

By the Writer of **WABASH BLUES**

# BROKEN- HEARTED BLUES



LYRIC BY—  
**DAVE RINGLE**  
MUSIC BY—  
**F. HENRI KLICKMANN**

**McKINLEY MUSIC CO.**  
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# BROKEN-HEARTED BLUES

Lyric by  
DAVE RINGLE

Music by  
F. HENRI KLICKMANN  
and  
ROY BARGY

Tempo di Blues  
(Slowly)

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble clef staff containing chords and a bass clef staff with a simple bass line. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, marked 'marc.' and 'f'. The third system introduces the vocal melody in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Mam - my, the nights are wea - ry, / Mam - my, I oft - en won - der,'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment with the lyrics: 'Mam - my, the days are dreary; I just sigh and mourn — for the / Mam - my, why did I blunder And go 'way from you? — you're the'. Dynamics include 'f', 'mp', and 'p'. Performance markings include 'Quasi Tom Tom' and 'VAMP'.



place where I was born. \_\_\_\_\_ Mam - my, I'm aw-ful lone-ly,  
 one who's been true blue. \_\_\_\_\_ Mam - my, now I'm con-fess-ing,

Mam - my. I want you only; Tho'ts of you just make me so for - lorn. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mam - my, I want your blessing; You're the bes-tes' pal I ev - er knew. \_\_\_\_\_

## CHORUS

I've got those brok' - en hearted blues, brok - en hearted  
 blues, Mem - 'ries keep on bother - in' me, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, Mammy

*ad lib.* *p-f*  
 Quasi Tom Tom

blues, Mem - 'ries keep on bother - in' me, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, Mammy

*marc.*

mine, — I'm lonesome too, cry — in' just for you, — 1

keep on thinking of days that used to be, — Your lov - in' way — is

just one thing that I'll always miss, — And my poor heart — is ach - in' for your

sweet good night kiss; — I'll tell the world — I'd like to be

back — upon your knee, Won't you send some news? For I've got those broken hearted

blues. I've got those blues. *Fine*

1 2 *Fine*

3

*mp*

*ff*

*Fine*

I see the fields of wav-ing corn, I hear the roos-ter crow at morn,

*mp*

I watch the sil-v'ry moon a-bove While I'm thinking of the lit-tle girl I love who's wait-ing.

I dream of days of long a-go, I want to see my Mammy so, I feel so

wea-ry and a-lone, And I long to see my old Ken-tuck-y home. I've got those

*ad lib.*

*D.S. al Fine*