

# Joan Baez, The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

(J. Robbie Robertson)

Virgil Caine is my name  
And I drove on the Danville train  
'Til so much cavalry came  
And tore up the tracks again  
In the winter of sixty-five  
We were hungry, just barely alive  
I took the train to Richmond that 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  
Laaaaaa, la-la-la-laaaaaa  
La-la, la-la  
La-la-la-laaaaaa

Back with my wife in Tennessee  
And one day she said to me  
Virgil, quick come see  
There goes the Robert E Lee  
Now, I don't mind I'm 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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The night they drove Old Dixie down  
And all the people were singin'  
They went  
Laaaaaa, la-la-la-laaaaaa  
La-la, la-la  
La-la-la-laaaaaa

Like my father before me  
I'm a working man  
And like my brother before me  
I took a rebel stand  
Well, he was just 18, proud and brave  
But a yankee laid him in his grave  
I swear by the blood below my feet  
You can't raise the Caine back up  
When it's in defeat

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