

## Way Down Yonder In New Orleans ( 1 )

Light 4/4 ♩ = 152

Orig. in G. Commonly played in F. Cotton Pickers, in Ab,  
has all partsBix & Tram, 1927;  
Cotton Pickers '22;  
c. Creamer-Layton, 1922

## Chorus

Chorus musical notation in F major, 4/4 time. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: C7, C9, Am7, F, C7, Cdim7, Gm6, C+, F, C7, C9, Am7, F7 [Break (opt.) -----], Bb6, F+, Bb6, G7 [Break (opt.) -----], C7, Cdim, C7, F, Dm, F, Db7, F, C7, C9, F.

## Verse

Verse musical notation in F major, 4/4 time. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: F, F#dim, C7/G, C7, C7/G, C7, F, Am/E, Dm, A7/C#, A7, A7/E, A7, Dm, F, Bb, F/A, G7, C7, F/A, Bb, D7, G, A7/E, Am7, D7.

Routine: C V C, solos, Patter, Chorus 1-2 X

Breaks: 1. all choruses, or 2. in &amp; out choruses only.

**Patter** (Tango rhythm)

**To Chorus**

## Verse 1.

|Guess!!! where do you think I'm goin' when the winds start blowin' strong?!!!

|Guess!!! where do you think I'm goin' when the nights start growin' long?!!!  
Ain't goin' East, I ain't goin' West, I ain't goin' over the cuckoo's nest. I'm  
Bound for the town that I love best, where life is one sweet song.//|

## Verse 2.

|Guess!!! what do you think I'm thinkin' when you think I'm thinkin' wrong?!!

|Guess!!! what do you think I'm thinkin' when I'm thinkin' all night long?!!| I  
Ain't thinkin' this, I ain't thinking that, I cannot be thinkin' a- bout your hat.

My

Heart does not start to pit-a-pat un- less I hear this song.//|

Chorus:

Way down yonder in New Orleans, / |in the land of dreamy scenes./

| There's a garden of E-/den,/ | that's what I mean.///

\*\*Creole babies with flashing eyes,/ |softly whisper with tender sighs/

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Stop!| oh won't you give your lady fair./ a little smile.///

Stop!| you bet your life you'll linger there/ a little while.///

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There is heaven right here on earth,| with those beautiful queens.///

Way down yonder in New/ Or-/ leans./// /|||

Patter:

Orange blossoms' sweet aroma, and the strains of La Paloma

| seem to throw me in- to a coma |when the shadows play.// A-

Gain I see a peacherino /dance the you know what I mean-o.

| She could shake a mean tanbourino, so I hear the folks say./ But when

these