Pick Me Up And Lay Me Down In Dear Old Dixieland

By BERT KALMAR & HARRY RUBY

Moderato

Voice

One day I watched a flock of whip-poor-wills,

Bring me down there beneath the southern sky,

As they flew to their homes across the hills,

Sing me one little Dix-ie lulu-bye;

They were merrily flying, To the south I knew

There's a candlelight burning, Down old Dix-ie way

And I couldn't help crying, "Take me there with you"

Tell the folks that I'm yearning, For them night and day.

Chorus

"Pick me up and lay me down in dear old Dix-ie-land, The sun shines there each morn, That's where the sun was born, My heart's been all wrapped up in that land of magic charms, Carry me back to someone's empty arms."

Keep those darkies singing till I get back, To that ivy clinging ram-shackle shack. Pick me up just like my mammy, lead me by the hand;

And lay me down in dear old Dix-ie-land."

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