

# The Birth of the Blues

Frank Sinatra

These are the blues  
Nothing but blues

Oh, they say some people long ago  
Were searching for a diffrent tune  
One that they could croon  
As only they can

They only had the rhythm  
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, 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  
Way up on 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  
And they rehearsed it  
That the Southland they gave birth to the blues