

Bob Dylan, The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

Virgil Caine is the name,
and I served on the Danville train,
'Til Stoneman's cavalry
came and tore up the tracks again.
In the winter of '65,
We were hungry, just barely alive.
By May the tenth, Richmond had fell,
it's a time I remember, oh so well,

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,
and the bells were ringing,
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,
and the people were singin'.

They went
La, La, La, La, La, La,
La, La, La, La, La, La,
La, La,

Back with my wife in Tennessee,
When one day she called to me,
"Virgil, quick, come see,
there goes Robert E. Lee!"
Now I don't mind choppin' wood,
and I don't care if the money's no good.
Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest,
But they should never have taken the very best.

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,
and the bells were ringing,
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,
and the people were singin'.

Like my father before me,
I will work the land,
Like my brother above me,
who took a rebel stand.
He was just eighteen, proud and brave,
But a Yankee laid him in his grave,
I swear by the mud below my feet,
You can't raise a Caine back up
when he's in defeat.