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1912

## Take Me Back Where The Swanee River Flows

Billy Johnson

*Composer*

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# Take Me Back Where the Swanee River Flows

3

Moderato

BILLY JOHNSON

*mf*

*p*

I am think-ing day by day of my old home far a - way, I  
Oh, how hap - py I would be if I knew that I could see The  
long to see the place where I was born; Where the  
or - ange and the sweet mag - no - lia trees; I am  
ban jos soft - ly ring and the dar - kies sweet - ly sing,  
long - ing now to go where the south - ern breez - es blow,

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1912

Take

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mong the fields of su - gar cane and corn. \_\_\_\_\_ How I'd  
hear the mock - ing bird's sweet mel - o - dies. \_\_\_\_\_ For I

love to see once more be - side the cab - in door The  
want to see once more be - side the cab - in door The

love-light in my dear old moth - er's eyes. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, take me to the  
one who said to me a sad good - bye. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, take me to my

old plan - ta - tion, In Dix - ie un - der - neath the south - ern skies. \_\_\_\_\_  
dear old moth - er, And there just let me live un - til I die. \_\_\_\_\_

# CHORUS

5

Take me back, take me back where the Swa - nee Riv - er flows, Take me

*mf*

back, take me back where the cot - ton blos - som grows, There is

where I long to be, for it's "home, sweet home" to me, Take me

back where the Swa - nee Riv - er flows.



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2

## 'Mid the Purple-Tinted Hills of Tennessee

Words by J WILL CALLAHAN

Music by PAUL PRATT

*Andante moderato*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato'. The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the first system and *p* (piano) in the second system. The vocal line includes lyrics with musical notation indicating pitch and rhythm. The lyrics are: 'When the flow-ers close their pet-als and the birds have gone to rest, And the I can see the smile of wel-come that will light her girl-ish face, When I evening breezes whisper sweet and low, Then in fan-cy I am roaming with the tell her I have come to claim her hand; And we wander in the twilight to the one I love the best Down a lit-tle shad-y path we used to know. And I old accustomed place, Where the brooklet tells the se-cret to the sand. I can'. The score ends with a *mp* (mezzo-piano) marking.

*mf*

When the flow-ers close their pet-als and the birds have gone to rest, And the  
I can see the smile of wel-come that will light her girl-ish face, When I

*p*

evening breezes whisper sweet and low, Then in fan-cy I am roaming with the  
tell her I have come to claim her hand; And we wander in the twilight to the

one I love the best Down a lit-tle shad-y path we used to know. And I  
old accustomed place, Where the brooklet tells the se-cret to the sand. I can

*mp*

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seem to hear the brook-let as it rip - pled o'er the sand, In the  
hear her girl-ish laugh-ter ring-ing out so clear and sweet, As it

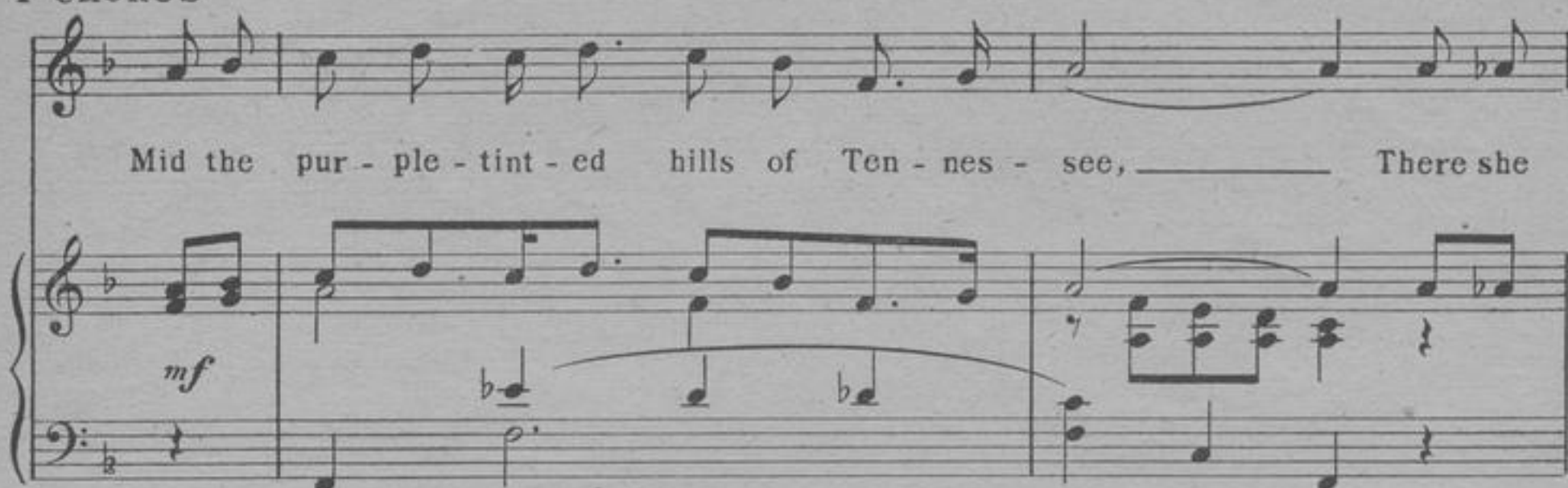
gold - en, old - en days that used to be, \_\_\_\_\_ When I  
wakes the hills to hap - py har - mon - y, \_\_\_\_\_ Till the

