

Joan Baez, East Virginia

THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

Joan Baez

Written by J. Robbie Robertson

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 SIXTY-FIVE, 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 ALL THE BELLS WERE RINGIN',

THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

AND ALL THE PEOPLE WERE SINGIN'! THEY WENT...

LA, 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 THE ROBERT E. LEE!"
NOW, I DON'T MIND CHOPPIN' WOOD, AND I DON'T CARE IF MY MONEY'S NO GOOD.
JUST TAKE WHAT YOU NEED AND LEAVE THE REST

BUT THEY SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN THE VERY BEST.

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LA, LA-LA-LA-LA-LA,

LA-LA-LA-LA, LA-LA-LA-LA-LA.

LIKE MY FATHER BEFORE ME, I WILL WORK THE LAND.

AND, LIKE MY BROTHER BEFORE ME, I TOOK A REBEL STAND.

HE WAS JUST 18, PROUD AND BRAVE, WHEN 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.

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From: "Roy T. O'Conner"