

1928

When the Robert E. Lee Arrives in Old Tennessee  
(All the Way from Gay Paree) / music by Paul  
Cunningham; words by J. Keirn Brennan

Paul Cunningham

J. Keirn Brennan

M. Witmark and Sons (New York)

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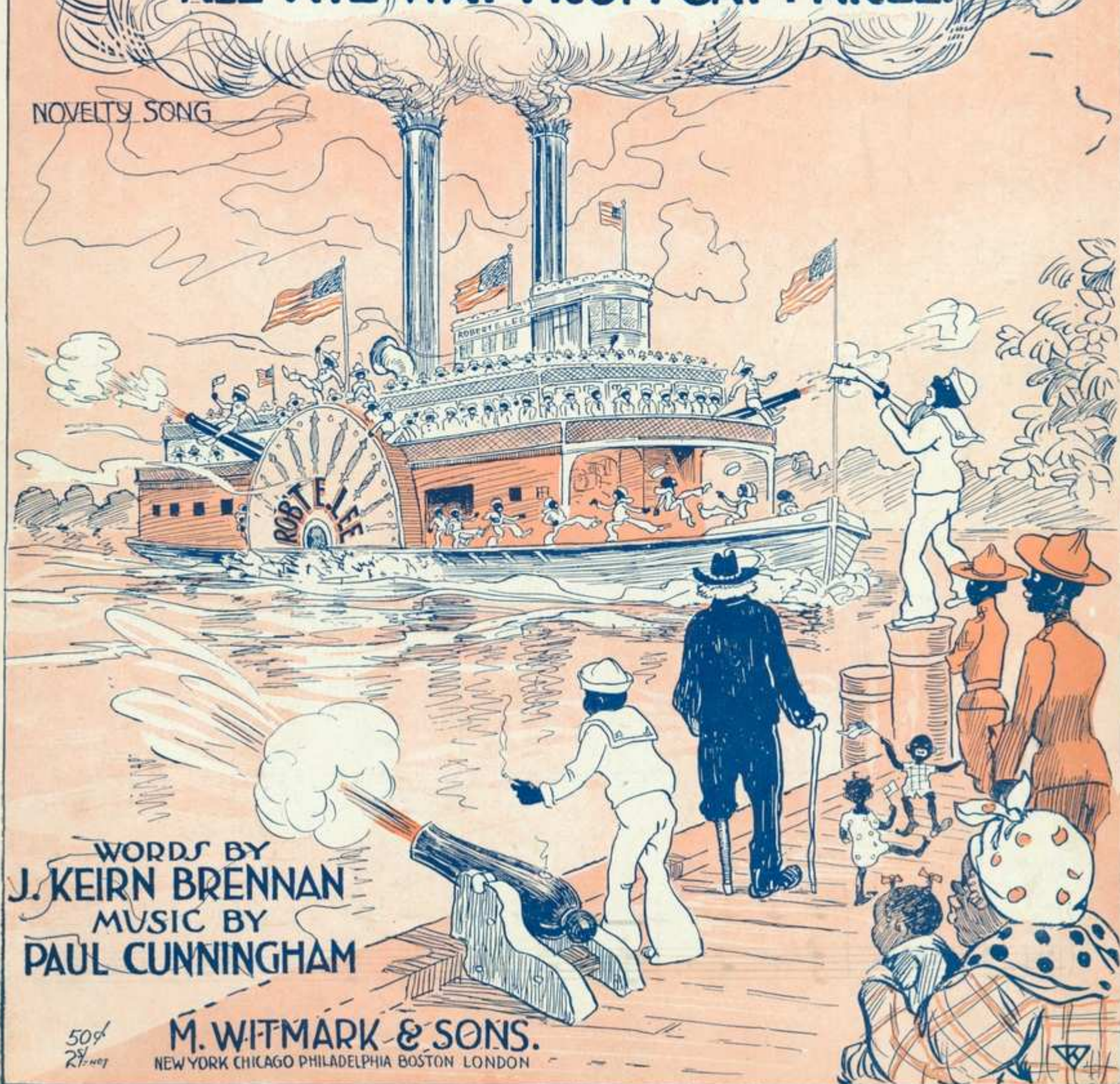
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#### Recommended Citation

Cunningham, Paul; Brennan, J. Keirn; and M. Witmark and Sons (New York), "When the Robert E. Lee Arrives in Old Tennessee (All the Way from Gay Paree) / music by Paul Cunningham; words by J. Keirn Brennan" (1928). *Sheet Music, 1920-1929*. 98.  
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# WHEN THE ROBERT E. LEE ARRIVES IN OLD TENNESSEE ALL THE WAY FROM GAY PAREE.

NOVELTY SONG



WORDS BY  
J. KEIRN BRENNAN  
MUSIC BY  
PAUL CUNNINGHAM

50¢  
27-1007

M. WITMARK & SONS.  
NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON LONDON

# When The Robert E. Lee Arrives In Old Tennessee, All The Way From Gay Paree

Words by  
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by  
PAUL CUNNINGHAM

Brightly (*Not too fast*)

You re - mem - ber how the Rob - ert E. Lee, —  
Wait un - til we hear that old whis - tle blow, —

*Vamp*

Used to be the ship that sailed the Miss - is - sip - pi; Last Sep - tem - ber she left  
Then we'll go a rush - ing down a - round the le - vee; To each Dix - ie dark - ey

Old Ten - nes - see, — She's a trans - port sail - ing the sea. — Tho' she's  
we used to know, — What a wel - come we're goin' to show! — You'll see

car - ried o - ver thou - sands of men, — She'll bring them back home a - gain, and then!  
ev - 'ry - bod - y danc - ing with joy, — Wait till they yell — "Ship A - hoy!" Oh, boy!

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REFRAIN

When the Rob-ert E. Lee ar-rives in Old Ten-nes-see, There's goin' to be some ju-bi-

lee; You'll see gray-haired Mam-my Jin-nys, Wait-ing

for their sol-dier pic-ca-nin-nies. And when each dusk-y Yank, Stops on that old riv-er bank,

Oh, how hap-py we'll be! There'll be dark-ies par-ley-voov-ing all a-bout the

war, There'll be chick-en stew-ing like they nev-er had be-fore, When the Rob-ert E. Lee ar-rives in t

Old Ten-nes-see, All the way from Gay Pa-reel. When the reel

★  
**Food**  
 WILL  
 WIN  
 THE  
 WAR.  
 Don't  
 waste  
 it.  
 ★

A Song, - Full of Sunshine and Love

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Lyric by  
EDNA STANTON WHALEY

Music by  
F. H. BISHOP

Moderately slow

*pp*

When the sky in the East flames crim-son and gold In the light of the morn-ing sun, — When in

*p*

clear lilt-ing voice sweet song birds re-joice, Bid-ding wel-come to day just be-gun: — Then I

*poco cresc.*

*f*

*p*

pass on my way to the la-bor of day, And your smile as we part thrills me through, — For it

*Tenderly*

*and with much expression*

short-ens the day till the light fades a-way, And eve-ning brings rest and you, — — And

*colla voce*

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 CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON PARIS

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 Solo, 60 cents; Duet, 75 cents; Octavo, 15 cents each net, postpaid