

Prohibition BLUES



WORDS and MUSIC by
AL. SWEET

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · PHILADELPHIA · BOSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · LONDON

A small logo featuring the text '50¢' and 'sof2s/net' in a stylized font.

PROHIBITION BLUES

Words and Music by
AL. SWEET.

Moderately (*Not fast*)

Mose
I

Brown came a stag-ger-in' home one morn, Tears in his eyes and look-in' all for-lorn, His
got up and walked right out of dat church, On the steps then I met old Sam'l Birch, "Why

wife-y met him with such an aw-ful frown, Said he "My dear, now wont you please sit down and listen
Mos-es," he say, "what make you look so blue" I tell him an' he say If dat am true, Dat dry times

to me while a sad tale I re-late, of de news I hear what got me
com-in' an' dere goin' to can de booze, Come on to the cor-ner, dere's no

in dis state. Last night I went to church and I feel so blue, What that par-son say I will tell 'to you:
time to lose." So we just start-ed in drink-in' gainst dat day, When I'd try to stop, then old Sam would say:

CHORUS *Well marked*

Oh! my Bro - thers and Sis - ters, list-en to what I say — By nine-teen twen-ty dere'll

be no boose sold in the U. S. A. De whole coun-try am a go - in' bone dry,

Pro-hi-bi-tion am de bat-tle cry, 'Scuse me while I shed a tear, For good old whis-key,

gin and beer. Good - bye for - ev - er, Good - bye for - ev - er Ah got de

Pro - hib - i - tion, Pro - hi - bi - tion, Pro - hi - bi - tion Blues. Oh! my Blues. —