

I wish I was in the land of cot-ton, old times they are not forgot-ten; look a-
in Dix-ie Land where I was born in, ear - ly on a frost - y morn-in', look a-
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land. Oh I wish I was in Dix-ie, hoor-
ay! hoor - ay! In Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie, a - way, a -
way, a - way down South in Dix-ie, a - way, a - way, a - way down South in Dix-ie.

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times they are not forgotten;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land where I was born in,
early on a frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie Land.

Oh I wish I was in Dixie,
hooray! hooray!

In Dixie Land I'll take my stand
to live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

His face was sharp
as a butchers cleaver,
But that did not seem to grieve her;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man
that broke her heart.
Look away! ...

Old Missus marry Will, the weaver,
William was a gay deceiver;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around'er,
He smiled as fierce
as a forty-pound'er,
Look away! ...

Now here's a health
to the next old Missus,
And all the gals that want to kiss us;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come an hear this song to-morrow.
Look away! ...

Dars buckwheat cakes an' ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie land I'm bound to travel.
Look away! ...