

## An American Trilogy

John Conlee

How I wish I was in the land of cotton  
Old times there are not forgotten  
Look away, look away, look away Dixieland

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie, away, away  
In Dixieland I'll take my stand  
To live and die in Dixie

'Cause Dixieland, that's where I was born  
Early, Lord, one frosty mornin'  
Look away, look away, look away Dixieland

Glory, glory, hallelujah  
Glory, glory, hallelujah  
Glory, glory, hallelujah  
His truth is marching on

So hush, little baby, don't you cry  
You know your daddy was bound to die  
And all, all my trials, Lord  
They'll soon be over

How I wish I was in the land of cotton  
Old times there are not forgotten  
Look away, look away, look away Dixieland