



Take me Home

COMPOSED BY

W. G. Bloomfield.

AND SUNG BY

EDWIN P. CHRISTY.

at
CHRISTY'S AMERICAN
OPERA HOUSE, N.Y.

Edwin P. Christy

25 Cents.

NEW YORK

Published by FIRTH, POND & CO. Franklin Square.

Pittsburgh H. KLEBER.

WAKELAM & UCHO. St. Louis.

Entered according to act of Congress, March 3, 1879, by Firth, Pond & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of N.Y.

TAKE ME HOME

Sung by CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

Composed by W. L. BLOOMFIELD.

ANDANTE MODERATA.

Take me home to the land where the
 Take me home to the place where I
 o - range trees grow To my cot in the e - ver - green shade, Where the
 first saw the light, To the sweet sunny south take me home; Where the

Entered according to Act of Congress 4D1858 by Firth Pond & Co in the Clerks office of the District Court of the South? Dis^t of New York.

flow'rs on the ri-ver's green margin may blow Their sweets on the bank where we
 mocking bird sung me to rest ev'-ry night, Ah! why was I tempted to

play'd..... The path to our cot-tage they say has grown green, And the
 roam?..... I think with re-gret of the dear home I left, Of the

place is quite lone-ly a--round,..... And I know that the forms and the
 kind hearts that shelter'd me then,..... Of the wife and the dear ones of

smiles that I've seen Now lie deep in the dark mos-sy ground,.....
 whom I'm be-reft, And I sigh for the old place a-gain,.....

colla parte.

ALLEGRETTO.

CHORUS.

AIR

TENOR

CONTER TENOR

BASS

PIANO

Take me home to the place where my little ones sleep, Poor Massa lies buried close

by, O'er the graves of the lov'd ones Im longing to weep, And among them to rest when I

by, O'er the graves of the lov'd ones Im longing to weep, And among them to rest when I

III

Take me home, let me see what is left that I knew,
 Can it be that the old house is gone?
 The dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few,
 And I must lament all alone.
 But yet I'll return to the place of my birth,
 Where my children have played by the door,
 When they pull'd the white blossoms to garnish the hearth,
 That will echo their footsteps no more.