I'm Goin' To Caroline

Words by GENE FELT
Music by FRANK STILWELL

Here is a letter, A lovin' letter,
I smell the chicken, That lovin' chicken,

I just received today, It says my
That Mammy fries so fine, Those sweet po

Mammy, My lovin' Mammy, Wants to see me
tatoes And stewed tomatoes, Juicy melons

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right away. Don't think I'm grieving, because I'm
from the vine. You cannot blame me, they'll enter-

leaving. There's nothing now could make me stay,
tain me, With every thing that's simply grand,

I've said my "Au Revoir" You'll never see me
That's why I've got to go, Away from the cold

no more, These are the last words I'll say.
and snow, Back to that old Southern land.

Good-bye - A
CHORUS

Good-bye, I'm goin' to old Car-o-line, (I'm goin' to old Car-o-line)

Good-bye, I feel so hap-py I'm cryin', (I feel so hap-py I'm cryin')
I'll

bless the good ship that takes me there, Then down on my knees

I'm goin' to say a pray'r. Good-bye, here is the

Good-bye-
ticket I bought, (Here is the ticket I bought) Back to the land where

my Daddy fought, (The land where my Daddy fought) Underneath the honey-

suckle vine, Waiting there will be that Mammy of

mine, Good-bye, Good-bye, I'm goin' to Carolina.

Good-bye-4