

THE YELLOW DOG BLUES

(He's Gone Where the Southern Cross' the Yellow Dog)



by W. C. HANDY

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W. C. HANDY

Piano

Till Ready

E'er since Miss Su - san John-son lost her
I know the Yel-low Dog Dis - trict

Slowly

Jock-ey, Lee, - There has been much ex - cite - ment, more to be; - You can hear her moan-ing night-and
like a book, - In deed I know the route that Rid - er took; - Ev-'ry cross' tie, bay - ou, burg - and

morn. "Won-der where my Eas - y Rid - er's gone?
bog. Waydown where the South-ern cross' the Dog,

Ca - ble grams come of sym - pa - thy, - Tel - e - grams go of in qui - ry, - Let ters come from
Mon - ey don't zack - ly grow on trees. - On cot - ton stalks it grows wild - ease; No race horse, race track,

down in "Bam" And ev - ry - where that Un - cle Sam - Has ev - en a ru - ral de - liv - e - ry.
no grand stand is like Old Beck an Buck shot land, - Down where the South - ern cross' the Dog.

All day the phone rings, But it's not for me, At last good ti-dings
 Ev-e-ry kitch-en there is a cab-a-ret, Down there the bellw-e-ll works

fill our hearts with glee, This mess-age comes from Ten-nes-see.
 while the dark-ies play This Yel-low Dog Blues—the live long day.

Chorus
 Dear Sue your Eas-y Rid-er struck this burg-to-day On a south-boun-ratt-ler

sidedoor Pull-man car. Seen him here an' he was on the hog. *(The smoke was broke, no joke; not a jitney on him.)*

Eas-y Rid-ers got a stay-a-way, So he had to vamp it but the hike aint far.

He's gone where the South-ern cross'the Yel-low Dog. Dear Sue your

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