

BY THE WRITERS OF "CAROLINA ROLLING STONE" AND "TOMORROW MORNING"

GEORGIA CABIN DOOR



LYRIC BY
MITCHELL PARISH

MELODY BY
ELEANOR YOUNG
HARRY D. SQUIRES

PUBLISHED BY
JOE MORRIS MUSIC CO.

1599 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

GEORGIA CABIN DOOR

SONG

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Moderato

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked Moderato. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, starting with a forte (f) dynamic.

Voice

Voice and piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The piano part is marked *Vamp* and *mp*. The lyrics are: Geor - gia, Geor - gia.

Voice and piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The piano part is marked *mp*. The lyrics are: land, Geor - gia land, There's a lit - tle trip I've planned, — What a land, Geor - gia land, I sup - pose you un - der - stand, — That the

Voice and piano accompaniment for the third vocal line. The lyrics are: fool I've been I know, — I should have planned it long a - go, — Cab - in grand - est spot on earth, — Must be the place that gave me birth, — In that

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doors, place, Cab - in doors, there's a face, How I en - vy ev - 'ry one, This is That I'd give the world to see, This is

what you'll hear me say - ing, With the ris - ing of the sun, (Dog-gone you.)
 what you'll hear me say - ing, When I'm where I want to be, (Dog-gone you.)

Chorus

Geor - gia cab-in door, Come on and swing wide op-en for Your lit - tle

roll - ing stone who's roll - ing home to - day, (I've missed you)

Geor - gia cab-in door, I'll nev-er leave you an-y more When I get back,

Im gon-na stay I know in - side I'll find, Some one I

left be-hind, Oh! how she must have pined while I've been a-way, Say!

(God bless you) Geor - gia cab-in door, come on and swing wide op-en for Your lit - tle

roll-ing stone who's roll-ing home to-day (Dog gone you)

cresc.

Patter

When I left my Geor-gia, Thought that I was wise, It did - nt take me long to

op - en up my eyes, When you've been a rov - er, and you've knocked a-bout, You're

sure to come back wis - er than you start-ed out— Pup-pies, don't you weak-en,

Car-ry me a long, Soon you'll hear the fin - ish of my hard luck song—

Gee, can you im a - gine me to-mor-row morn, How I a - dore that cab-in door, where I was born. My