

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

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Words by
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Music by RICHARD A. WHITING

Arr. by Charles M. Merrill

INTRODUCTION

Moderato

VERSE



Dix-ie! — Dix-ie — land! — I used to have a dear old

Mam - my — In the days of Old Black Joe. She used to

cud-dle me up - on her knee And tell me tales of long a - go. She said the

an-gels built old Dix - ie, And I know that's not a fib, — For to

me it looks like heav - en — And I'll tell you what the an-gels did.

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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 -

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, - and they called it Dix-ie - land. -