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

Lyric by RAYMOND EGAN

Moderato

PIANO

Voice

I used to have a dear old
My dear old Mam - my nev - er

Mam - my, In the days of old Black Joe. She used to
told me Where she learnt this mys - ter - y. And if I

 cud - dle me up - on her knee. And tell me tales of long a
seemed sur - pris'd she'd look so wise. And say "Ma chile, that's his - to -

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go. She said the angels built old Dixie, And I know that's not a
ry? But she lived so long in Dixie, She was old enough to

fie, For to me it looks like heaven And I'll tell you what the angels did.
know, And I think she might have been there When the land was built, so long a

CHORUS

They built a little garden for the rose. And they called it Dixie.

land, They built a summer breeze to keep the snows Far away from Dixie.

And They Called etc. 4
They built the finest place I've known When they built my home sweet home,
Nothing was forgotten in the land of cotton. From the clover to the honeycomb,
And then they took an angel from the skies. And they gave her heart to And They Called etc. 4
She had a bit of heaven in her eyes, just as blue as blue can be;
They put some fine spring chickens in the land and taught my Mammy how to use a frying pan. They made it twice as nice as Paradise, and they called it Dixieland. They built a land.

And They Called etc. 4