

Dixie's Favorite Son

A STRUTTIN' FOX TROT SONG

by
LEW BROWN and
ALBERT VON TILZER

"You can't go wrong
with any *FEIST* song!"



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Words by
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Music by
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Allegro Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro Moderato'. The piano part features a lively melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics: 'Here I am, How do do, I sal - aam, How are you? See this suit take a peep, Ain't I cute, I'm a sheik!'. The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The third system of the vocal melody continues with: 'That's what Ru - fus Ras - tus Brown said when he came in - to town When the gals know I'm a - round, I'll stop traf - fic in this town'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The fourth system of the vocal melody concludes with: 'Here I come, where's the band I thought was gon - na greet me? I Just came in for the day and soon I must be leav - ing. When'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

Here I am, How do do, I sal - aam, How are you?
See this suit take a peep, Ain't I cute, I'm a sheik!

That's what Ru - fus Ras - tus Brown said when he came in - to town
When the gals know I'm a - round, I'll stop traf - fic in this town

Here I come, where's the band I thought was gon - na greet me? I
Just came in for the day and soon I must be leav - ing. When

just got in from Ten - ne - see_ Where ev - 'ry - bod - y knows me
I stay 'way from Ten - ne - see_ They start a - cry - in' for me

CHORUS

'Cause I'm the one and on - ly one and I am Dix-ie's fa - vor - ite son, and

when I put on my glad rags_ It's just like wav - ing the A - mer - i - can flag. You've

heard them shout and rave a - bout_ Dap - per Dan_ and Lov - in' Sam, But

where that trash, could just get Hash_ I could get my - self a lot of

chick-en and ham— and when I'm com - ing down the street— you ought to

see me strutt-in' my feet,— I can hang my hat— in an - y flat— and

get my - self a lot of lov - in' just like that,— I'm just ain't a no great big
There ain't no great gal that

Gun-ga - din,— They all walk out when I walk in— Here I come the one and
I have missed— And when I kiss them they stay kissed—

on - ly one— Dix-ie's fa - vor - ite son. 'Cause I'm the son.