

# Birth Of The Blues

## Frank Sinatra

These are the blues, nothin' but blues  
Oh, they say some people long ago  
Were searching for a diff'rent tune  
One, that they could croon as only they can  
They only had the rhythm  
So they started swayin' to and fro  
They didn't know just what to use  
This is how the blues really began  
They heard the breeze in the trees  
Singin' 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 a part of the blues  
From a whippoorwill way upon a hill  
They took a new note  
Pushed it through a horn  
Until it was worn into a blue note  
And then they nursed it  
They rehearsed it  
And then sent out that news  
That the Southland gave birth to the blues  
They nursed it  
Then they rehearsed it  
And they sent out that news  
That the Southland, they gave birth to the blues

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