

# The night they drove old Dixie down

Robbie Robertson

**5** Am C F Am  
Vir-gil Caine is my name and I served on the Den-ville train.

**9** C Am F Am  
'Til Stone-man's Cav-al-ry came and tore up the tracks a gain.

**13** F C Am F  
In the win-ter of six-ty five we were hun- gry, just bare-ly a- live,

**17** Am F C Am D<sup>7</sup>  
By May the tenth Rich-mond had fell, it was a time I re-mem-ber oh, so well.

**23** C F C Am  
The night they drove old Dix-ie down, and all the bells were ring-ing, The  
The night they drove old Dix-ie down, The

28 C F C Am

S. *night they drove old Dix-ie down, — and all the peo-ple were sing - ing, They went,*

T. *night they drove old Dix-ie down, —*

B. *night they drove old Dix-ie down, —*

Vln.

32 C Am D<sup>7</sup> F

S. *La, la, la, la, la, — La, la, la, la la, la — la, la — la.*

T. *La, la, la, la, la, — La, la, la, la la, la — la, la — la.*

B. *La, la, la, la, la, — La, la, la, la la, la — la, la — la.*

Vln.

37 C

S. *Back with my wife in Tennessee, when one day she called to me,*

Vln.

"Virgil, quick, come and 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.

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.