

OLD CAPE COD

**If you're fond of sand dunes and salt-y air,
Quaint lit-tle vil-lag-es here and there,
You're sure to fall in love with old Cape Cod.**

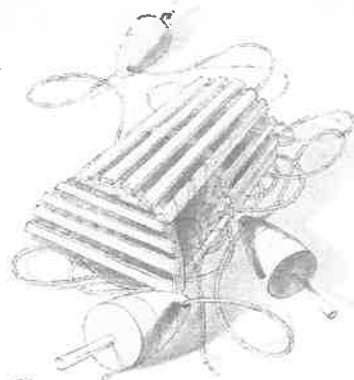
**If you like the taste of a lob-ster stew,
Served by a win-dow with an o-cean view,
You're sure to fall in love with Old Cape Cod.**

**Wind-ing roads that seem to beck-on you,
Miles of green be-neath the skies of blue;
Church bells chim-ing on a Sun-day morn
Re-mind you of the town where you were born.**

**If you spend an eve-ning, you'll want to stay,
Watch-ing the moon-light on Cape Cod Bay;
You're sure to fall in love with Old Cape Cod.**

Old Cape Cod

It's a continuing wonder that Cape Cod, that "bared and bended arm of Massachusetts," in Henry Thoreau's words, can mean so many different things to those who know it from generation to generation. Retreat and tourist center, sandbar and sanctuary, it can fire the imagination and spirit as can few other North American seacoast sites. "If you're fond of sand dunes and salty air," says this 1956 hit, a milestone in the career of singer Patti Page, "you're sure to fall in love with Old Cape Cod." It's as true as it ever was, as thousands of visitors crossing Cape Cod Canal every summer will happily attest.



Words and Music by Claire Rothrock, Milt Yakus and Allan Jeffrey

Slowly, with expression

F Cm7 F9 Bb

8fr. 8fr. 6fr.

If you're fond of sand dunes and salt - y air, — Quaint lit - tle vil - lag - es

Bbm6 Eb9 E F D7 G9

6fr. 6fr. 3fr.

here and there, — You're sure to fall in love with Old Cape

R.H.

Gm7/C



C7+5



F



Cod.

If you like the taste of a

Cm7



8fr.

F9



8fr.

Bb



6fr.

Bbm6



6fr.

Eb9



6fr.

E



6fr.

lob - ster stew, —

Served by a win-dow with an

o - cean view, —

R.H.

F



D7



3fr.

G9



C7-9



F6



F13



You're sure to fall in love with Old Cape

Cod.

Bb



6fr.

C7/Bb



5fr.

Am7



5fr.

D7-9



4fr.

Gm7


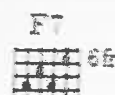



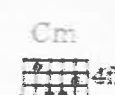



Gm7/C








Wind - ing roads that seem to beck - on you,

Miles of green be-neath the

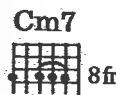
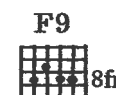

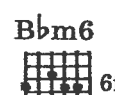










skies of blue; Church bells chim-ing on a Sun-day morn Re-

L.H.



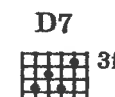









mind you of the town where you were born. If you spend an eve-ning, you'll

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L.H.

You're sure to fall in love with Old Cape Cod.

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