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It's A Long, Long, Way to Dixieland

Words and Music by Donald Jackson.

Vamp (Till ready)

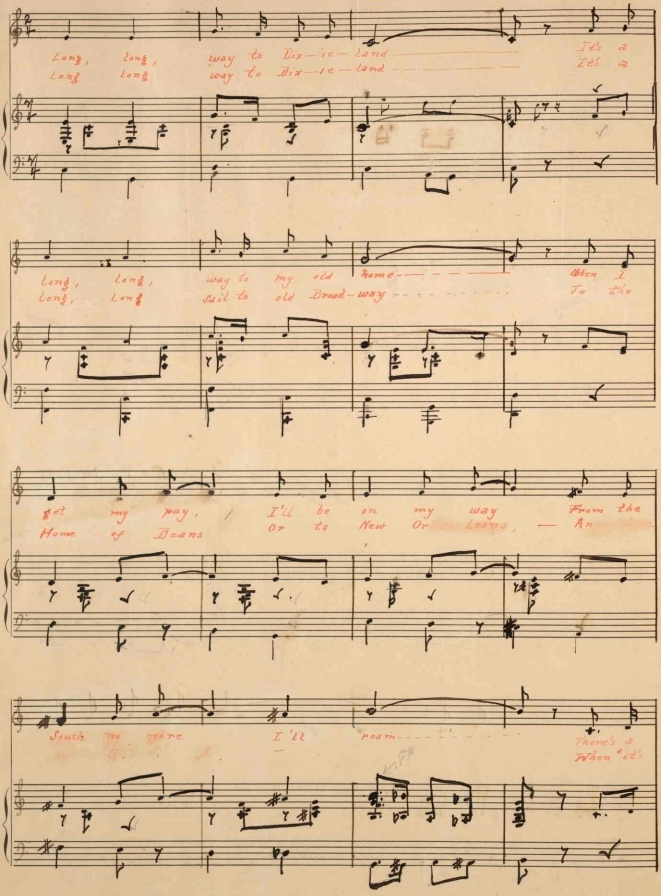
Bil-ly Boone was a ram-bled coon and he roamed for all cre-a-tion. From Ten-nes-see, to Chic-a-pee, In got his pay and he left that day for the land that's al-ways balm-y. At Ten-nes-see, he found that he wa-

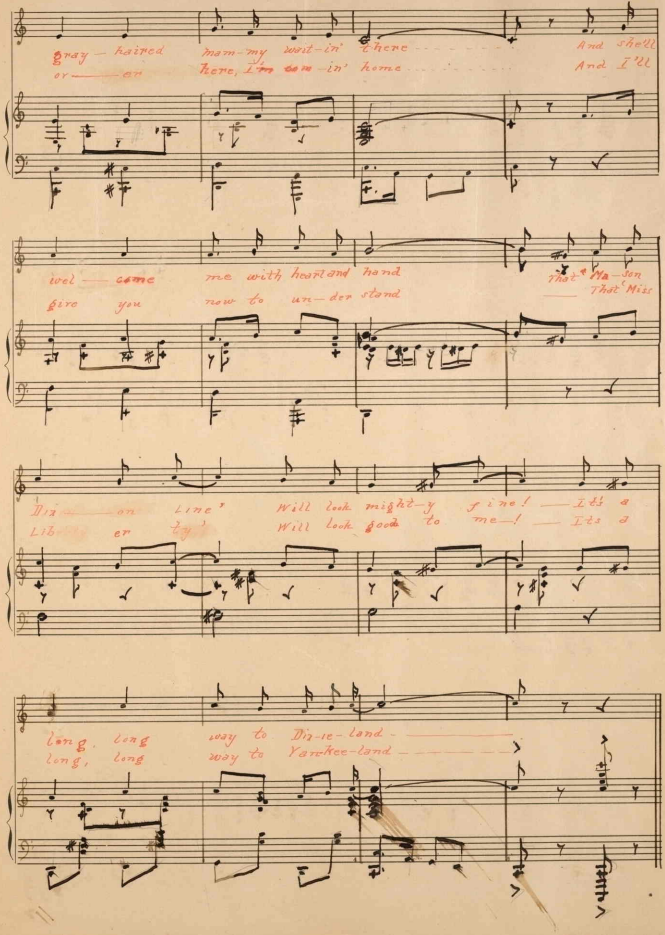
fast thru-out the mat-ion. He took a trip on-board a ship, to go to Mad-a-gas-car So they went a-long, one draf-ted in the Arm-y He sailed for France, he got no chance to see his dear old Mam-my So he wired Bill day, I'm

storm-y day And round up in At-as-ka 'Twas awful cold up there And Bill cried in des-pair "It's a on my way to fight for Un-cle Sam-my. From France he sent a note And this is w' what Bill wrote."

B. C. C. No. 13. M1646 .J

Chorus:-


Long, long, way to Dix—ie—land
Long long way to Dix—ie—land
It's a
It's a
Long, long, way to my old home
Long, long, sail to old Dread-way
When I
To the
get my pay, I'll be on my way From the
Home of Beans or to New Or Leans, — An
South we were I'll roam
There's a
When I'll



gray — haired mam-my wait-in' there - - - - - - - - And she'll
or — er here, I'm com-in' home - - - - - - - - And I'll

wel — come me with heart and hand That' Ma-son
give you now to un-der stand That' Miss

Dix — on Line' Will look might-y fine! — It's a
Lib-ly er ty' Will look good to me! — It's a

long, long way to Dix-ie-land - - - - - - - -
long, long way to Yan-kee-land - - - - - - - -

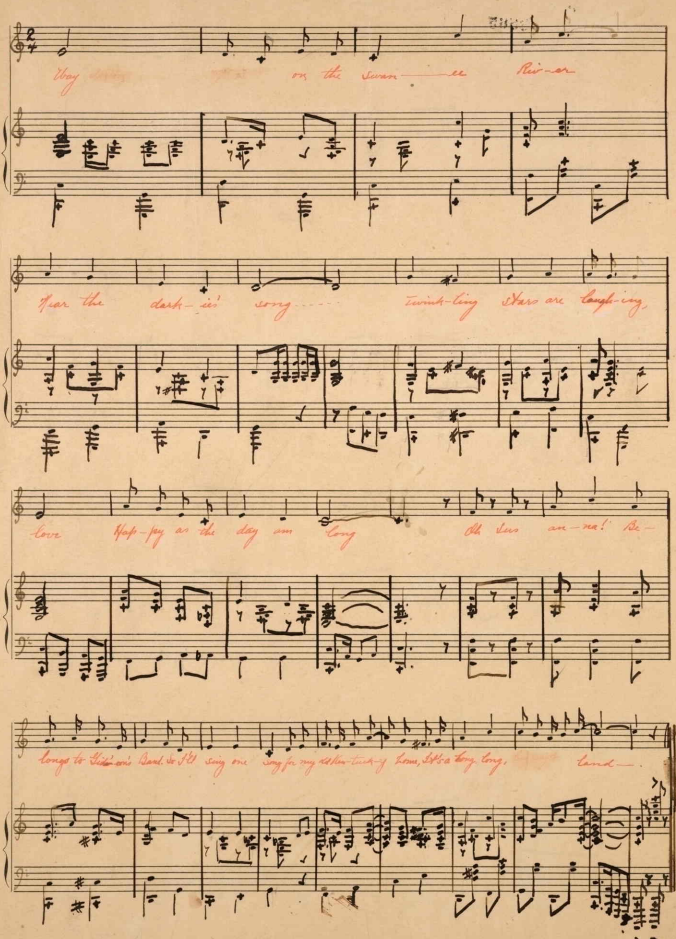
(Medley Chorus)
(Arr by Geo. Jackson)

Way down upon the Swan—ee Riv—er

Near the dark—ies' song..... Twink—ling Stars are laugh—ing,

love Hap—py as the day am long Oh Sus an—na! Be—

longs to Gid'—on's Band. So I'll sing one song for my old Ken—tuck—y home, I'll be a long, long, land—.



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IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO DIXIELAND.

(BY DONALD JACKSON.)

I.

Billy Boone, was a rambling coon
And he roamed o'er all Creation.
From Tennessee, to Chicopee---
In fact, throughout the nation.
He took a trip on-board a ship
To go to Madagascar
But they went astray, one stormy day
And wound up in Alaska.

'Twas awful cold up there,
And Bill cried in despair:

(CHORUS)

"It's a long, long way to Dixieland,
"It's a long, long way to my old home
"When I get my pay, I'll be on my way,
"From the South no more I'll roam.
"There's a gray-haired mammy waiting there,
"And she'll welcome me with heart and hand.
"That ' Mason-Dixon Line,'will look mighty fine
"It's a long, long way to Dixieland"

II.

He got his pay, and he left that day
For the land that's always balmy
At Tennessee, he found that he
Was drafted in the Army.
He sailed for France, he got no chance
To see his dear old mammy
So he wired: "Good-Day, I'm on my way
"To fight for Uncle Sammy".

From France he sent a note
And this is what Bill wrote:

(CHORUS)

"It's a long, long way to Dixieland
"It's a long, long sail to old Broadway,
"To the Home of Beans or to New Orleans---
"Anywhere in U. S. A.
"When it's over, here, I'm coming home
"And I'll give you now to understand
"That "Miss Liberty" will look good to me!
"It's a long, long way to Dixieland."

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(MEDLEY REFRAIN TO "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO DIXIELAND.)

Way down upon the Swanee River
Hear the darkie's song
Twinkling stars are laughing, love,
Happy as the day is long
Oh Susanna
Belongs to Gideon's Band
So I'll sing one song for my old Kentucky home--
It's a long, long way to Dixieland.

Arranged by Donald Jackson.