

Down De Road

Raymond Klages

Anton Dvorák

Very Slow

Down De Road, Down De Road, on my way to home. Tired and blue, wear - y too,
Down De Road, Down De Road, dere's a rest-in' place. When I'm dere, I'll greet care,

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Down De Road, Down De Road, dere's a rest-in' place. When I'm dere, I'll greet care,

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Neb - er more to roam. Friends od old, hearts of gold, fill my mem - o - ry.
Wid a smil - in' face. Skies of grey, pass a - way, wid each wear - y mile.

Neb - er more to roam. Hearts of gold fill my mem - o - ry.
Wid a smil - in' face. Trou - bles pass wid each wear - y mile.

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No more tears, Hap - py years, wait - in' dere for me. Down De Road, Down De Road,
Home - ward bent, feel con - tent, hap - py all the while. Down De Road, round de bend

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gen - tle voic - es call. And I guess, hap - pi - ness calls me, Down De Road.
all my trou - bles end. For I'll find, peace of mind, wait - in' Down De Road.

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