

The night they drove old Dixie down ([midi](#))

Change Chords

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1. <sup>Em</sup> Virgil Cain is my name and I served on the Danville train,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
till Stoneman's cavalry came and tore up the tracks again.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
I drove a train to Richmond, Nefelle. It was a time I remember very well.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringin'

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin',

(they went)

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
"Naa na-na naa na-na, na-naa na-naa na-naa naa na-naa na-na-naa"

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
2. Back with my wife in Tennessee, one day she said to me,

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
"Virgil, quick come see, there goes the Robert E. Lee."

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
Now. I don't mind choppin' wood, and I don't care if the money's no good.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
You take what you need and you leave the rest,

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
but they should never have taken the very best. + CHORUS

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
3. Like my father before me, I'm a workin' man,

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
and like my brother above me, I took a rebel stand.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>e</sup>  
He was eighteen, proud and brave, but a Yankee laid him in his grave,

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
I swear by the blood beneath my feet,

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
you can't raise a Cain back up when he's in defeat. + CHORUS

(Joan Baez)