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1912

# Way Down In Maine

Elwood S Harris

*Composer*

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# WAY DOWN IN MAINE



WORDS AND MUSIC BY

ELWOOD S. HARRIS

# WAY DOWN IN MAINE.

Valse Moderato with feeling

*mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and melodic fragments in a 3/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with dotted rhythms.

How glad I am to see you Jack, It brings back days gone  
Once more I see my home, sweet home, I love way down in

*p*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the introduction.

by \_\_\_\_\_ Just to see some-one I used to know,  
Maine. \_\_\_\_\_ The whip-poor-wills they are sing - ing me

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some arpeggiated chords in the right hand.

*rit.*

It al-most makes me cry, My clothes are old and shab - by,  
A wel-come home a - gain, The door of home is open - ed,

But my heart is just the same, As it was when we were  
And I meet my poor old dad, From his eyes the tears are

chil - dren Jack, "Way down in Maine," I'm tired  
fall - ing Tell me why you feel so sad, Then not a

of this cit - y life, no more I care to roam. The  
word was spo - ken as he led me in to see. That

nights are long and drear - y when, I think of them at  
 dear old faith - ful moth - er who had wait - ed long for

home \_\_\_\_\_ And of my dear old moth - er who has  
 me \_\_\_\_\_ That moth - er's face I'll ne'er for - get as she

wait - ed long in vain, \_\_\_\_\_ To wel - come home the  
 lay there on the bed \_\_\_\_\_ Too late, to make her

boy she loves "Way down in Maine."  
 hap - py now, That moth - er dear is dead.

CHORUS *lightly*

I'll just sur-prise the old folks Jack, Way down in Maine—

*p*

I'll see my dear old moth - er and shake hands with dad a - gain, —

How glad they'll be to see me and with o - pen arms they'll greet me There's a

*marcato*

wel - come for their wan - d'ring boy to - night, Way down in Maine. —