

DOWN WHERE THE SWANEE RIVER FLOWS

Words by
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Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

Moderato

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, Moderato. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The introduction concludes with a fermata over a G major chord.

VOICE

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line begins with a rest, then enters with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is marked piano (p) and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords. The lyrics are: "I had a big surprise 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

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "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

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "gaze screen, On the scenes of by-gone days, Made me yearn to re-tur-n to the land and peo-ple, Hez-a-ki-ah can be seen, Lit-tle Mose on his toes, look-ing at the came-ra,

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fourth verse. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "I will love al-ways, I ev-en saw the same oid 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,"

CHORUS

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

mf

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. —