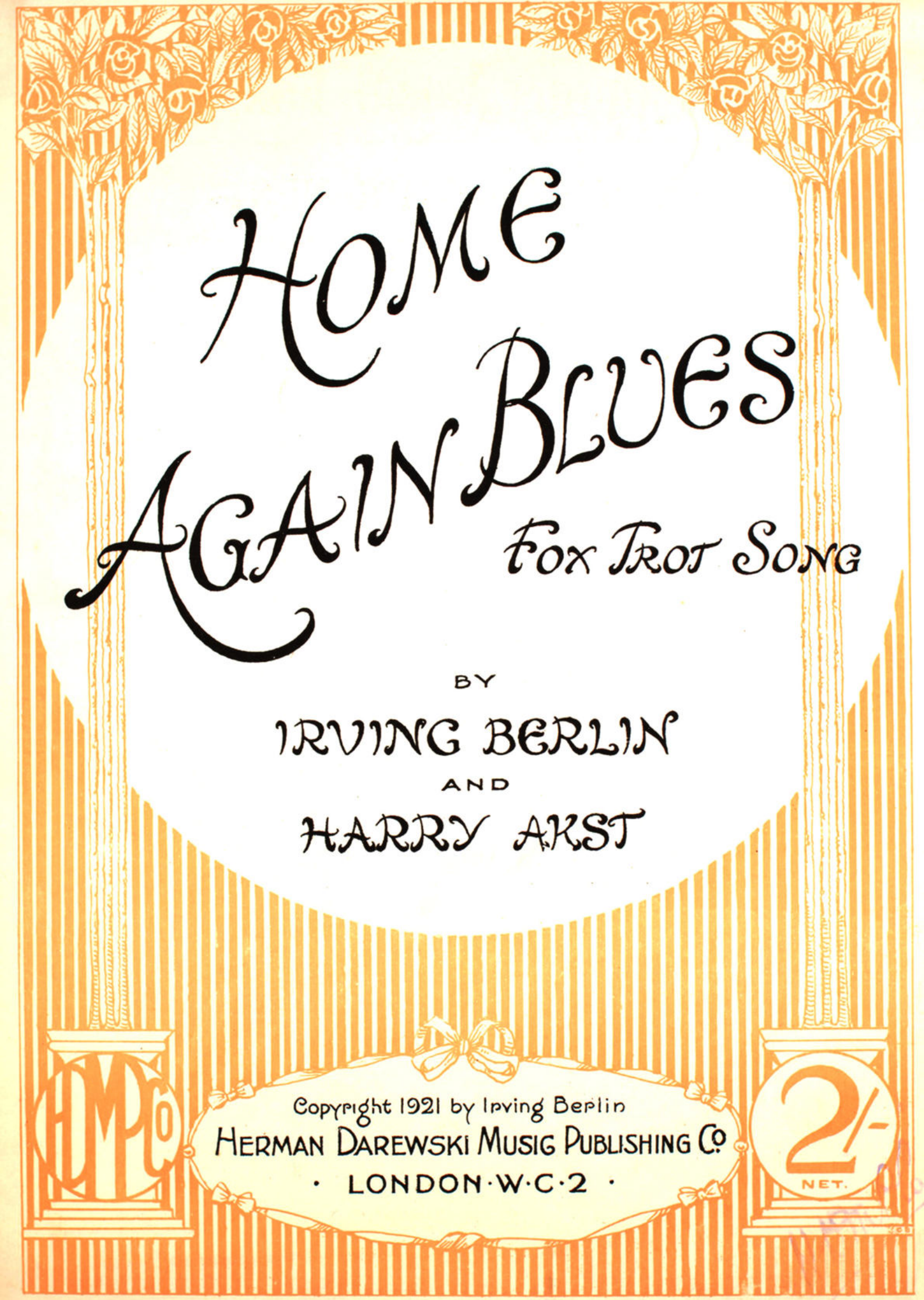
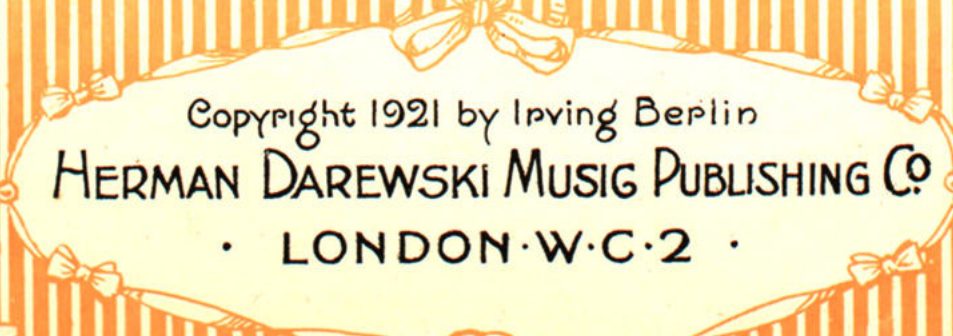




