

THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN - Joan Baez

Virgil Cain is my name and I drove on the Danville train
Till Stoneman's cavalry came and tore up the tracks again.
In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive
I drove a train to Richmond, Nefelle.
It was a time I remember very well,
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringin'
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin',

"Naa na-na naa na-na, na-naa na-naa na-naa naa na-naa na-na-naa"
Back with my wife in Tennessee, one day she said to me
"Virgil, quick come see, there goes the Robert E Lee."
Now I don't mind choppin' 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.

Like my father before me, I'm a workin' man
Like my brother above me, I took a rebel stand
He was eighteen, proud and brave,
But a Yankee laid him in his grave ...
I swear by the blood beneath my feet,
You can't raise a Cain back up when he's in defeat.