

SM 3309

# 2 Those Good Old Days, Back Home

Words by  
JOE Mc CARTHY

Music by  
JIMMIE V. MONACO

Moderato

*f*

I left my sweetheart in

*Till Ready*

*p*

old New Hamp - shire, wav - ing to my train, — I sort of reck - oned that

old New Hamp - shire Would nev - er see me a - gain;

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Moderato' and 'f'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'I left my sweetheart in old New Hampshire, waving to my train, — I sort of reckoned that old New Hampshire would never see me again;'. A section of the piano accompaniment is marked 'Till Ready' and 'p' (piano). The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment line.

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I got "kind-er" tir-ed of my home town, Had a lot of sil-ly dreams,

Might-y dis-ap-point-ed look-ing 'round, This life ain't what it seems.

✳ CHORUS

My heart is sigh-ing now \_\_\_\_\_ for the good old days back home,

I'm cry-ing now, \_\_\_\_\_ I was a fool-ish kid to roam,

You could live a-round the cit-y years or more, And nev-er get ac-quaint-ed with the  
You can have the ci-ty with its sub-way trains, I'd rath-er have the count-ry with its

folks next door. Way back home you rise at dawning, You meet a stran-ger and he'll  
sha-dy lanes.

say "Good Morn-in'," I'm long-ing now ——— for the fields, I used to  
I'm ach-in' now to help my dad-dy rake and

plow, ——— I want to see the bum-ble bees a-buz-zin' 'round the comb. ——— (I've been a  
plow, ———

drone) And in the home-stead on the hill, I won - der, if they're wait-ing  
I want to ride for miles and miles, Im through with but - ter cakes and

still, Oh, my heart is sighing, and I'm just dy - ing for the good old days back home.—  
Childs,

*Fine*

Ma - ple sy - rup flow - ing from the sha - dy ma - ple trees,

Hear the roos-ter crow-ing, hear the humming of the bees, see the corn a-wav - ing in the

fields of new-mown hay, That is why I'm crav - ing, why I'm leav - ing here to - day.

*D.S.*