

Aunt Hagar's Blues

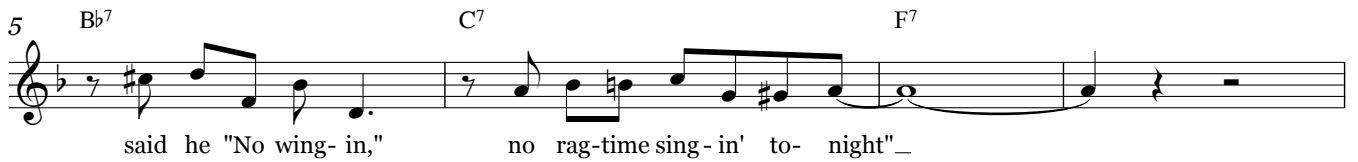
Words By J. Tim Brymn Music By W.C. Handy

F⁷



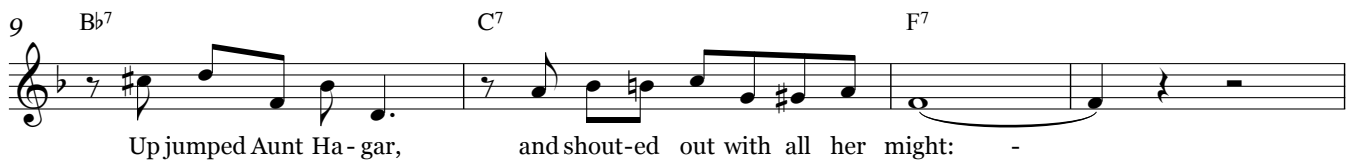
Old Dea-con Spliv-in' his flock was giv - in the way of liv - in' right,

5 B^b7 C⁷ F⁷



said he "No wing- in," no rag-time sing - in' to- night" _

9 B^b7 C⁷ F⁷



Up jumped Aunt Ha - gar, and shout-ed out with all her might: -

13



Oh, 'taint no use o' preach-in, oh, 'taint no use o' teach-in',

17 Bb^7 F^7 A^7 D^7

each mod-u - la-tion of syn-co - pa-tion just tells my feet to dance and I can't re-fuse when

21 G^7 C^7 F^7 G^7 C^7 F^7

I hear - - the mel o - dy they call the blues; those ev er lov in' blues just

25 F^7 Db^7 C^7 F^7

hear Aunt Ha - gar's chil-dren har-mon - iz in'to that old mourne - ful tune, it's

29 Db^7 C^7

like a choir from on high broke loose. _____ if the

33 F^7 Db^7 C^7

deb - bil brought it the good Lawd sent it right down to me, let the

37 F^7 C^7 F^7 Db^7 C^7 F^7

con - gre - ga - tion join while I sing those lov - in' Aunt Ha - gar's Blues.