

# An American Trilogy

## Elvis Presley

Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton  
Old times 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  
For Dixieland, I was born  
Early Lord one frosty morn  
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's bound to die  
But all my trials, Lord, soon be over Glory, glory hallelujah  
His truth is marching on  
His truth is marching on

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