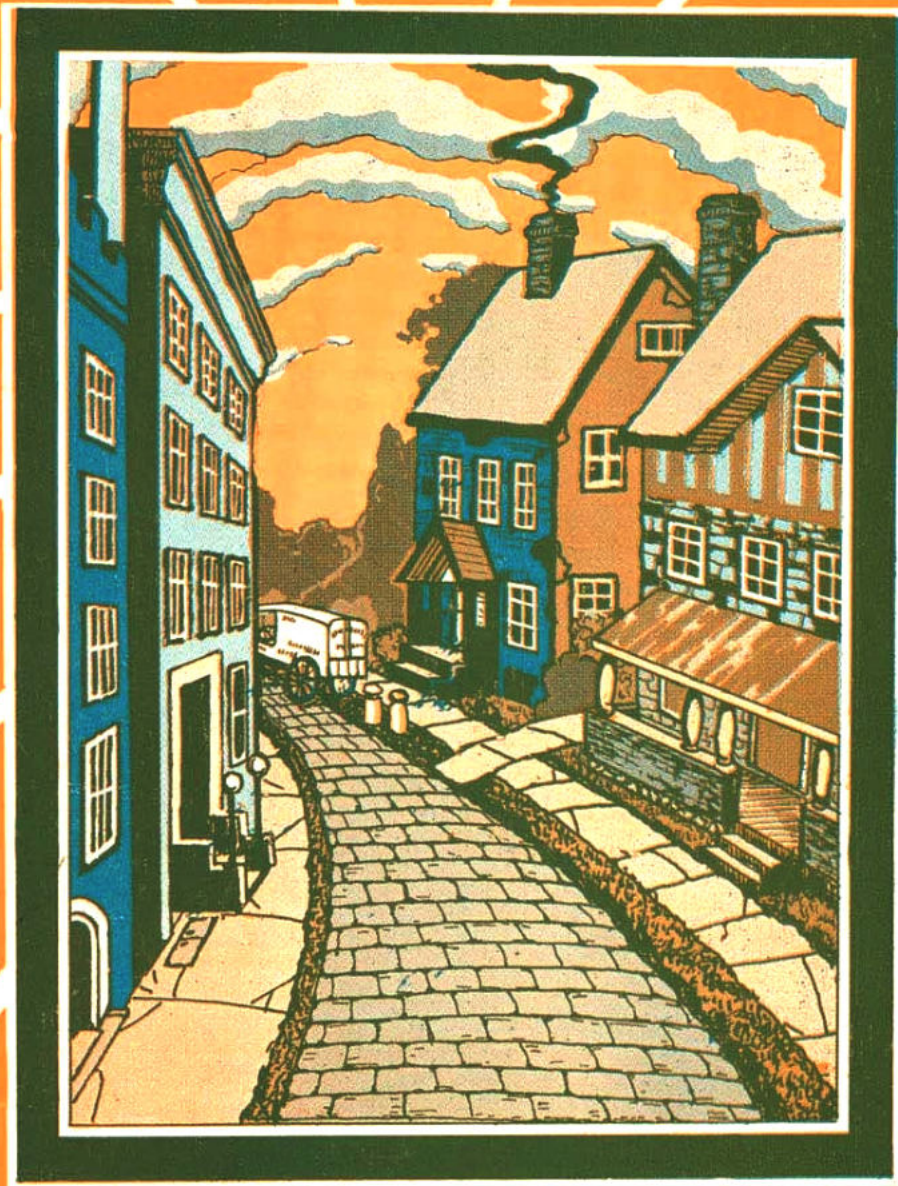


EARLY IN THE MORNING BLUES



BY
RAY BROWN
AND
RAY KLAGES

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Early In The Morning

"Blues"

By RAY BROWN and
RAY KLAGES

Tempo di blues (*Slowly*)

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di blues (Slowly)' and the dynamic is 'f'.

The piano introduction continues with two staves. The right hand features more complex chordal patterns and melodic lines. The left hand maintains the bass line. The tempo remains 'Tempo di blues (Slowly)' and the dynamic is 'f'. A section labeled 'Till Ready' is indicated.

I'm not sad, and I nev-er feel bad, I'm as hap-py as I can be;
Soon I'll go, where its for-ty be-low, To the land of the ice and snow;

The piano accompaniment for the first verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays the melody with lyrics, and the left hand provides harmonic support. The dynamic is 'p'.

I won't fret, for I nev-er have yet, There is noth-ing that wor-ries me.
In a hut, where I'll do noth-ing but, Live the life of an Es-ki-mo.

The piano accompaniment for the second verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays the melody with lyrics, and the left hand provides harmonic support. The dynamic is 'p'.

Arranged by
Chas N. Grant

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But Oh, Oh, there's a time when I feel so
For I know that's the on - ly place I be -

blue That's why I am sing - ing these blues to you Oh, those
- long Up there Where the nights are all six months long Oh, those

Chorus

Ear-ly in the morn-ing When the day is dawn-ing blues Big

Ben up-on the ta-ble ring-ing out un-wel-come news You hate to

leave your bed so warm,— On a cold and fros-ty morn,— And ev-en tho' you're late,

You want to he-si-tate, You start to stretch and yawn, The Clock keeps on a call-in'

You keep on a stall-in', too,— You have 'nt got an oth-er mi-nute to

poco cresc.

Ben marcato

lose,— Then you bid your bed a fond a-dieu And wish you could take it down to

work with you,— Oh those ear-ly in the morn-ing, When the day is dawn-ing

blues. Oh, those blues.

fz *Fine*

Patter.

Birds are a sing-ing, and steam pipes are a - ringing, While you're tucked a-way in the hay,

p *leggiero.* *fz*

Roosters are crowing, and the clock gets a going, Then your dreams all will vanish a-way.

fz

Then you get out of bed, Wish - ing that you were dead, Feel-ing as tired as a Turk,

mf *fz*

You get so mad, un-til you make up your mind to kill The guy who in-vent-ed work. — Oh those

f *fz*

D.S. al Fine