

IN DEAR OLD
TENNESSEE



"A TENNESSEE TOPSY."

5

BY

OLIVE L. FIELDS

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. FRIELDS.
Music by HARRY L. NEWMAN.

Moderato.

mf

f

Λ

Λ

Λ

Λ

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a melody in C major, marked *mf*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a *f* dynamic and a final chord marked with a lambda symbol.

1. Oh, a -
2. If you

L. H.

p

The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two versions: '1. Oh, a -' and '2. If you'. The piano accompaniment is marked *L. H.* and *p*.

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 continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '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,'.

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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 - eyes 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. . . .

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