Try this over on your Piano,
In Dear Old Tennessee.

Words by
OLIVE L. FIELDS.

Music by
HARRY L. NEWMAN.

CHORUS. (With expression—Drac.)

In dear old Ten-nes-see,
That's where I long to be,
Where skies are

ev-er blue,
And hearts are ev-er true;
Where per-fumed

breeze blows,
And sweet mag-no-lia's grow;
That's where I

long to be,
Honey—in Ten-nes-see.
In dear old-see.

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Whippoorwill.
(Never Again For Me)

Written by
BLYLER & FAGAN

Allegretto grazioso

I heard the bird-ies, they were calling for me.

I hear a bird-ie singing in yonder tree.

These birds thro' my friend, I thought they would be.

It is a chip that sound familiar to me.

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They flew 'round me and my gal,
Tries to tell me where she's been.

Each one said "Kids I'm your pal."
One look shows me she's all in!

Oh! (Whistle)
Oh! (Whistle)

I took a birdie home to share him my nest.
You needn't come and chirp that old tale to me.

(Whistle)
(Whistle)

Two birds were seen a fly-ing 'way two a-breast;
You are di-vorced now here's your fi-nal de-cree;

Whippoorwill 3
He took gal and money, they left me clean,
My nest is full go get your old mate.

I looked around, no birds to be seen,
Just breeze along a viate.

Meadowlark! Whipoorwill! Never again for me!
Meadowlark! Whipoorwill! Never again for me!

Whipoorwill. 8

D. C.