

Aunt Hagar's Blues

Lena Horne

Old Deacon Splivin, his flock was givin'
A way of livin' right,
Said he, "No wingin', no ragtime singin' tonight."
Up jumped Aunt Hagar, and shouted out with all her might:

Oh, 'tain't no use to preachin',
Oh, 'tain't no use to teachin';
Each modulation of syncopation,
Just tells my feet to dance and I can't refuse,
When I hear the melody they call the blues,
Those ever-lovin' blues!

Just hear Aunt Hagar's chillun harmonizin' to that old mournful
tune!
It's like choir from on high broke loose!
If the devil brought it, the good Lord sent it right down to me
,
Let the congregation join while I sing those lovin' Aunt Hagar'
s Blues!

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tune!
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