

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, awayIn 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 DixielandGlory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
His truth is marching onSo hush little baby
Don't you cry
You know your daddy's bound to die
But all my trials, Lord, soon be overGlory, glory hallelujah
His truth is marching on
His truth is marching on

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