

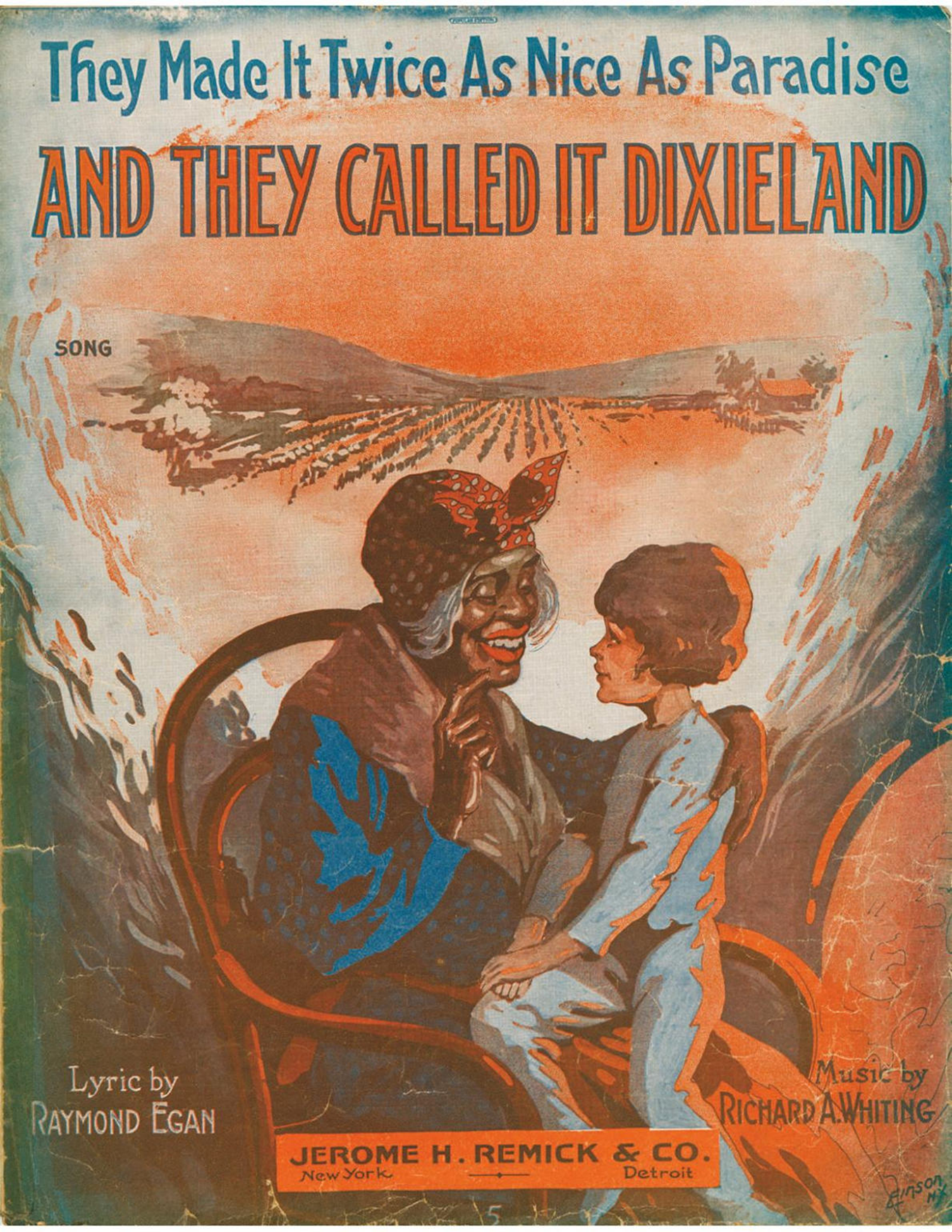
They Made It Twice As Nice As Paradise AND THEY CALLED IT DIXIELAND

SONG

Lyric by
RAYMOND EGAN

Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING

JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
New York ————— Detroit



They Made It Twice As Nice As Paradise And They Called It Dixieland

Lyric by
RAYMOND EGAN

SONG

Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

f *mf* *Vamp*

I used to
My dear old

have a dear old Mam-my In the days of old Black Joe. — She used to cud - dle me up -
Mam-my nev - er told me Where she learn'd this mys - ter - y, — And if I seem'd sur - pris'd she'd

on her knee And tell me tales of long a - go. — She said the an - gels built old Dix - ie, And I
look so wise And say "Ma chile, that's his - to - ry!" — But she liv'd so long in Dix - ie, She was

know that's not a fib, — For to me it looks like heav - en And I'll tell you what the an - gels did. —
old e - nough to know, — And I think she might have been there When the land was built, so long a - go. —

CHORUS

They built a lit - tle gar - den for the rose — And they called it Dix - ie - land, — They built a

Copyright MCMXVI by JEROME H. REMICK & Co., New York & Detroit

Copyright, Canada, MCMXVI by Jerome H. Remick & Co.

Propiedad para la Republica Mexicana de Jerome H. Remick & Co. New York y Detroit. Depositada conforme a la ley
Performing rights Reserved

sum-mer breeze to keep the snows Far a - way from Dix-ie - land, — They built the fin-est place I've

known — When they built my home sweet home, — Noth-ing was for-got - ten in the land of cot - ton, From the

clo-ver to the hon-ey - comb. — And then they took an an-gel from the skies And they gave her heart to

me. — She had a bit of heav-en in her eyes, Just as blue as blue can be; — They put some

fine spring chick-ens in the land And taught my Mam-my how to use a fry-ing pan, They made it

twice as nice as Par-a - dise, And they called it Dix-ie - land. They built a land.

And They Called It Dixieland. 2