Hank Snow "Birth Of The Blues"

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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

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