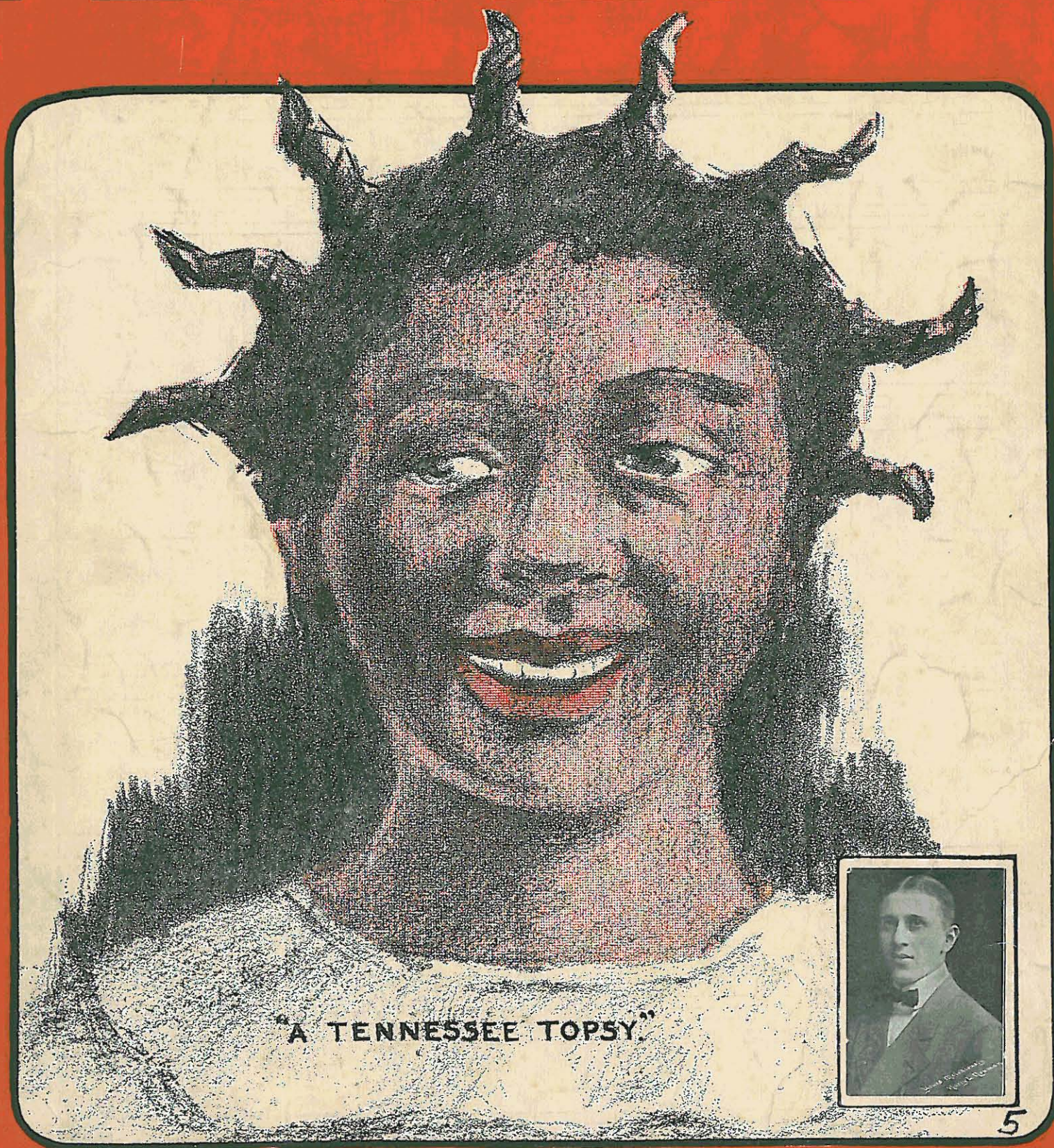


IN DEAR OLD
TENNESSEE



"A TENNESSEE TOPSY."



5

BY

OLIVE L. FRIELDS

HARRY L. NEWMAN

SUNLIGHT MUSIC CO. GRAND OPERA HOUSE CHICAGO, ILL.

I'd Like Someone to Love Me.

CHORUS. *Espressivo.*

I'd like someone to love me, Some-one fond and true; I'd like a lit - tle lov - ing, So I

nev - er would feel blue. . . I'd like a co - zy cor - ner, Just big e - nough for two; For I'd

like some-one to love me, And it might as well be you. I'd you.

