DOWN WHERE THE SWANEE RIVER FLOWS

WORDS BY
CHAS. McCARRON AND
CHAS. S. ALBERTE
MUSIC BY
ALBERT VON TILZER

FEATURED WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY

AL JOLSON

IN THE WINTER GARDEN PRODUCTION
"ROBINSON CRUSOE, JR."

PRICE SIXTY CENTS

BROADWAY MUSIC CORPORATION
WILL VON TILZER PRESIDENT
145 WEST 45TH ST. NEW YORK

PUBLIC PERFORMANCE OF THIS WORK WITHOUT WRITTEN LICENSE FROM THE COPYRIGHT PROPRIETOR IS PROHIBITED

Down Where The Swanee River Flows

PUBLIC PERFORMANCE OF THIS WORK WITHOUT WRITTEN
LICENSE FROM THE COPYRIGHT PROPRIETOR IS PROHIBITED

Words by
CHAS. McCARRON &
CHAS. S. ALBERTE

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER

Moderato

f *sfz*

Vamp VOICE

I had a big sur-prise to-day ____ While in a
I'd like to meet that mov-ie man, ____ I want to

Till Ready

p *p*

ten-cent pho-to-play, ____ I real-ly saw my old home town way down in
shake him by the hand, ____ I want to tell him that he wrote a grand scen-

Copyright MCMXVI by Broadway Music Corporation, 145 W. 45th St., New York
All Rights Reserved Will Von Tilzer, Pres. International Copyright Secured
The Publisher reserves the right to the use of this Copyrighted work upon the parts of Instruments serving to reproduce it Mechanically

Dix- ie land It was simp- ly grand, Just to sit right there, and gaze _____ On the
a - ri - o, He knew where to go, Plain as day up - on the screen, _____ Hez - a -

scenes of by - gone days, _____ Made me yearn to re - turn to the
ki - ah can be seen, _____ Lit - tle Mose on his toes, look - ing

land and peo - ple, _____ I will love al - ways, _____ I ev - en
at the came - ra, _____ Near - ly spoiled the scene, _____ I saw the

saw the same old school, _____ Where I learned the gold - en rule. _____
cot - ton white as foam, _____ I saw my home sweet home, _____

CHORUS

Down where the Swan-ee Riv-er flows — I want to be there —

p-f

Down where the cot - ton blos - som grows, — I want to see there, — My

lit - tle sis - ter Flo', keep - in' time with Un-cle Joe, Sing-ing a song and rag-gin' on his

old ban - jo — I see my dear old Moth-er — Oh, Lord-y, Lord-y, Lord-y,

how I love her when the birds are sing-ing in the wild - wood My hap-py

child - hood Comesback once more My heart is sore, That's why I'm

go-ing back where they care for me Ev'- ry night they say a lit-tle prayer for me

Down where the Swan-ee River flows.

f

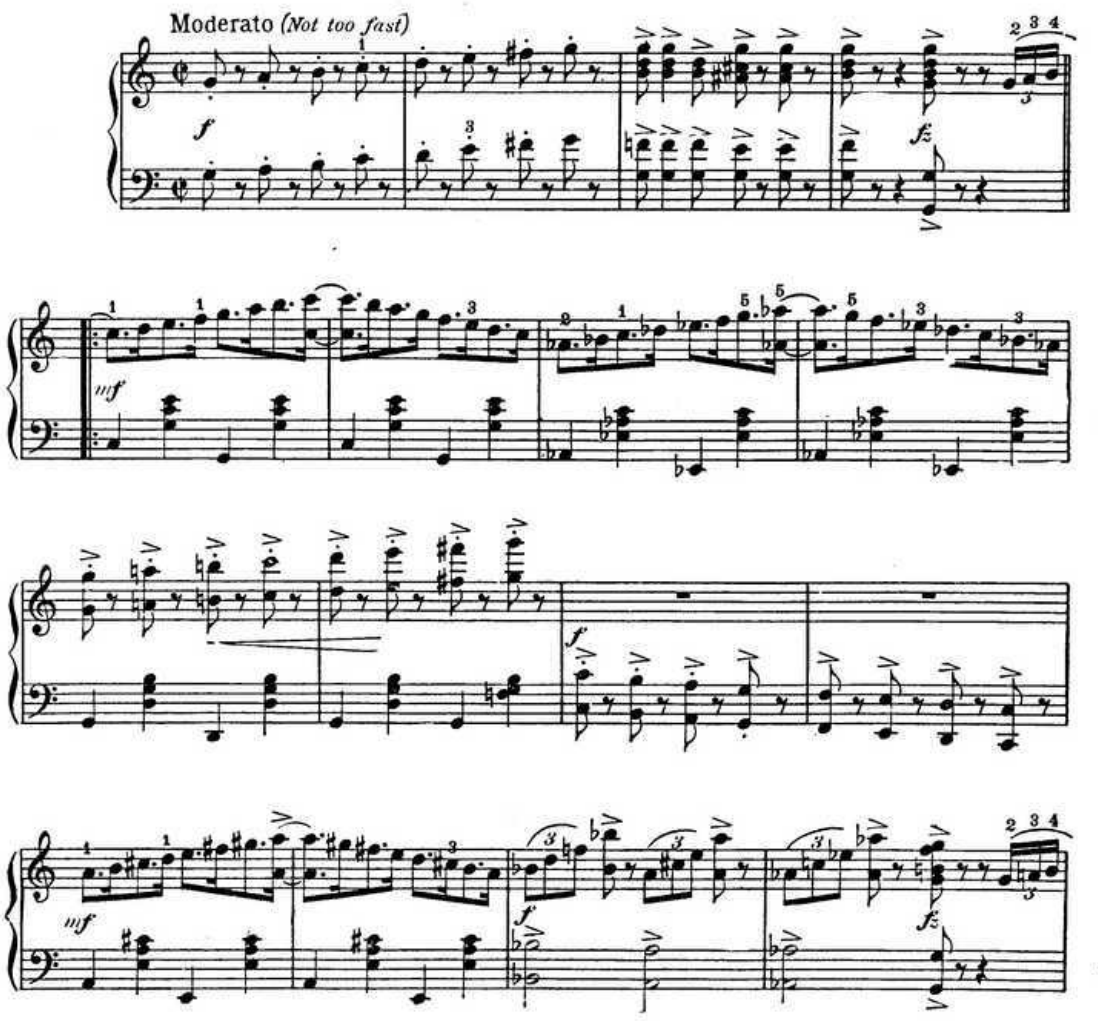
sfz

MOST UNIQUE NOVELTY INSTRUMENTAL EVER PUBLISHED

RAGGING THE SCALE

by ED B. CLAYPOOLE

Moderato *(Not too fast)*



Copyright MCMXV by Broadway Music Corporation, 145 W. 45th St., New York