovin' to me in every
yes, she was my pride and
babe, you know I'm all a-

c

Ab7

Db7

Ab7

Db7

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she was nice and lovin' to me in ev'ry way.
she was my pride and joy.
babe, you know I'm all alone.

Oh, she used to love me,
bring my breakfast to the bed ev'ry day.
Oh, I used to call her my little girl,
she used to call me her little boy.
Well, the reason I sing these blues,
yes, you know my baby's gone.
THE THINGS THAT I USED TO DO

Words and Music by
EDDIE "GUITAR SLIM" JONES

Moderately slow

C+

F7

Bb9

1. Things that I used to do,
Lord, I won't do no more.

3. Instrumental solo ad lib.

F7

more.

The

Bb9

F7

things that I used to do,
Lord, I won't do no more.

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I used to sit and hold your hand, darlin',

cry, baby, do not go.

2. I used to

search all night for you, darlin'.

Lord, my search would always end in

vain.

I used to search all night for you, darlin'.

(See additional lyrics)
Lord, my search would always end in vain.

But I knew all the time, darlin',
that you was hid out wit' your oth-er man. 

Noth-in' I can do to please you, dar-lin'.

Oh, I just can't get a-long wit' you.

Additional Lyrics

4. I'm goin' to send you back to your mama, darlin'. Lord, I'm goin' back to my family, too.
I'm goin' to send you back to your mama, darlin'. Lord, I'm goin' back to my family, too.
Nothin' I can do to please you, darlin'.
Oh, I just can't get along wit' you.
THREE HOURS PAST MIDNIGHT

Words and Music by JOHNNY WATSON and SAUL BIHARI

Moderately slow (♩= 8)

1. It is

three hours past midnight

and my ba-by's no-where a-round.

2. (See additional lyrics)

Yes, three hours past midnight

and my ba-by's no-where a-

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Well, I listen so hard to hear her footsteps.

Ain't even heard a sound.

Well, I
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, I toss and tumble on my pillow, but I just can’t close my eyes.
   Well, I toss and tumble on my pillow, but I just can’t close my eyes.
   If my baby don’t come back pretty soon,
   Yes, I just can’t be satisfied.

3. Well, I tried so hard to take it, but my baby’s drivin’ me insane.
   Well, I tried so hard to take it, but my baby’s drivin’ me insane.
   Well, if she don’t come back pretty soon,
   Yes, gonna catch that midnight train.
Third Degree

Written by WILLIE DIXON and EDDIE BOYD

Very slowly

D7          G7          D7          G7

D7          Bb9        A9          Eb9        D9

Got me ac-cused of peep-in'.
Got me ac-cused of mur-der.
Got me ac-cused of tax-es.

G7          Eb9          D7

I can't see a thing._
I ain't harm-ed a man._
I ain't got a dime._

Got me ac-cused of pet-tin'.
Got me ac-cused of for-g'ry.
Got me ac-cused of chil-dren.
And ain't

e-ven raise my hand._
e-ven write my name._
one of them was mine._

Bad luck._
bad luck is kill-in' me.

Well, I just can't stand

no more of this third degree.

third degree.
THE THRILL IS GONE

Moderate Blues (♩= 9/8)

G

F#7sus

F#7

Bm

The thrill is gone...
The thrill is gone...
The thrill has gone away...

Bm

way. good.
The thrill is gone, baby.
The thrill is gone, baby.

The thrill has gone away...

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You know you done me wrong, baby. And you'll be sorry some day.
Some day I know I'll be open-armed, baby, just like I know a good man should.

The thrill is gone. You know I'm free now, baby. It's gone away.

It's gone away, baby, I'm free from your spell. The thrill is gone, baby. Oh, I'm free free now.
The thrill has gone away from me.
I'm free from your spell.

Although I'll still live on,
And now that it's all over, but so all I can

Lonely I'll wish you well.
WANG DANG DOODLE

Written by WILLIE DIXON

Moderate Blues (\text{\textfrac{3}{4}})

\text{\textfrac{E7}{f}}

Tell Automatic Slim, tell
Crawl-in' Red, tell
Fats and Wash-board Sam that

Razor Tot-in' Jim.
Abysian Ned.
ev-'ry-bod-y gon' jam.

Tell Butcher Knife Tot-in' An-
Go tell ol' Pis-tol Pete-
Tell Shak-in' Box-car Joe-

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We gonna pitch a ball a-down to that union hall.
We gonna romp and tramp till midnight,
We gonna knock down all the windows,
And when the fish scent fills the air,
Fuss and fight till daylight,

Kick down all the doors,
Snuff juice everywhere.

We gonna pitch a Wang Fang
Doo-dle all night long.  All night

long.  all night long.  All night

long.  all night long.  We gon-na pitch a Wang Dang

1, 2

Doo-dle all night long.  

Tell
Tell
Trouble in mind, I'm blue,

but I won't be blue all ways,

'cause that sun's gonna shine in
my back door some day.

