Oh! Promise Me
That You'll Come Back To Alabam'.

Words by
EDGAR LÉSLIE.

Moderato.

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER.

Take a look at me,
I don't give a hang,

Lone-some as can be,
For your ci-ty gang,

Lone-some for the land of southern
Down in Al-a-bam-a there's a
hospitality,
little old "she-bang,"
Home of my sweet-ie sweet,
It's called a village store,

That's where I'll soon retreat;
Don't think I'm a crank,
The Rubes hang 'round the door;
Every night at eight,

I've got you to thank,
Business here was great and I put money in the bank;
Lovers con-gregate,
Drinking ice cream soda is the way they dis-sa-pate;

Still my heart's far away,
Seems I hear my honey say,
That's why I long to be,
Where my hon-ey said to me.
Chorus.

Oh, promise me that you'll come back to Al-a-bam', honey lamb;

Come back where the cornfields and the cot-ton am, honey lamb;

Don't let pros- per-i- ty, Keep you a-way from me,

All I want from you is a kiss or two, I don't want lux-u-ry, Oh.

Oh Promise Me
promise me you'll meet me by the mel-on vine, honey mine; Meet me where we

used to let our hearts en-twine, honey mine; Why don't you end my wor-ry.

Just pack your things and hur-ry, Back to old Al-a-bam-a and

me. Oh, me.