

Band, The

"The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down"

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Virgil Caine is my name and I served on the Danville
train,
'Till Stoneman's cavalry came and they 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 all the bells
were ringing
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the people
were singing
They went "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 the
money's no good
You 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 ringing
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the people
were singing
They went "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 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 blood below my feet
You can't raise the cane back up when it's in the feed

The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells
were ringing
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the people
were singing
They went "La, la, la-la, la, la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la"

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