

1920

There's Just a Little Touch Of Dixie In Your Eyes

Rubey Cowan

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsjunction.msstate.edu/cht-sheet-music>

Preferred Citation

[Physical ID#]: [Title], Charles H. Templeton, Sr. sheet music collection. Special Collections, Mississippi State University Libraries.

This Sheet Music is brought to you for free and open access by the Charles H. Templeton, Sr. Music Collection at Scholars Junction. It has been accepted for inclusion in Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Scholars Junction. For more information, please contact scholcomm@msstate.libanswers.com.

Edith Harbaugh

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
STARK & COWAN INC
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
234 WEST 46 TH. STREET, NEW YORK.

THIS NUMBER ON ALL
PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
AND MUSIC ROLLS

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

Words by
JACK STROUSE and
THOS. F. SWIFT

Music by
RUBEY COWAN

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-

mp-mf

-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 —

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-ands 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 need-ed some one up there to love — They called for
Bud-dy, our Bud-dy — I wish they'd send him home a - gain. gain. —

a tempo
mp-f
rall
mf

Everybody's Buddy 2

Copyright MCMXX by Stark & Cowan Inc. 234 W. 46th St., NYC
Copyright Canada MCMXX by Stark & Cowan Inc.
International Copyright Secured

For Sale By All Music Dealers Or Sent
Direct On Receipt Of 15 cents In U.S. Stamps

MACK RUBEY
STARK & COWAN INC
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
234 WEST 46 TH. STREET, NEW YORK.