

# An American Trilogy

## Elvis Presley

Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton  
Old things they are not forgotten  
Look away, look away, look away Dixieland  
Oh, I wish I was in Dixie, away, away In Dixieland I take my stand to live and die in Dixie  
'Cause Dixieland, that's where I was born  
Early Lord one frosty morning  
Look away, look away, look away Dixieland Glory, glory hallelujah  
Glory, glory hallelujah  
Glory, glory hallelujah  
His truth is marching on So shut up little baby  
Don't you cry  
You know your daddy's bound to die  
But all my trials, Lord, will soon be over

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