wan-dered with the dear-est girl in sun - ny Dix - ie - land, 'Mid the  
e - choes add their wel-come for my com - ing when we meet, 'Mid the

pur - ple - tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see. \_\_\_\_\_  
pur - ple - tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see. \_\_\_\_\_




# 4 CHORUS



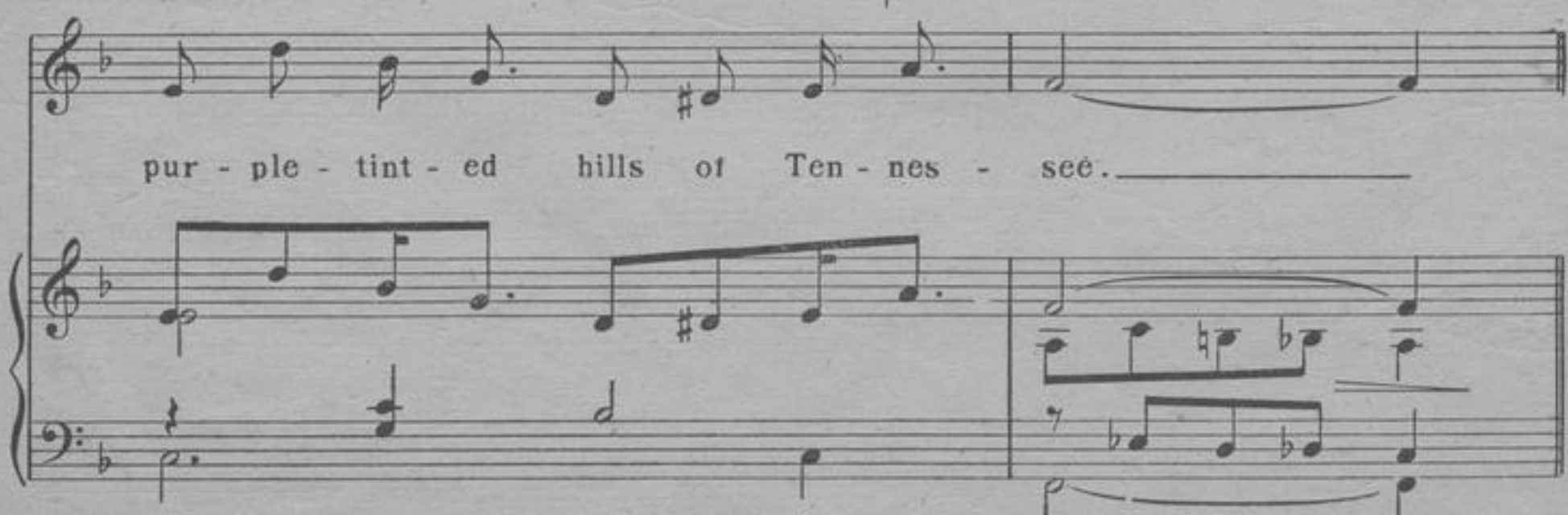
Mid the pur - ple - tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see, \_\_\_\_\_ There she



told me she would e'er be true to me, \_\_\_\_\_ And my



heart is ev - er turn - ing to a Dix - ie girl that's yearning 'Mid the



pur - ple - tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see. \_\_\_\_\_

