

THOSE SOUTHERN BLUES

Words by
EVERETT E. EAST

Music by
ANNA CAMPBELL



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Moderato

Till ready When I get back to Ten - nes - see, I

There's a tune I want to hear; The lov - ing

strain is al - ways in my ear! I'm go - ing back to Ten - nes - see, Oh,
know they'll play those blues for me; Both night and day, at some cab - a - ret, I'll

wont you come and go with me? In ev - 'ry pic - ture show, and ev - 'ry
be danc - ing my heart a - way; The dance they do down there, I'm

where you go, You hear those blues played so nice and slow I'm
on the square, has got 'em beat, I do de - clare! When they

go - ing back to Ten - nes - see, Where I can hear those good old South-ern blues!
start the band, you just can't stand, if they play those lov-ing South-ern blues!

CHORUS

Oh, Mis-ter Lead - er man, now if you can, Play those blues— those
South-ern blues! Now with your bow, just rag it slow on your vio - lin, on
your vio - lin. That mourn-ful strain is in my brain, So I've got to go and
take my train; I'm go - ing back to Ten - nes - see where I can
hear Those lov-ing South-ern Blues! Oh, Mis - ter Blues!