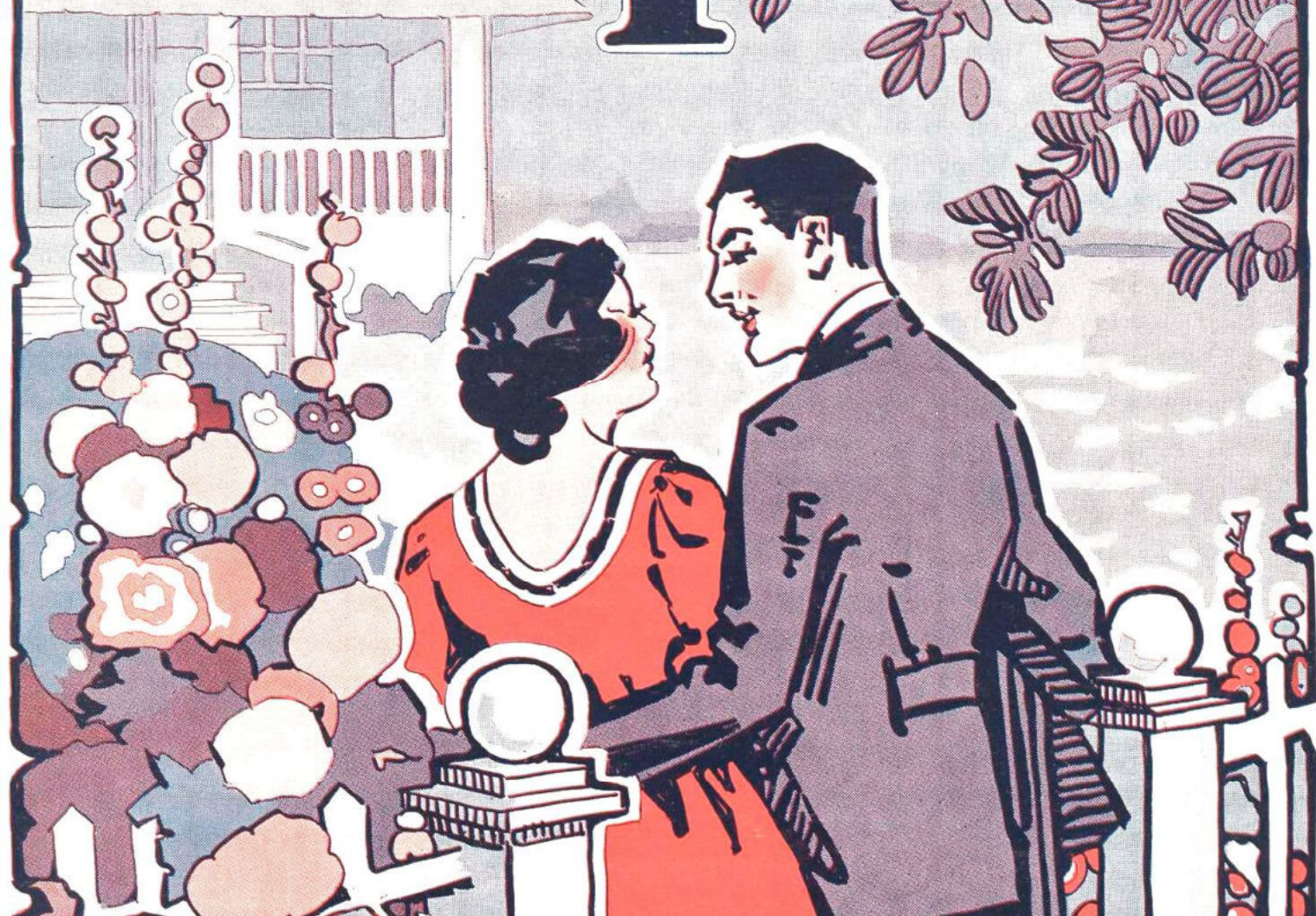


Somewhere Down In Tennessee



WORDS BY
Chip Donaldson
MUSIC BY
Earl K. Smith

5

Tell Taylor

MUSIC PUBLISHER, CHICAGO-NEW YORK

SOMEWHERE DOWN IN TENNESSEE

Words by
CHIP DONALDSON
Writer of "WONDERFUL WAY"

Music by
EARL K. SMITH
Writer of "WONDERFUL WAY"
and "OER THE BILLOWY SEA"

Moderato
mf

Vamp
p

I've got a
The day I

home-sick feeling both-er-ing me — and ev'-ry time I hear some-bo-dy sigh — It seems to wake-in' me, — a note of
went a-way I heard the folks say — good-bye old boy we hope to see you soon — And as the train pulled out — they gatherd

sym - pa - thy, — I'm goin' to tell the reason why, I've got some home folks down in old Ten-nes-see — a dear old
round a - bout — and sang a good old Dix-ie tune — And ev'-ry-where I roam, those dear ones at home — In mem-o-

moth-er and a dad-dy too — But there's an-oth-er I said an-oth-er wait-ing with love that is true.
ry are al-ways calling me — That's why I'm going I know I'm go-ing back to my old Ten-nes-see.

CHORUS

Some-where down in Ten-ne-see the hon-ey bees are buz-zin' 'round — They sing a hum-ming tune — a-bout a

p-f

hon - ey moon — And my hon - ey girl knows — that it's goin' to be soon — and that is why — I'm al-ways

yearning, yearning for a lit - tle cot-tage with the home fire burning 'Way — down in my heart, — I know she's

wait-ing and long - ing for me, — And if the good Lord on-ly hears my prayer — I'll soon be on my way to

meet her there, where we can hear the dark-ies sing - ing Somewhere down in Ten-nes-see.

rit. — — — — — *a tempo*

PATTER CHORUS

I dream a - bout my Hon - ey and I love her more and more I seem to see my mam-my standing
 dream of hon - ey moon-ing 'till it near - ly turns my mind I've got the ring all read-y It's the

pp

by the kitchen door I hear my dad-dy driv-ing in the cows a - long the lane I smell the chicken fry-ing in the
 best one I could find They say it's all a gam-ble when a fel - low takes a wife But still I'm goin' to take a chance and

gra-vy once a - gain I set - tle down for life. Where we can hear the darkies sing - ing Somewhere down in Ten-nes-see.

rit. — — — — — *a tempo*