# 'Mid the Purple-Tinted Hills of Tennessee

## Chorus for Male Quartet

*1st Tenor*

'Mid the tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see,

*2d Tenor*

'Mid the pur - ple - tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see, There she

*1st Bass (air)*

*mf* 'Mid the tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see, of Ten - nes - see,

*2d Bass*

There she told me she'd be true to me, be true to me,

told me she would e'er be true to me, And my

There she told me she'd be true to me,

And my heart is turn - ing To a girl that's yearn - ing

heart is ev - er turn - ing To a Dix - ie girl that's yearn - ing 'Mid the

And my heart is turn - ing To a girl that's yearn - ing

'Mid the tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see, my Ten - nes - see.

pur - ple - tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see.

'Mid the tint - ed hills of Ten - nes - see.



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## Don't Be Afraid to Ask the Girl

3

Words by  
ROGER LEWIS

Music by  
F. HENRI KLINKMANN

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a forte (f) dynamic, followed by a crescendo and acceleration (cresc. e accel.), then returns to a tempo (a tempo) and ends with a forte (fz) dynamic. The voice part enters with the lyrics: "Fa-ther, Fa-ther, I'm in love," said "Dear-ie, Dear-ie, be my wife," said lit-tle Bil-ly Brown, "But what do you sup-Bil-ly Brown one night, "I love you, Dear, a- pose, I've lost my nerve, I can't pro- pose." lone, And now I want you for my own." The piano part continues with a vamp (mp) and a mezzo-forte (mf) section. The score concludes with a ritardando (rit.) marking.

*f* *cresc. e accel.* *a tempo* *fz*

*Not fast*

"Fa-ther, Fa-ther, I'm in love," said  
"Dear-ie, Dear-ie, be my wife," said

*mp* *Vamp* *mf*

lit-tle Bil-ly Brown, "But what do you sup-  
Bil-ly Brown one night, "I love you, Dear, a-

pose, I've lost my nerve, I can't pro- pose."  
lone, And now I want you for my own."

*rit.*

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*a tempo*

"Bil - ly, Bil - ly, I'm surprised," said dad, the wise old owl; —  
 "Bil - ly, Bil - ly, I'll be yours," she answered in sur - prise; —

*a tempo*

*cresc.*

*rit.* *a tempo*

"None but the brave de - serve the fair, So face the bat - tle fair and square."  
 "You've got the nerve at last, I see, What dad told you he got from me."

*rit.* *a tempo*

## CHORUS

"Don't be a fraid to ask the pret - ty

*p-f*

maid Just let her know that your heart's un - ru - ly,



*rit.* *a tempo*

Ask for her hand and she'll be yours tru - ly. Take dad's ad -

*rit.* *a tempo*

vice, For he's been through the mill; Now

*cresc. e rall.* *a tempo*

don't you be a - fraid, to ask the girl, Or you'll

*cresc. e rall.* *a tempo*

1 2

find there's some-one else who will." will."

