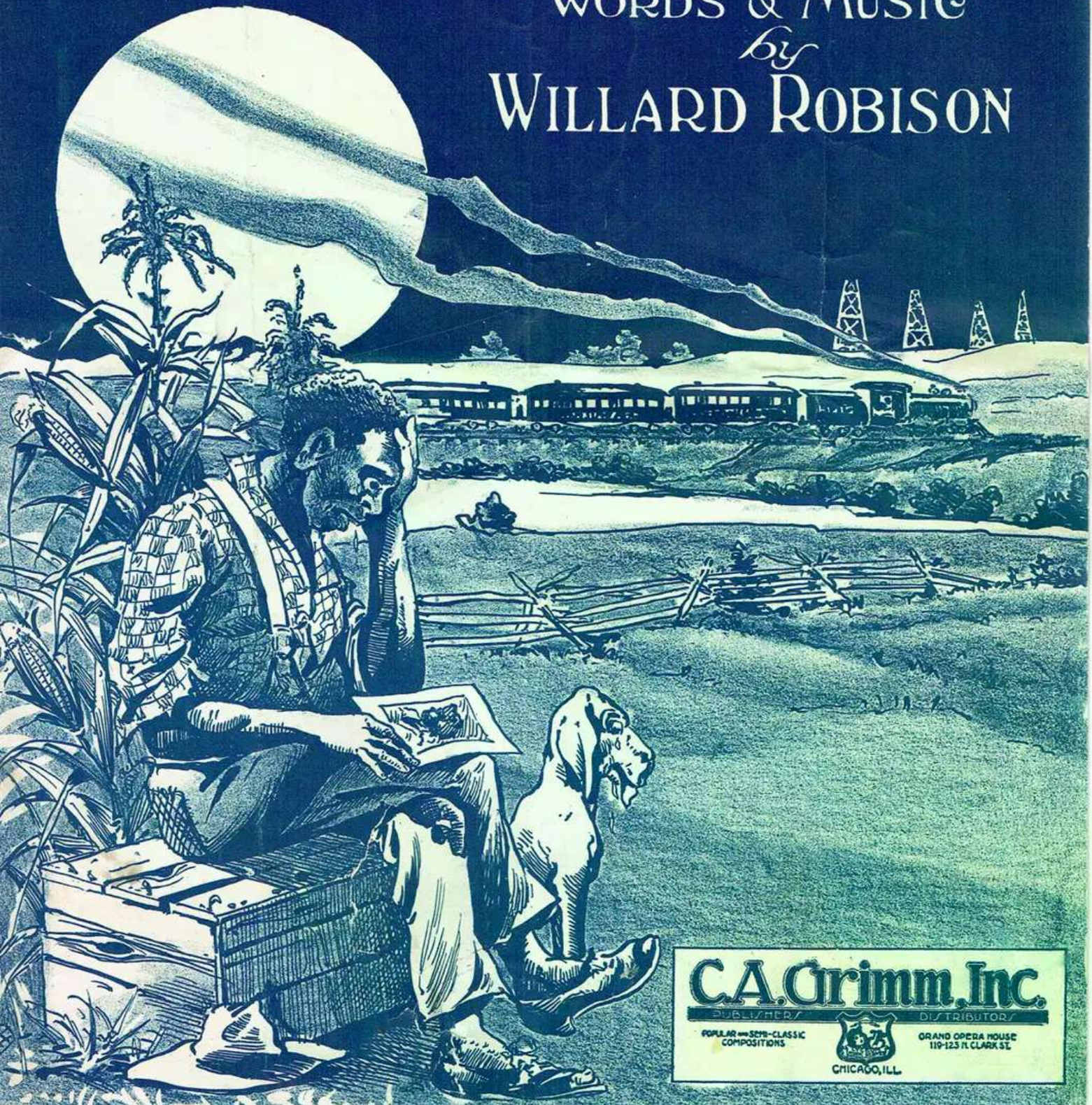


ORIGINAL
OKLAHOMA BLUES

WORDS & MUSIC
by
WILLARD ROBISON



C.A. Grimm, Inc.

PUBLISHER
POPULAR and SEMI-CLASSIC
COMPOSITIONS



DISTRIBUTOR
GRAND OPERA HOUSE
119-125 N. CLARK ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Respectfully dedicated to Doris Stevens

ORIGINAL
Oklahoma Blues

WILLARD ROBISON

Tempo di Blues

Till Ready Say folks I got the Ok-la-hom-a I said I got the
If Ok-la-hom-a oil was turned to I said was turned to

I mean the Blues oh! Lord I've got the Ok-la-hom-a Blues And
I mean to Beer if Ok-la-hom-a oil was turned to Beer I would

when I sleep I don't take off my shoes 'Cause my best girl done
have them run a pipe line right up here Oh! hon-ey ba-by

went and packed her I said she packed her I mean her clothes oh! my sweet ba-by
Dad-dy sure-ly I said I sure-ly I mean love you oh! hon-ey ba-by

Solo Basso

went and packed her clothes _____ Gone to Ok - la - hom - a where the crude oil
 Dad - dy sure loves you _____ And I dont care what my sweet ba - by

Solo Basso

flows _____ I'll catch a rat - tler oh! I mean a train
 do _____ When - ev - er I hear the phone in the hall

CHORUS

If I dont find her I'm go - ing in - sane She is the on - ly - est
 I hope that it is a long dis - tance call My pure dee ba - by please

girl that I choose To cure my Ok - la - hom - a Blues _____
 send me some news And cure my Ok - la - hom - a Blues _____

DANCE

D.S.

THE TULSA BLUES

Words & Music by WILLARD ROBISON

Slow Mod^{to}

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The music is marked *f* (forte) and *Slow Mod^{to}*. It features a series of chords and melodic lines in both the right and left hands, ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Till Ready

Voice

Till Ready

I know a man who has a band A Jazz
I got a dog a lit - tle dog An' ev-'ry

Band in Tul - sa Town
time he hears that strain

And his mu - sic Would make a rab - bit whip a
He starts howl - ing Just like a whis - tle on a

hound He has a tune a jazz croon It simply sat - is - fies my
train It makes me sad it makes me glad It ev - en makes me have the

soul They can play it more ways Than a mon - key can climb a pole .
blues 'Cause they play it more ways Than a dar - key can shine your shoes .