

W. Haley

WHEN THE BLACK SHEEP RETURNS TO THE FOLD



by
IRVING BERLIN
Successfully Introduced
by **BELLE BAKER**



Respectfully Dedicated to my Pal, Wilson Mizner.

When The Black Sheep Returns To The Fold.

By IRVING BERLIN.

Valse Moderato.

f *rall.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and melodic lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Valse Moderato' and the dynamics range from *f* (forte) to *rall.* (rallentando).

p

When the rob-in re - turns to it's nest, — Af - ter stray - ing a - way from the rest, —
 When the smile of a fool starts to fade, — When he finds out the er - rors he made, —

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "When the rob-in re - turns to it's nest, — Af - ter stray - ing a - way from the rest, — When the smile of a fool starts to fade, — When he finds out the er - rors he made, —"

— There's a wel - come that waits From it's feath - er - y mates, A wel - come that can't be ex - pressed. —
 — Then the old fashioned truth That he heard in his youth Says, "Go home," but he is a - fraid. —

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "— There's a wel - come that waits From it's feath - er - y mates, A wel - come that can't be ex - pressed. — Then the old fashioned truth That he heard in his youth Says, "Go home," but he is a - fraid. —"

— So it is with the boy who de - ci - ded — From his fath - er and mother to roam. —
 — As he stands on the thresh - old of sor - row, — With the doors of the world closed up tight, —

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "— So it is with the boy who de - ci - ded — From his fath - er and mother to roam. — As he stands on the thresh - old of sor - row, — With the doors of the world closed up tight, —"

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Through his travels he may be mis-guided, But when finally the black sheep comes home.
 He compares yester-day with to-mor-row And de-cides that he'll go home that night.

Chorus.

Ev-ery thing that he did is for-got-ten, And they wel-come him back to the fold,

He knows by their sad wrinkled fa-ces, That the pain of his ab-sence has told, Once a-

gain they all sit 'round the ta-ble As they did in the days of old; And they'll weep tears of

joy, As they whisper "My Boy," When the black sheep returns to the fold. Ev-ery fold.

Way Down In Iowa I'm Going To Hide Away.

Lyric by
SAM M. LEWIS & JOE YOUNG.

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER.

Chorus.

I'm gon - na hide a - way, on a lit - tle farm in I - o - wa; I'm gon - na
ride a - way, on the road that leads to yes - ter - day. Why, I can al - most pic - ture
dear old mother, Sprinkling sug - ar on my bread and butter, Way down in that town in I - o - wa.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "I'm gon - na hide a - way, on a lit - tle farm in I - o - wa; I'm gon - na ride a - way, on the road that leads to yes - ter - day. Why, I can al - most pic - ture dear old mother, Sprinkling sug - ar on my bread and butter, Way down in that town in I - o - wa."

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