Respectfully dedicated to our personal friend, Roy S. Sebree, Saratoga Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

In Dear Old TENNESSEE.

Words by OLIVE L. FIELDS.
Music by HARRY L. NEWMAN.

Moderato.

mf *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a melody in the treble clef, marked *mf*, and the left hand provides accompaniment in the bass clef, marked *f*. The music is in 2/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. Oh, a -
2. If you

L. H. *p*

The first system shows the vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line has two verses: "1. Oh, a -" and "2. If you". The piano accompaniment is marked *L. H.* and *p*. The music continues with a similar accompaniment pattern.

way down south in Ten - nes - see, That's the on - ly place to be,
nev - er was in Ten - nes - see, Just you lis - ten here to me,

The second system shows the vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line has two verses: "way down south in Ten - nes - see, That's the on - ly place to be," and "nev - er was in Ten - nes - see, Just you lis - ten here to me,". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern.

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Where all na - ture is in rhyme, Where the sun shines all the time; You can
That's the state where I was born, That's the land of cot-ton and corn; That is

hear those bells a - ring - ing loud, Hear those dark - eys sing - ing proud;
where I left my Ten-nes-see Belle, She's the gal that I loved so well;

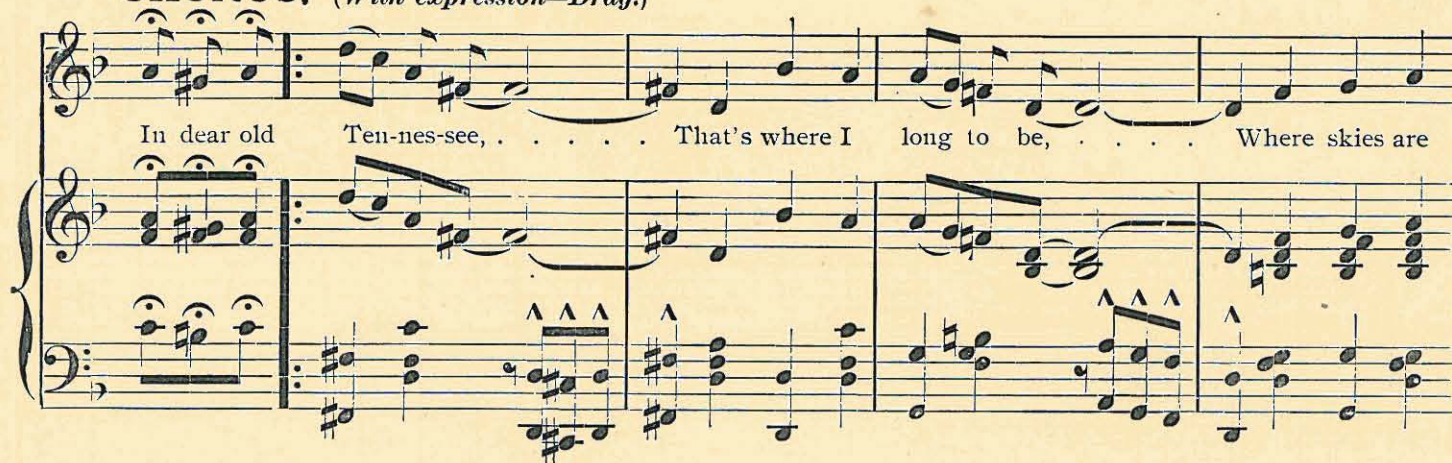
With their ban - joes on their knee, They are call - ing, call - ing me, . . . In
So I'm go - ing back to see My own babe in Ten - nes - see, . . . My

Ten - nes - see, . . . In Ten - nes - see. . . .
Hon - ey, . . . In Ten - nes - see. . . .

rit.

CHORUS, (With expression—Drag.)

In dear old Ten-nes-see, That's where I long to be, Where skies are



ev - er blue, And hearts are ev - er true; Where per - fumed



breez - es blow, And sweet mag - no - lias grow, That's where I



long to be, . . . Hon - ey, . . . In Ten-nes - see. . . . In dear old see. . . .



Respectfully dedicated to, and especially written for, the Saratoga Hotel, Chicago.

The Saratoga Glide.

BY HARRY L. NEWMAN.

Slow Drag.

p-ff

m-f

f

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