

A SLEEPY LITTLE VILLAGE

(WHERE THE DIXIE COTTON GROWS)



RS,

Words by
EDGAR LESLIE
Music by
PETE WENDLING



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

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Moderato

Piano *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major with a tempo marking of 'Moderato' and a dynamic of 'mf'. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Till ready

Hang - ing on my Christ - mas tree Was a
Like a row of hon - ey combs Stand the

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a repeat sign and a dynamic marking of 'p'.

big ge - o - gra - phy, — And I marked off dif - frent pla - ces
hap - py lit - tle homes, — They pos - sess the rus - tic sweet - ness

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'p'.

That I wished to see, — Man - y years since then have
Of Long - fel - lows poems, — From the sing - ing ced - ar

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'p'.

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flown ——— And I've trav - elled ev - 'ry zone ——— But there's
trees ——— Comes a mes - sage on the breeze ——— To the

real - ly on - ly one place For this roll - ing stone. ———
strains of Step - hen Fos - ter's South - ern mel - o - dies. ———

Refrain *tenderly*

There's a sleep - y lit - tle vil - lage where - the Dix - ie cot - ton grows -

Where the cul - lud mam - mies smoke 'ter - back - ker' as they

wash their cal - i - cos ————— There's a mail - man there's a

jail - man and a coun - try con - sta - bule ————— They read 'n
 jail - man and a place for Kel - ly Pool ————— And all the

rite — gosh darn since Per - kin's barn — Be - came the pub - lic
 boys — in back drink Ap - ple Jack — That knocks them for a

school ————— There's a lit - tle sil - ver la - dy wait - ing in the can - dle light
 gool —————

I can see her shadow on the window as she

prays for me at night — There's a Main Street a lovers
There's a Police force he's on a

lane street Where the Sally's meet their beaux — In that sleepy little
white horse And his wife makes all his clothes —

vil-lage Where the Dix-ie cot-ton grows. — There's a grows. —