

**Robert Johnson: Hellhound on My Trail (recorded 1937)**

A: I got to keep movin', I've got to keep movin', blues fallin' down like hail, blues fallin' down like hail

A: (Umm mmm mmm mmm) Blues fallin' down like hail, blues fallin' down like hail

B: And the days keeps on worryin' me, there's a hellhound on my trail, hellhound on my trail, hellhound on my trail

A: If today was Christmas eve, if today was Christmas eve, and tomorrow was Christmas day

A: If today was Christmas eve, and tomorrow was Christmas day  
[spoken: *Aow, wouldn't we have a time, baby?*]

B: All I would need my little sweet rider just, to pass the time away, huh huh, to pass the time away

A: You sprinkled hot foot powder, mmm mmm, around my door, all around my door

A: You sprinkled hot foot powder, mmm, all around your daddy's door, hmm hmm hmm

B: It keep me with ramblin' mind, rider, every old place I go, every old place I go

A: I can tell, the wind is risin', the leaves tremblin' on the tree, tremblin' on the tree

A: I can tell, the wind is risin', leaves tremblin' on the tree, hmm hmm mmm mmm

B: All I need's my little sweet woman, and to keep my company, hmmm hmm, hey hey my company

**Leadbelly [Huddie Ledbetter]: Good Morning, Blues  
(recorded 1940)**

**[spoken introduction]** Now this is the blues. There was a white man had the blues, thought it was nothing to worry about.

Now you lay down at night, you roll from one side of the bed to the other all night long. Ya can't sleep, what's the matter? The blues has gotcha.

Ya get up you sit on the side of your bed in the mornin'. May have a sister an' a brother, a mother an' a father around. But you don't want no talk out of 'em. What's the matter? The blues gotcha.

When you go in put your feet under the table look down at ya plate got everything you wanna eat. But ya shake ya head you get up you say, "Lord I can't eat an' I can't sleep." What's the matter? The blues gotcha, wanna talk to ya. Here's what you gotta tell 'im.

Good morning, blues, blues how do you do?  
Good morning, blues, blues how do you do?  
I'm doing all right, good morning how are you?

I lay down last night, turnin' from side to side  
Ohhhh, turning from side to side  
I was not sick, but I was just dissatisfied

When I got up this mornin' with the blues walking 'round my bed  
Ohhhh with the blues walking 'round my bed  
I went to eat my breakfast, blues was all in my bread

Good morning, blues, blues how do you do?  
Ohhhh, blues, blues how do you do?  
I'm doing all right, good morning how are you?

*etc.*