How I wish I was in the land of cotton, old things they are not forgotten, look away, look away, look away, Dixie-land.

Oh I wish I was in Dixie, away, away, in Dixie-land I take my stand to live and die in Dixie. 'Cause Dixie-land that's were I was born, Early Lord, one frosty morn, look away, look away, look away Dixie-land.

Glory, glory Alleluia. Glory, glory Alleluia. Glory, glory Alleluia, His truth is marching on.
C

Pno. 45

C So hush lit-tle child-ren don't you cry. Am7  Dm7
F C

Pno. 51

know your dad-dy's bound to die. But all my trials Lord G7  C
C7

Pno. 58

soon be over. INSTRUMENTAL F
G7  C  G7  C  C7  F  C

Pno. 66

E7 Am  F  Dm  G7  C

Pno. 76

Dm Glor-y, glor-y al-le lu-jah, His truth is march-ing on. His G7  C

Pno. 84

truth is march-ing on.