*fz*

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## LOVE RULES THE WORLD

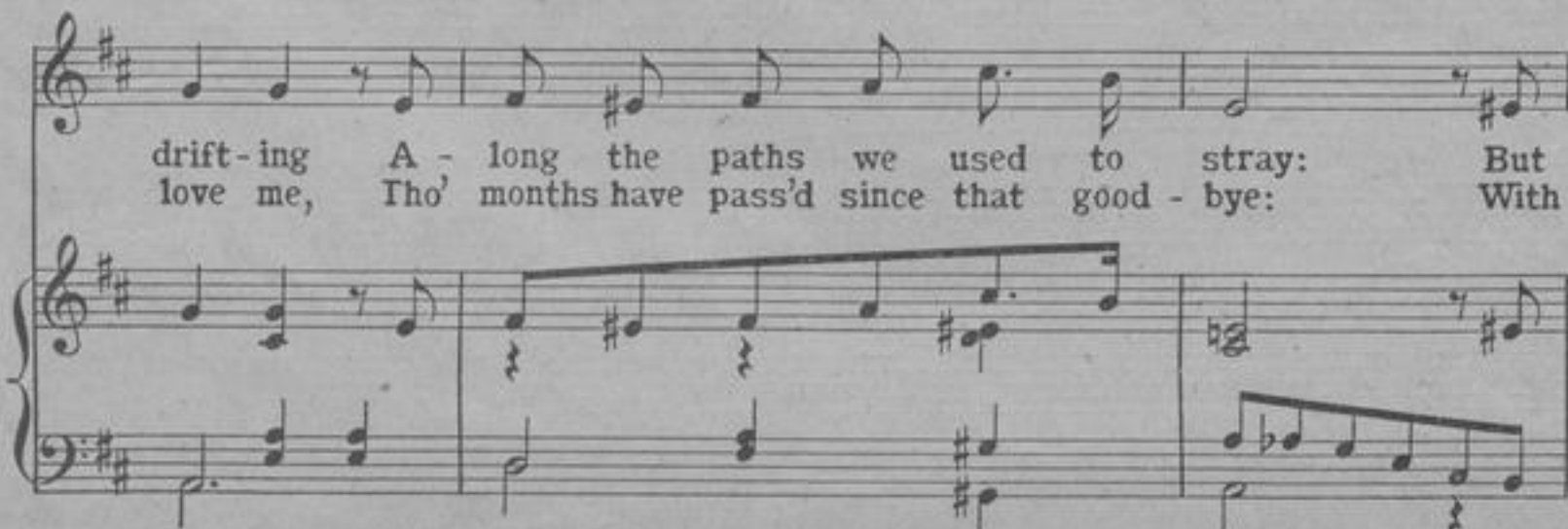
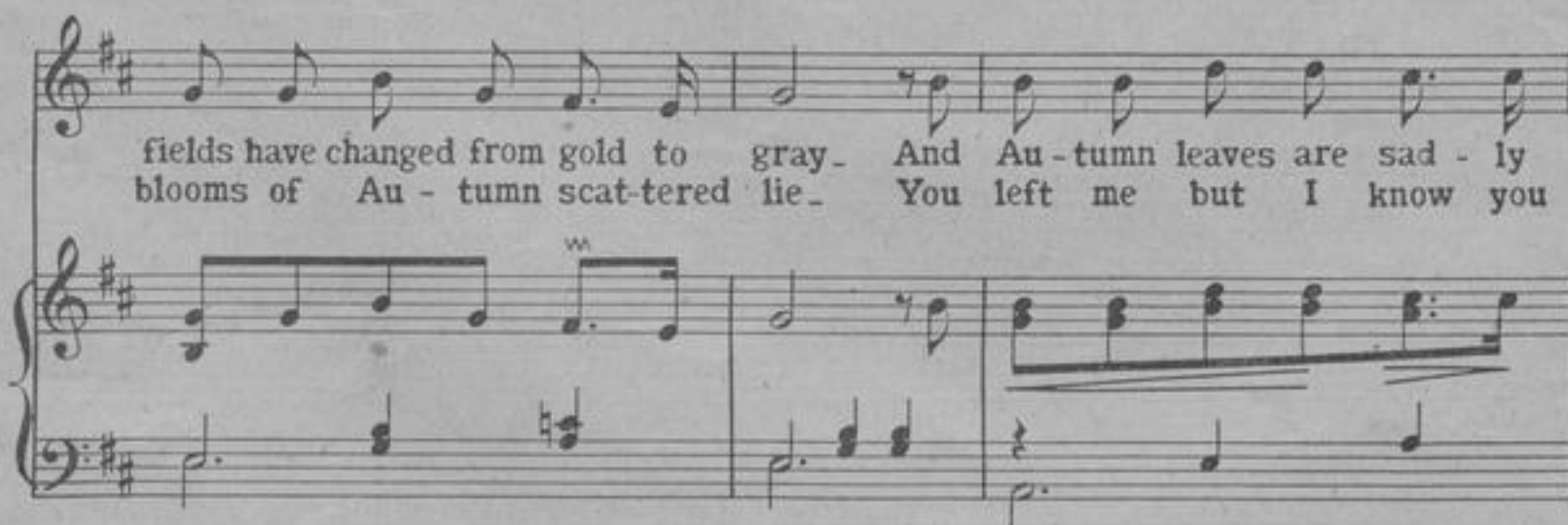
Words by  
BETH SLATER WHITSON.

Music by  
LEO FRIEDMAN.

Moderato



Moderato.



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in my heart 'tis ev - er spring - time, The  
hap - py heart for you I'm wait - ing, For

rob - ins build a - bove the door; And  
some - day, Love's bright sun will shine - A -

in the shad - ow of the ros - es, I  
cross the path that now is lone - ly, For

hear you say these words once of more.  
they are true those words of thine.

