

The Western Blues

M. E. WOODHURST
LIBRARY



BY
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THE WESTERN BLUES

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INTRO.

TILL READY

Talk a - bout your lone-some blues, But have you had the west-ern blues?
When the west gets call-ing you, Oh! don't it make you aw-ful blue?

When you're tir - ed and you're feel-ing blue, And ev'-ry lit-tle thing is go-ing wrong with you,
As I watch the golden sunsets glare, It's goodbye dear old Broadway for I must be there,

That's a sign you need a rest A-mongst the rock-ies of the west,
To the spot I love so grand, The place where na-ture built for man,

A-way a-bove the cit-y's twirl,
And so I'm go-ing on my way,

Where men for-get life's bus-y whirl.
Out in the west to Fris-co bay.

CHORUS

It's good-bye style — good-bye so - ci - e - ty, I'm leav-ing you, — the west is

call-ing me, — I'm go-ing back to see my west-ern -pals, And best of all I love those

west-ern gals, My western pals, — they say that they are tough, But they're true blue, — to you and

that's e-nough And if I had to take my choice to-day, It would be from Colo-ra-da to the Fris-co bay.