

WILD WEEPIN' BLUES

Words by SPENCER WILLIAMS

Music by MACEO PINKARD



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Moderato (*Not too fast*)



VOICE (*Not too fast*)

I'm down heart - ed as can be—
I am gon - na find my way—

Till ready



Blues have o - ver - tak - en me,—
Good luck's bound to come some day—

Weird _____ and mel-an-
Then _____ I'll let the



cho - ly feel - in' Fol - lows me a - roun'—
whole world know that I am sa - tis - fied—

Sad and blue_ not a sou_ All in out and down:—
I will get_ mon-ey yet_ Tho' I've been de - nied:—

CHORUS (Not too fast)

I'm bust - ed, can't be trust - ed, dis - pos - sess'd I've got the Wild Weep - in'

Blues Just roam - in', with no home and no ad - dress I'm long - in'

for some good news— Hard luck's been my

pal the most— Been from pil - lar to the post—

Oh! what! will my ver-dict be, Rock - y road's a-head of me,—

If luck don't change there'll be some steal-in' done, No oth-er way I can

choose, _____ Ev-'ry day a les-son I will learn, _____ I'm gon-na

turn _____ ,To the right and go straight, it's the best I find, _____

These old blues, that I've got are the mean-est kind, _____ I'm gon-na keep on try-in'

till I lose Those dog-gone Wild Weep-in' Blues. 1. Blues. — 2. Blues. —