Gee, I'm Glad That I'm From Dixie
So I Can Get A Dixie Welcome Home

Brightly, Not too fast

Conductor man, wave your hand,
Each flower there fills the air,

Movin' for Dixie land,
I can't wait, don't hesitate,
Tell that engineer to set his

fastest gait, I can see—Lucinda Lee—
Standing in the door, a-waitin' there for me—
To his celebrated old camp meeting ground.

Down at the station, there'll be a demonstration of southern hospitality.
Each sly old geezer will grab a gal and squeeze her,
When they get to shoutin' round.

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REFRAIN

Gee! In glad that In from Dix-ie,
Down where the Swannee River's flow-in', Back where this chu-chu am a-go-ing,
I hope she makes a bee line thro' old Vir-gin-ia, Cross the Car-o-li-nas into
A-la-bam'.

Then give me time to send a tele-gram: 'Tis com-in', Yes, com-in' So weep no more my la-dy!"

Gee! In glad that In from Dix-ie, So I can get a Dix-ie wel-come home!
DEAR LITTLE BOY OF MINE

IT IS ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL NUMBERS IN
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ERNEST R. BALL

THE WELL KNOWN COMPOSER NEVER WROTE
A SWEETER OR MORE APPEALING MELODY

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OCTAVO—Male, Female and Mixed Voices—15 CENTS Each Net

Tenderly, with much expression

Boy of mine, Boy of mine, Al-tho' my heart was aching—

I seemed to know you'd want to go, Pride in your man-hood wak-ing—

I'll be here, wait-ing, dear Till at a glad dawn's break-ing I'll hear you say you're

home to stay, Dear lit-tle boy of mine— Dear lit-tle boy