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To Paul V. Allen.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Words by MICHAEL GALLAGHER. Music by HERBERT W. WEYMANN.

Allegro moderato.

1. There's a place that I know I am not forgotten, It's my home way down south In the land of cotton, Where the banjo and the folks that I know will be at the station, And the little Piccadilly.

2. When I reach that old town there'll be one ovation, All the hot-tentot, Drive the blues away an awful lot, There's a ninety Band, Will be playing dear old Dixie Land, Then I'll
whistle I know that will soon be blowing. For a settle right down and I'll leave it never, Satis-

train that will stop at the town I'm going. Mighty soon I'll make my fied that my bones get a rest for-ev-er, Just as hap-py as a

get-a-way. One of these dog-gone days. mil-lion-aire. In that old home down there.

CHORUS.

To that old town, down, where you're nev-er lone-some, And you'll meet a wel-come

Nashville, Tenn. 3.
hand... And where a friend's a friend un-till the end, And by you
he will al-ways stand... That dear old place where
moth-er's smil-ing face, Will wel-come you so ten-der-ly... I'm go-ing, I'm
go-ing to Nash-ville, Ten-nes-see... To that old see...