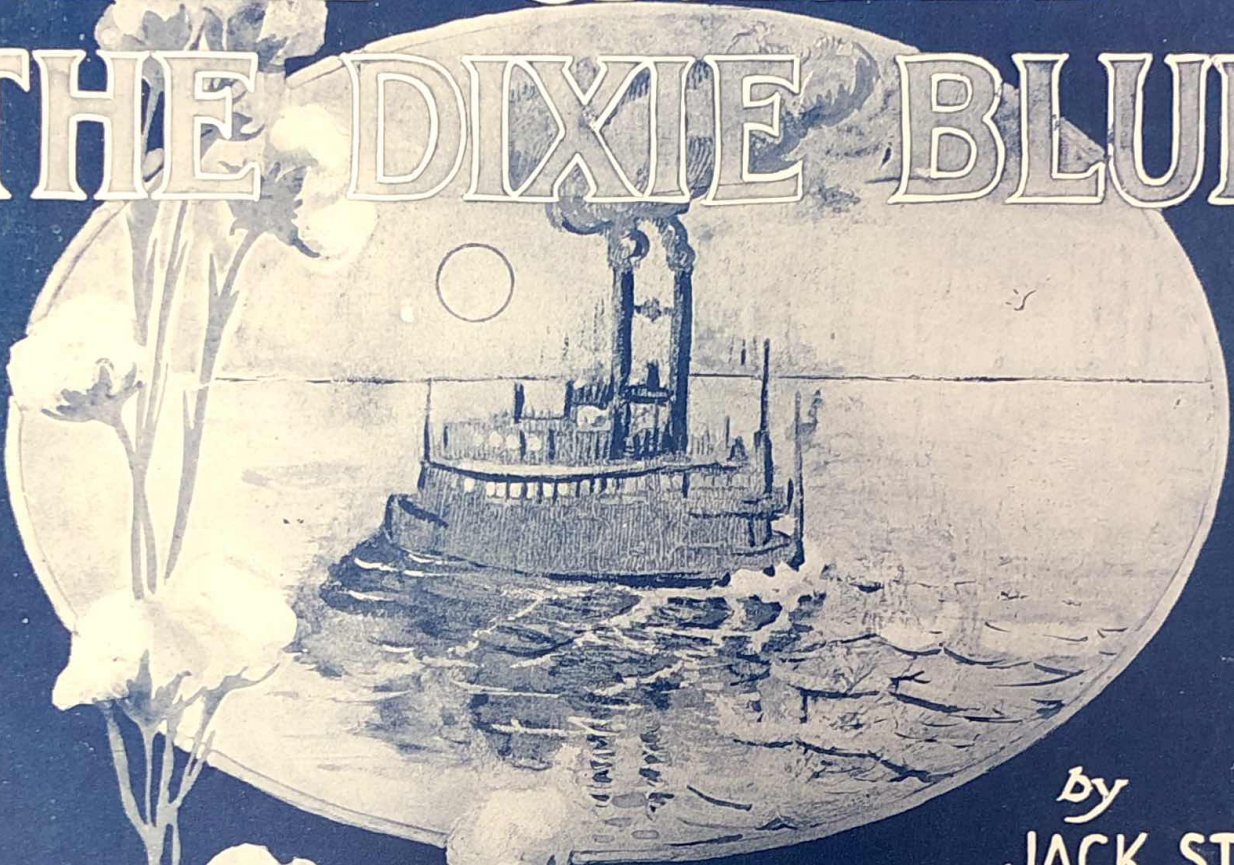


# THEY CALLED IT THE DIXIE BLUES



*by*  
JACK STROUSE

JOE MORRIS MUSIC CO  
NEW YORK

# They Called It The Dixie Blues

Words and Music by  
JACK STROUSE

Piano

Moderato

*f*

Vamp

*p*

Rag-time Joe with his old ban-jo, Want-ed to com-pose, Sent for Sloan and his  
Rag-time Joe said now lis - ten, Moe, Let's sail o'er the sea. We'll look 'round and we

*p*

sax - o - phone Said "list - en to - me, Mose; We'll write a song a - bout the south,  
may jot down a for - eign mel - o - dy?" They went to Bel - gium, Eng - land, France,

And be - fore we're through — We'll steal those south - ern mel - o - dies Like all the com - pos - ers  
Searched to beat the band. — They could - n't find tunes that com - pared With those down in Dix - ie -

do? — And it was - n't ver - y long — Be - fore they had a south - ern song. —  
- land. — Then they said "I guess we'll stop — There's noth - ing here for us to cop?" —

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## Chorus

They took a lit - tle bit of Old Black Joe To start off their re - frain,—Kept strum-min', kept

strum-min',— that old fa - mil - iar strain—And they took — a lit - tle bit of Swa - nee

Riv - er— And looked a - round — Un - til they found Mas - sa's in the cold, cold, ground, And then they

took four bars of My Old Ken - tuck - y Home, Those south - ern tunes they tried hard to con - fuse—They could - n't

lose. A - way down south in the land of cot - ton There was noth - ing they'd for - got - ten When

it was done and rolled in - to one they called it the Dix - ie Blues. They took a Blues.