

# Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

by Robbie Robertson (1970)

*C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> C/G F<sub>(1/2)</sub> F/E<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am*  
Virgil Caine is the name, and I served on the Danville train,  
*C Am F<sub>(1/2)</sub> F/E<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am*  
'Til so much cavalry came and tore up the tracks again.  
*F C Am F*  
In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive.  
*Am/E F*  
I took the train to Richmond that fell  
*C Am Dsus4 D*  
It's a time I remember, oh so well,

*C/G Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> F<sub>(1/2)</sub> C/G Fmaj7*  
The night they drove Old Dixie down, and the bells were ringing,  
*C/G Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> F<sub>(1/2)</sub> C/G Fmaj7*  
The night they drove Old Dixie down, and the people were singin'. They went  
*C/G Am D F F*  
La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La La, La, La La

*C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> C/G F<sub>(1/2)</sub> F/E<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am*  
Back with my wife in Tennessee, When one day she called to me,  
*C Am F<sub>(1/2)</sub> F/E<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am*  
"Virgil, quick, come see, there goes Robert E. Lee!"  
*F C Am F*  
Now I don't mind choppin' wood, and I don't care if the money's no good.  
*Am/E F*  
Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest,  
*C Am Dsus4 D*  
But they never should have taken the very best. (Chorus)

*C<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am<sub>(1/2)</sub> C/G F<sub>(1/2)</sub> F/E<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am*  
Like my father before me, I will work the land,  
*C Am F<sub>(1/2)</sub> F/E<sub>(1/2)</sub> Am*  
Like my brother above me, who took a rebel stand.  
*F C Am F*  
He was just eighteen, proud and brave, But a Yankee laid him in his grave,  
*Am/E F*  
I swear by the mud below my feet,  
*C Am Dsus4 D*  
You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat