

DIXIE

BY

DANIEL DEGATUR EMMETT

The gayest and most joyous of all
AMERICAN NATIONAL SONGS,

ARRANGED FOR
SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR AND BASS
WITH ACCOMPANIMENT BY

CHARLES T. SEMPERS

TOGETHER WITH HIS VERSES

IF WASHINGTON WERE HERE

OTHER PIECES BY
CHARLES T. SEMPERS

THE TRAIL OF BROTHERHOOD 60¢
WHEN MOLLY TAKES THE TROLLEY 35¢
SHRINE OF AMERICA, SHRINE OF THE WORLD -
A SONG OF INDEPENDENCE HALL 60¢

10

The TALOA WIGWAM
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
116 So. SIXTH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

M1646

.E

DIXIE.

DANIEL DECATUR KEMMETT.

Editet and arranged by Charles F. Kemper.

Allegro.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not forgotten; Look a-
 2. Ole mis-sus sus - ry Will de Won-ber, Will-um was a gay de-eth-er; Look a-
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-ers chea-ber, But dat did not seem to grab 'er; Look a-
 4. Now here's a health to de next old mis-sus, And all de gals dat want to kiss us; Look a-
 5. Dar's buck-wheat cakes and In - jun bat - ter Makes you fat or a lit - the fat-ter; Look a-
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land. In Dix - ie land where I was born in,
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land. But when he put his arm a - round 'er, He
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land. Ole mis - sus act - ed the fool - ish part, And
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land. But if you want to drive a - way sor - row,
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land. Den hoe it down and scratch your grab - ble, To
 Ear - ly on one frost - y mornin', Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land.
 smiled as fierce as a fur - ty pounder, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land.
 diot for a man dat broke her heart, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land.
 'Come and hear dis song to - mornin', Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land.
 Dix - ie land I'm bound to trabble, Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie land.

Chorus.

3

Don't I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie land I'll
 take my stand, To lib and die in Dix-ie. A-way, a-way, a-
 way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, a-way, a-way down south in Dix-ie.

IF WASHINGTON WERE HERE.

(Farmer Brown speaks his mind.)

1. If Washington were here, by thunder:
 He'd not scot for safety under
 The bod when danger threatened the land;
 With wisdom fitting new occasions,
 He would give the League of Nations,
 The support of his heart, and his voice, and his hand!

Chorus:

O the Nations' League is coming! Hooray! Hooray!
 When free men hand to every land Democracy forever!
 Hooray! Hooray! The Nations' League is coming!
 Hooray! Hooray! Let's start it on a-humming!

2. All fearless, as of old he freed us,
 Washington, if here, would lead us
 To destroy the alliances he warned us to shun.
 The balance of power is what he was down on,
 It's the thing he hate us frown on,
 For the aim of the League with his aim is one!

Chorus.

3. Old fogies with political jim-jams,
 Profiteers with tricks and film-flams,
 Raise a dust and imagine the folks can not see;
 The timid sons of Tweedle-dee-dum
 Creak we'll lose our ancient freedom
 If the world gives a pledge that all lunds shall be free!

Chorus.

Words by
 CHARLES T. SEMPERS, with acknowledgements to LIFE.

