

THE YELLOW DOG BLUES

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



by W. C. HANDY

Published by PACE & HANDY MUSIC CO. 1547 Broadway, New York N. Y.

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"He's Gone Where the Southern Cross' the Yellow Dog"

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.
bog.

"Won-der where my Eas - y Rid - er's gone?
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 zact - 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 - Ha's 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'ry kitch'en there is a cab a-ret, Down there the boll weevil 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 hip 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