DIXIE

ALBERT PIKE

DAN EMMETT

Harmonized by MORTIMER WILSON

I wish I was in de land ob cotton, Old times dar am
Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will-de-wea-ber," Will-yum was a
His face was sharp as a butch-er's cle-ber, But soon aft-er
Now here's a health to the next old Mis-sus, And all de gals dat
Dar's buck-wheat cakes and In-jun bat-ter; Makes you fat or a

not for-got-ten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-
gay de-ce-ber; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-
he did leab er; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-
want to kiss us; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-
lit-tle fat-ter; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-

way! Dix- ie land. In_ Dix- ie land_ whar
way! Dix- ie land. But when he put_ his_
way! Dix- ie land. Old Mis-sus act-ed de_
way! Dix- ie land. But if you want_ to_
way! Dix- ie land. Den hoe it down and_

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I was born in Early on one frosty mornin', Look a-
arm a-round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder, Look a-
fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-
drive 'way sorrow, Come and hear dis song to-mor-row, Look a-
scratch your grapple, To Dix-ie's land I'm bound to trubble, Look a-
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
Dixie Land I'll took my stand, To lib and die in Dixie; A-
way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie; A-
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