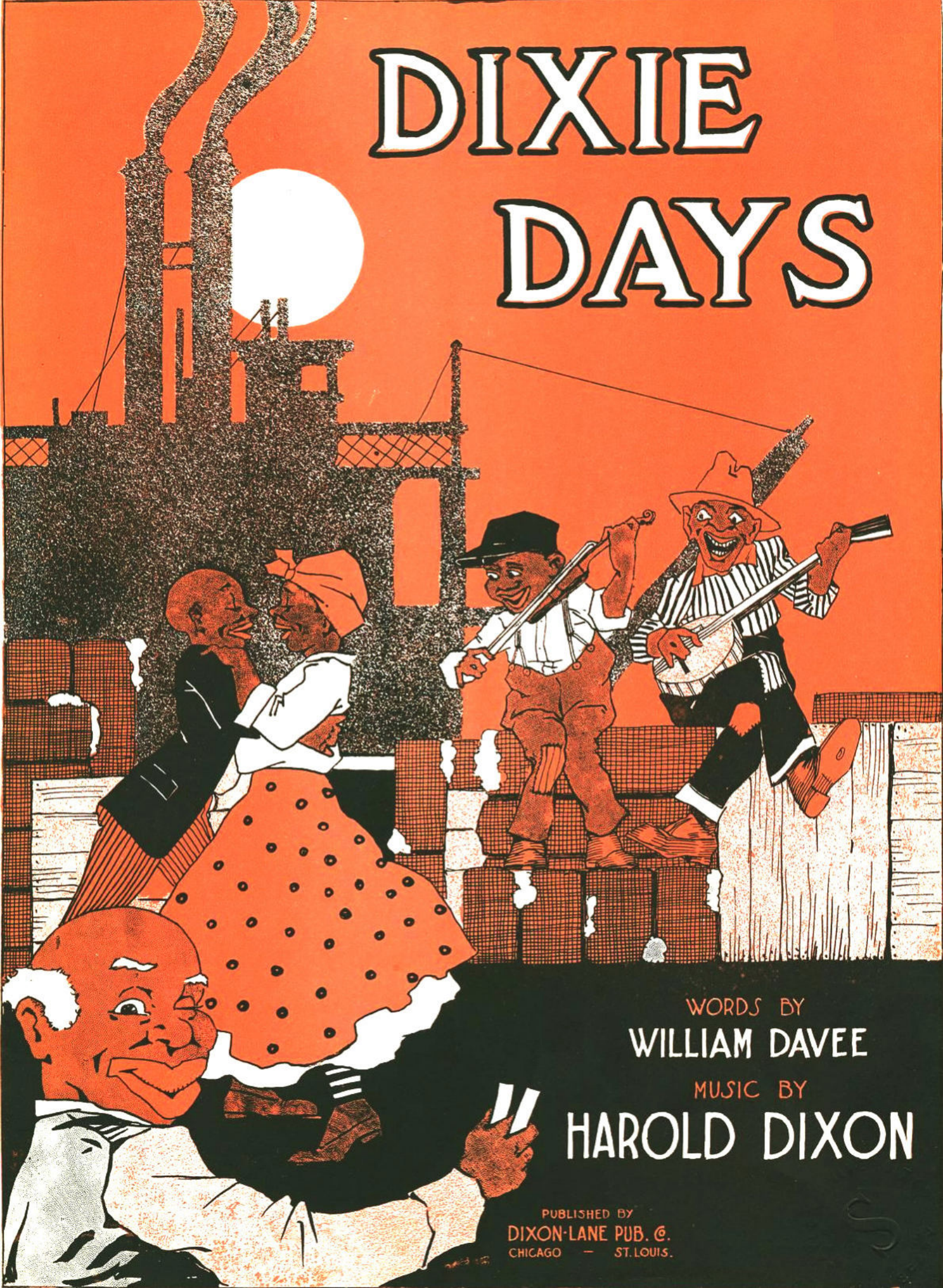


DIXIE DAYS



WORDS BY
WILLIAM DAVEE

MUSIC BY
HAROLD DIXON

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Dixie Days

("High-ball days")

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INTRO. Moderato

The introduction is a piano piece in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both with eighth-note patterns. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

VAMP

Voice- Moderato

The vamp section consists of a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'I've been dreaming I've been dreaming of the days gone'.

The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'by, And I wish that I was back home down in the'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'marcato' section with a more pronounced eighth-note pattern.

The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'land of cotton someone's wait-ing there for me. Sis-ter bro-ther'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'dear old moth-er, Can't for-get old dad, Folks were'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.

hap - py, time were snap - py best I ev - er had,

CHORUS (2nd. Chorus for comedy version.)

1. Dix ie days bring back those Dix - ie days —
2. High-ball days bring back those high-ball days —

p-f
marcato

Good old days Fields of grain I want to roam a - gain,
Good old days Rock and Rye You make me want to cry,

Once a - gain I was born in Vir - gin - ia, That's the place
Want to die There's a cer - tain young fell - er, I've been down

that will win ya, I'm go-ing I'm go-ing you tell the
in his cel - lar, He's got it! He's got it! you tell the

world I'm go - ing on a Farm, Far far a - way from harm
 world he's got it, Sod-y pop I feel just like a sop

marcato

That's my charm, Cit-y life has been in
 Like a mop, Dear Old Crow I miss you

vain Its been a strain, I'm tired of all your Cab-a - rets
 now I miss you Wow! Wow! Wow! I'm tired of all your near beer fakes

I'm tired of all your great white ways So wont you bring back Oh let me
 I'm tired of all your malt milk shakes So wont you bring back Oh let me

bring back those dear old Dix-ie days. days.
 bring back those dear old High-ball days. days.

1 2

fz