Now all you men's

the same,

but not a one enough to change my

name, 'cause that sun's gonna shine in
my back door some day.

I'm gonna lay my head

on that lonely railroad line,
and let the twenty nineteen
ease my troubled mind.

Trouble in mind,

I'm blue,

but I won't be blue al-

days,

'cause that wind's gonna come and

blow my blues away.
This melody continues under narration.

Talking Blues

Abm7

Did you read 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 women 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 Tupelo, Mississippi. Hm Hm
day, the poor people had no place to go,

hm, in a little town,
called Tupelo,

Repeat and Fade
TURN ON YOUR LOVE LIGHT

Words and Music by DON ROBEY and JOE SCOTT

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You took it, darlin',
and you tore it a-
part.

You left me sitatin'
lonely

in the dark
in the middle of the
night.

You said your
I need you,

love
darlin',
to make things al-
right.
I'm beggin' you, baby,
Come on, baby,
please,
please.

I'm beggin' you, baby,
Come on, baby,
please,
please.

Turn on the light,
let it shine on me.
Turn on your love light, let it shine on me.
Let it shine, shine, shine.
I get a little

A little bit higher,
A little bit

higher,
just a little bit higher,

a little bit higher.
Turn on the light,

let it shine on me.

Turn on your love light,

let it shine on me.
YOU SHOOK ME

Words and Music by WILLIE DIXON and J.B. LENOIR

Slow Blues

(Spoken:) Mm mm.

You know you shook me, baby.
me, ba - by,
You shook me all night long,
just like a hurricane.

You know you shook me, baby.
You know you move me, baby.

You shook me all night long,
just like a hurricane.

Oh, you kept on shaking me, darling.
Oh, you know you move me, darling,
Oh, you messed up my happy home. just like an earthquake move the land.

You know you move

— sometimes I wonder what my poor wife and child’s gonna do.

Oh.
Some time I wonder what my poor wife and child's gonna do.

Hey,

You know you made me mis-treat them, dar-ling.

Whoa,

I'm mad-ly in love with you.

You know you shook
YOU'VE GOT TO LOVE HER
WITH A FEELING

Moderately slow

Now if you wanna love that woman,
you love her with a thrill.
She shakes all over
takes her in,
when she walks.

The cops did not need no bail.
She

'Cause if you don't, some other man will,
man see

wiggled one time for the judge,
judge put the cops in the jail.

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Love her with a feel-in'.

You got to love her with a feel-in'.

Love her with a feel-in'.

or don't you love at all.

or don't you love me at all.
AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS
AS THE YEARS GO PASSING BY
BABY PLEASE DON'T GO
BEFORE YOU ACCUSE ME (Take a Look at Yourself)
BIG BOSS MAN
BLUES BEFORE SUNRISE
THE BLUES IS ALRIGHT
BLUES WITH A FEELING
BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN
BOURGEOIS BLUES
BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY
CALDONIA (What Makes Your Big Head So Hard?)
CATFISH BLUES
CHEAPER TO KEEP HER
COME ON IN MY KITCHEN
CRAZY BLUES
CROSSCUT SAW
DIMPLES
EARLY IN THE MORNIN' EASY BABY
EVERYDAY I HAVE THE BLUES
FLIP, FLOP AND FLY
FORTY-FOUR
FURTHER ON UP THE ROAD
GANGLER OF LOVE
GOING DOWN SLOW
GOOD MORNING LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL
GOT MY MO JO WORKING
HAVE YOU EVER LOVED A WOMAN
HI-HEEL SNEAKERS
HOW LONG, HOW LONG BLUES
I AIN'T GOT YOU
I JUST WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PUTTIN' DOWN
I'D RATHER GO BLIND
I'M A MAN
I'M READY
IF YOU LOVE ME LIKE YOU SAY
IT HURTS ME TOO
JUKE
KANSAS CITY

KEY TO THE HIGHWAY
KIDNEY STEW BLUES
KOZMIC BLUES
THE LEMON SONG
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL
LET'S HAVE A NATURAL BALL
LITTLE RED ROOSTER
LOVE STRUCK BABY
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB
MATCHBOX
MEMPHIS BLUES
THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL
MILK COW BLUES
MY BABE
NIGHT TIME IS THE RIGHT TIME
NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT
ORGAN GRINDER BLUES
PARCHMAN FARM BLUES
PLEASE SEND ME SOMEONE TO LOVE
RECONSIDER BABY
THE RIGHT TIME
SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY
SEE SEE RIDER
SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD
SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING
SMOKING GUN
STATESBORO BLUES
SUGAR MAMA
TEN LONG YEARS
THE THINGS THAT I USED TO DO
THIRD DEGREE
THREE HOURS PAST MIDNIGHT
THE THRILL IS GONE
TROUBLE IN MIND
TUPELO (Tupelo Blues)
TURN ON YOUR LOVE LIGHT
WANG DANG DOODLE
YOU SHOOK ME
YOU'VE GOT TO LOVE HER WITH A FEELING