

Haunting Blues



WORDS by
WALTER HIRSCH
MUSIC by
HENRY BUSSE



Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.
STRAND
THEATRE
BUILDING
NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

HAUNTING BLUES

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Moderato

Piano

f *fz*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with some chordal accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics range from *f* to *fz*.

Voice

Till ready

p *p*

I'm sim - ply wild a - bout a
Such syn - co - pa - tion and such

The first vocal line is on a single staff, starting with a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment is on two staves, with dynamics marked *p*. The lyrics are: "I'm simply wild about a / Such syn-copation and such".

bloo - ey blue tune, — And it's just — a pret - ty strain; If it don't leave me then I'll
blue har - mo - ny, — Still it's not — a wea - ry blues; It's got a pleas - in', teas - in'

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are: "bloo-ey blue tune, — / blue har-mo-ny, — / And it's just — a pret-ty strain; / Still it's not — a wea-ry blues; / If it don't leave me then I'll / It's got a pleas-in', teas-in'".

go cra - zy soon, — 'Cause it's go - ing to my brain. You can rave — a - bout the
sweet mel - o - dy, — And it tells of hap - py news. It just keeps — me guess - ing

The final vocal line concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment includes a long, sustained chord in the final measure. The lyrics are: "go cra-zy soon, — / sweet mel-o-dy, — / 'Cause it's go-ing to my brain. / And it tells of hap-py news. / You can rave — a - bout the / It just keeps — me guess - ing".

blues you have heard, But I'll tell you that this one is a bird;—
 all the night thru, I'm confess - ing I don't know what to do;—

And tho' this tune has nev - er had an - y name, — It's haunt - ing me just the same. —
 I was ar - rest - ed, could - n't get an - y bail, — Here's what I sang in the jail: —

Chorus

"Haunt - ing blues — They're the blues I can't lose — They fol - low me; —

p-f

I know that I can't re - fuse — that mel - o - dy. — They are

on my mind — I can't chase them a - way — I'll lose my shoes; —

I know that those haunting blues — are here to stay. When I weep

they re-peat I can't sleep I can't eat; How they haunt

how they taunt and ac-cuse. And it's true,

—that each time I feel blue, — filled with re-gret; I find that I can't for-get

— those haunting blues." "Haunt-ing

fz D.S.