

# USELESS BLUES

By JIMMIE MARTEN & "MITCH" LEBLANC

*Writers of War Bride Blues,*

*When it's Springtime down in Dixieland, Come on back to Dixieland,  
Bombay and Southland My Home.*

Andante Mod<sup>to</sup>

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a slow, steady rhythm. The left hand provides a simple bass line with occasional chords.

In gin'a sing you a song and sing it to yuh through and through, Sweet-je  
In jes' a lone-some poor gal a thousand mil-lion miles from home, Bet he'll

The first vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same chords and bass line as the introduction.

turned his back on me, that's why I'm blue, now that's true, Walked off like a horse an'  
cus the day he made this poor gal roam, way from home, He'll be so hot he'll

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features some rhythmic changes, including a 7/8 measure.

let' a lone-some gal that's true, says he's through, Now if the truth it was known some-bod-y's hide would be in  
wish that he was up in nome, bet he'll moan, I ev-en worked all day long in chil-ly rain, an' frost an'

The third vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous sections.

jail, with-out bail, Way he treat-ed no jes' makes no weep and wail, you know I'm  
snow, ev-en so, Yes, I car-ried wood when for-ty-five be-low, an' may be

The fourth and final vocal line concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a few notes in the bass line.

frail, I hopes they put him on that long, long, lone-some trail, where bul-lets hail, Oh dad - dy.  
 mo'e, I loved that Jack-son man like no onelse will know, that goes to show, Oh dad - dy.

**CHORUS**

Sweet - ie Jack-son, come to me, sweet - ie Jack-son, hear my plea, You givesweet ma-ma use-less, dead - ly

blues, use-less blues, I loves you from your hat down to your shoes, please send me news, For

'round the town I watched un-til my eyes were sore, It seems I see my used to was, but

'taint no more, It seems I hear my Jack-son call-in' me, on - ly me.