

SM7436

Mother, Dixie And You!

Words and Music by
HOWARD JOHNSON
and JOE SANTLY

Allegro moderato

Sua

Till Ready

Sweet - heart, I am writ - ing just a line, to say,
Ev - 'ry time I gaze up - on this paint - ing rare,

I went to an ex - hi - bi - tion yes - ter - day,
I see man - y old - fa - mil - iar vis - ions fair,

Where - they had a lot - of paint - ings
Mem - o - ries of hap - py days, I

on dis - play,
spent down there,

I thought of you, dear, right a - way.
Seem to be with me ev - 'ry - where.

One big paint - ing I
Can't leave now, but I've

knew would win the first prize,
made a vow in the spring,

When I saw it, the tears came in - to my eyes.
I'll be com - ing back home to see the real thing.

This composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano

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CHORUS *Slowly*
Espressione e Legato

Just a pic-ture of the Swan-ee shore, Where I spent my child-hood
Extra Chorus; Dix- ie gave us men like Rob- ert Lee, Men like old Jeff Da- vis

p-f

days, With Mam-my Jin-ney's young Pick-in-nin-ies, Just a scene a-round a cab-in door, Where
 too And Stone-wall Jack-son, was there in ac-tion, Sher-man marched through Dix-ie to the sea, We're

I used to play ev-ry day, To pass the time a-way. Each re-col-lec-tion brings af-fec-tion, Fields of cot-ton make me
 taught that they fought in the South to win our Lib-er-ty, In civ-il war time, Six-ty Four time, If these grand old he-roes

think of snow white hair, Skies mean your dear eyes of blue, Just three things I live for,
 were a-live to-day, They would fight our bat-tles too They're the kind we sigh for

All my life I'll give for Moth-er, Dix-ie and you! you!
 They would glad-ly die for Moth-er Dix-ie and you! you!

sva
f

Don't Go
out
with
a
Song