

THEM DOG GON'D TRIFLIN' BLUES



AS FEATURED BY



WORDS AND
MUSIC BY

WILL E. SKIDMORE

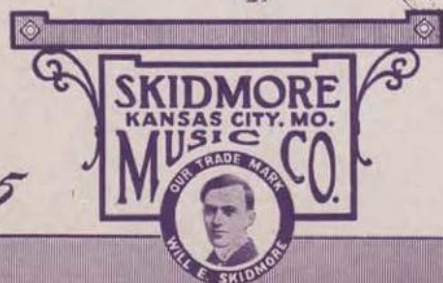
COMPOSER OF

"PRAY FOR THE LIGHTS TO GO OUT"

EXCLUSIVE SELLING AGENTS

JOS. W. STERN & CO.

102-104 WEST 38TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.



THEM DOGGON'D TRIFLIN' BLUES

Words & Music by
WILL E. SKIDMORE

Composer of { "Pray for the Lights to go out"
"It takes a long, tall, Brown-Skin Gal
to make a Preacher lay His Bible Down"

Tempo di Blues (Not Fast)

mf

Well, I love-a my man just as much as a wom - - an could
Poor old mandown the street with a sign read-in "Please Help the Blind"

mp

Ain't noth-in' I would-n't do for him; wash, ev'n split his wood
I reaches down in the "First Na-tion'l Bank" to find a dime

But when them Tri - - flin' Blues they get me I'm no good.
He like to broke his neck he saw me all the time.

rit.

That tri - flin' feel - in' it comes a - steal - in'

p *mf*

it's so ap - peal - in' when I look at you (When I look at

L.H.

you.) It seems to haunt me, It seems to taunt me

f

It makes you want me Them Dog-gon'd Tri - flin'

rall

Blues. That tri - flin' Blues.

(Them Dog - gon'd Tri - flin' Blues)

sfz