UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.
A Song of the South.

Words by AL TRAHERN.
Music by LEE CREAN SMITH.

Andante Moderato.

The sweet mag-nol-ias are in bloom, the
The moon shines bright, a happy throng, is

fields are white as snow, The air is filled with rare perfume, the
playing on the green, They join in mer-ry games and song, 'tis

sky is all a-glow, Far o'er the hills the setting sun, is sink-ing bright and clear, The
joy-ous Hal-low-een, They crowd a-round the cab-in door, and ask old Mam my Kate, To

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New York.
dark-ies gath-er round and hum, the songs they love to hear,
Be-tell the max-ims old, once more, so they can learn their fate,
Each

neath the shad-ow of the pines, a lad of sev-en-teen,
Is maid-en there then finds some way, as most all sweet-hearts do,
To

swinging in the i-ivy vines be-side his i-deal queen. He whispers to her soft and low, she see-if all the games they play will make her wish come true. When Halloween is past and gone, she'll

tim-id-ly re-plies, "I will al-ways love you dear, under southern skies."
tell you in sur-prise, Ev'-ry wish she made came true under southern skies.

Under southern skies.
CHORUS.

You'll hear the dark-ies sing-ing, The songs they love the best, You'll

hear the ban-jos ring-ing, While the old folks rest. The

pick-a-nin-ies dancing, To see who'll win the prize, In the

ev-ning by the moon-light, un-der south-ern skies.

Under southern skies.
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

Quartette arrangement for Mixed or Male Voices.

SOPRANO.

You'll hear the darkness singing, the songs they love the best, You'll

ALTO.

You'll hear the darkness singing, the songs they love the best, You'll

TENOR I.

You'll hear the darkness singing, the songs they love the best, You'll

TENOR II.

You'll hear the darkness singing, the songs they love the best, You'll

BASS I.

You'll hear the darkness singing, the songs they love the best, You'll

BASS II.

You'll hear the darkness singing, the songs they love the best, You'll

Male Quartet.

hear the banjos ringing, While the old folks rest; The
pick-a-ninies dancing, to

hear the banjos ringing, While the old folks rest; The
pick-a-ninies dancing, to

hear the banjos ringing, While the old folks rest; The
pick-a-ninies dancing, to

hear the banjos ringing, While the old folks rest; The
pick-a-ninies dancing, to

see who'll win the prize, In the evening by the moon-light, Under Southern skies.

see who'll win the prize, In the evening by the moon-light, Under Southern skies.

see who'll win the prize, In the evening by the moon-light, Under Southern skies.

see who'll win the prize, In the evening by the moon-light, Under Southern skies.

see who'll win the prize, In the evening by the moon-light, Under Southern skies.