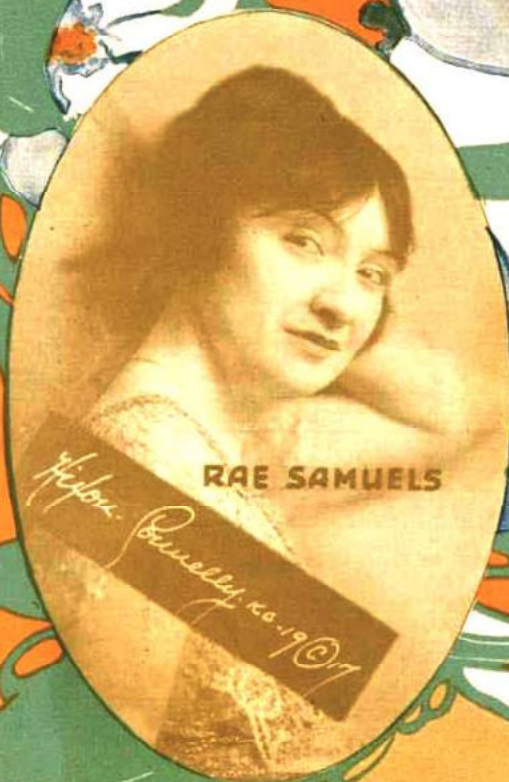


SOUTHERN GALS

Song



RAE SAMUELS

LYRIC BY
JACK YELLEN
MUSIC BY
ALBERT GUMBLE

5

DETROIT JEROME H. REMICK & CO. NEW YORK

SOUTHERN GALS

Lyric by
JACK YELLEN

SONG

Music by
ALBERT GUMBLE

PIANO *Moderato*

VOICE

I've just come back from the South to - day_ And there is one thing I'd like to say_

I kind of wish I'd have stay'd down there It's not so much that I need the air_

Tho' I've been most ev-'ry-where_ I've nev-er seen such gals as they have down there_

But it's true and plain to see_ Those lit-tle south-ern gals made a hit with me_

It seems that each lit-tle peach you see_ Is just as sweet as a peach can be_

And when I march to the wed-ding tune I've got a hunch I'll be march-ing soon_

Tho' I can't de-scribe them all to you_ Let me name you just a few_

When you see my bride you'll un-der-stand_ Why I'm stuck on Dix-ie-land_

CHORUS

There's Ma - ry down in Ma - ry-land_ She's might-y pret-ty And sweet Vir-

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gin-ia too_ She'll make a hit with you_ You'll go dip - py o - ver

Mis-sis - sip - pi And the gals named Ca - ro - line_ They're birds of a feath-er So they

flock to-ge-th - er And be - lieve me they're just fine Then there's Lu - cy An - na

with naughty eyes_ And a peach named Georgia who takes the prize

So if you get lone-some an - y time_ Come a - cross the Ma-son Dix-on Line_ And I'll

in - tro - duce you to those South - ern Gals. There's Gals. D.C.