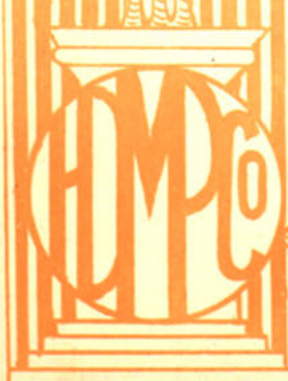
HOME AGAIN BLUES

FOX TROT SONG

BY
IRVING BERLIN
AND
HARRY AKST



Copyright 1921 by Irving Berlin
HERMAN DAREWSKI MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
• LONDON · W · C · 2 ·



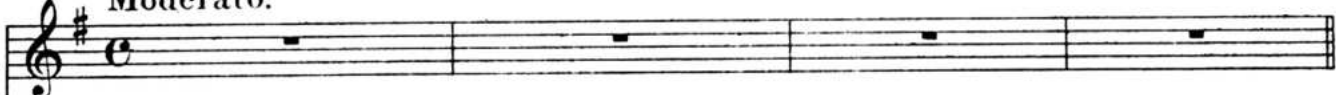
2/-
NET.

Home Again Blues.

Written and Composed by

IRVING BERLIN & HARRY AKST.

Moderato.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Key G.



I've been known to be a roll - ing stone for man - y years, —————
I can't wait un - til I reach that gate for man - y years, —————





Now a - lone I sit a - round and moan when night ap - pears —————
Sure as fate I know they're gon - na wait to wel - come me —————



HERMAN DAREWSKI Music Publishing Co., 122 & 124, Charing Cross Road, London.W. C. 2.
(St. Swithin's Syndicate, Ltd.)
Incorporating Charles Sheard & Co.
Copyright MCMXX, by Irving Berlin Inc. 1587, Broadway, New York.
International Copyright Secured and Reserved.
Authorised for sale and distribution in all British Possessions excepting Canada and Australasia.
H. D. M. P. Co. 1191.

Thoughts of my home fill me with re-gret-a-ble tears.
 I want to state that that's the end of my mis-'ry-

Ev-'ry year Oh! how I long to hear a bit of news,
 If I knew I'd ev-er feel so blue I'd nev-er roam-

Friends ap-pear to of-fer words of cheer but I re-fuse.
 But it's true you learn a thing or two a-way from home-

Pack up my trunk, 'cause I've got those "Home a-gain" blues- I'm go-ing
 I'm tell-ing you I've ceased to be a roll-ing stone, I'm go-ing

CHORUS.

Home, knock at the door, Home, just like be-fore- Roam,

p cresc. *fz* *fz* *molto cresc.*

nev-er no more- No place like home. Oh, what a song,

fz *fz* *fz* *p cresc.* *fz*

Home where I be-long- Oh! I've got the Home a-gain Blues.

fz *molto cresc.*

1 I'm go-ing 2

mf *f* *fz*

PATTER CHORUS.

When I left home I did n't have a cent—
My let - ters read that dad - dy's do - ing fine,—

mf

I was n't broke but I was bad - ly bent—
And that my broth - er's work - ing o - ver time.—

I did n't have a sin - gle dime to count— And
With all that mon - ey roll - ing in the shack—

now I'm go - ing home with the same a - mount.
Ain't no - bod - y liv - ing can hold me back—

Feet, just you hear my pray'r — Don't you

weak - en till you do your share = I've got - ta

heart - ache = I wan - na par - take, — Of all the

joys that's wait - ing there - I'm go - ing

D. C. Chorus.