

HATEFUL BLUES

By

PERRY BRADFORD



THIS NUMBER CAN BE HAD
FOR YOUR PHONOGRAPH
OR YOUR PLAYER PIANO



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Hateful Blues

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Slow

Piano

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a series of eighth notes and quarter notes, including a prominent triplet of eighth notes. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with a bass line of eighth notes and chords. The tempo is marked 'Slow' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Voice

Woke up this morn-ing all hate-ful and blue. 'Cause my dad-dy treats me wrong

The first vocal line is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "Woke up this morn-ing all hate-ful and blue. 'Cause my dad-dy treats me wrong". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves, featuring a consistent eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

He got his satch-el packed and clothes upon his back and gone,

The second vocal line is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "He got his satch-el packed and clothes upon his back and gone,". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves, maintaining the eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment.

Yes I'm low-down noth-ing wor-ries me long I cried last night and

The third vocal line is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "Yes I'm low-down noth-ing wor-ries me long I cried last night and". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves, concluding the piece with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line.

All the night be - fore, I'll say that I ain't gon-na cry no

more If he can stand to leave me I can stand to see him go.

Chorus

Yes I'm hate - ful, 'cause he treated me so un-kind, If I

p-f

find that man, while mur-der's on my mind — If I see him I will beat him, gon-na

choke and bite him to, I will take my wick-ed raz-or and I'll cut him thru and thru, The

am-bu-lance is wait-ing, And the un-der-tak-er too, To take him to the lone-some grave yard

Aft-er I am thru I got a for-ty-four dun-geon-gon-na buy a gat-lin gun If I

see him I will kill him so there ain't no use to run 'Cause my love has

been a - bused. — Now I've got the Hate-ful blues. — blues. —