

Hank Snow, Birth Of The Blues

They heard the breeze in the trees making weird melodies
And they made that the start of the blues
And from a jail came the wail of a down-hearted frail
And they played that as part of the blues

From a whippoorwill high on a hill they took a new note
Pushed it through a horn till it was worn into a blue note
And then they nursed it and rehearsed it and gave out with the news
That the southland gave birth of the blues
That the southland gave birth of the blues