

# TAKE ME TO MY ALABAMA

( COME BACK, THEY'RE CALLING YOU )

NOVELTY SONG



BY HARRY TOBIAS AND  
**WILL A. DILLON**

WRITER OF "MY GRANDFATHER'S GIRL,"  
"ON THE OLD BACK SEAT OF THE HENRY FORD," ETC.

50¢  
25¢

M · WITMARK · & · S  
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · PHILADELPHIA · BOSTON

# Take Me To My Alabam'

Words by  
WILL DILLON

(Come Back, They're Calling You)

Music by  
HARRY TOBIAS

Brightly (*Not fast*)

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

Vamp section in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand plays chords and the left hand plays eighth notes. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

I see the home - stead 'way up - on the hill,  
I'm tired of cars - and the noise of the town,

— And my dear lit - tle moth - er, who's there wait - ing still, — I pic - ture vis - ions of  
— And the face of a sky that does noth - ing but frown, — I want to be — where the

days gone by, — When she sang me her sweet lul - la - by. — Though I'm man - y miles  
bull - frogs croak, And the whip-poor-will sings in the oak. — Oh, man - y's the time

— a - way, — I seem to hear her say. —  
— I hear — This mes - sage soft and clear: —

COMPOSED BY  
**M. W. I.**  
SOLO 60 CEN

Copyright MCMXVI by M. Witmark & Sons  
International Copyright Secured

REFRAIN

Come back they're call - ing you, Come where they'll wel - come you, Come back to old — Al - a -

*p-f*

bam'. — Where ev-'ry heart is just as big as the state, — And when they shake your

hand, they make you feel great. Just let your mind — roll back to the wild - wood,

Back — to days of your child - hood, Right there on moth - er's knee, Oh! what a mem-

- o - ry, Take me to my — Al - a - bam', — bam'. —

1. 2.

*rit.* *ff*

# BEAUTIFUL IRISH BALLADS

THAT ARE BEING SUNG BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS  
THEY SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

## MOTHER MACHREE

Lyric by RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG Music by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT & ERNEST R. BALL

*Tenderly with much expression*

Sure I love the dear sil-ver that shines in your hair, And the  
brow that's all fur-rowed, And wrink-led with care I  
kiss the dear fin-gers so toil worn for me, Oh, Gou

*pp* *mp* *mf* *dim.*

Copyright MCMX by M. Witmark & Sons

SOLO, FOUR KEYS:—B $\flat$ , (B $\flat$  TO D) C, D, AND F. DUET, TWO KEYS:—B $\flat$  AND F

## A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN SHURE THEY CALL IT IRELAND

Poem by J. KEIRN BRENNAN Music by ERNEST R. BALL

Shure, a lit-tle bit of Heav-en fell from out the sky one day, And  
nes-tled on the o-ccean in a spot so far a-way; And  
when the An-gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair, They

*mf* *a tempo* *ritard* *a tempo*

Copyright MCMXIV by M. Witmark & Sons

SOLO, THREE KEYS:—A $\flat$ , (C TO F) B $\flat$  AND C

## WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Lyric by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT & GEO. GRAFF, Jr. Music by ERNEST R. BALL

CHORUS

When I-rish eyes are smi-ling, Sure it's like a morn in  
Spring. In the lift of I-rish laugh-ter, You can hear the  
an-gels sing. When I-rish hearts are hap-py, All the

*pp*

Copyright MCMXII by M. Witmark & Sons

SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO E) D AND F

## Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Lyric and Music by J. R. SHANNON

*Smoothly with much expression  
in time*

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Hush now, don't you cry  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-

*mp* *in time*

Copyright MCMXIII by M. Witmark & Sons

SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO C) E $\flat$  AND F

COMPLETE COPIES CAN BE HAD WHEREVER MUSIC IS SOLD OR FROM THE PUBLISHERS

**M. WITMARK & SONS** 10 WITMARK BUILDING NEW YORK

SOLO 60 CENTS. DUET 75 CENTS. DISCOUNT ONE-HALF OFF, POSTPAID. SEND FOR OUR COMPLETE MUSIC CATALOG No. 88—IT'S FREE