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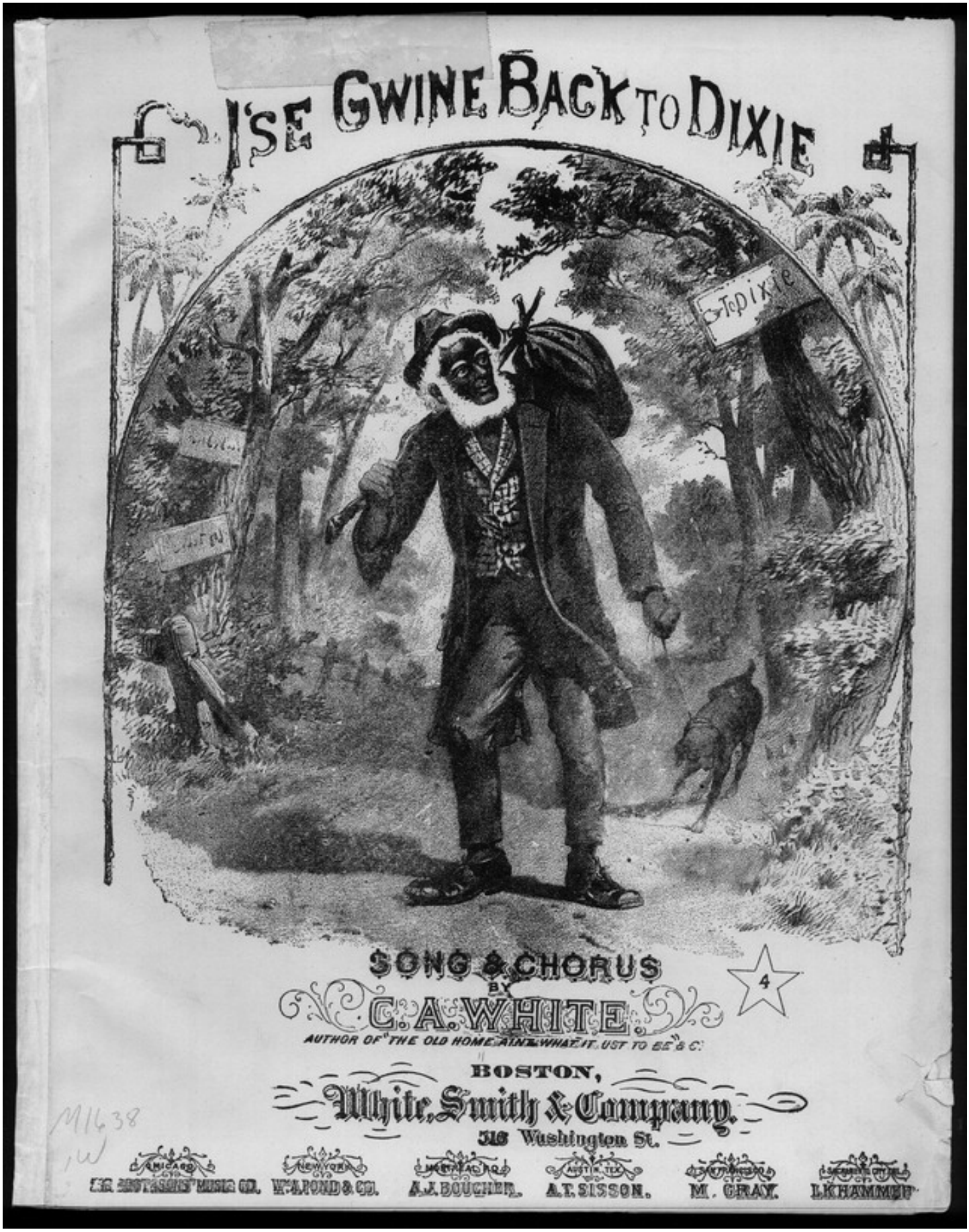
I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE
To Dixie
SONG & CHORUS
BY
C. A. WHITE.
AUTHOR OF "THE OLD HOME AINT WHAT IT UST TO BE" &c.
4
BOSTON,
White, Smith & Company.
516 Washington St.
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NEW YORK
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"I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE."

Companion to "Old Home aint what it Used to Be."

By C. A. WHITE.
Author of "Old Home aint what it used to be, &c.

ALLEGRETTO.

ALLEGRETTO. Not too fast.

1. I'se gwine back to Dix-ie,— No more I'se gwine to wan-der, My heart's turned back to Dix-ie,— I can't stay here no long-er,— I miss de ole plan-ta-tion, My home and my re-la-tion, My heart's turned back to Dix-ie, And I must go.
2. I've hoed in fields of cot-ton, I've worked up-on the riv-er, I used to think if I got off, I'd go back there, no, nev-er. But time has changed the old man, His head is bend-ing low, His heart's turned back to Dix-ie, And he must go.
3. I'm trav'ling back to Dix-ie,— My step is slow and feo-ble, I pray the Lord to help me, And lead me from all e-vil. And should my strength for-sake me, Then, kind friends, come and take me, My heart's turned back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

ad lib.

colla voce.

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1,922—3

CHORUS.

Soprano.

I'se gwine back to Dix - ie, I'se gwine back to Dix - ie, I'se

Alto.

Tenor.

