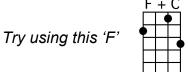
## The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

Robbie Robertson The Band

$D^{m}$	F	$B^b$	$\mathbf{D}^{m}$
1111	1111	1111	1111



**CHORUS:** 

F B<sup>b</sup> F

The night they drove old Dixie down

 $D^{m}$ 

And all the bells were ringing

F B<sup>b</sup>

The night they drove old Dixie down

 $\mathbf{D}^{\mathbf{m}}$ 

And all the people were singing. They went...

F D<sup>m</sup> G B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Na na

$D^{m}$		F	B <sup>b</sup>		$D^{m}$	
	Back with my wif	e in Tenness	ee when one	day she	called to me	
F	$D^m$		$B^b$	ı	$D^m$	
	"Virgil, quick come and see! There goes Robert E. Lee"					
$B^b$		F	$D^{m}$		$B^b$	
	Now, I don't mind choppin' wood and I don't care if the money's no good					
	$D^m$		$B^b$			
	You take what you need and you leave the rest					
		F D	m	G	G	
	But they should i	never have ta	ken the very	best		

## **CHORUS:**

D<sup>m</sup> Like my father be-fore me, I will work the land

F D<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> D<sup>m</sup>

And like my brother above me, who took a rebel stand

B<sup>b</sup> F

He was just eighteen, proud and brave

D<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

But a Yankee laid him in his grave

D<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

I swear by the mud be-low my feet

F D<sup>m</sup> G G

You can't raise a Cain back up when he's in de-feat

