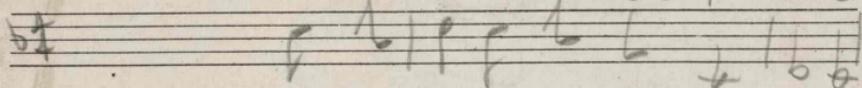


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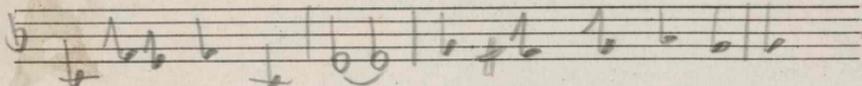
DREAMING OF DIXIE.

Olive James-Alleshouse

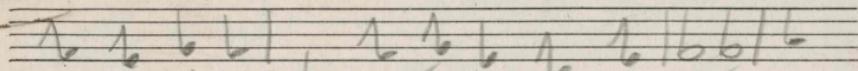
Flida E. Fisher



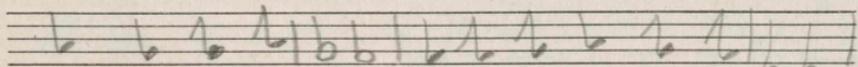
They were back of the trench lines resting



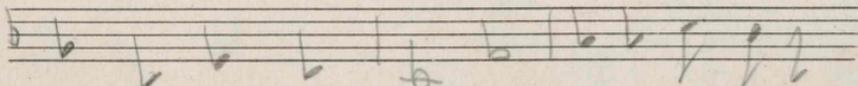
After a long hard fight, And tho' each man was tired,



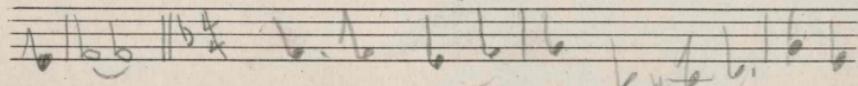
he was lonely, And longing for home that night. One



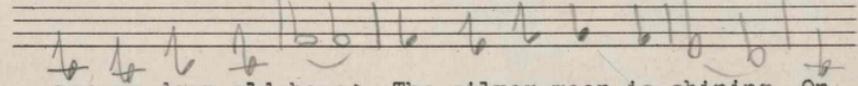
lad spoke of the city, And one of his mountain home;



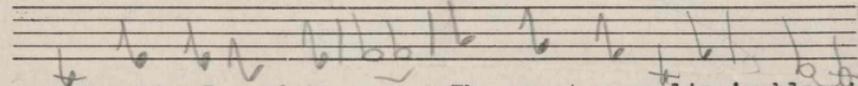
"What are your dreams?" they asked, Of the lad who sat



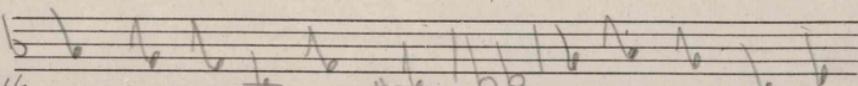
alone. CHORUS: "Oh, I'm dreaming boys of Dixie, I can



see my dear old home; The silver moon is shining On



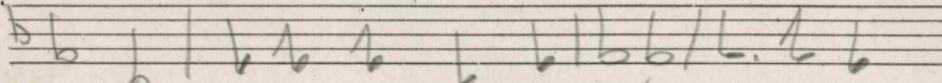
the paths I used to ream, The sweet magnolia 's blooming



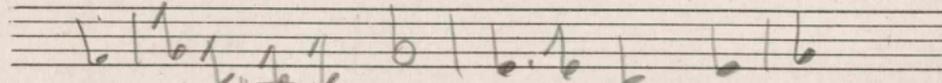
And o'er all its frangrance lies, The mocking bird is

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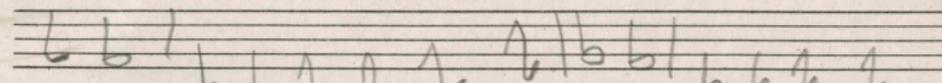
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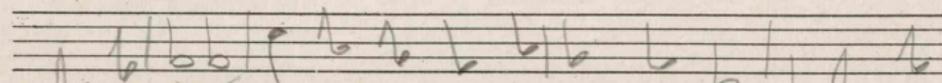
singing Beneath those southern skies, And its May



