

# Cab Calloway, Black Rhythm

Down in Louisiana  
There's a grand piano-playing man;  
He knows that they can't kid him  
'Cause he's got hot rhythm in his hand.  
The blues that he'll compose will thrill you  
From your head to your toes.  
He called his song "Black Rhythm,"  
'Cause his black hands did it 'neath the moon,  
The keys he plays on sweetly,  
And you're left completely in a swoon.  
The melancholy strum  
Mixed with the rum-tum of melodious blues.

When he plays the blue note,  
And adds a new note,  
You'll think that he wrote a symphony.  
But he's just improvising  
On a southern mammy melody.  
You'll quit your pouting,  
And start a'shouting,  
No need in doubting he knows the keys.  
He can lay on the white ones,  
Can play on the black ones with ease.  
The way he plays Black Rhythm  
Makes the gang stick with him all night long,  
Forget the hour is late,  
They hear him syncopate his mournful song.  
A'humming like the breeze,  
A' strumming lightly on those ivories.