

# Birth Of The Blues

Perry Como

Oh... they say some people long ago,  
Were searchin' 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,  
That 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 part of the blues!

From a whippoorwill out on the hill,  
They took a new note (whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill..  
..)  
Pushed it through a horn 'till it was worn,  
Into a blue note... (whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill..  
.)

An' then they nursed it, and rehearsed it,  
And gave out the news,  
That the "Southland"...  
Gave birth to the blues!

(Shout out the wonderful news!)

Oh, the breeze from the trees,  
A wail from the jail,  
A buzz from the cousin of a nightin'gale,  
And "Southland" (hello, hello!)  
Gave birth to the blues!