

Sadie Ray.

Words by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL

Music by J. TANNENBAUM.

S VOICE.

GUITAR.

1. Near a cool and sha - dy wood - land, Where the rip - pling stream - lets
2. When at eve the gold - en sun - set, Ush - ered in the moon and
3. In my dreams I see her smil - ing, Far a - bove the clear blue

cres. *dim.*

flow, Dwelt a maid - en, kind and love - ly, But 'twas in the long a - go. Oft I
stars, Arm in arm we walked to - geth - er. To the gate of chest - nut bars. Here we
sky, She is kneel - ing to the an - gels, Who in groups are stand - ing by. Then a

cres.

kissed her and ca - ressed her, As we danced the hours a - way, Oft I told her that I
talked of fu - ture pleas - ures, Here I named our wed - ding day, But a - las, 'tis long in
- gain, I hear her call - ing, "Come, my dar - ling, come, I say, There is room here for ar -



Sadie Ray. Concluded.

CHORUS.

rit. loved her- But she's dead, my Sa - die Ray.
 com - ing, For she's dead, my Sa - die Ray.
 -oth - er, Come and kiss your Sa - die Ray.

mf cres. Oft I kissed her and ca-ressed her.

f As we danc'd the hours a-way, *p cres.* Oft I told her that I loved her, *f* But she's dead, my Sadie Ray.

Home Sweet Home.

Andante.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
 2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain, Oh!

Home Sweet Home. Concluded.

ev - - er so hum - - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
give me my low - - ly thatch'd cot - - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that

hal - - low us there, Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else - where.
came at my call, Give me these with the peace of mind, dear - er than all.

Espress. Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! *Largo.* There's no place like home!