WHERE THE IVY LEAVES GROW CLOSE BESIDE THE DOOR

SONG

Words and Music by Billy Johnson.

McKinley Music Co.
CHICAGO  NEW YORK
In the Shadow of the Carolina Hills

THE NEW SOUTHERN BALLAD

Words by BETH SLATER WHITSON

REFRAIN. With Expression and Slow.

Music by LEO FRIEDMAN

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When the Ivy Leaves Grow Close Beside the Door

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Moderato

Among the cotton fields of dear old Georgia, Down
In fancy I can see the fields and meadows, In

where the moon peeps thro' the sycamore, A
fancy, hear the robin in red-breast sing, The

mother ever fond in her devotion, Stands
daisy covered fields and clovered pathways, Sweet
watching at an ivy covered door. She
mem'ry to my mind each day would bring.

longs to hear her loved one softly calling. She
few short years, then back to home and mother.

longs to have him near her day by day. Each gentle breeze that blows to her seems
hear life's sweetest voice just once again. Then ev'ry eve, while roaming thro' the

bringing These messages of love from far away.
twilight, In fond embrace well sing the old refrain.
REFRAIN

Where the ivy leaves grow close beside the door.

mocking bird sings as in days of yore.

place I long to be, For it's home, sweet home to me, Where the ivy leaves grow close beside the door.