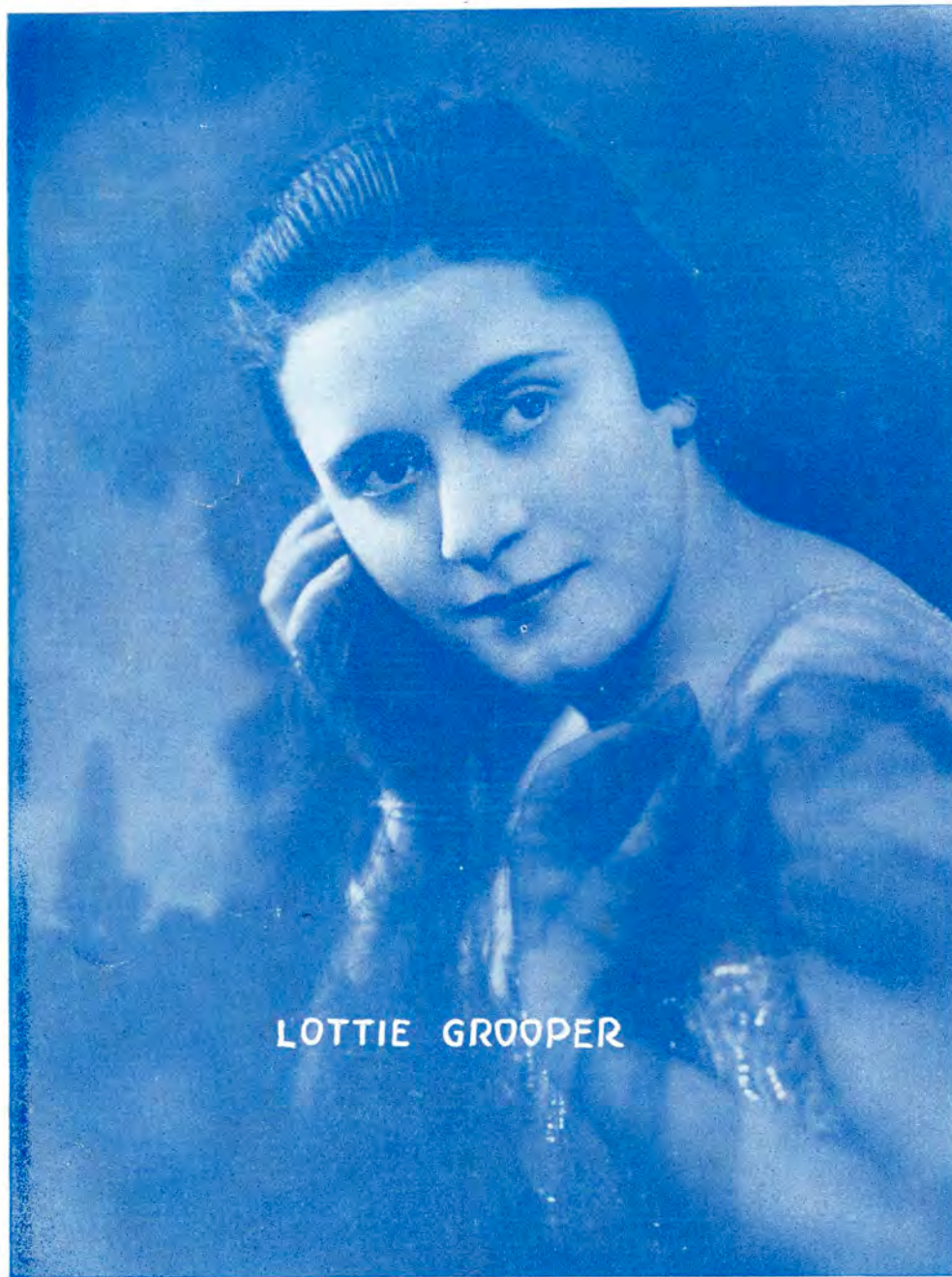


I'M GONNA MAKE HAY ..WHILE THE SUN SHINES IN VIRGINIA



LOTTIE GROOPER

WORDS BY JOE YOUNG-SAM LEWIS
MUSIC BY ARCHIE GOTTLER

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I'm Gonna Make Hay While The Sun Shines In Virginia.

Words by
JOE YOUNG & SAM LEWIS

Music by
ARCHIE GOTTLER

Moderato.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time, marked *Moderato*. The piano part features a strong bass line with chords and moving lines in the right hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with some lines split across two staves. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte), *fz* (forzando), *p* (piano), and *fz* (forzando). A section marked *Till ready* is indicated by a double bar line and a repeat sign. The score concludes with a final piano chord.

f

Ci - ty peo - ple
How - dy do there,

Till ready

fz *p* *p*

pi - ty peo - ple liv - ing on the farm, I'm go - ing home to - day - 'Way down Vir -
how are you there, That's Vir - gin - ia way, when they shake hands with you - Their hearts go

gin - ia way You know my dad's a farmer So is mamma, They live in a
with it too I'm gon - na send a wire To the Squire Here's just what I'll

f

shack — If you think I'm grieving be - cause I'm leav - ing, Try and hold me back.
write — If the train don't slow up — I will show up Home to - mor - row night.

Chorus.

I'm gon - na make hay while the sun shines in Vir - gin - ia, The

old folks need a lot of sunshine now, I'm gon-na be a farm-er in Vir-

gin - ia I'll plant a kiss on moth-er's wrinkled brow (How I love her) I'm

gon-na raise the mortgage from the home - stead I'll weed out all their sor-rows and their

tears I'm gon-na make hay while the sun shines in Vir - gin - ia I'm gonna

brighten up their few remaining years. I'm gonna years.

fz D.S.

ROLLING STONES

(All Come Rolling Home Again)

Words by
EDGAR LESLIE

Music by
ARCHIE GOTTLER.

Refrain. (with feeling.)

Roll - ing stones all come roll - ing home a -



gain Roll - ing stones are the



ones liv - ing in vain From a moth - er's



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