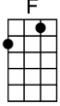


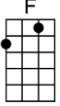
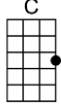


THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

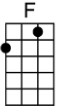
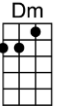

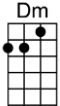
4/4 1...2...1234

-Robbie Robertson

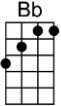
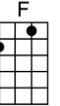
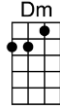
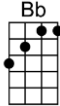
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |

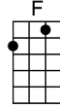
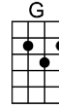
Virgil Caine is my name, and I served on the Danville train

'Til Stoneman's cavalry came, and tore up the tracks a-gain

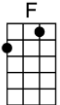
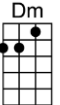
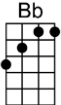
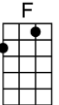
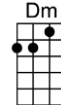
   

In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive

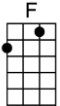
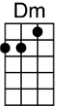
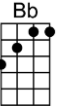
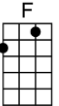
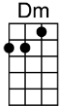
    

By May the tenth, Richmond had fell, it's a time I re-member, oh, so well

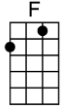


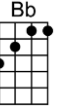
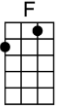
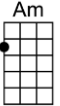

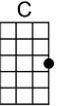
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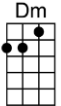
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the bells were ringin'

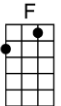
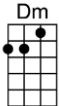
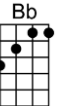
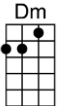
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the people were singin'

        (X2)

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."

p.2. The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

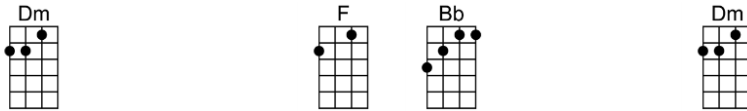


Now I don't mind chopping wood, and I don't care if the money's no good

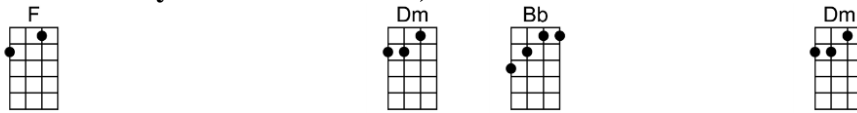


You take what you need and you leave the rest, but they should never have taken the very best

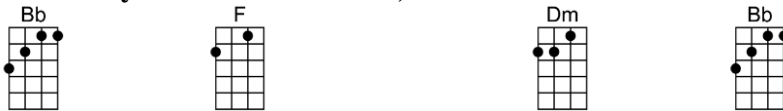
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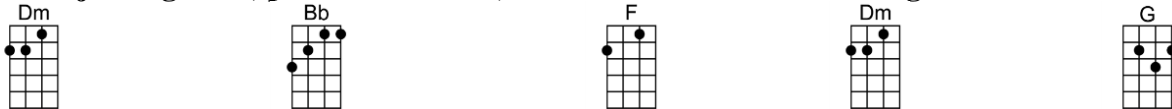
Like my father be-fore me, I will work the land



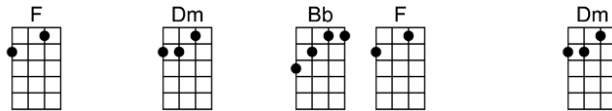
And like my brother a-bove me, who took a rebel stand



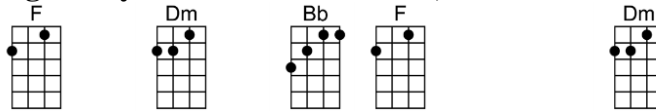
He was just eighteen, proud and brave, but a Yankee laid him in his grave



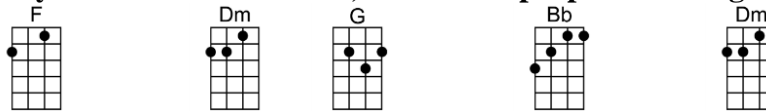
I swear by the mud be-low my feet, you can't raise a Caine back up when he's in de-feat



The night they drove old Dixie down, and 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, la"

THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

4/4 1...2...1234

-Robbie Robertson

Intro: | F | / | / | F C |

Dm F Bb Dm
Virgil Caine is my name, and I served on the Danville train
F Dm Bb Dm
'Til Stoneman's cavalry came, and tore up the tracks a-gain
Bb F Dm Bb
In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive
Dm Bb F Dm G
By May the tenth, Richmond had fell, it's a time I re-member, oh, so well

F Dm Bb F Dm
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the bells were ringin'
F Dm Bb F Dm
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the people were singin'
F Dm G Bb [F Am Dm C] (X2)
They went, "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la"

Dm F Bb Dm
Back with my wife in Tennessee, when one day she called to me,
F Dm Bb Dm
"Virgil, quick! Come see! There goes the Robert E. Lee."
Bb F Dm Bb
Now I don't mind chopping wood, and I don't care if the money's no good
Dm Bb F Dm G
You take what you need and you leave the rest, but they should never have taken the very best

F Dm Bb F Dm
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the bells were ringin'
F Dm Bb F Dm
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the people were singin'
F Dm G Bb [F Am Dm C] (X2)
They went, "Na, la, la, la, la, na, la, la, la, na, la, la, la, la"

Dm F Bb Dm
Like my father be-fore me, I will work the land
F Dm Bb Dm
And like my brother a-bove me, who took a rebel stand
Bb F Dm Bb
He was just eighteen, proud and brave, but a Yankee laid him in his grave
Dm Bb F Dm G
I swear by the mud be-low my feet, you can't raise a Caine back up when he's in de-feat
F Dm Bb F Dm
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the bells were ringin'
F Dm Bb F Dm
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin'
F Dm G Bb Dm
They went, "Na, la, la, la, la, na, la, la, la, na, la, la, la, la"