"The Yellow Dog Rag"

He's gone where the Southern crosses the yellow dog.

By W.C. Handy
Composer of "Memphis Blues"

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THE YELLOW DOG RAG

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

W. C. HANDY

Su-san John-son lost her Jock-ey, Lee. There has been much ex-cite-ment,
Yellow Dog Dis-trict like a book, In-deed I know the route that
more to be;
Rid-er took;
You can hear her moan-ing night and
Ed-ry cross-tie,
Bay-ou, burg and

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morn.

Eas-y Rid-er's gone?
Southern cross' the Dog.

Ca-ble-grams come of sym-pa-thy,
Tel-e-grams go of
Money don't zact-ly grow on trees. On coton stalks it

in-qui-ry,-
grows wid ease; No
Letters come from down in "Bam," And
race-horse, race-track, no grand-stand Is

Yellow Dog 4
ev'ry where that Uncle Sam
like Old Beck an' Buck-shot land,
Has ev-en a ru-ral de-liv-e-
Down where the South-ern cross the
ry.
Dog.
All day the phone rings,
But it's not for
Ev-e-ry kitch-en there is a cab-a-
me,
ret,
At last good ti-dings fill our hearts with
Down there the boll weevil works while the dark-ies
glee.
play
This message comes from Ten-nes-see:
This Yel-low Dog Rag the live-long day.
CHORUS

Dear Sue, your Easy Rider struck this burg today On a south-boun' rattler side-door Pullman car. Seen him here

Spoken

an' he was on the hog. (The smoke was broke, no joke, not a jitney on him.) Easy Riders got a stay a-

way, So he had to vamp it but the hike aint far. He's gone where the Southern cross' the Yellow Dog.

Yellow Dog 4