

# THEY CALLED IT THE DIXIE BLUES



by  
JACK STROUSE

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Words and Music by  
JACK STROUSE

**Piano**

*Moderato*

*Vamp*

Rag-time Joe with his old ban-jo, Want-ed to com-pose, Sent for Sloan and his  
Rag-time Joe said now lis-ten, Moe, Let's sail o'er the sea. We'll look 'round and we

sax-o-phone Said "list-en to—me, Mose;— We'll write a song a-bout the south,  
may jot down a for-ign mel-o-dy?— They went to Bel-gium, Eng-land, France,

And be-fore we're through— We'll steal those south-ern mel-o-dies— Like all the com-pos-ers  
Searched to beat the band.— They could-n't find tunes that com-pared With those down in Dix-ie-

do!— And it was-n't ver-y long— Be-fore they had a south-ern song.—  
-land.— Then they said "I guess we'll stop— There's noth-ing here for us to cop!—

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## Chorus

They took a lit - tle bit of Old Black Joe To start off their re - frain,—Kept strum-min', kept  
 strum-min',— that old fa - mil - iar strain—And they took — a lit - tle bit of Swa - nee  
 Riv - er—And looked a - round — Un - til they found Mas - sa's in the cold, cold, ground, And then they  
 took four bars of My Old Ken - tuck - y Home, Those south - ern tunes they tried hard to con - fuse—They could - n't  
 lose. A - way down south in the land of cot - ton There was noth - ing they'd for - got - ten When  
 it was done and rolled in - to one they called it the Dix - ie Blues. They took a Blues.

*p* *f*

2