REFRAIN.

Maestoso.

Love, rules the world, Wher - ev - er you may stray: It

fills the heart with hap-pi-ness, Or sad-ness, night and day, — 'Tis

rit. *mf* rit. a tempo

love that makes the world go round, Life has no fair - er pearl — In

*f* cresc.

Love rules the world - 4-3



Marcato.

ev - 'ry land, and ev - 'ry clime, — Love, rules the wide, wide

1. Moderato.

world. Love, rules the wide, wide world.

2.

Love, rules the wide, wide world.

molto accel.

Love rules the world - 4-4

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TELL ME YOU LOVE ME

3

Words by  
ROGER LEWIS

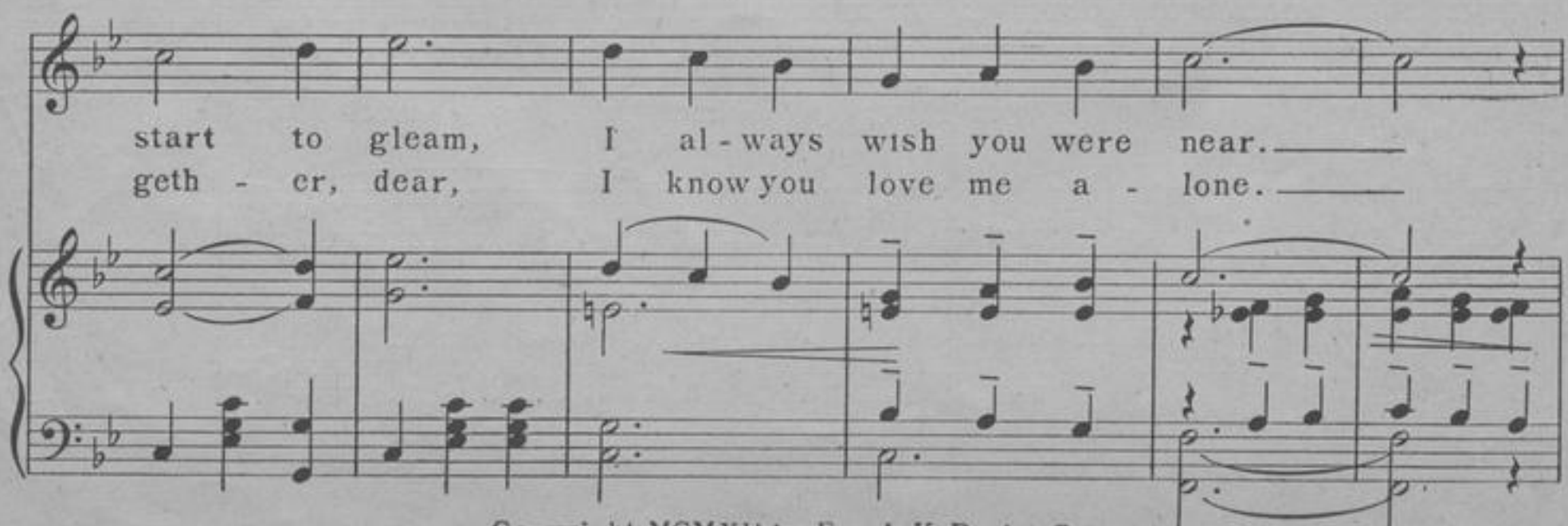
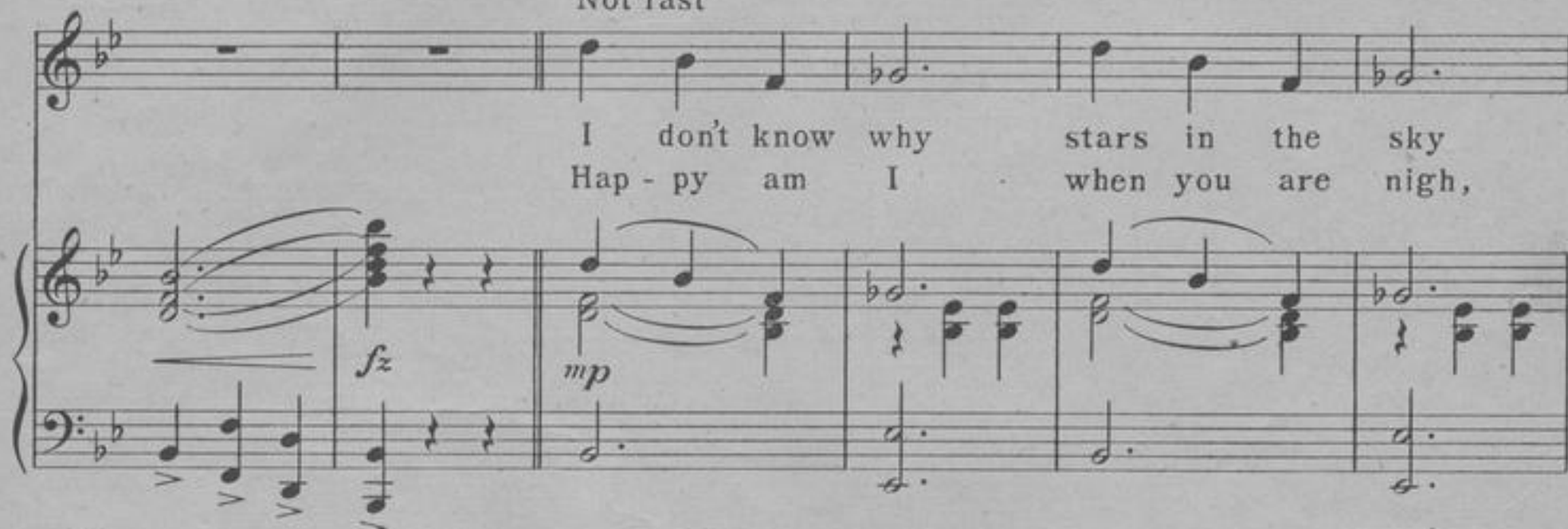
(JUST AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU)

Music by  
F. HENRI KLINKMANN

Valse and<sup>te</sup>



Not fast



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I long to hear you say, my dear. That you are  
Why should you wait or hes - i - tate To say you

lone - some too; I want to hear that  
love me so? My heart is filled with

sto - ry of old — Those sweet words: "I love you."  
love, dear, for you, You love me too, I know.

## CHORUS

Slowly

Tell me you love me Just as much as I love

you; \_\_\_\_\_ Call me your own, \_\_\_\_\_ For you know I

*cresc*

love you too. \_\_\_\_\_ We will be sweet - hearts, And our

*cresc e rall*

dreams will all come true; \_\_\_\_\_ Tell me you love

*cresc e rall*

*a tempo*

me As I love you. \_\_\_\_\_ you. \_\_\_\_\_

*a tempo*

*fz*



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# BLUE-BEADS.

Words by  
BETH SLATER WHITSON.

Music by  
LEO FRIEDMAN.

*Moderato.*



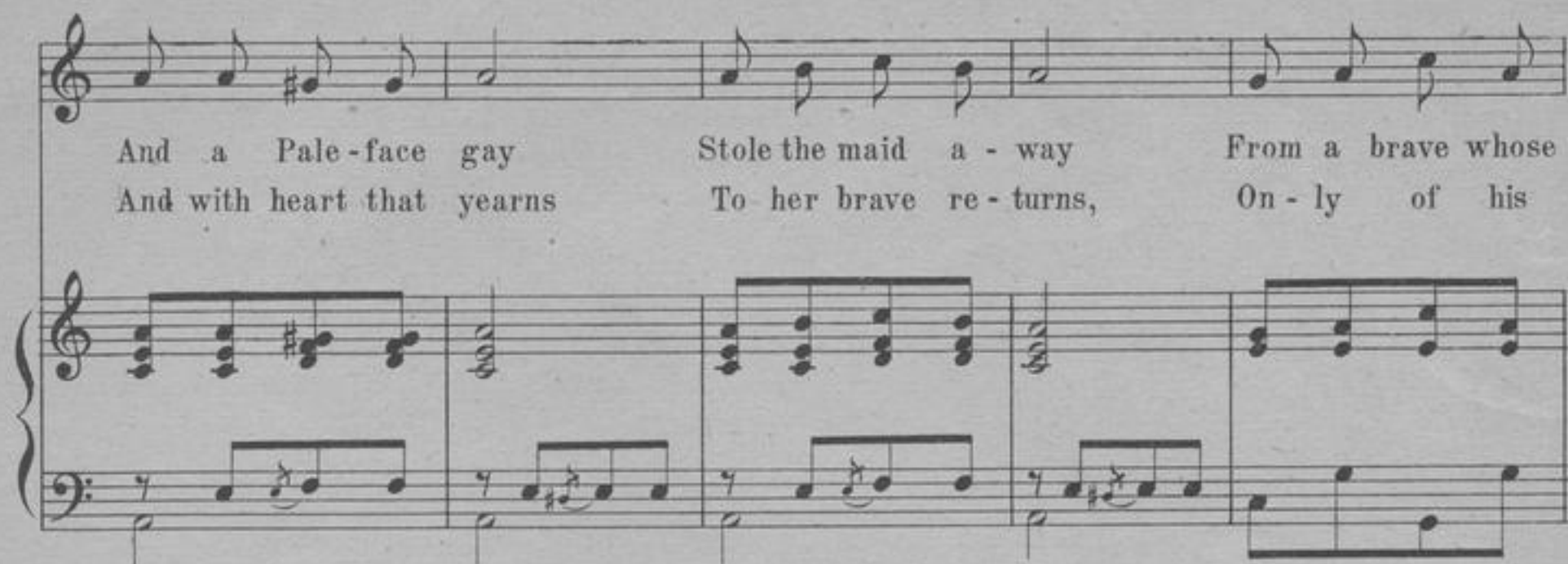
In the for-est shade  
Blue-Beads, far a-way,

