

Labor's Dixie

By: Charles M. Robinson

Music by Dan Emmett

Work away down South in the land of cotton:
"Citizen's Leagues" and all that's rotten;
Work away, day-by-day, nary pay, Dixie land;
In Dixie land, the children toil, and the mothers moil;
In Dixie land, work away, day-by-day, nary pay, down South.

In Dixie, work away, work away, away;
Away down South in Dixie land,
In Dixie land, let's take our stand;
Demand fair pay, and live and die for labor!
Demand fair pay, and live and die for labor!

In Dixie land, the political parties
Organize to make their "darkies"
Work away, day-by-day, nary pay, Dixie land;
In Dixie land, racial hatred grinds and grabs and burns and stabs;
In Dixie, work away, day-by-day, nary pay, down South.

In Dixie, work away, work away, away;
Away down South in Dixie land,
In Dixie land, let's take our stand;
Demand fair play, and live and die for labor!
Demand fair play, and live and die for labor!

In Dixie land is the thief land-holder;
Used to be bold, but he's now grown bolder;
Work away, day-by-day, nary pay, Dixie land;
In Dixie land, he drags "white tramps" off to his "camps";
In Dixie land, work away, day-by-day, nary pay, down South.

In Dixie, work away, work away, away;
Away down South in Dixie land,
In Dixie land, let's take our stand;
Demand fair play, and live and die for labor!
Demand fair play, and live and die for labor!

But in Dixie land, we are organizing;
Soon, results will be surprising;
Work away, day-by-day, it will pay, Dixie land;
For in Dixie land, we will strike the blow:
The boss must go from Dixie land;
Work away, day-by-day, it will pay, down South.

In Dixie, we will strike for fair play and pay!
Away down South in Dixie land,
In Dixie land, we'll take a stand;
Then black and white will enjoy life in Dixie;
Then black and white will enjoy life in Dixie.