

MY SWEETIE WENT AWAY

(She Didn't Say Where-When-or Why)

by Roy Turk & Lou Handman



MADE
IN
U.S.A.

Barbelle

Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.
STRAND
THEATRE
BUILDING
NEW YORK

Trade Mark Registered

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(She Didn't Say Where, When or Why)

By ROY TURK and
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Moderato

Piano

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked Moderato. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, mostly in the right hand, with some chords in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piece starts with a forte (f) dynamic.

Voice

I've got a love-sick tale to
You ought-a see this love-sick

Till ready

The first vocal entry is on a single note, followed by a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a treble and bass staff with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include forte (f) and piano (p). The key signature remains one flat.

tell to you, - 'Tho' it's no af-fair of mine. ——— It's 'bout a
fel-low, Lou, - Does-n't do a thing but sigh. ——— And while he's

The second vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

gal named Sue and boy named Lou, - They were fight-ing all the time. ———
won-d'ring what be-came of Sue, - He's a sight for an-y eye. ———

The third vocal entry concludes the song. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The key signature remains two flats.

Lou came home one aft - er - noon, - Found an emp - ty din - ing - room; With - out a
 Bought some pois - on, bought a gun, - Says, "good - bye," to ev - 'ry - one; And while he's

word his turt - le dove had flown, - So he be - gan to moan: —
 dop - ing out some way to die, — He can't for - get to cry: —

rit.

Chorus

"My sweet - ie went a - way, but she did - n't say where, she did - n't say when, she

p-f a tempo

did - n't say why; Or bid me "good - bye," — and I'm as blue as can be. —

— I know she loves an - oth - er one, but she did - n't say who, she did - n't say which, she

did-n't say what, her pa-pa has got, — that took my sweet-ie from me.

— I'm like a lit-tle lost sheep, and I can't sleep, but I keep try-in' to for-get—

L.H.

My trif-lin' mam-ma left her pa-pa all a-lone. I groan, my

sweet-ie went a-way but she did-n't say where, she did-n't say when, she did-n't say why, I

know that I'll die — Why don't she hur-ry back home?" — My

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D.S.