*Till ready.*

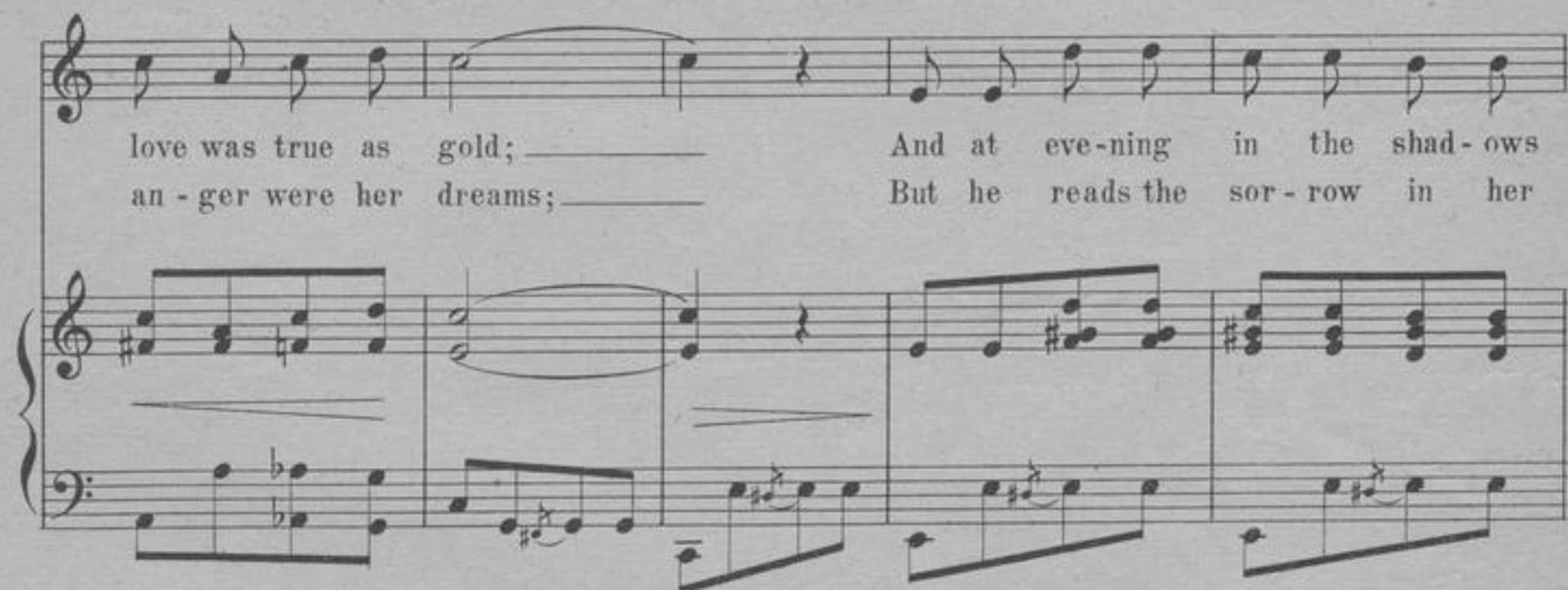
The first vocal line consists of two measures of music. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth-note patterns. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is shown.

