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In Alabama, Dear, With You

By ELLEN ORR
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FOX & KEATING

Moderately

In Al-a-bam-a, the land of cotton and corn, In Al-a-bam-a, two eyes of brown Are filled with tears of joy. Because her only boy wrote, "I am coming back to town!" In Al-a-

In Al-a-bam-a, when he ar-rives there at noon, In Al-a-bam-a, he'll have a treat; The kit-chen stove is hot, A-cook-ing up a lot of all the things he loved to eat. In Al-a-

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Two hands have toiled all the day, To brighten up the old home stead, And every hour or two, She'd stop to feel that good night kiss, Tho' sadness has been there, Now gladness reads it thro', For this is what the letter said: This fills the air, There's been a change since he wrote this: 

CHORUS

I'm comin' yes comin' to Al-a-bam-a and you, Tho' whe-ther
far or near, In fancy I could hear you calling—Come back, boy, please do!—

My friends I've wired, I'm tired of all the life that don't ring true,

I'm leaving here at three and soon I'll be, In Ala-bam-a, dear, with you. And then no

more I'll roam but stay at home, In Ala-bam-a, dear, with you! I'm you!