

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Pack up all my cares and woe Here I go, singing low.

BYE BYE BLACK BIRD

Where somebody waits for me...surgar's sweet, so is she.

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No one here can love and understand me.

Oh, what hard luck stories they all hand me.

Make my bed and light the light. I'll arrive late tonight.

BLACK BIRD, BYE BYE.

Published in 1924 by Jerome H. Remick; written by the American composer Ray Henderson and lyricist Mort Dixon. First recorded by Sam Lanin's Dance Orchestra in March 1926.