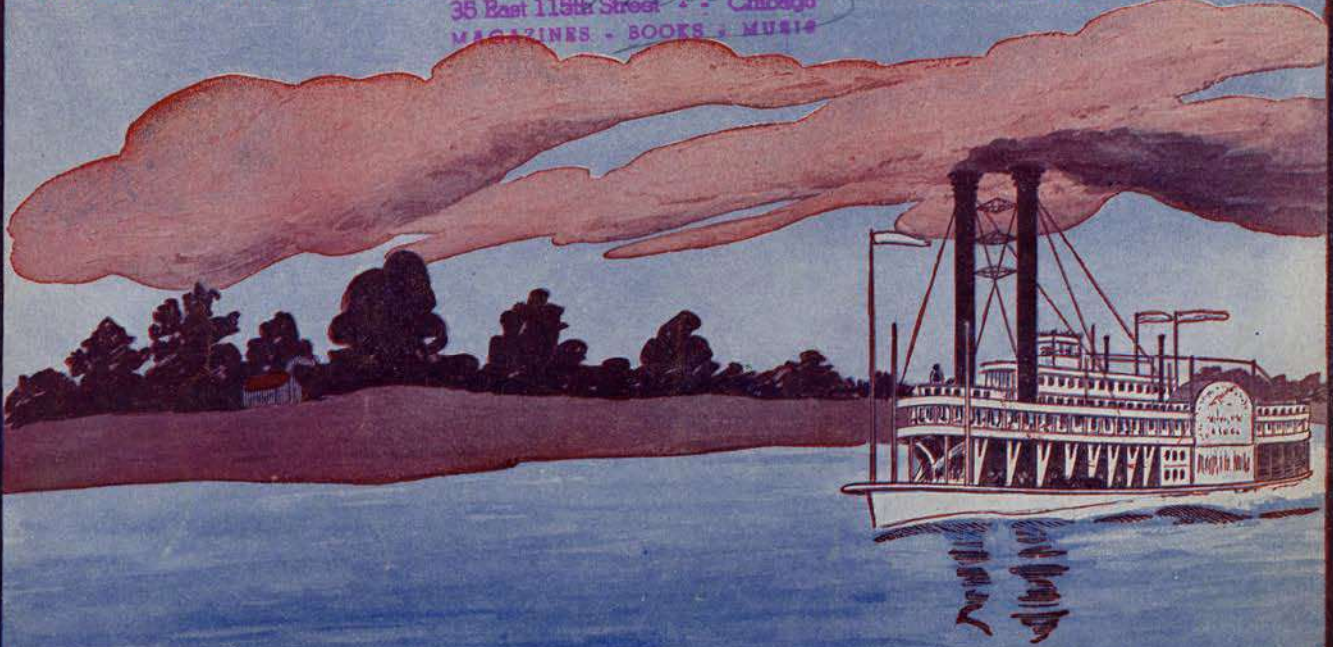


# ON THE MISSISSIPPI

WORDS BY  
**BALLARD MACDONALD**

*Frank*  
Antoinette Sales & Trading Post  
35 East 115th Street - Chicago  
MAGAZINES - BOOKS - MUSIC

MUSIC BY  
**CARROLL & FIELDS**



HARRY CARROLL

Antoinette Sales & Trading Post  
35 East 115th Street - Chicago  
MAGAZINES - BOOKS - MUSIC

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# On The Mississippi

Words by  
BALLARD MACDONALD

Music by  
CARROLL & FIELDS

Tempo di Marcia

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Tempo di Marcia' and a dynamic of *f*. The introduction consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The vocal melody begins in the third measure of the second system. The lyrics are:

In my dreams I seem to hear a whistle shrill,  
I just have to close my eyes to see that sight,

Like the whip-poor-will-ing of the whip-poor-will  
Riv-er all a-glist-ning in the bright moon-light

The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal lines, providing harmonic support and rhythmic accompaniment. The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment system of four measures.

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In my ears I hear it ring - - ing, And the  
 With my gal a - gain I'm stroll - - ing, And her

past to me it is bring - - ing, It re - minds me of the dear old  
 eyes at me they are roll - - ing, All a - long the le - vee see those

Miss - iss - ipp' When I load - ed cott - on on that stern wheel ship,  
 dark - ies prance List - en to the mus - ic watch that shuff - lin' dance,

Rous - ta - bout, knocked a - bout  
 Lord - y me, can't you see

On the Mississippi - 4

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They were the hap - - py days there's no doubt.  
That there is on - - ly one place for me?

## CHORUS

On the Miss - iss - ip - pi, On the Miss - iss - ip - pi,

Where those boats go puff.in' a - long, On the

Miss - iss - ip - pi, dark - ies all go dip - py When they hear a

lit-tle bit of rag-time mel-o-dy. It seems I hear them sing-ing, see them

buck and wing-ing To the ban-jos ring-ing, Oh, my heart is cling-ing

To the Miss-iss-ip-pi, dear old Miss-iss-ip-pi, That's where

I was born. born.