

# When the Bloom is on the Sage (NWFL)

Music & Lyrics by Fred Howard & Nat Vincent, 1930

F C7 F  
 For most people there's a spot that lives forever,  
 C7 F F7  
 Deep within their fondest memories.  
 Bb Bbm6 F  
 Tho' I have been a rover I have never  
 G7 C7 (C+)  
 Seen anyplace that I would rather be

F C7  
 When it's roundup time in Texas and the bloom is on the sage  
 Gm C7 F  
 How I long to be in Texas just a ridin' on the range  
 A7 Dm A7 Dm  
 I can smell the bacon frying, hear it sizzlin' in the pan,  
 G7 C7 (C+)  
 Hear the breakfast horn in the early morn drinkin' coffee from a can.

F C7  
 Just a ridin', rockin', ropin', poundin' leather all day long,  
 Gm C7 A7  
 Just a swayin', sweatin', swearin', listenin' to a cowhand song.  
 D7 G7  
 How it beckons an' I reckon, I would work for any wage,  
 F Bb C7 F  
 To be free again, just to be again where the bloom is on the sage.

(Repeat previous 2 verses - strumming only for instrument solo)

F C7  
 When it's roundup time in Texas and the bloom is on the sage  
 Gm C7 F  
 How I long to be in Texas just a ridin' on the range  
 A7 Dm A7 Dm  
 Those purple hills are calling, calling from afar,  
 G7 C7 (C+)  
 I'm back again to the Rio Grande and the lonely Texas star.

F C7  
 How I'm longing to be living where the prairie flowers grow,  
 Gm C7 A7  
 I'd be willing to start walking to the place that I love so.  
 D7 G7  
 How it beckons an' I reckon, I would work for any wage,  
 F Bb C7 F  
 To be free again, just to be again where the bloom is on the sage.

(Repeat last line, double-time retard on C7 to end) (F-Bb-F-C7-F)

Soprano Baritone

