

THERE'S JUST A LITTLE TOUCH OF DIXIE IN YOUR EYES



WORDS BY
JACK STROUSE & THOMAS F. SWIFT
MUSIC BY
RUBEY COWAN

Barbelle

MACK RUBEY
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THIS NUMBER ON ALL
PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
AND MUSIC ROLLS

2 There's Just A Little Touch Of Dixie In Your Eyes

Words by
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THOS. F. SWIFT

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Moderato

Piano

Voice

Vamp

I've been wait - ing oh, how
I've been schem - ing oh, how

I've been wait - ing for the day. dear, I've been long - ing for I knew that you would come my
I've been schem-ing for the time. dear, I've been dream-ing of the day that I could make my

way. dear. I have prayed that some day I would o - pen my eyes - and see. An -
mine. dear. I have heard - of an - gles and the won - der - ful things - they do. I

- an - gel that - the South - land sent to me. Now you're here - I can - not be - lieve - you are
nev - er met - one dear 'till I met you. From the moment that you first came from - the South

re - al But when I look - in your eyes I know - that you - are my I deal.
dear. Why I could tell - by your won - drous eyes - that you must be sin - cere.

Chorus

There's just a lit-tle touch of Dix-ie in-your eyes — I know you were born un-der -neath those South-ern skies. — You have that South-ern style — Oh I love your South-ern smile — And it's plain to see — You have the South-ern hos-pi-tal-i-ty — Your voice is like a Car-o-lin-a breeze — It sounds just like the bird-ies in — the trees. — You are a won-der-ful prize — The thing that makes it seem like Par-a-dise, — Is that lit-tle touch — of Dix-ie in your eyes. There's just a eyes —

mp-mf

sfz

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RECORDS OR PIANO-ROLLS
OF THESE 4 SONGS
THE BEST DANCE NUMBERS PUBLISHED

OH! DOCTOR

By RUBEY COWAN
and BILLY JOYCE

Chorus

Oh! Doc-tor, Oh! Doc-tor, in feel-ing blue. Oh! Doc-tor, Oh! Doc-tor, it's up to you—
The drug stores on the cor-ners are filled with li-quor moun-ers told a drug clerk
my con-di-tion, He said, Go see your phy-si-cian! Oh! Doc-tor, Oh! Doc-tor, don't feel my pain!
That's not what I need for re-sults. Write the pre-scrip-tion and please make it say—

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EVERYBODY'S BUDDY

Words by
BERNIE GROSSMAN

Music by
BILLY FRISCH

Chorus

Bud-dy he was ev-ry bod-y's Bud-dy from the time he was a kid. He'd
get the coal, chop the wood, He'd e-ven run the er-rands for the neigh-bor-hood.
Bud-dy, he would help the kids to stud-y, he was ev-ry bod-y's friend.
One day the an-gels in the heav-ens a-bove. Found out they needed some one up there to love— They called for

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You Can Stay But That Dog-gone Fiddle Must Go

Words by
BILLY FRISCH

Music by
BILLY BASKETTE

Chorus

"You can stay but that dog-gone fiddle must go. Cause it's got me near-ly cry-
Some fine day you will find your fiddle and bow. Floating down the Mis-sis-sip-pi. You keep cry-
bud-y a wake, You taught our daughter's shoulders to shake; I told her not to let you in.
If you brought that vi-o-lin. To tell the truth, you're a golden mys-try to me. Ev-ry

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If You'll Come Back

Words by
EUGENE WEST

Music by
OTIS SPENCER
& RUBEY COWAN

Chorus

If you'll come back we will start all over. If you'll come back
We'll be-gin a new. I'm sure I'll never re-get. I know I'll
nev-er for-get. The hap-py hours— I spent with you. Oh! how I
yearn just to have you near me. If you re-turn, how glad I'll

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