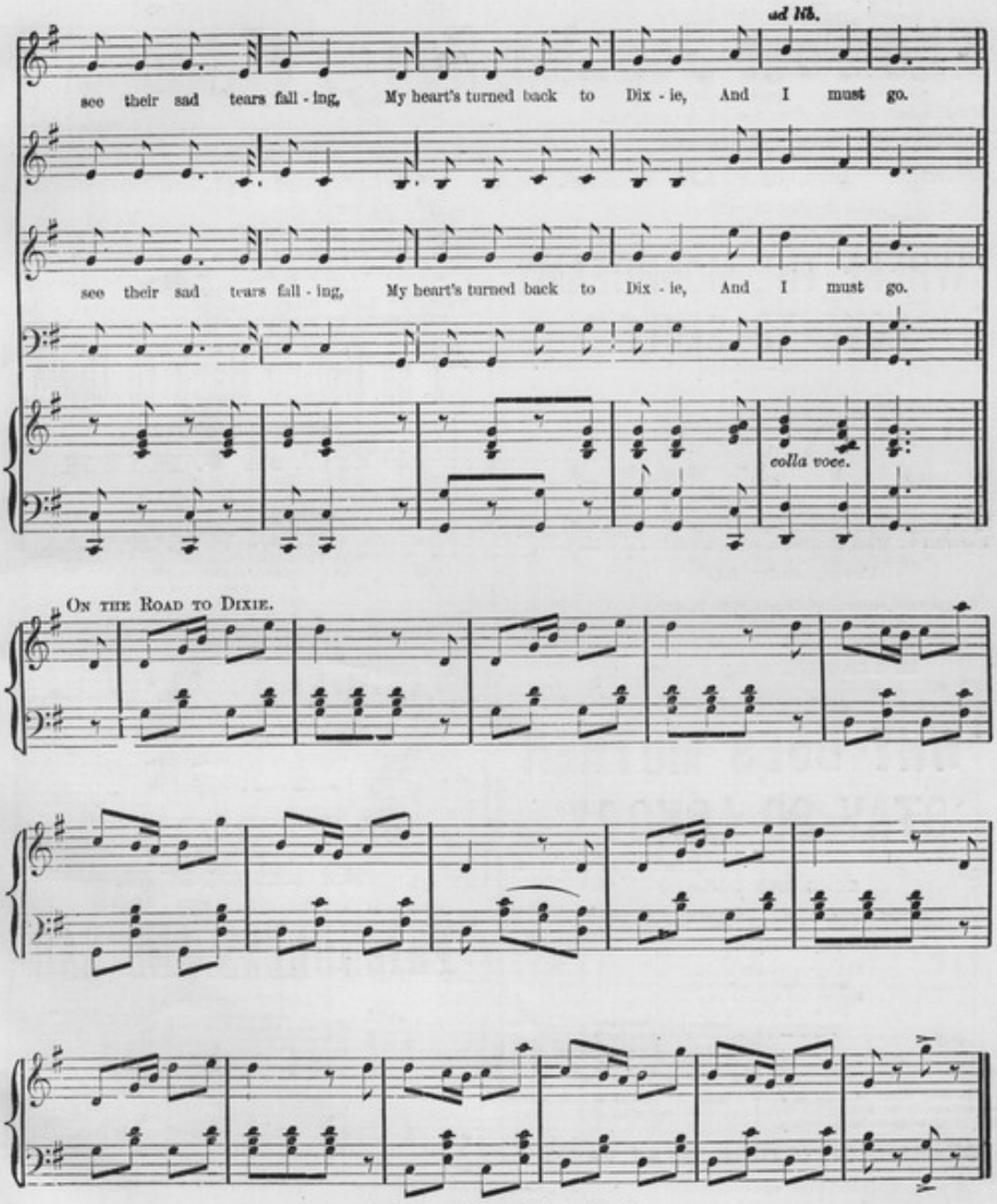
I'se gwine back to Dix - ie, I'se gwine back to Dix - ie, I'se

Bass.

Accomp.

gwine where the or - ange blos - soms grow,..... For I hear the chil - dren call - ing, I

gwine where the or - ange blos - soms grow,..... For I hear the chil - dren call - ing, I


ad lib.
see their sad tears fall - ing, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.
see their sad tears fall - ing, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.
colla voce.
On the Road to Dixie.

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BY ROSELINDA,

Author of "When will the Birds come back?"

"WHERE THE MOONBEAMS LOVE TO SMILE."

Oh, you promised me, dear Jennie,
When the sun was sinking low,
That you'd meet me in the meadow,
Where the rippling streamlets flow.

Chorus. — Little darling, don't deceive me,
Make me happy all the while;
Keep your promise, then, and meet me
Where the moonbeams love to smile.

One of the most taking songs for the Concert or Parlor ever written by this favorite author. None hear it but to love it. Embellished with elegant **Portrait of Mlle. Hellbron,** of the Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe.

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"WHY DOES MOTHER STAY SO LONG?"

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BY C. A. WHITE.

Father, you are sadly weeping,
Let me climb upon your knee;
Brother Will is gently sleeping,
Tell me where can mother be?

Chorus. — Tell me, kind and gentle father,
While the evening shadows throng,
Why is all the house so lonely,
Why does mother stay so long?

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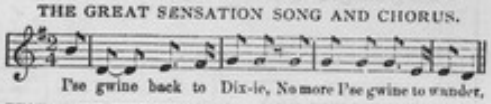

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SONG AND CHORUS,

BY C. A. WHITE.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
No more I'se gwine to wander;
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
I can't stay here no longer.
I miss de old plantation,
My home and my relation,
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

Chorus. — I'se gwine back to Dixie, I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where the orange-blossoms grow,
For I hear the children calling, I see their sad tears falling,
My heart 's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

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Craving a heartfelt devotion,
Sighing for mother and home.

Chorus. - Oh! for days of yore,
Mother, love and home;
Friendless and sad I am dreaming,
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A tender and pathetic composition, by the author of "Send for Mother, Birdie's Dying," and calculated to touch every heart which beats with sympathy for suffering humanity. Appropriate **Picture Title Page.**

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