

IN DEAR OLD
TENNESSEE



"A TENNESSEE TOPSY."

BY

OLIVE L. FRIELDS

HARRY L. NEWMAN

SUNLIGHT MUSIC CO. GRAND OPERA HOUSE CHICAGO, ILL.

Oversize
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1909

TRY THESE OVER ON YOUR PIANO

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One Pair of Eyes.

REFRAIN. Tenderly and dreamily.

One pair of eyes... I'd like to see...
 Eyes so fair, eyes so rare, eyes you
 can't com- pare... One pair of eyes...
 I re- al- ize... Means "I want you, and on- ly
 you." For I love one pair of eyes... eyes...

One Pair of Eyes 1-3

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

I'd Like Someone to Love Me. 1-3

CANNIBAL ISLE.

Song by OLIVE L. FIELDS.
HARRY L. NEWMAN.

CHORUS.

Way... down on the Can- ni- bal Isle, where the sweet- est brooms be-
 guile, in jin- gle row, where bam-boos grow, they're hap- py in their bun- ga-
 low. Oh, oh, oh! When... the stars shine down from a - bove,
 on... his dusk- y love, She's his coo- gie, oo- gie and he's her woo- gie
 woogie. Down on the Can- ni- bal Isle... Isle...

Cannibal Isle 1-3

Come With Me to Loveland.

CHORUS. Slowly, with expression.

Come with me to Love land, Dear old gold- en Love-
 land: Ev- 'ry one that has been there, Tells me that it's
 Rose- land; That's the place for lov- ing, Spoon- ing,
 kiss- ing, hug- ging! So come with me, my own true love, To
 sweet Love land, Love land.

Come With Me to Love-land. 1-3

THE AMERICAN RAG.

PATRIOTIC MEXLEY RAG.
 Arranged by HARRY C. THOMPSON By HARRY L. NEWMAN.
 ROY BARTON

Piano.

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Send Me Back a Bow.

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

If you want to be my fel- low, Send me back a bow of yet- low. It to
 me you will be ev- er true, Send me back a bow of blue, If you mean to turn me
 down Send me back a bow of br- own, If I am your heart's de- light Send me
 back a bow of white. Be- stire and send me back a bow If you bow

Send me back a bow. 1-3

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 HARRY L. NEWMAN, Mgr. GRAND OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

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.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked *Moderato*. The first staff begins with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The music is in 2/4 time and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes with some rests.

Musical notation for the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. It consists of three staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line has two verses:
1. Oh, a -
2. If you
The piano accompaniment is marked *L. H.* and *p*. The music continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Musical notation for the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line has the following lyrics:
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 piano accompaniment continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

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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. . . .

1919 pop with piece of nylon
 But complete BLACK
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SUNLIGHT

CHORUS. p-f

Sun light, my heart's de-light, . . . And in the
 pale moon - light, . . . Your eyes they shine so bright, . . . Just like the
 stars that peep out at night, . . . You are the
 bright light of my life my own Sun - light, . . . You are my

Sunlight. 3-1.

In Dear Old TENNESSEE.

CHORUS. (With expression—Drag)

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

In dear old Ten-nes-see, That's where I long to be, Where skies are
 ever blue, And hearts are ev-er true: Where per-fum'd
 breez-es blow, And sweet mag-nolias grow, That's where I
 long to be, Hon-ey, In Ten-nes-see, In dear old see.

In Dear Old Tennessee. 3-1.

HONEY, WON'T YOU LET ME BE YOUR TURTLE-DOVE?

CHORUS. Slow drag.

Hon-ey, won't you let me be your - turtle-dove? I'll be just as faith-ful as the
 the stars a -bove: Say that you love me, hon-ey, please do, We'll be so hap-py
 just me and you, Hon-est, pet, with me you made an - an aw-ful fit,
 Hon-ey, won't you love me just a teeny, ti-ny bit? Feed you on kis-ses.
 Show you what bliss is - It you'll let me be your tur-tle - dove

When I Get that Loving Feeling

CHORUS. Slower.

When I get that lov-ing a fee-e-e-ling, I real-ly don't know what to
 do-do-do-do. Right a-round my heart there comes a - stea-e-e-ling. And the
 feel-ing, dear, is just for you-oo-oo. All I want from you is a
 love-ov-ov-ing. Love me hon-ey, love me true: For when I get that lov-ing
 fee-e-e-ling, Oh, love-y mine, it's all for you. . . you. . .

When I Get That Loving Feeling. 3-1.

Bye, Bye, Kid.

CHORUS.

Bye, bye, Kid, I real-ly hate to leave you, Bye, bye, Kid, It
 breaks my heart to grieve you, . . . But I'll come back to you, dear
 heart, . . . No more to part from you, sweet-heart, Bye, bye
 Kid, Now stop your ba-by cry-ing, Bye, bye, Kid, I know your heart is
 sigh-ing, You are my Sal, . . . my gal, . . . and my own true pal, so
 Bye, bye, Kid, . . . Bye, bye, Kid, . . .

YOU'RE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE, MY SWEET LURIE.

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

CHORUS.

Come back to me, . . . my sweet Lu-rie, . . . I love you
 true, . . . I love but you, . . . The stars a -bove, . . . plead for me,
 love, . . . You're the sun-shine of my life, my sweet Lu-rie, . . .

You're the Sunshine of My Life, My Sweet Lurie. 4-1.