

BLUES SERENADE. A

(F. Signorelli)

Slow

If there is a Cin-der-el-la look-ing for a stead-y fel-la,
Toss at night up-on my pil-low, mourn-ful as a weep-ing wil-low,
lis-ten to my ser-en-ade in blue, blue,
haunt-ed by my ser-en-ade in blue,
why must I go on dream-ing of an im-ag-in-ar-y
love? Wish I had some-one to sing to, one that I could kiss and cling to,
no one hears my ser-en-ade in blue.

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