**Aunt Hagar's Blues**

**Very Slow**

**Old Deacon Swingin'**

**Till ready**

**Said he "No wingin'**

**no rag-time singin' to-night"**

**Up jumped Aunt Hagar,**

**and shouted out with all her might**

**Oh, 'taint no use o' preach-in'**

**Oh, 'taint no use o' teachin',**

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Each modulation of syncopation just tells my feet to dance, and I can't refuse.

When I hear the melody they call the blues; Those ever lovin' blues:

Just hear Aunt Hagar's children harmonizin' to that old mournful tune—

It's like a choir from on high broke loose,

If the devil brought it the good Lawd sent it right down to me—

Let the congregation join while I sing those lovin' Aunt Hagar's Blues.