

A "JOE DAVIS" PUBLICATION

TALKIN' 'BOUT HOME

Fox-Trot Song

by
Agnes Castleton and Spencer Williams

Featured by
GENE AUSTIN
Exclusive Victor Record Artist



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TALKIN' 'BOUT HOME

(NOVELTY SONG)

By AGNES CASTLETON & SPENCER WILLIAMS
Writer of I Ain't Got Nobody

Piano

Moderato

VOICE

Talk a-bout won-der-ful treas-ures,
I pic-ture white fields of cot-ton,

Vamp

Of dia-monds sil-ver and gold, I claim most won-der-ful
The dear old pale sil-ver moon, Scenes that can ne'er be for-

treas-ures, got-ten, To me they're rich-es un-told. A
I'm gon-na see them all soon. And

place that I call mine, all mine, Be - low the Ma - son Dix - on Line.
 when I do I'll nev - er roam, A - way from dear old Home Sweet Home.

The first system of the score features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 7/8. The piano part includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking at the end of the system.

CHORUS (*Not too fast*)

Where all the swal - lows go, Where cot - ton blos - soms grow,
 Down where the Whip - poor - will, Sings 'neath my win - dow sill,

The second system begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue. The piano part is marked with a dynamic of *p-f* (piano-forte).

Where win - try winds nev - er blow, I'll tell the world,
 I get a won - der - ful thrill, I'll tell the world,

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and melodic lines.

I'm talk - in' bout home;
 I'm talk - in' bout home;

The fourth system concludes the piece with the repeated phrase. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a fermata over the bass line.

Where I can hang my hat, And tease the dog and cat, Where wel-comes right on the mat,
Down where the shad-ows fall, Where love is best of all, The won-drous joys I re-call,

I'll tell the world, I'm talk - in' 'bout
I'll tell the world, I'm talk - in' 'bout

home; For there's the dear-est fold, And there's the dear-est old
home; Down there in Dix-ie-land, Down there with Trix-ie and

Mam - my; That's why I boast a-bout, And say a toast a-bout,
Sam - my; That's why I yell and shout, Just got to tell a-bout,

My own A - la - bam - y; Where I am go - in' to, When I am sad and blue,
My old A - la - bam - y; Be - neath the south - ern sky, I want to live and die,

I was so fool-ish to roam;
Ain't got no long-in' to roam;
I'll tell the world,
I'll tell the world,
I'm talk-in' 'bout
I'm talk-in' 'bout

1. home.
home.
2. home.
home.
3. Fine

PATTER (Same tempo)

Where the mock-in' birds are sing-in' in the wild-wood, Bring-in'
child-hood mem-o-ries. Where the south-ern moon is beam-in' in the

Heav-en, Glean-in' Heav-en thru' th trees.

D.S. Chorus
al Fine