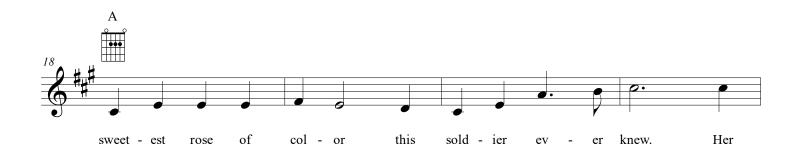
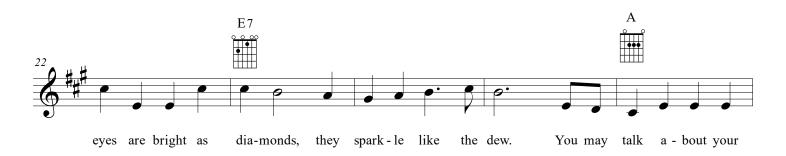


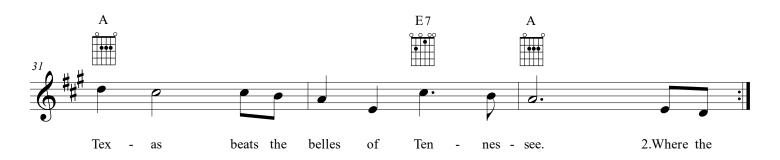
Oh, now I'm goin' out to find her, my heart is full of woe;
 We'll sing the song together we sang so long ago.
 We'll play the banjo gaily and sing the songs of yore,
 And the yellow rose of Texas will be mine for-ever-more.











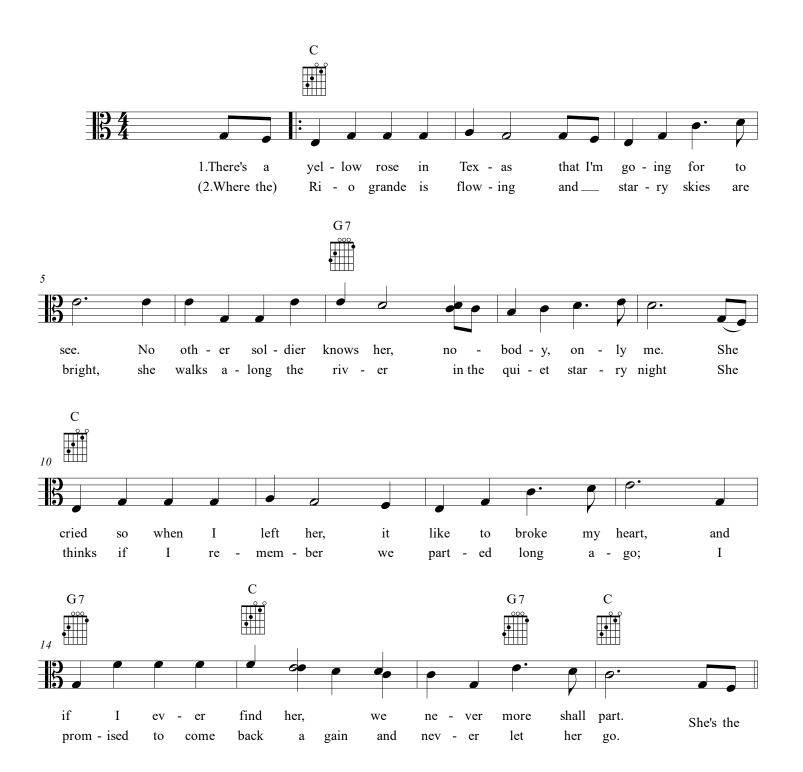
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3. Oh, now I'm goin' out to find her, my heart is full of woe; We'll sing the song together we sang so long ago.

We'll play the banjo gaily and sing the songs of yore,
And the yellow rose of Texas will be mine for-ever-more.





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