I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.

PRICE,
40 Cents., Net,
(In U. S. A.)

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
THOMAS P. WESTENDORF

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I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen

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Andante con espressione

With feeling

I'll take you home again, Kathleen, Across the ocean wild and
I know you love me, Kathleen, dear, Your heart was ever fond and
To that dear home beyond the sea, My Kathleen shall again

wide, To where your heart has ever been, Since
true; I always feel when you are near, That

first you were my bonny bride. The roses all have left your
life holds nothing dear but you. The smiles that once you gave to

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I've watched them fade a-way and die;
I scarce-ly ev-er see them now.
Be-side your moth-er's hum-blo cot,
And

voice is sad-where'er you speak,
And tears be-dim your lov-ing eyes.
Many, ma-ny times I see A dark
bright-est rays of sun-shine gleam, There all

your grief will be for-got.

CHORUS

SOP.

Oh! I will take you back, Kath-leen,
To

ALTO

Oh! Take you back, Kath-leen,

TEenor

Oh! Take you back, Kath-leen,

BASS

Oh! Take you back, Kath-leen,

PIANO

1882 - A
where your heart will feel no pain, And when the fields are fresh and green, I'll take you to your home again.

Fields are fresh and green, Take you to your home again, home again.

Fields are fresh and green, Take you to your home again, home again.
**Chorus For Male Voices**

Tenor I

Oh, I will take you back, I'll take you back Kath-leen, To

Tenor II

Oh, I will take you back Kath-leen To

Bass I

Oh, I will take you back I'll take you back Kath-leen To

Bass II

Oh, I will take you back to Kath-leen To

where your heart will know, your heart will know no pain, And when the fields are fresh, the

where your heart will know no pain. And when the fields are fresh and

where your heart will know, your heart will know no pain, And when the fields are fresh, the

fields are fresh and green. Take you to your home a-gain, home a-gain.

fields are fresh and green. I'll take you to your home a-gain.

fields are fresh and green. Take you to your home a-gain home a-gain.
Lindy

Verse by
Frederick H. Martens

Music by
Charles Gilbert Spross

The John Church Co.
Cincinnati New York London

Lindy I love thee, Lindy I love thee,
Jes' ter look at Lindy, sets my heart at rest.
Lindy's mighty pretty, Lindy's mighty sweet
Nebber looks at me when she comes tripping down the street.

Lindy's all I wantin',
Lindy nothin' more;
Ain't I skeered ter tell her,
Skeered she must say "No."

But I can't wait longer
Blossoms on de bough,
All de birds a sing'in'!
Specs all'll ask her now!

—Frederick H. Martens.