'Mid the Purple-Tinted Hills of Tennessee

Words by J WILL CALLAHAN

Music by PAUL PRATT

Andante moderato

When the flow-ers close their pet-als and the birds have gone to rest, And the
I can see the smile of wel-come that will light her girl-ish face, When I

evening breezes whisper sweet and low, Then in fan-cy I am roaming with the
tell her I have come to claim her hand; And we wander in the twilight to the

one I love the best Down a lit-tle shad-y path we used to know. And I
old accustomed place, Where the brooklet tells the se-cret to the sand. I can

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seem to hear the brook-let as it rip- pled o'er the sand, In the
hear her girl-ish laugh-ter ring-ing out so clear and sweet, As it

gold-en, old-en days that used to be, When I
wakes the hills to hap-py har-mon-y, Till the

wan-dered with the dearest girl in sun-ny Dix-ie-land, 'Mid the
e-choes add their wel-com-e for my com-ing when we meet, 'Mid the

pur-ple-tint-ed hills of Ten-nes-see.
pur-ple-tint-ed hills of Ten-nes-see.
Mid the purple-tinted hills of Tennessee,
There she told me she would e'er be true to me,
And my heart is ever turning to a Dixie girl that's yearning 'Mid the purple-tinted hills of Tennessee.
'Mid the Purple-Tinted Hills of Tennessee
Chorus for Male Quartet

1st Tenor

2d Tenor

1st Bass (air)

2d Bass

There she told me she'd be true to me, be true to me,
told me she would e'er be true to me, And my

And my heart is turning To a girl that's yearning
heart is ever turning To a Dixie girl that's yearning 'Mid the

And my heart is turning To a girl that's yearning

'Mid the tinted hills of Tennessee, my Tennessee,
purple-tinted hills of Tennessee.

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