

OPERATIC EDITION

DIXIE HIGHWAY

SONG

LYRIC BY

GUS KAHN

MUSIC BY

WALTER DONALDSON



JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
NEW YORK DETROIT

DIXIE HIGHWAY

Lyric By
GUS KAHN

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PIANO *Moderato*

VOICE

I've been work - ing all day long
Folks all said - "He won't make good"

Vamp

fix - ing up - my car
when I start - ed out

Mak - ing sure - that
I de - ter - mined

noth - ing's wrong
that I would

I'm trav - el - ing far
Now there'll be no doubt

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MADE IN U. S. A.

Way down southwhere I be-long How sur-prised they'll be 'Cause I
When they see_ that Ford se-dan They'll know that_ means wealth And I

came a - way_ by freight But I'm go - ing home in state
have done might - y fine Ten more pay-ments and_ it's mine

CHORUS

Down the Dix-ie High - way I'll be wend-ing my_ way

I'm just goin' to fly_ 'way home To my lit - tle nest

in Dix - ie How I'll count the hours_ 'Till I see the

flow - ers Ro - ses red - vio - lets blue Down there they grow for - get - me -

- nots for you I'll bless each rat - tle in - my fliv - ver

Each lit - tle knock When I ride be - side that Swan - ee Riv -

- er I rec - kon All my cares will fly - way When I'm wend - ing my - way

Down the Dix - ie High - way I'm go - ing home

1. 2. D. S.

D. S.

PATTER (*ad lib*)

My lit - tle fliv - ver is a real good friend All you have to give her is a

melody ad lib

twist and a bend She is - n't worth a nick - le but I bet By Gee She'll

bring a mil - lion dol - lars worth of smiles to me Needs new tires

front and rear The horn won't speak to the steer - ing gear A lit - tle lop - sid - ed

Lamps don't light But out - side of that ev - 'ry - thing's all right To Chos.

To Chos.

NOBODY LIED

(When They Said That I Cried Over You)

SONG

Lyric by
KARYL NORMAN
and
HYATT BERRY

Music by
EDWIN J. WEBER

CHORUS (*Slowly*)

No-bod-y lied— when they said I cried over you —

No-bod-y lied when they said — I most-died — o-ver you —

Ev-er-since I've been a-way — I've been grieving night and day — I want you always by my

Solo for Voice ad lib
side (Oh — my try-ing days are o-ver) No-bod-y lied when they said — I was blue o-ver

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