

THE CITY BY THE DEAR OLD GENESEE

Margaret Shanks

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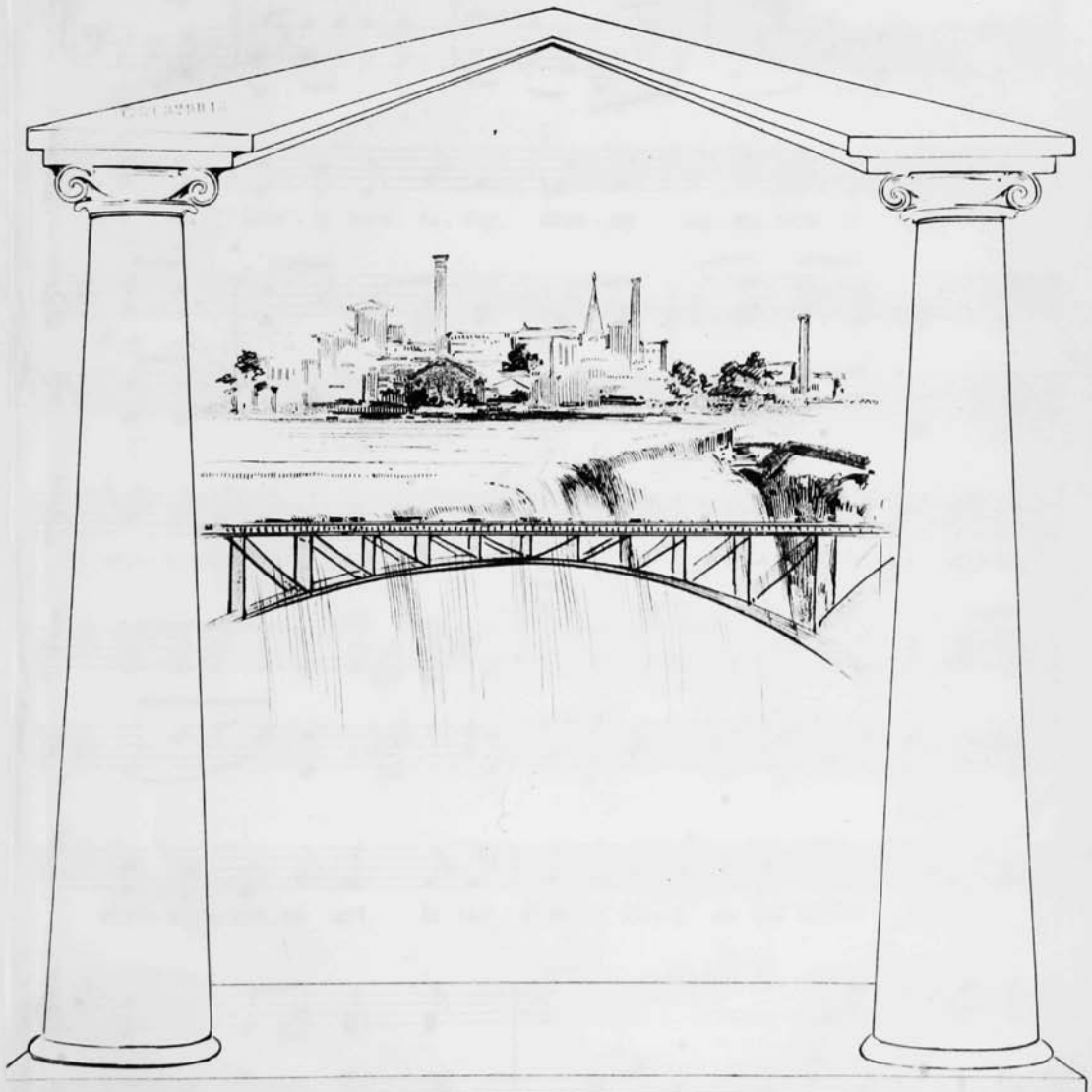
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# THE CITY BY THE DEAR OLD GENESEE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
MARGARET SHANKS



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# The City By The Dear Old Genesee


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Moderato



*mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.



1. I am lone ly here to day, since my lad - die went a way, To

*p*

The first vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of quarter notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The key signature is one flat and the time signature is 2/4.



serve his coun - try's flag and keep it free. — Still I know he can't for - get, those sweet

The second vocal line continues the melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment of quarter notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The key signature is one flat and the time signature is 2/4.



words when last we met. In the Flow - er Cit y on the Gen - e see. —

The final vocal line concludes the piece with lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a final cadence with a fermata over the final chord. The key signature is one flat and the time signature is 2/4.

## CHORUS

In the cit y by the dear old Gen e see, \_\_\_\_\_ It's

*colla voce*

there in mem'- ry ev er he would be. \_\_\_\_\_ And he'll

win re nown I know, Just be cause he loves me so, In the

Flow er Cit - y on the Gen e see. \_\_\_\_\_

*D.C. Introduction*

2. Our parks are dreams of beau-ty, Shrubs and flow-ers gail-y spring, There  
 3. I am send-ing him a let-ter, Post marked Roch-est-er you see, To

• nev-er was a fair-er place for hap-py birds to sing. There we  
 keep his heart from long-ing for the joy that used to be. And I'll

wand-ered in the gloam-ing, when the moon was shin-ing bright, And her  
 pray-er'll be re-tur-n-ing when our flag shall set him free, Nev-er-

silv'-ry beams are fall-ing on the Gen-e-see to night.  
 more our lives to sev-er from the dear old Gen-e-see.

*ritard* *a tempo*



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