Richland Woman Blues
by Mississippi John Hurt

\( \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cmaj7} \quad \text{C7} \)

(sing e)

C     F     C
Gimme red lip—stick a bright pop- py rouge—

G7    C    Cmaj7
A single bob hair— cut— and a shot of good booze—

C7   F     C
Hurry down sweet dad— dy— come blowin' your horn—

G7    C
If you come too late— sweet mama will be gone—

C     G7     C    Cmaj7
Now, I'm raring to go— got red shoes on my feet—

C7   F     C
My mind's sittin' right— for— a Tin Liz- zie seat—

G7    C    Cmaj7
Hurry down sweet dad— dy— come blowin' your horn—

C7   G7     C
If you come too late— sweet mama will be gone—

C     G7     C    Cmaj7
I'd like to fa— shion shop and get the one that looks best—

G7    C    Cmaj7
Your only sweet ma— ma— wants a brand new dress—

C7   G7     C
Hurry down sweet dad— dy— come blowin' your horn—

C7   G7     C
If you come too late— sweet mama will be gone—

C     F     C
The red roo- ster said— "Cocka-doodle-do— do——"

G7    C    Cmaj7
The Richland wo- man said— "Any dude- 'll do——"

C7   F     C
Hurry down sweet dad— dy— come blowin' your horn—

G7    C
If you come too late— sweet mama will be gone—
C Dress skirt cut high— then they cut low—
G7 Don't think I'm a sport? Keep on watchin' me go—
C C Maj With rosy red gar— ters— pink hose on my feet—
G7 Turkey red bloo— mers— with a rum— ble seat
C Hurry down sweet dad— dy— come blowin' your horn—
G7 If you come too late— sweet mama will be gone—
C Every Sun— day morn— nin'— church folk watch me go—
G7 My wings sprouted out— the preacher told me so—
C Hurry down sweet dad— dy— come blowin' your horn—
G7 If you come too late— sweet mama will be gone—

San Jose Ukulele Club
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