

# Birth Of The Blues

**Hank Snow**

They heard the breeze in the trees making 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 high on a hill they took a new note  
Pushed it through a horn till it was worn into a blue note  
And then they nursed it and rehearsed it and gave out with the  
news

That the southland gave birth of the blues  
That the southland gave birth of the blues