

AIN'T YOU COMING BACK TO DIXIELAND

SONG



Al Jolson.

By The writers of

“MAMMYS COAL BLACK ROSE”

Lyric by
RAYMOND EGAN

Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING

JEROME H. REMICK & CO
NEW YORK DETROIT



AIN'T YOU COMING BACK TO DIXIELAND

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VOICE *Moderato*

I had a
There's something

PIANO *f* *Vamp* *ff marcato il basso* *mf*

let-ter from my Mam-my Down in sun-ny Ten-nes-see. And tho' it may sound queer to
haunt-ing in that mes-sage, "Ain't you com-ing back once more?" That let-ter sounds to me like

PIANO *p*

folks up here 'deed it sounds might-y good to me. It says "They're lone-some down in Dix-ie;" And there's a
po-et-ry tho' the spell-ing is might-y poor. I sent a lit-tle 'note to Dix-ie. It's just to

tear in ev-'ry line For they're call-ing me to Ten-nes-see It starts out "Hon-ey chile of mine.
sort o' pave the way Say-ing "Watch for me in Ten-nes-see I'm com-ing back to hear you say"

poco rit.

PIANO *poco rit.*

CHORUS *a tempo*

"Ain't you com-in' back to Dix-ie-land Where the sweet mag-no-lias grow? Don't you

PIANO *a tempo* *p-f*

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ev-er yearn just to re - turn to the land of Old Black Joe? — All the lit-tle pick-a-nin-nies

seem to miss you Law-dy how I'm long-ing just to kiss you. Dar-lin' your Mam-my's grow-in'

old. — 'Deed I am Hon-ey lamb. Don't you want to see the cot-ton fields And the su-gar-cane once

more. — And the pret-ty flow-ers grow-ing 'round the old folks cab-in door?

cresc.

Dix-ie looks like Heav-en all the while. You sho' don't have to die to go there hon-ey chile Ain't you

com - in' back to dear old Dix-ie - land — Ain't you

marcato il basso

1 2 *D.S.*