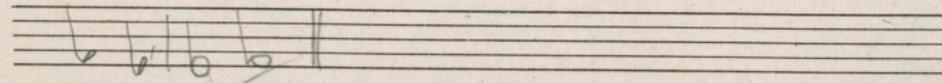
time now in Dixie, boys, And my sweetheart waits



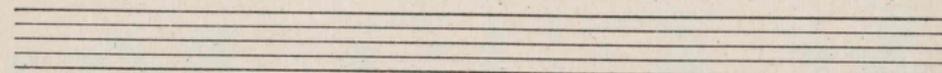
alone. Oh, I left my heart in Dixie, So I long to



be at home Across the sea, Across the sea, Across the



sea in Dixie,"



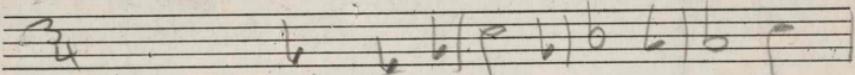
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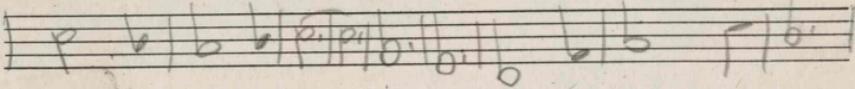
SAD GREETING TO LOVERS.

O. Henderson

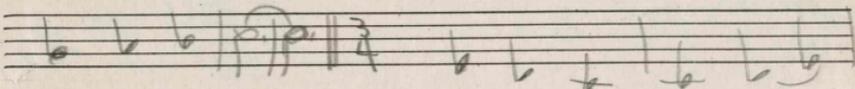
Music By  
Floida E. Fisher



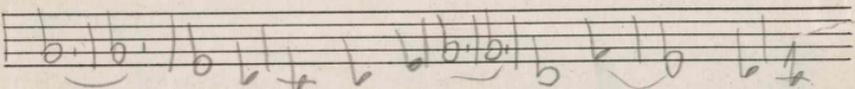
Sweetheart I hate to see you go And



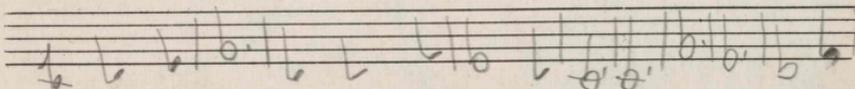
leave me here alone, But our country calls And to



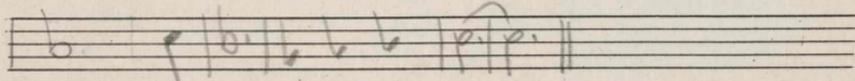
war you must go. CHORUS: He will bring them safely



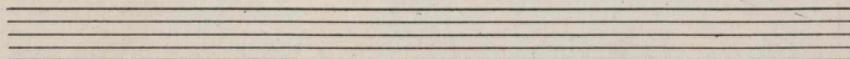
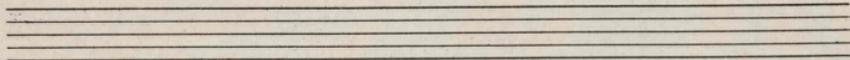
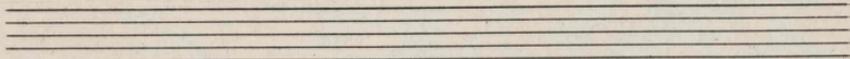
through To return home again, But sweetheart I hate



to see you go And leave me here alone, But our country

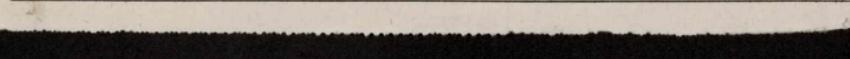
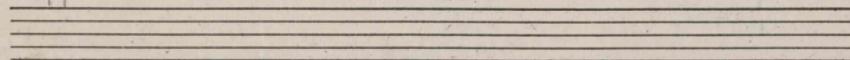


calls And to war you must go.



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