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# FARMYARD BLUES

( I MISS MY MISSISSIPPI HOME )

by  
Chris Smith and Troy Henry



OTHER SONG SUCCESSES THIS SEASON

Chris Smith and Troy Henry

"JANE, MY HEART IS CALLING YOU"  
"COOLIN' THE COFFEE POT"  
"GET A JAZZ BAND"  
"THE SONS OF UNCLE SAMMY"  
"ALWAYS BRING THE BACON HOME"

50¢

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STARMER

# The Farm Yard Blues

(I Miss My Mississippi Home)

By CHRIS SMITH  
& HENRY TROY

Moderato

Vamp

VOICE

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in the key of B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'I've won-der what's the mat-ter now with me'. The score is divided into five systems, each with piano accompaniment and vocal lines. The lyrics express a longing for home and Mississippi. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as dynamics (f, p), articulation (accents), and phrasing slurs.

I've  
won-der what's the mat-ter now with me  
been most ev-ry place there is to go  
I'm feel-in' just as blue as I can be  
I know most ev-ry-thing there is to know  
I guess the rea-son why I feel so dip-py,  
I've stayed a-while in ev-ry well-known ci-ty,  
I'm so far a-way from Miss-is-sip-pi;  
But I could live and die in Miss-is-sip-pi;  
Good-ness knows there ain't no place like home,  
Ev-ry-bo-dy tells you "How de do?"  
I miss it in a thousand diff'rent ways,  
I'm fond of southern hos-pi-tal-i-ty, No matter  
farm-yard blues, I long for barn-yard news, For it seems I've been a-way a mil-lion days.  
where you am; Just so is Dix-ie-land, You simp-ly have to say the same as me.

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## CHORUS

I miss the chick-ens, the turk-eyes, I miss the gui-ne-a hen; I miss the

cows and the sows in the old pig pen, I miss the goose, the gan-der, and the

cock-a-dood-le-doo, And the mock-ingbirds are sing-ing in the wild-wood, too; I miss my

moth-er, my broth-er, and my lit-tle sis-ter Nell, And the old oak-en buck-et that

hangs in the well; I miss the flow-ers, the bees, and the hon-ey in the comb, I

sure do miss my Miss-is-sip-pi home. I miss the sip-pi home.