Dixie

Daniel D. Emmett

Oh I wish I was in the land of cotton,
There's buckwheat cakes and Indian batter,

Old times there are not for gotten, Look away! Look away! Look away!
Makes you fat or a little fatter, Look away! Look away! Look away!

Way! Dixie land. In Dixie land where I was born in,
Way! Dixie land. Then Dixie land where I scratch your grabble, To

Earl'y on one frost'y morn'ing Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land I'm bound to tramble, Look away! Look away! Look away!

way! Dix-ie land. Then I wish I was in Dix- ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Dixie

ray! In Dix-ie land I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie, A-way, A-way, A-way down South in Dixie.