

SOMEWHERE IN GEORGIA UNDERNEATH THE SUNNY SOUTHERN SKIES



WORDS BY
CARL MULLER

MUSIC BY
JIMMIE McHUGH



 D.W. COOPER
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Underneath the Sunny Southern Skies

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Moderato

PIANO

The oth-er day I got a let-ter
I've got the pic-ture that she gave me

Vamp

It made me feel so grand,
Waydown in Dix-ie land,

A let-ter from my dear old mam-my
And if you've ev-er loved somebod-y

Waydown in Dix-ie
You sure-ly un-der-

land. — She said the girl I left be-hind me — Is get-ting lone-li-er day by day, — She tho't a
stand. — The rea-son why I like to show it — It seem to car-ry me back a - gain, — And if I

let-ter would re-mind me — So this is what she had to say. —
on-ly were a po-et — It would be eas-y to ex-plain. —

CHORUS

3

Some-where in Georgia un-der-neath the Sunny Southern Skies, She's wait - ing for ya with the

same sweet Love in her eyes, Shes migh - ty lone-some down here all a - lone,

Why don't you think it ov - er, come on home Back to the fields of cot - ton say! What ev - er you may, you're

not for - got - ten She's look - ing for - ward to the love you're gonnabring with you. You gave her

your word that you al - ways would be true — Now if you wan - na keep your prom - ise Will you bring back the heart that

you took from us Some-where in Georgia un-der-neath the Sunny Southern Skies. Skies. —

p.f

1. 2.

TWO GEMS THAT ARE HEART WINNERS

TRY THESE OVER ON YOUR PIANO

When the Sun Sets in Galway

Mother Machine waits for me.

Respectfully dedicated to
The Osheng Yang Memorial Association of Greater Boston.

Words and Music by
ROY LINWOOD
and ED CASSET

CHORUS

When the sun sets each night out in Gal- way, — Some one stands on the shore of the bay, — And I know that she's waiting there at — way, — For the lad who has went far a — way, — With her face to the west, for one who loves her, she is

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YOUR REPERTOIRE IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT THIS TUNEFUL

IRISH BALLAD

A SONG THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER

I'm Going Back to the Girl I Love

Words and Music by
MAX CLAY

CHORUS

I'm go - ing back, back, — to the girl I love, — I want to see my old dad — dy and

best mel-ior say — You're just as well — come as the flow-ers in May.

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LIVELY

SNAPPY

CATCHY

MARCH BALLAD

FULL OF HARTONY

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