

# I'M GOING TO HIT THE TRAIL TO MY HOME TOWN

BY  
J. BRANDON WALSH  
AND ERNIE ERDMAN



F.J.A. FORSTER MUSIC PUBLISHER 529 S. WABASH AV. CHICAGO, ILL.

# "I'm Going to Hit the Trail to My Home Town"

Words by  
J. BRANDON WALSH

Music by  
ERNIE ERDMAN

*Moderato*

*f*

Good-bye bright lights, good-bye white lights,  
I've been schem-ing, I've been dream-ing,

*p*

I am leav-ing you \_\_\_\_\_ For the town where I was  
Dream-ing ev-'ry day \_\_\_\_\_ Of an old home far a -

born, \_\_\_\_\_ For the fields of wav ing corn. \_\_\_\_\_  
way \_\_\_\_\_ And the fields of new mown hay. \_\_\_\_\_

No great preach-er, no great teach-er has con-vert-ed me; \_\_\_\_\_  
 Its a long time, such a long time since I said good - bye; \_\_\_\_\_

*rall.*  
 I'm just home-sick, I'm just heart-sick, Lonesome as can be. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Old scenes haunt me, home folks want me, That's the reas-on why: \_\_\_\_\_

*rall.*

## CHORUS

I'm going to hit the trail, Yes, I'm going to hit the trail That

*p-f*

leads to sun - ny skies, \_\_\_\_\_ To hap - py days,

to hap - py ways,                      And moth - er's home - made                      pies; \_\_\_\_\_ I

know the trail\_ will lead to kiss - es, \_\_\_\_\_ To lov - ing arms and ten - der eyes of

brown; \_\_\_\_\_ Good - bye, I'm on my way, I'll hit the

trail to day To my home town. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm town. \_\_\_\_\_