Way Down South

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
ALFRED GOODMAN

Moderato

Piano

When the autumn leaves are falling To the birds up North a voice is calling "Come to my sunny South land."

Then the whip-poor-will and swallow To a land of sunshine

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fly. Where the summer time endures forever And the southern roses, fading never, Bloom for lovers all the year around, There true happiness is found:

Refrain

Way down South is the fairy land

6719-4 Way Down South
-mance and love and song.

Old Virginia and Maryland, When you're far away for them you long.

When you go away from Dixieland You sigh for sunny
skies, When you're dreaming of a Dixie girl You can't forget her eyes, Oh! way down South is love's Paradise: And you're happy if you win a heart and hand in Dixieland.