

# HATEFUL BLUES

*By*

PERRY BRADFORD



THIS NUMBER CAN BE HAD  
FOR YOUR PHONOGRAPH  
OR YOUR PLAYER PIANO

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# Hateful Blues

By PERRY BRADFORD

Slow

Piano

*mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, including some chromaticism. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Slow' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Voice

Woke up this morn-ing all hate-ful and blue. 'Cause my dad-dytreats me wrong

The first vocal line is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "Woke up this morn-ing all hate-ful and blue. 'Cause my dad-dytreats me wrong". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The piano part continues the melodic and harmonic themes established in the introduction.

He got his satch-el packed and clothes upon his back and gone,

The second vocal line is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "He got his satch-el packed and clothes upon his back and gone,". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The piano part continues the melodic and harmonic themes established in the introduction.

Yes I'm low-down noth-ing wor-ries me long I cried last night and

The third vocal line is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "Yes I'm low-down noth-ing wor-ries me long I cried last night and". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The piano part continues the melodic and harmonic themes established in the introduction.

All the night be - fore, I'll say that I ain't gon-na cry no

more If he can stand to leave me I can stand to see him go.

Chorus

Yes I'm hate - ful, 'cause he treated me so un-kind, If I

*p-f*

find that man, while mur - der's on my mind — If I see him I will beat him, gon-na

choke and bite him to, I will take my wick-ed raz-or and I'll cut him thru and thru, The

am-bu-lance is wait-ing, And the un-der-tak-er too, To take him to the lone-some grave yard

Aft-er I am thru I got a for-ty-four dun-geon-na buy a gat-lin gun If I

see him I will kill him so there ain't no use to run 'Cause my love has

been a - bused — Now I've got the Hate-ful blues. — blues. —