

ARTIST COPY

# Down In Maryland

By BERT KALMAR  
and HARRY RUBY

Moderato

Till ready

Voice

Home ties that bind, cling to me, Home ties I find, bring to me, Mem'ries of  
I miss the blue of the skies, I miss the dew, when I rise, I miss the  
hap-py child-hood, Roam-ing the hills and wild-wood. Why did I stray far a-way,  
brook-let flow-ing, I miss the roost-er crow-ing. Some day I know I will go,  
From heav-en's door? — Al-tho' I've been a rov-er, I'll roam no more — for —  
Back there to stay; — And if I could, be-lieve me, I'd leave to-day — say —

Chorus

I've made my mind up that I'm gon-na wind up, down in Mar-y-land,  
I'm gon-na wind my way, — Down old Ches-a-peake Bay. I'll ramb-le o-ver the  
sweet scent-ed clo-ver, down in Mar-y-land, What a fool I was to wan-der,  
From the folks down yon-der. I'm sigh-ing, I'm cry-ing, for a glimpse of home, sweet  
home. I love it, All of it, from the cel-lar to the dome. —  
Some-bod-y's kiss-es will make me say this is, Just like fair-y-land.  
I've made my mind up that I'm gon-na wind up in Mar-y-land. — land.

*fz* *D.S.*