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Take Me To My Alabam' 
(Come Back, They're Calling You)

Words by 
WILL DILLON

Music by 
HARRY TOBIAS

I see the homestead 'way up on the hill, And my dear little moth-
I'm tired of cars and the noise of the town, And the face of a sky-

—er, who's there waiting still, — I picture visions of days gone by,
— that does nothing but frown. — I want to be where the bull-frogs croak.
When she sang me her sweet lullaby.
And the whip-poor-will sings in the oak.

Though I'm many miles away,
Oh, many's the time I hear

This seem to hear her say.
Message soft and clear.

REFRAIN
Come back, they're calling you,
Come where they'll welcome you,

Come back to old Alabama.
Where every 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 childhood,

Right there on mother's knee, Oh! what a memory, Take me to my

1. Al - a - bam!

2. bam!