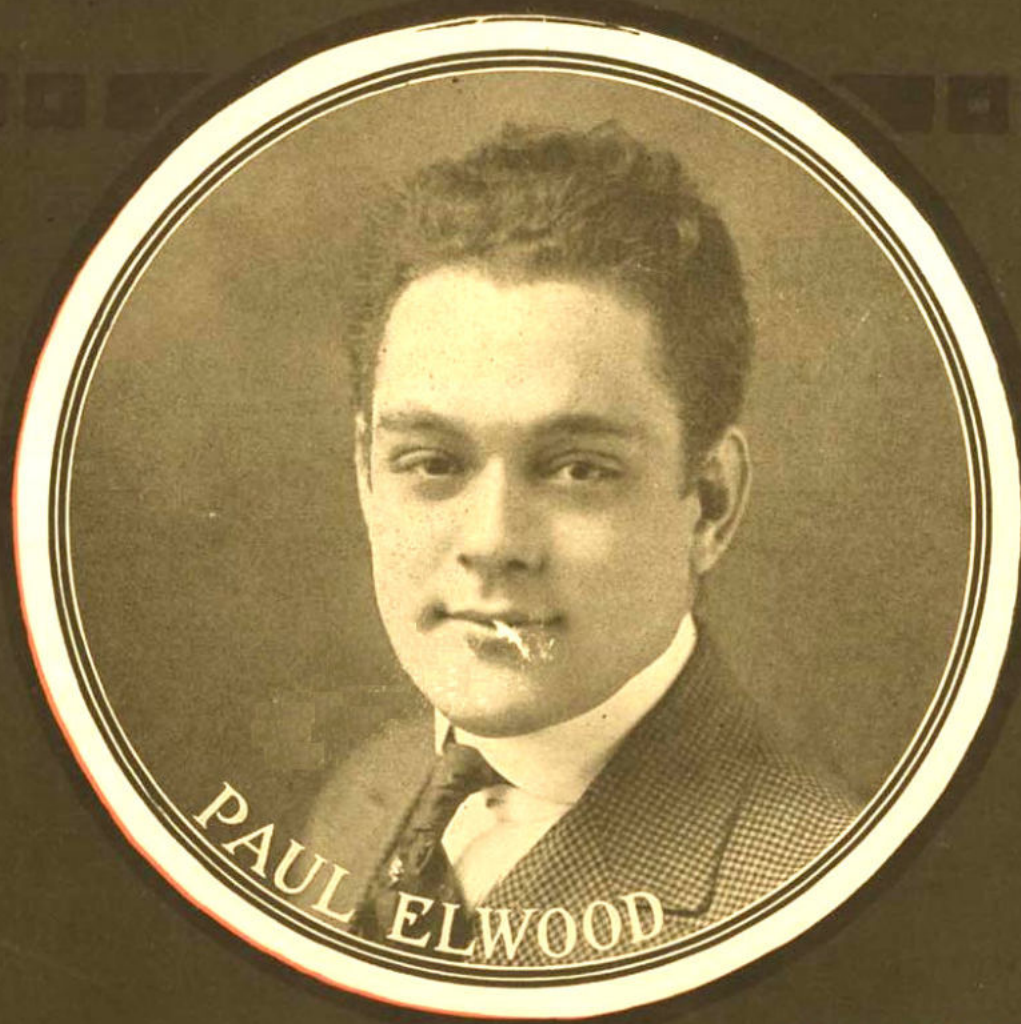


DALLAS BLUES



Vocal -
Instrumental

WORDS BY
LLOYD GARRETT
MUSIC BY
HARTA WAND

Frank K. Root & Co.
McKINLEY MUSIC CO. OWNERS
CHICAGO NEW YORK
Albert & Son, Australasian Agents, Sydney Australia

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Music by
HART A. WARD.

Tempo di Blues. Very slowly.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a piano introduction and four systems of vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f*, *mp*, and *mf*. A 'VAMP' section is indicated at the beginning of the piano introduction. The lyrics are written in a conversational, blues style with some parenthetical alternatives.

When your money's gone, friends have turned you down, And you wan - der
When I got up north, clothes I had to spare, Sold 'em all to

'round just like a houn' (a lone - some houn') Then you stop to say, "Let me
pay my rail - road fare (my rail - road fare) Just to come back there rid - ing

go a - way from this old town (this aw - ful town)!" There's a place I know
in a Pull - man par - lor chair (a par - lor chair). Sent a tel - e - gram,

folks won't pass me by, Dal - las, Tex - as, that's the town I cry! (oh hear me
this is what I said: "Ba - by, bring a cold towel for my head (my ach - ing



cry!) And I'm go-ing back, go - ing back to stay there till I die (un-til I die).
head). Got the Dal-las Blues and your lov - in' man is al-most dead (is al-most dead).

CHORUS.



I've got the Dal-las Blues and the Main Street heart disease (it's buz-zin' round), I've got the
I'm goin' to put my-self on a San - ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go), I'm goin' to



Dal-las Blues and the Main Street heart dis - ease (#it's buz - zin' round), Buz - zin'
put my-self on a San - ta Fe and go (I'm goin' to go) To that



'round my head like a swarm of lit-tle hon-ey bees (of hon-ey bees). I've got the bees. D.S.
Tex - as town where you nev - er see the ice and snow (the ice and snow). I'm goin' to snow. D.S.

EXTRA CHORUSES.

I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
I wonder if my sweet lovin' babe still waits for me (still waits for me),
Maybe someone else stole the juicy peaches off my tree (right off my tree).

I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
I've heard a lot of folks talk about the blues before (the blues before),
It's the first time that blues have been a-knockin' at my door (at my front door).

Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Now if you've got a girl and she don't love you no more (love you no more),
Leave her all alone till her lovin' heart gets good and sore (gets good and sore).