Dwelt an In-dian maid, — So the sto-ry runs that I was told, —  
Hears the lone-some lay, Sighs for drift-ing leaves and rip-pling streams, —

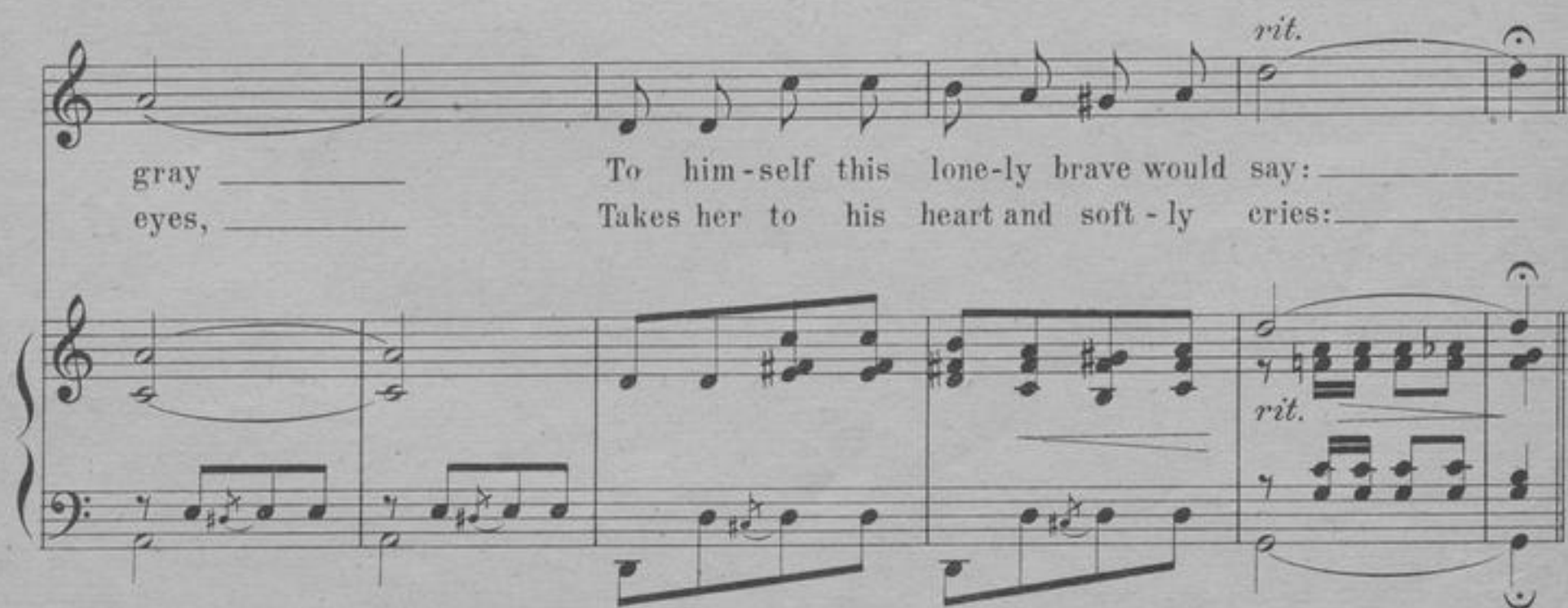
The second vocal line consists of two measures of music. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth-note patterns.



And a Pale-face gay      Stole the maid a - way      From a brave whose  
And with heart that yearns      To her brave re - turns,      On - ly of his



love was true as gold; \_\_\_\_\_      And at eve-ning in the shad - ows  
an - ger were her dreams; \_\_\_\_\_      But he reads the sor - row in her



gray \_\_\_\_\_      To him-self this lone-ly brave would say: \_\_\_\_\_  
eyes, \_\_\_\_\_      Takes her to his heart and soft - ly cries: \_\_\_\_\_

*rit.*



## Chorus.

Ev - 'ry breeze is sigh - ing "Blue-Beads, My pret - ty

*p* *p-f*

Blue-Beads, My pret - ty Blue - Beads;" And my

heart is cry - ing "Blue - Beads, My pret - ty

Blue - Beads?" for love of you. Ev - 'ry

1 2