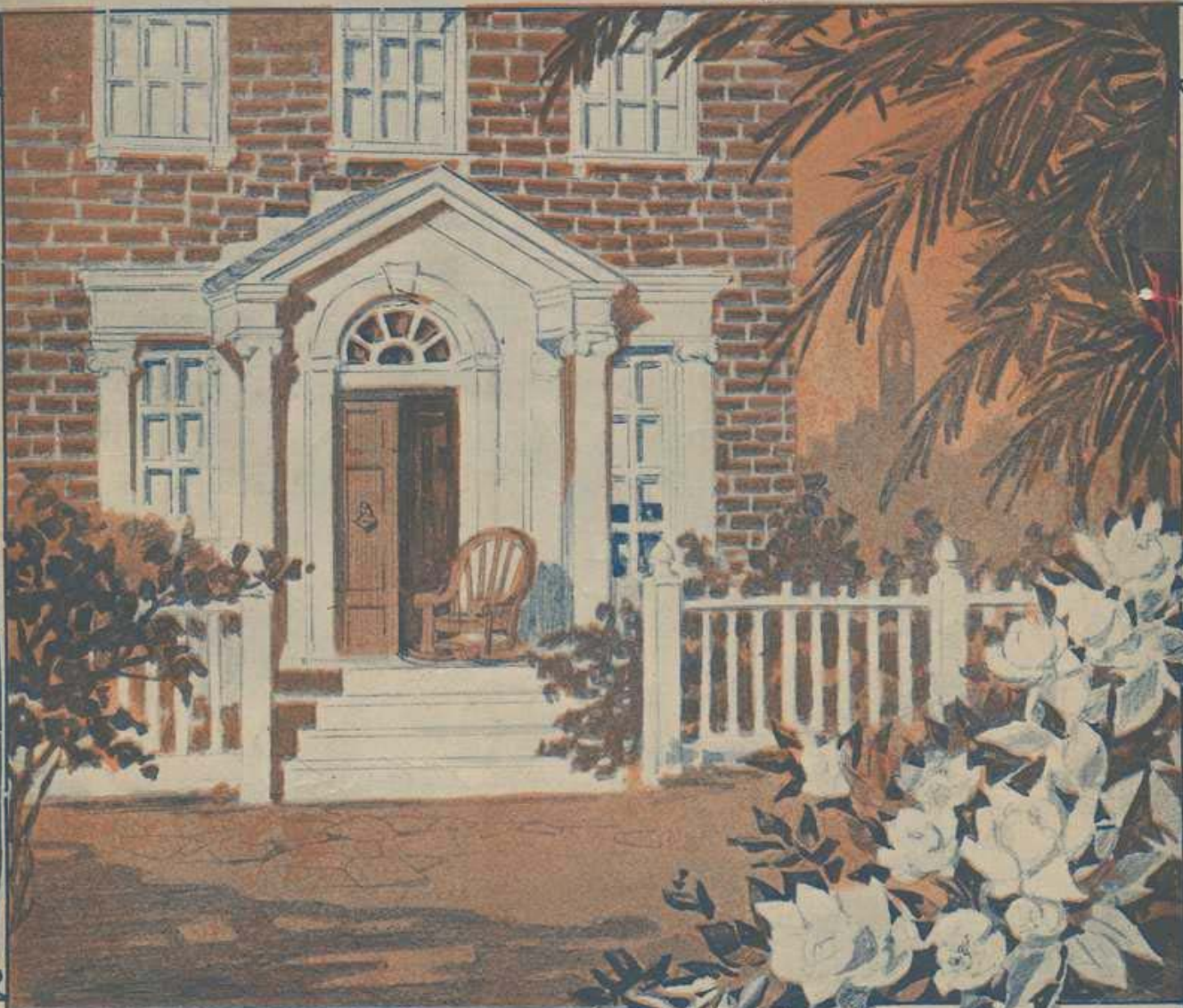


WAY·DOWN·IN MACON·GEORGIA

I'll be makin' Georgia mine.



LYRIC BY THE
LOOS·BROTHERS
and
JACK·FROST.

Frank K. Root & Co.
MUNLEY MUSIC CO. OWNERS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

MUSIC BY
PAUL BIESE· AND
F·HENRI·KLICKMAN·

Lyric by
THE LOOS BROS.
and
JACK FROST.

WAY DOWN IN MACON, GEORGIA, I'll Be Makin' Georgia Mine.

Music by
PAUL BIESE
and
F. HENRI KLIKKMANN.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various musical notations such as chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings like *f*, *mp*, and *mf*. A 'VAMP' section is indicated in the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

I know a girl 'way down in Ma-con, Geor-gia, Down in that lit - tle town of Ma-con, Georgia,
Mind your ge - og - ra - phy, you'll find it teach-es That state is fa-mous for its Georgia peach-es,

I know she's wait - ing 'neath that south-ern moon, I'm al - most cer-tain I'll be with her soon;
And soon I'll reach the sweet-est peach I've seen, Then I'll be - seech the lit - tle peach I mean

I had to prom - ise her that I'd come back in - sweet Mag - no - lia time, —
To come a - long the road that leads to sun - shine — and that preach-er man, —

I want her on - ly, my heart is lone - ly, Sings this lit - tle rhyme. —
And not be jeal - ous of an - y fel - lows Down in Georg - ia land: —

CHORUS

I'm on my way to Macon, Georgia, Where skies are al-ways blue, 'Cause there's a girl in Macon, Georgia, Her name is Georgia,

p-f

too, — And you can say what you may, by the way it's fun - ny, Her name's the same as that state so sun - ny, Fields of cot - ton,

They seem to know I'm not for-got-ten. In that town of Macon, I know she'll un-der - stand, — And so this train, once a-gain, I am

tak-in' To the sweetest peach in Georgia land, And when it's snowtime in that north-ern c'ime, Just pic-ture me beneath that

bright sun-shine, 'Way down in Macon, Georgia, I'll be mak-in' Georgia mine — I'm on my mine.

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