


DOWN WHERE THE SWANEE RIVER FLOWS

WORDS BY
CHAS. Mc CARRON AND
CHAS. S. ALBERTE
MUSIC BY
ALBERT VON TILZER



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145 WEST 45TH ST. NEW YORK

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Moderato

f

sfz

8

VOICE

Vamp till ready

P

I had a big sur-prise to - day — While in a ten-cent pho-to - play, — I real-ly
I'd like to meet that mov-ie man, — I want to shake him by the hand, — I want to

saw my old home town way down in Dix-ie land It was simp - ly grand, Just to sit right there, and
tell him that he wrote a grand scen - a - ri - o, He knew where to go, Plain as day up - on the

gaze On the scenes of by-gone days, Made me yearn to re-tur-n to the land and peo-ple,
screen, Hez - a - ki - ah can be seen, Lit - tle Mose on his toes, look-ing at the came-ra,

I will love al - ways, — I ev - en saw the same old school, Where I learned the gold - en rule. —
Near - ly spoiled the scene, — I saw the cot - ton white as foam, I saw my home sweet home, —

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CHORUS

Down where the Swan-ee Riv-er flows — I want to be there — Down where the

cot-ton blos-som grows, — I want to see there, — My lit-tle sis-ter Flo', keep-in' time with Un-cle Joe,

Sing-ing a song and rag-gin' on his old ban-jo I see my dear old Moth-er Oh, Lord-y, Lord-y, Lord-y,

how I love her, When the birds are sing-ing in the wild-wood — My hap-py child-hood —

— Comes back once more — My heart is sore, — That's why I'm go-ing back where they care for me

Ev'-ry night they say a lit-tle prayer for me — Down where the Swan-ee Riv-er flows. —