The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down (Robbie Robertson) (C)
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down by Joan Baez (1971) (C#)

<mark>Intro</mark> | C Cmaj7 | Am Cmaj7 | C Cmaj7 | Am Cmaj7 |

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Am       C                        F                    Am
_ Virgil Caine is my name and I drove on the Danville train
C            Am                   F                    Am
_ 'Til so much cavalry came and tore up the tracks a-gain
F               C            Am          F
_ In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive
Am                    F                          C       Am          D   | D7
__ I took the train to Richmond that fall, it was a time I re-member oh so well.
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<mark>Chorus</mark>

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        C         Am      F   C               Am
    The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringin'
        C         Am      F   C               Am
    The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin', they went:
    C         Am        D                  F
    "Naa na-na naa na-na, na-naa na-naa na-naa na-na-naa."
    | C  Cmaj7 | Am  Cmaj7 | C  Cmaj7 | Am  Cmaj7 |
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Am                   C              F             Am
Back with my wife in Tennessee, and one day she said to me
C         Am              F                    Am
_ "Virgil, quick come see, there goes the Robert E Lee."
    F            C                  Am           F
Now, I don't mind choppin' wood, and I don't care if the money's no good
     Am                      F
Just take what you need and leave the rest,
            C          Am           D  | D7
but they should never have taken the very best.    <mark>Chorus</mark>
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Am                   C       F            Am
__ Like my father be-fore me, _ I'm a workin' man
C                     Am      F            Am
_ And like my brother be-fore me, _ I took a rebel stand
        F              C                 Am              F
Well, he was just eighteen, proud and brave, but a Yankee laid him in his grave
 Am                   F
I swear by the blood be-low my feet, you can't
C              Am              D  | D7
Raise a Caine back up when he's in de-feat.
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        C         Am      F    C                Am
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringin'
        C         Am      F    C                Am
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin', they went:
C           Am          D                   F               | Am
"Naa na-na naa na-na, na-naa na-naa na-naa na-na-naa."
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The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down (Robbie Robertson) (F)

Intro | F Fmaj7 | Dm Fmaj7 | F Fmaj7 | Dm Fmaj7 |

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Dm      F                    Bb                Dm
_ Virgil Caine is my name and I drove on the Danville train
F          Dm              Bb                Dm
_ 'Til so much cavalry came and tore up the tracks a-gain
Bb            F          Dm        Bb
_ In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive
Dm              Bb                        F     Dm        G   | G7
__ I took the train to Richmond that fall, it was a time I re-member oh so well.
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Chorus
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        F        Dm      Bb   F              Dm
    The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringin'
        F        Dm      Bb   F              Dm
    The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin', they went:
    F         Dm        G              Bb
    "Naa na-na naa na-na, na-naa na-naa na-naa na-na-naa."
    | F  Fmaj7 | Dm  Fmaj7 | F  Fmaj7 | Dm  Fmaj7 |
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Dm                    F          Bb              Dm
Back with my wife in Tennessee, and one day she said to me
F     Dm          Bb                    Dm
_ "Virgil, quick come see, there goes the Robert E Lee."
      Bb          F              Dm          Bb
Now, I don't mind choppin' wood, and I don't care if the money's no good
      Dm                    Bb
Just take what you need and leave the rest,
              F          Dm          G  | G7
but they should never have taken the very best.   Chorus
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Dm                    F      Bb          Dm
__ Like my father be-fore me, __ I'm a workin' man
F                        Dm    Bb          Dm
_ And like my brother be-fore me, __ I took a rebel stand
          Bb          F              Dm          Bb
Well, he was just eighteen, proud and brave, but a Yankee laid him in his grave
  Dm                Bb
I swear by the blood be-low my feet, you can't
F              Dm              G  | G7
Raise a Caine back up when he's in de-feat.
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        F         Dm      Bb   F                 Dm
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The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringin'
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        F         Dm      Bb   F                 Dm
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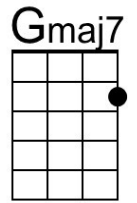The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin', they went:
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F            Dm         G                   Bb            | Dm
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"Naa na-na naa na-na, na-naa na-naa na-naa na-na-naa."

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down (Robbie Robertson) (G)

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down by Joan Baez (1971) (C#)

Intro | G Gmaj7 | Em Gmaj7 | G Gmaj7 | Em Gmaj7 |

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Em       G                      C                   Em
_ Virgil Caine is my name and I drove on the Danville train
G            Em                  C                  Em
_ 'Til so much cavalry came and tore up the tracks a-gain
C            G            Em        C
_ In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive
Em               C                        G      Em           A  | A7
__ I took the train to Richmond that fall, it was a time I re-member oh so well.
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Chorus
```
      G        Em       C   G              Em
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringin'
     G      Em      C  G                   Em
The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin', they went:
G      Em      A          C
"Naa na-na naa na-na, na-naa na-naa na-naa na-na-naa."
| G  Gmaj7 | Em  Gmaj7 | G  Gmaj7 | Em  Gmaj7 |
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Em                 G              C              Em
Back with my wife in Tennessee, and one day she said to me
G        Em                  C                 Em
_ "Virgil, quick come see, there goes the Robert E Lee."
      C          G                Em           C
Now, I don't mind choppin' wood, and I don't care if the money's no good
     Em                      C
Just take what you need and leave the rest,
           G           Em           A  | A7
but they should never have taken the very best.    Chorus
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Em                   G        C          Em
__ Like my father be-fore me, _ I'm a workin' man
G                       Em      C           Em
_ And like my brother be-fore me, _ I took a rebel stand
          C               G                  Em              C
Well, he was just eighteen, proud and brave, but a Yankee laid him in his grave
  Em                   C
I swear by the blood be-low my feet, you can't
G              Em                A  | A7
Raise a Caine back up when he's in de-feat.
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       G        Em      C    G              Em
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The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the bells were ringin'
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       G        Em      C    G              Em
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The night they drove old Dixie down, and all the people were singin', they went:
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G           Em       A              C           | Em
```
"Naa na-na naa na-na, na-naa na-naa na-naa na-na-naa."