The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down by Joan Baez

Capo I

Am C 2x C Am

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Am      C                         F                      Am
Virgil Caine is my name, and I drove on the Danville train
C               Am                  F                  Am
 'Til Stoneman's cavalry came, and tore up the tracks again.
F               C           Am          F
 In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive.
Am                    F                            C       Am          D
 I took the train to Richmond, it fell, it was a time I remember, oh so
well,

    C           F           C               Am
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringing,
    C           F           C               Am
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin'. They
went
C                 Am   D           F
 La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La
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Am C Am C 2x C Am

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Am                   C               F                   Am
Back with my wife in Tennessee, when one day she said to me
C       Am                  F                   Am
 "Virgil, quick, come see, there goes Robert E. Lee!"
F                 Am                     C               Am
 Now I don't mind' choppin' wood, and I don't care if the money's no good.
   F                       Am
Ya take what ya need, and leave the rest,
                    C       Am          D
but they should never have taken the very best.

    C           F           C               Am
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringing,
    C           F           C               Am
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin'. They
went
C                 Am   D           F
 La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La
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Am C Am C 2x C Am

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Am                    C         F              Am
Like my father before me, I'm a workin' man
C                        Am       F              Am
 Like my brother before me, I took a rebel stand.
        F              Am                   C                  Am
He was just eighteen, proud and brave, but a Yankee laid him in his grave
   F                Am
I swear by the blood below my feet,
          C                        Am                   D
you can't raise the cane back up when it's in the seed.

     C          F              C                 Am
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringing,
     C          F              C                 Am
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin'. They
went
C                  Am   D            F
 La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La
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