OCT -2 1918
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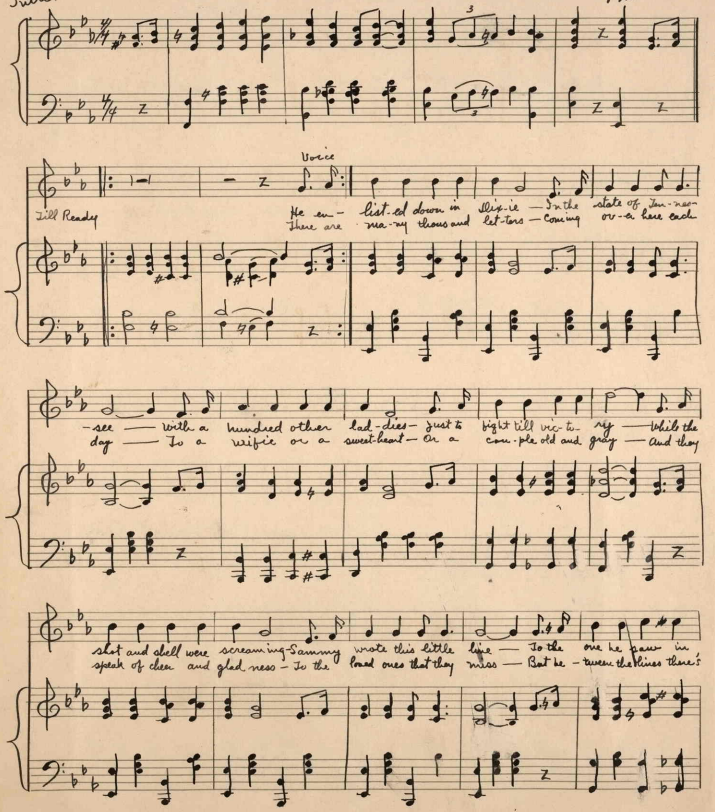
I Wish That I Was Back in Tennessee
By gee!

By Albert H. Morrison

Intro.



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Chorus

dreaming - to the girl he left be - hind — I wish that I could roam
sadness and they seem to tell you this —

— to the dear old folks at home — 'way down in sun my Ten - nes -

- see — By gee — I've got some ap - pe - tite — and Uncle

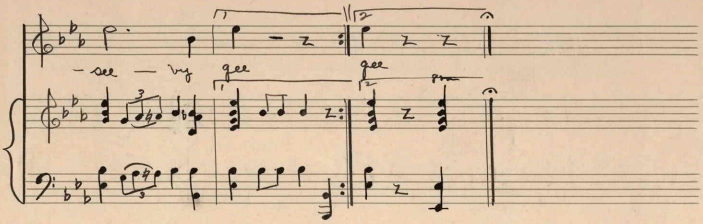
Sam - my feeds me right - But how I ache for that hoe cake they

used to bake for me and brother Jake — you bet we heard those cheers —

— for the Dixie Volunteers — They drove a- way our fears and

made us fight like Hell We'll drive the Germans way a- cross the Rhine and
I'll show the Prussians what a Dixie lad can

say dear gal I'm feeling fine
do when he is fighting mad But I wish that I was back in Ten- nes-


— see — ing
gee
gee