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When It's Summer Time Way Down in Dear Old Maine

Howard T Googins

Composer

Ernest B Orne

Lyricist

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Recommended Citation

Googins, Howard T and Orne, Ernest B, "When It's Summer Time Way Down in Dear Old Maine" (1917). *Maine Sheet Music Collection*. Score 300.

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WHEN IT'S SUMMER TIME WAY DOWN IN DEAR OLD MAINE


by

ERNEST B. ORNE


WRITER OF

"WHEN YOU'RE SOMEWHERE WITH SOMEONE
YOU LOVE"

ORNE PUBLISHING CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE.

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Blue Hill, Maine

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Vp Me.
001292
Gos 

WHEN ITS SUMMERTIME WAY DOWN IN DEAR OLD MAINE

ERNEST B. ORNE

HOWARD T. GOOGINS

Andantino

mf

Through all the dreary win-ter-time I've dreamed of sum-mer days, And of a dear old home way down in
I re-call the dear old woodland where I strolled beneath the pine, And the lit-tle bridge a-cross the rip-pling

mp *con espress.*

Maine, I can hear the song birds call-ing and their sweet tones seem to say, We
rill, I can see the quaint old home-stead where the hon-ey-suck-les twine, Their

miss you and we want you back a-gain, I seem to hear the old church bells in
per-fume seems to lin-ger round me still, I pic-ture too, an old arm chair close

ten-der sweet-ness chime, Just as they did in hap-py days of yore, I'll
by the fire-side, The dear-est friend in all the world sits there, Her

count each pass ing moment till at last there comes a time, When I'll seek the old home hap-pi-ness once more.
moth-er heart can nev-er change no mat-ter what be-tide, I am go-ing back in answer to her prayer.

CHORUS

When its sum-mertime way down in dear old Maine, Once more I'll wan-der thro' the shady lane,

Andante con moto

Just a dream at twi - light when the lights burn low,

Moth - er dear, I'm com - ing, for I love you so, I

hear your fond lips call-ing, I'll soon be back a - gain, When its summertime way down in dear old Maine.

a tempo

Vp MeB
1292
Goo/Orn

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

In a Cosy Little Homestead on the Old New England Shore

Words by ERNEST B. ORNE
Andante Moderato

Music by HOWARD T. GOOGINS

1. At ev - en - tide when sweet re - mem - brance takes me back a - gain, To a
2. In ab - sence, hearts some time for - get and old sweet mem - 'ries die, But to

quaint New England vil - lage by the sea, A - cross the years I seem to hear a
me the dear old scenes have fond - er grown, The pass - ing hours seem to bring un

ten - der sweet re - frain, 'Tis the ech - o of a voice so dear to me; While
to the old love tie, A deep - er bond tho' ma - ny years have flown; The

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