Sweet Smellin' Mama
(PORO BLUES)

The Famous Beale Street
African Opera Series
As Played by

Bob Miller and his Syncopaters

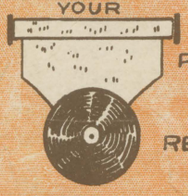
An original collection of novelty moanin' Blues from the home of Blues.

Uncle Bud (Bugle Blues)	60
Mean Eyes (Too Late Blues)	60
Sweet Smellin' Mama (Poro Blues)	60
Hushpuckany Blues	60
Idlewild Blues	60
I Took my Time Going (But O! How I Hurried Back!)	60
Skeeter Skoot	60
Strut your Material	60
African Opera (Instrumental)	60

Words by
Trebor Rellim

Music by
Bob Miller

GET THESE ON YOUR



PLAYER AND RECORD

Beale Street Music Co.
(Sole Selling Agents)
343 Beale St.
Memphis, Tenn.

Sweet Smellin' Mama
(PORO BLUES)

Words by
TREBOR RELLIM
Writer of "Mean Eyes"

Music by
BOB MILLER
Writer of "Uncle Bud"

Tempo di Blues *(Slow)*

f

VOICE

Oh! Beale St. you near-ly saw a
Death O Death come on and let me

TILL READY

p

p

trag - e - dy, When sweet smell-in' Ma-ma said fare-well to me,
taste thy sting, Cause sweet smell-in' Ma-ma walk'd off with the ring,

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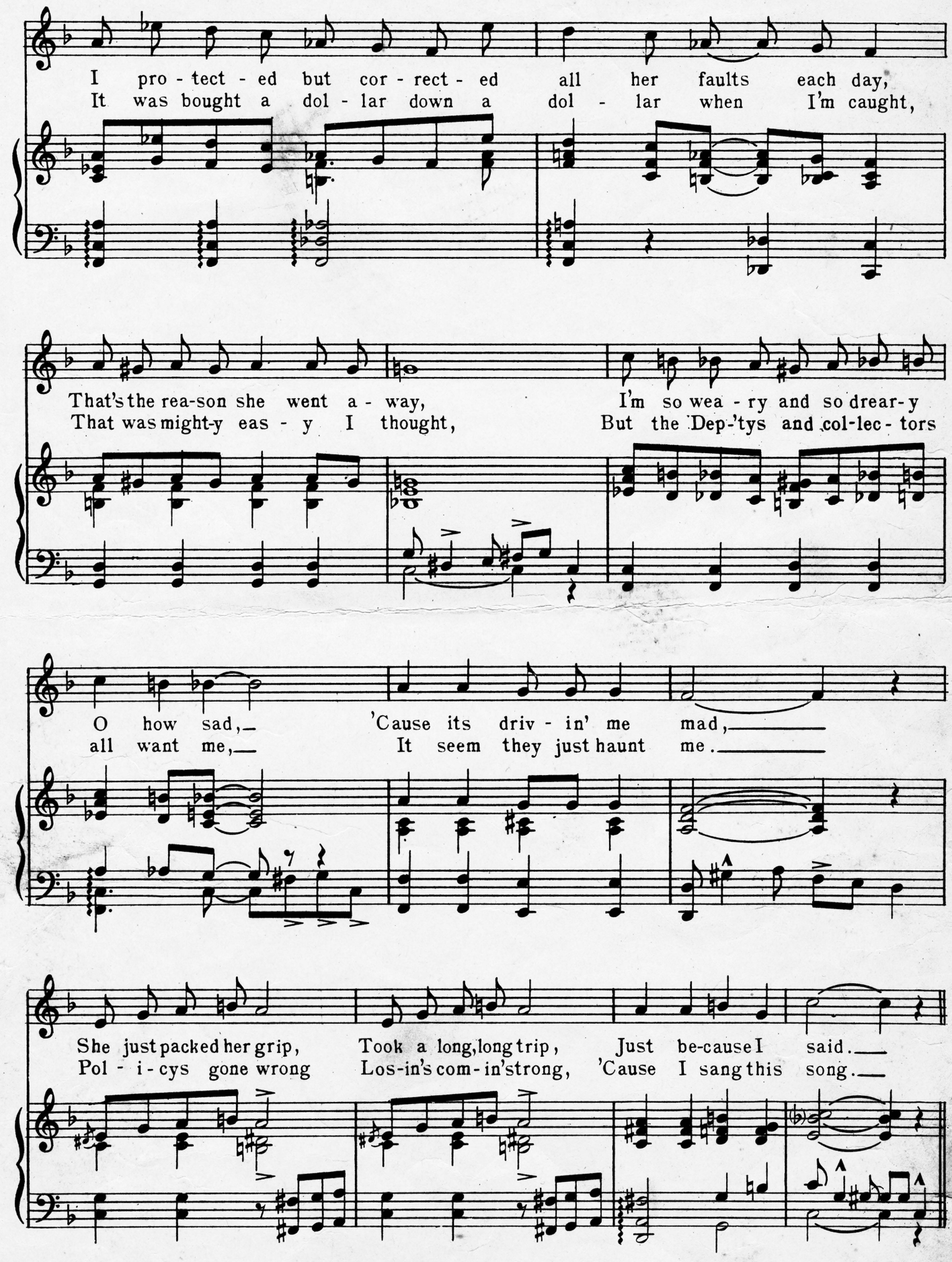
I pro - tect - ed but cor - rect - ed all her faults each day,
It was bought a dol - lar down a dol - lar when I'm caught,
That's the rea-son she went a - way, I'm so wea - ry and so drear-y
That was might-y eas - y I thought, But the Dep-'tys and col-lec - tors
O how sad, 'Cause its driv - in' me mad,
all want me, It seem they just haunt me.
She just packed her grip, Took a long, long trip, Just be-cause I said.
Pol - i - cys gone wrong Los-in's com-in' strong, 'Cause I sang this song.

CHORUS

Sweet Oh! sweet smell-in' Ma - ma,

mf *f*

Po-ro is stamped all o-ver you,

Po-ro look what you done, Made this fat pa-pa run,

I use to tell How sweet you'd smell, Like a ten-cent bar of

soap, But that straight haired Zig - a - Boo done fum - i - gat - ed you,

Tell me Beale St. Ma - ma what are you gon - na do, I fed you cat - fish

'till you got fat, That's the 'pre-ci - a - tion I get for that, Oh!

1 2 ℵ

sweet smell-in' Ma - ma. ma. (Mean Po-ro Blues.)

fz

D. S.

THE MEANEST MOANIN' BLUES EVER WRITTEN

MEAN EYES

(Too Late Blues)

Words by
TREBOR RELLIM
"EDDIE" TRAYLOR

Music by
BOB MILLER

CHORUS

Mean Eyes you got em' talk-in' a-bout your mean eyes,

p-f

Talk-in' 'bout how you hyp-no-tize.

L.H.

Mar-ried men look at you then for get their wives, But re-mem-ber Cook-ie you're no cat with nine lives.

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