

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

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

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

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