Mah Pretty Chloe From Tennessee.

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Words by
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Music by
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Moderato con moto.

Picking cotton over yonder From this spot I just can see Mid blossoms
I've no use for anything so, all I do is talk and sing About mah

snowy, Mah pretty Chloe. Don't go making any blander In the
Chloe, Mah pretty Chloe. And a hundred bumble bees Seems to

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state of Ten-nes-see No girls like Chlo-e, Mah pret-ty Chlo-e. There
flut-ter with their wings A sound like Chlo-e, Mah pret-ty Chlo-e. The

ain't no doubt but what she knows I love her, As of-ten as there're stars I've told her
hum-mingbirds all en- vy me her kiss-es, The hon-ey-suc-kle blooms not half so

so; When the eve-ning horns are blow-ing And the sweet;

When the eve-ning dews are fall-ing That's the

pick-ers home are go-ing I'm with Chlo-e, Mah pret-ty Chlo-e.
time I goes a-call-ing On mah Chlo-e, Mah pret-ty Chlo-e.

Mah Pretty Chloe 7191-8
CHORUS.

Chlo-e, Chlo-e, Here I stand repeating

Long-ing for the meet-ing, Chlo-e, Chlo-e, Ma love is like the riv-er,

Flow-ing on for-ev-er. And I will say un-til the day When

I am laid a-way, I love mah Chlo-e, From Ten-nes-see.