

MOTHER DIXIE AND YOU



By HOWARD JOHNSON AND JOS. H. SANTLY



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5

Mother, Dixie And You!

Words and Music by
HOWARD JOHNSON
and JOE SANTLY

Allegro moderato



Till Ready

Sweet - heart, I am writ - ing just a line, to say, —
Ev - 'ry time I gaze up - on this paint - ing rare, —



I — went to an ex - hi - bi - tion yes - ter - day, —
I — see man - y old - fa - mil - lar vis - ions fair, —

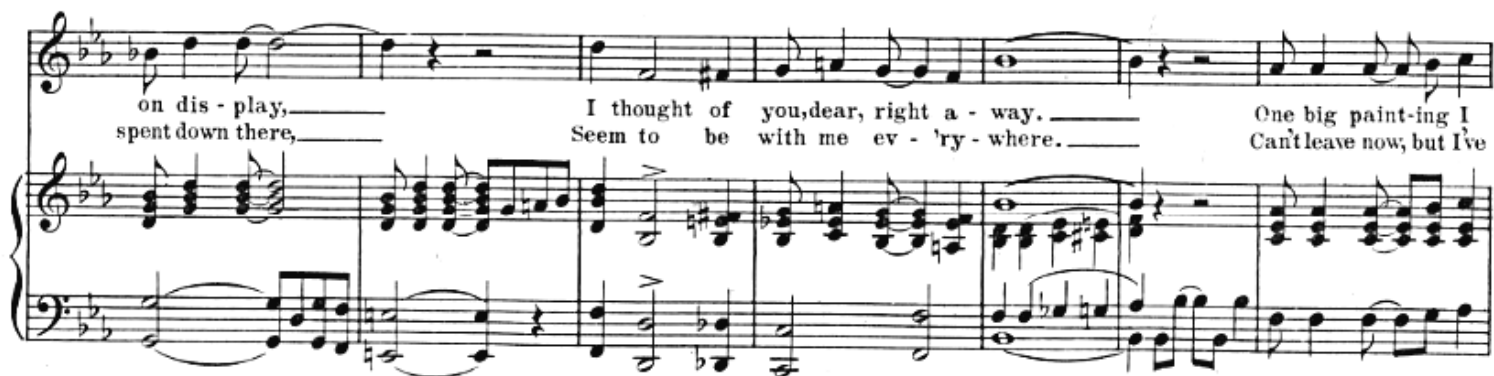
Where — they had a lot — of paint - ings
Mem - o - ries of hap - py days, I



on dis - play, —
spent down there, —

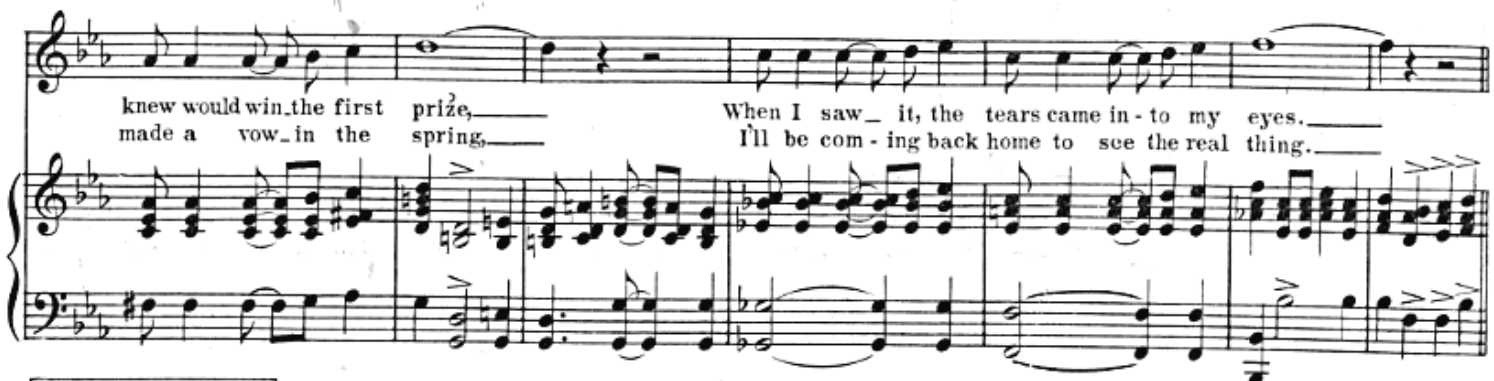
I thought of you, dear, right a - way. —
Seem to be with me ev - 'ry - where. —

One big paint - ing I
Can't leave now, but I've



knew would win the first prize, —
made a vow in the spring, —

When I saw — it, the tears came in - to my eyes. —
I'll be com - ing back home to see the real thing. —



This composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano

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Orchestra 25¢
Male Quartette 10¢

CHORUS *Slowly*
Espressione e Legato

Just a pic-ture of the Swan-ee shore, Where I spent my child-hood
Extra Chorus; Dix-ie gave us men like Rob-ert Lee, Men like old Jeff Da-vis

P-f

days, With Mam-my Jin-ney's young Pick-in-nin-ies, Just a scene a-round a cab-in door, Where
too And Stone-wall Jack-son, was there in ac-tion, Sher-man marched through Dix-ie to the sea, Were

I used to play ev-ry day, To pass the time a-way. Each re-col-lee-tion brings af-fec-tion, Fields of cot-ton make me
taught that they fought in the South to win our Lib-er-ty, In civ-il war time, Six-ty Four time, If these grand old he-roes

think of snow white hair, Skies mean your dear eyes of blue, Just three things I live for.
were a-live to-day, They would fight our bat-tles too They're the kind we sigh for

All my life I'll give for Moth-er, Dix-ie and you! you!
They would glad-ly die for Moth-er Dix-ie and you! you!

sf