

THE WHOLE WORLD COMES FROM DIXIE

(WHEN THEY PLAY THAT DIXIE TUNE)

WORDS BY
BALLARD MACDONALD
MUSIC BY
JAMES F. HANLEY



Published by
Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.

MUSIC
PUBLISHERS
224 West 47TH Street
New York

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Moderato

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f *Vamp* *p*

French-men lose their heads and rave a - bout the "Mar-seil - laise;" The "Wacht Am Rhine" drives
Theres a strange sen - sa - tion when the band be-gins to play, There's some-thing tug-ging

Ger-mans wild when some-one that strain plays, An I - rish man goes cra - zy to the "Wearing of the
at your heart that car-ries you a - way, You cross the Blue Ridge Mountains to the fields of Ten-nes-

Green," Ev'-ry - bo - dy gets that pa - tri - o - tic thrill, I mean, But there's a tune that's
see, Fan-cy seems to take you to that land you want to be, You jour - ney from At -

might-y hard to beat, Bound to bring the whole world to its feet:
lan-ta to the sea, Carried by that South-ern mel-o - dy:

CHORUS

Your pul-ses quick-en and you taste fried chick-en when the band plays, — That mel-o - dy so

p-f

sweet from Dix - ie - land, — "I wish I was in Dix-ie" is the feel - ing —

— That comes a steal - ing — And you want to start Vir - gin - ia reel - ing, Ban - jos ring - ing and the

dark-ies sing - ing in the corn - field, — You can see them danc - ing 'neath the moon, —

You want to grab a stran - ger by the hand, — Hol - ler "Do you hail from Dix - ie - land?" For the

whole world comes from Dix - ie, When they play that Dix - ie tune. — You tune. —

1 2

fz