Version 3: “(I Wish I Was In) Dixie’s Land”

I wish I was in land of cotton,
Old times there am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty morning,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS:
Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
In Dixie land, I’ll take my stand to live and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Dar’s buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie’s land I’m bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS:
Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
In Dixie land, I’ll take my stand to live and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.