

SM 4875

THEY'LL NEVER MISS THE WINE IN DIXIELAND

Lyric by
ALFRED BRYAN

SONG

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER

PIANO

Moderato

f *fz* *mf* *Vamp*

VOICE

Folks up North are wor-ry-ing, wor-ry-ing, 'Cause the towns are dry, Ev-'ry-one is
When you taste those hon-ey lips, hon-ey lips In the Sun-ny South, They just feel like

mp

hur-ry-ing, hur-ry-ing Some-where else to buy, But down south in Dix-ie-land,—
cher-ry flips, cher-ry flips Melt-ing in your mouth Smiles from Dix-ie's pret-ty queens,—

They have some-thing just as grand — In each state you'll find your fa-vor-ite brand. —
Ma-ry-land to New Or-leans — Beat by far the smiles that you've ev-er seen. —

poco rit

CHORUS

a tempo

They'll nev-er miss the wine — In Dix-ie's sun-ny clime, — One kiss from

mp a tempo *f 2d time* *3*

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Car-o - line ——— Makes you feel just a grand; — you un-der-stand. Those ru-by lips down in

Ten-nes-see, — Are real-ly sweet-er than Bur-gun-dy — Like a gip-sy, you get tip-sy,

On Miss Geor-gia's knee Vir-gin-ia's pret-ty wink ——— Ex-cites you like a drink, —

It real-ly makes you think ——— You've been drinking champagne. — It's just the same; — { You get so
If for Lou-

drunk on South-ern beau-ty di - vine, — You have to lean a-gainst the Ma-son - Dix-on line, } I'll
- i - si - an - a's kiss-es you fall, — You're in the most in-tox - i - cat-ing state of all; }

tell you this, — They'll nev-er miss — the wine in Dix-ie - land. They'll nev-er — -land. D.S.

They'll never miss .2