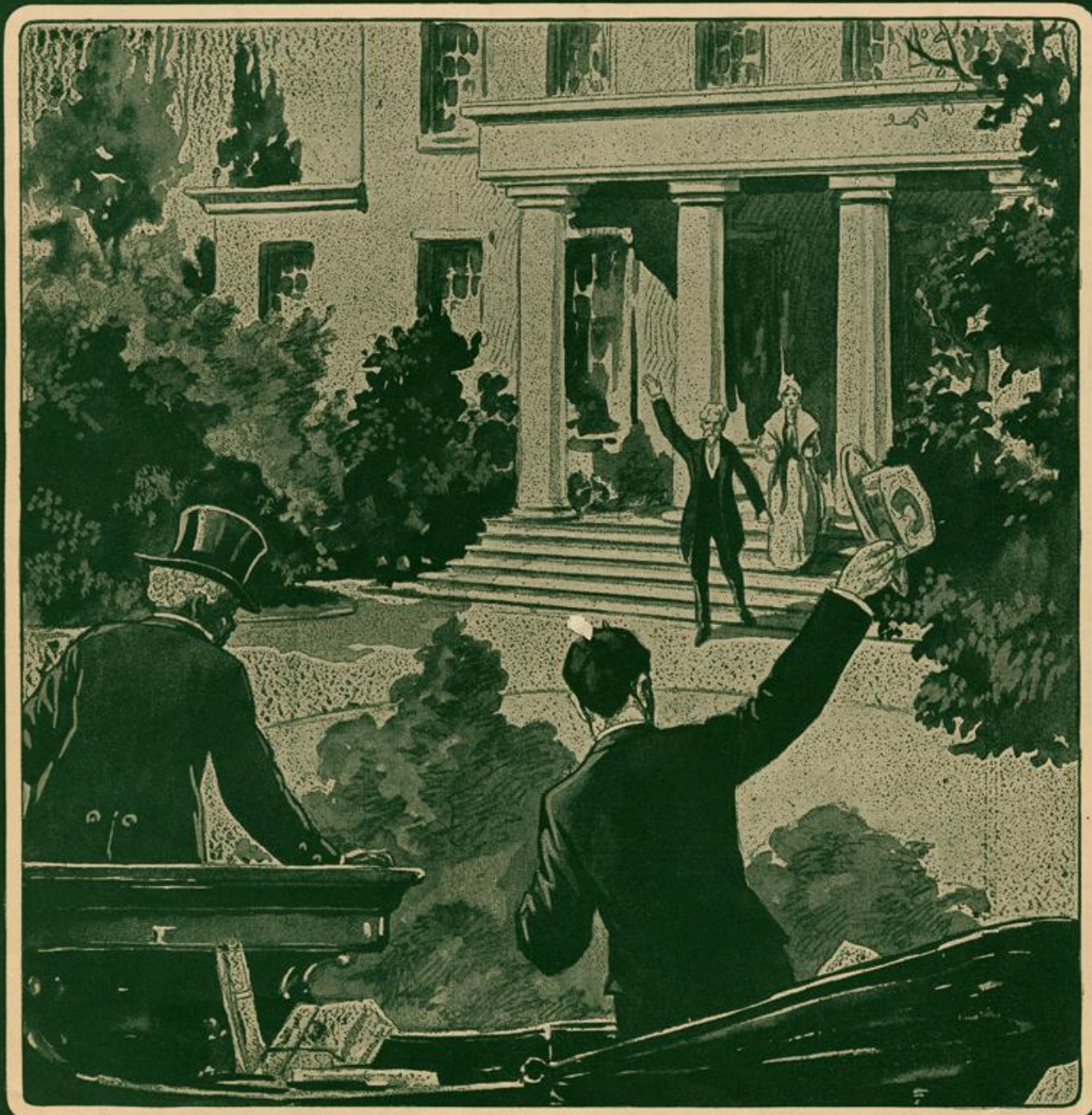


WHEN I GET BACK TO MEMPHIS TENNESSEE



WORDS BY
E. HOCHBERG

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MUSIC BY
LEO HALPERN

Charles N. Daniels
MUSIC PUBLISHER
SAN FRANCISCO

272-48

4 / 1914

When I Get Back to Memphis, Tennessee.

Words by
CHAS. E. HOCHBERG

Music by
LEO HALPERN

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second measure. The lyrics are: 'I am tired of roam-ing 'round / I can hear birds sing-ing low'. The piano part includes a 'Vamp' section with a repeating eighth-note figure. The next line of lyrics is: 'And I've got the wear-y blues, / In that quaint old southern town, / So now I'm homeward bound; / Where sweet mag-no-lias grow. / 'Way down south / I'm goin' south'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment. The following line of lyrics is: 'I long to be to-mor-row morn / For I have just re-ceived a note / From the folks who long for me. / And I am glad to go once more / To the place where I was born.' The piano part features a more active bass line. The chorus begins with the lyrics: 'There's a grey-haired mammy waiting home for me, / so patient-ly, / And there's a dear old dad-dy'. The piano part includes a 'p-f' (piano-forte) section with a more active bass line. The score ends with a final piano flourish.

I am tired of roam-ing 'round
I can hear birds sing-ing low

And I've got the wear-y blues,
In that quaint old southern town,
So now I'm homeward bound;
Where sweet mag-no-lias grow.
'Way down south
I'm goin' south

I long to be to-mor-row morn
For I have just re-ceived a note
From the folks who long for me.
And I am glad to go once more
To the place where I was born.

CHORUS
There's a grey-haired mammy waiting home for me,
so patient-ly, And there's a dear old dad-dy

long-ing just to see the face of me; And there's my sis-ter May, Who cries for
And there's my old dog, Tray, Who wags his

me all day, And there's my broth-er Joe, who al-ways wants to know — If I'm ev - er coming
tail all day, And there's the swim-ming pool, back of the old red school; — Gee! I'm era - zy to get

home, no more to roam. That's the rea-son why I've packed my grip to - day, I'm on my
home, no more to roam.

way To the town where I can scent the new - mown hay, and there I'll stay; There'll be a

jam-bo - ree in my home town, I'm goin' to meet the folks for miles a - round When I get back to

Mem-phs, Ten - nes - see. There's a see.

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