

SM 3306

2

They Made It Twice As Nice As Paradise And They Called It Dixieland

Lyric by
RAYMOND EGAN

Song

Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING

Moderato

PIANO



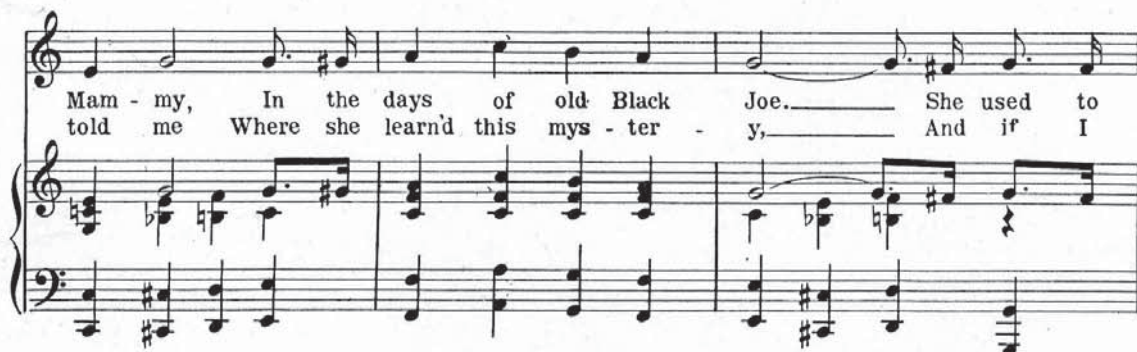
Voice

I used to have a dear old
My dear old Mam - my nev - er

Vamp



Mam - my, In the days of old Black Joe. She used to
told me Where she learn'd this mys - ter - y, And if I



cud - dle me up - on her knee - And tell me tales of long a -
seemed sur - pris'd she'd look so wise - And say "Ma chile, that's his - to -



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go. — She said the an-gels built old Dix - ie, And I know that's not a
ry!" — But she liv'd so long in Dix - ie, She was old e - nough to

fib, — For to me it looks like heav - en And I'll tell you what the an-gels did. —
know, — And I think she might have been there When the land was built, so long a go. —

CHORUS

They built a lit - tle gar - den for the rose — And they called it Dix - ie -

land, — They built a sum - mer breeze to keep the snows Far a - way from Dix - ie -

And They Called etc. 4

land. They built the fin - est place I've known When they

built my home sweet home, Noth - ing was for - got - ten in the

land of cot - ton, From the clo - ver to the hon - ey - comb, And then they

took an an - gel from the skies And they gave her heart to

me. — She had a bit of heav-en in her eyes, Just as blue as blue can

be; — They put some fine spring chick-ens in the land— And

taught my Mam-my how to use a fry-ing pan, They made it twice as nice as

Par-a - dise, — And they called it Dix-ie - land. They built a land. —

1 2 *D.S.*

fz D.S.