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I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO MY HOME TOWN

Lyric by
BILLY TRACEY

Music by
HALSEY K. MOHR

Moderato

Vamp

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The music is marked 'Moderato' and 'Vamp'. It features a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand, ending with a repeat sign.

VOICE

The first line of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I had a dream the other night That was sweet as it could be; I get a feeling now and then, That I real-ly can't ex-plain." The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The second line of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "thought that I was home a-gain On my dear old Moth-er's knee Some-thing keeps on tell-ing me I should go right home a-gain". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

The third line of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "On-ly a dream, but still it seemed a glimpse of Par-a-dise And what a dog gone Jumping a-round from place to place is just a life of gloom 'Cause all you see are". The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord.

fool I've been at last I re-a - lize — From now on, all my roam-ing days are
four barewalls of some dark furnished room — I'm hun-gry for some good old home town

through — Cause I've made up my mind I'm gon-na make that dream come true
news — I've got a first class case of dog-gone mel-an - cho - ly blues


CHORUS

I'll be glad to get back to the town where I was born, I'm so tired and

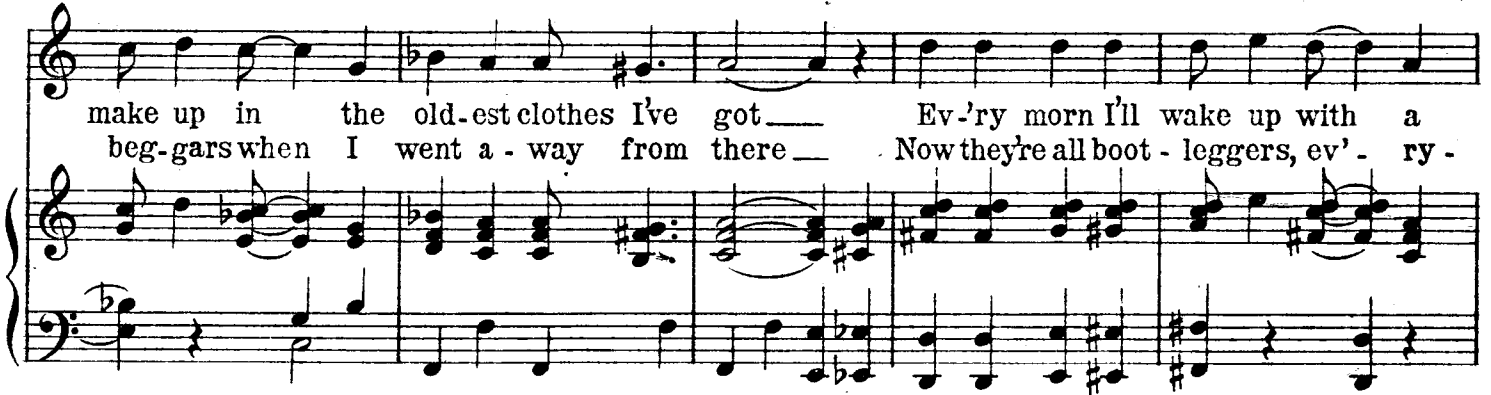
worn — I'm gon-na take a train to mor-row morn — Round this world I've

ram-bled, Seen ev-'ry cit - y's charms — And they were migh-ty pleas - in' but I

missthe squeez-in' of my dear old mam-my's arms Down there I'll just
The folks were poor as



make up in the old-est clothes I've got — Ev-'ry morn I'll wake up with a
beg-gars when I went a - way from there — Now they're all boot - leggers, ev' - ry -



steam-ing 'cof - fee pot. Talk a - bout your hon - ey drips, a
- one's a mil - lion - aire. The gals down there are all corn fed, their



kiss from my sweet mammy's lips — Is worth a half a doz - en trips to
lips and cheeks are real, ly red — They'd ev - en turn a preach-er's head in



My home town. Town.
My home town. Town.

