

S. S. Kruger Co.

EARLY IN THE MORNING BLUES

1483



BY
RAY BROWN
AND
RAY KLAGES

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PERRET

Early In The Morning

"Blues"

By RAY BROWN and
RAY KLAGES

Tempo di blues (*Slowly*)

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di blues (Slowly)' and the dynamics are marked with a forte 'f'.

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The right hand has a more active melodic line, and the left hand continues the bass line. The tempo remains 'Tempo di blues (Slowly)'. A section is marked 'Till Ready'.

I'm not sad, and I nev-er feel bad, I'm as hap-py as I can be;
Soon I'll go, where its for-ty be-low, To the land of the ice and snow;

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The right hand has a melodic line with some triplets, and the left hand has a bass line. Dynamics include piano 'p' and forte 'fz'.

I won't fret, for I nev-er have yet, There is noth-ing that wor-ries me.
In a hut, where I'll do noth-ing but, Live the life of an Es-ki-mo.

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line. The right hand has a melodic line, and the left hand has a bass line. Dynamics include piano 'p'.

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Pla
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Arranged by
Chas N. Grant

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But Oh, Oh, there's a time when I feel so
For I know that's the on - ly place I be -

blue - long That's why I am sing - ing these blues to you Oh, those
Up there Where the nights are all six months long Oh, those

Chorus

Ear-ly in the morn-ing When the day is dawn-ing blues Big

Ben up-on the ta-ble ring-ing out un-wel-come news You hate to

leave your bed so warm,— On a cold and fros-ty morn,— And ev-en tho' you're late,

You want to he-si-tate, You start to stretch and yawn, The Clock keeps on a call-in',

You keep on a stall-in', too, You have 'nt got an oth-er mi-nute to

poco cresc.

Ben marcato

lose, Then you bid your bed a fond a-dieu And wish you could take it down to

work with you,— Oh those ear-ly in the morn-ing, When the day is dawn-ing

blues. Oh, those blues.

Patter.
Birds are a sing-ing, and steam pipes are a - ringing, While you're tucked a-way in the hay,

Roosters are crowing, and the clock gets a going, Then your dreams all will vanish a-way.

Then you get out of bed, Wish - ing that you were dead, Feel - ing as tired as a Turk,

You get so mad, un-til you make up your mind to kill The guy who in-vent-ed work. — Oh those

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THE MOST SENSATIONAL SONG HIT EVER WRITTEN
THE YANKEE DOODLE BLUES

Words by
IRVING CAESAR & B.G. DE SYLVA

Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN

REFRAIN

Slow *In "Fox-Trot" time*

There's no land so grand as my land, From Cal-i-for-nia

ad lib.
to Man-hat-tan isle, North and South my sun-ny

servently
sky-land, I love ev'ry mile! When I hear
servently

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