

Dixie

By:Raymond Corder

Music by Richard A. Whiting

They rave of Dixie Land.
But still it's hell for Black folk there
And for migratory workers.
The plutes say Angels built Dixie,
But I think they tell a fib.
If the Angels did build Dixie Land,
Then I'll tell you what the Angels did:

They built some big stockades,
And they called it Dixie Land.
Where justice is God only knows
Far away in Dixie Land.
They've built the vilest place I've known
To keep the slaves from doing harm.
Nothing was forgotten
Where everything is rotten
When they built the county farm.
And they took the devil from the pit,
And they gave him a thirty-eight;
They taught him to be a convict guard
And all working folk to hate.
It's a crime to organize down there,
But we'll show them as we've shown
The Master Class elsewhere.
We'll make it twice as nice as paradise
When we conquer Dixie Land.

Oh, the workers slave in this land so bright,
Where flowers ever bloom,
And democrats use laws and might
To turn the light to gloom.
Oh, working class of Dixie,
Wake up and take your due.
Then the flowers will bloom for us again
When finally we are through.

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