

## Lena Horne

### "Aunt Hagar's Blues"

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Old Deacon Splivin, his flock was givin'  
A way of livin' right,  
Said he, "No wingin', no ragtime singin' tonight."  
Up jumped Aunt Hagar, and shouted out with all her  
might:

Oh, 'tain't no use to preachin',  
Oh, 'tain't no use to teachin';  
Each modulation of syncopation,  
Just tells my feet to dance and I can't refuse,  
When I hear the melody they call the blues,  
Those ever-lovin' blues!

Just hear Aunt Hagar's chillun harmonizin' to that old  
mournful tune!  
It's like choir from on high broke loose!  
If the devil brought it, the good Lord sent it right down  
to me,  
Let the congregation join while I sing those lovin' Aunt  
Hagar's Blues!

Just hear Aunt Hagar's chillun harmonizin' to that old  
mournful tune!  
It's like choir from on high broke loose!  
If the devil brought it, the good Lord sent it right down  
to me,  
Let the congregation join while I sing those lovin' Aunt  
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