

BIRMINGHAM BERTHA

SUNG by ETHEL WATERS

ON WITH THE SHOW

Lyrics by
GRANT CLARKE
Music by
HARRY AKST

AM I BLUE?

BIRMINGHAM BERTHA

DON'T IT MEAN A THING TO YOU

IN THE LAND OF LET'S PRETEND

LET ME HAVE MY DREAMS

LIFT THE JULEPS TO YOUR TWO LIPS

WELCOME HOME

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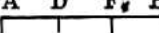
*Ukulele
Acc.*



A WARNER BROS. VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

Birmingham Bertha

Lyric by
GRANT CLARKE

Ukulele in G
A D F# B
Tune Uke thus  when used with Piano

Music by
HARRY AKST

Blues Tempo



Vamp

ffz *mf* *p*

All night—
I'm one—

long I— rode that— train, All the way here from Bir-ming-ham.
gal a— man can't fool, 'Spec'ly one that has done me wrong.

Just to look for my lov-in' Sam, I can't get him— off my—
S'posethere's hate in my lov-in' song, He just used me— for a—

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brain. You know there's no doubt I'm here to straighten him out!
tool. Bet he's sor-ry now, I'm right here to tell - in' you how.

REFRAIN

Ain't no fool - in', Bir-ming-ham Ber-tha, She's had shool - in', Bir-ming-ham Ber-tha

Eye for an eye, Tooth for a tooth's her plan. Treat me fair and

I'm on the lev-el, Give me air and I'm just a de-vil! He's on my mind, I'm gon-na find my

Sam! I'm just the worst simple Simon that you know, Gave him my diamonds and

my dough, You can bet it Hell regret it, He's gon-na get it and so,

Can't expect no two dollars worth o' sym-pa-thy from Bir-ming-ham Ber-tha, Like the Po-lice I'll

nev-er re-lease that man. 1. man. 2. man.