

The Birth Of The Blues

Sammy Davis, Jr.

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 to use
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 worn
 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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