There's a lump of sugar down in Dixie.

No. 644.

Words by
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Music by
ALBERT GUMBLE.

Moderato.

PIANO.

Sugar! sugar! Everybody's crying 'Cause it's mighty scarce up here.
Truttie fruitie Don't compare with Cutie Waitin' across the Dix-on line.

Buy it! Try it! Just go out to buy it And you'll find it's mighty dear.
I-da I-da may be sweet as cider But my gal is sweet as wine.

But I don't care! I'm going where I've got enough to last a year
Nothin' could be better than she— Believe me boy I'm glad she's mine.

CHORUS.

There's a lump of sugar down in Dix-ie And it's all my own! She's the sweetest little

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A bunch of sweetness I have ever known; Every glance that she gives me, puts sugar in my tea. Her kisses are like honey, yummy-yummy-yummy, Sweeter than the honey to the bee. There's a 'Choo-choo' leavin' here this evenin' bound for Carolina. And it's goin' to take me to that little lolly-pop of mine.

She's a gal that Mister Hoover ought to meet. Puts her finger in the pie to make it sweet. Sweetest little sugar lump I ever knew. And her father's got a lot of sugar too. My little Ev'ry-body calls her candy kid 'down home. Say! she even combs her hair with honey-comb.

Lump of sugar down in Dixie—Mine! All Mine! There's a Mine!

There's a lump of sugar.