

When A Peach In Georgia Weds A Rose From Alabam

Fox-Trot Novelty Song

By CLYDE HAGER
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Brightly (*Not too fast*)

Ev-ry-one's ex-cit-ed down in
Daf-fo-dils and hol-ly-hocks are

Vamp

Rose-land, A wed-ding there is caus-ing quite a row. The
cry-ing, The rea-son is they can-not get a-way. While

gold-en rod and pret-ty ap-ple blos-soms Are send-ing out the in-vi-ta-tions
all the oth-er flow-ers are pre-par-ing To cel-e-brate this hap-py wed-ding

now. For - get - me - nots and dain - ty wa - ter lil - ies Have
 day. Ge - ran - i - ums and smil - ing o - range blos - soms Have

made ar - range - ments for this swell af - fair. Each blos - som in the na - tion From
 or - dered out a spec - ial one horse shay. Each pan - sy on the hill - side Will

peach - bloom to car - na - tion Will come from Flow - er - town just to be there. —
 try to kiss the new bride And make the oth - ers jeal - ous on that day. —

REFRAIN *Brightly, but not too fast*

Ti - ny blue bells sweet - ly ring those wed - ding chimes, (ding dong)

p-f

Where the i - vy and the hon - ey - suc - kle twines, (All the time). Bach - lor but - tons

lose their heads Pro - pos - ing to the sleep - y dais - ies in their beds, Morn - ing glo - ries

nev - er close an eye, (I hope to die). Bull frog band, on li - ly pads, plays

spoon - y tunes (Croon - y tunes) Hon - ey bees are mak - ing peach - y jam (In Al - a -

- bam) And black - eyed Su - zans, too, Smile sweet - ly up at you, When a

peach way down in Georg - ia weds a rose from Al - a - bam.