

Fireside Blues

An illustration of a room. On the left is a dark wooden upright piano with a clock on its side. In the center is a window with white curtains and a blue frame, showing a full moon and a branch outside. On the right is a white, modern-style chair. In the foreground, a black cat sits on the floor, looking towards the piano. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from the window.

by
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Fire Side Blues

SONG

Words and Music by
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Moderato Lamentoso (*Tempo di Blues*)

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords with a crescendo line and a forte (f) dynamic marking. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

VOICE

The first vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "I re-gret the day I left my". The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando) and *p* (piano).

The second vocal line continues with the lyrics "old Ken-tuck-y home be-cause I'm sad and blue,". The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. Dynamics include *fz* and *p*.

The third vocal line continues with the lyrics "I re-gret the day I left the fire side just to roam, But now those". The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. Dynamics include *fz* and *p*.

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days are through Things are might - y diff - 'rent

when you start to roam, Life is just a bat - tle

far a - way from home, The fields of snow - y white all seem to

beck - on me to - night, Be - cause I'm all a - - lone, ____

CHORUS

I've got the fire side blues, — For my old Ken-tuck-y home,

Weep no more my mam-my, No more will I roam, — I got my

grip all packed, — And there aint no time to lose, — It's the

on-ly cure I know of For the Fire side blues. — I got the blues.

Patter. (*Tempo di Jazz*)

Say, Bo, Lets, Go!

cresc.

f

No time for hes - i - tat - ing There is no time for wait - ing,

You, Me, Dix - ie.

cresc.

f

I seem to hear the strains of home sweet home. I've got the

D. S. to Chorus
(Go to Chorus)