Down Where The Big Bananas Grow.

Words by LOUIS WESLYN.

Music by TED. S. BARRON

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Down where the tropic rivers flow,
At times when I am feeling blue,
Kind of home-sick like and love-sick too,
I am heavy at heart and the
gulf of Mexico, where the pelican flies 'neath the

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bright blue skies,—And the mocking bird sings all day;

There's a
tear drops start,—And I'm way down in the mouth,

Oh, I

lit-tle gal who's as dear to me, As the co-coa-nut to the

wish I'd nev-er come a-way so far, And I want to get back where the

Chim-pan-zee, And her hap-py smile haunts me all the while, That I'm

home folks are. And I wish poor me once a-gain could be,— On a
wandering far a way; Tho' my tropical maid is of a boat that's sailing south. 'Neath the tropical moon I long to

dusky shade, For any fair skinned lady I would never trade; And when croon and spoon, And I will surely die if I don't get there soon; Where I'll

home I go with my old banjo, I will sing this serenade: live at case 'mid banana trees. And where ev'ry month is June:

CHORUS. Little slower.

"Down where the big bananas grow, And where it's summer all the
we will find a tree to shelter you and me,
Down where the big bananas grow.
And where it's summer all the time.