

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Rebel soldier

In a dreary Yankee prison
Whewe a Rebel soldier lay
By his side there stood a preacher
Eye his soul should pass away

And he faintly whispered Parson
As he clutched him by the hand
Oh, parson tellme quickly
Will my soul pass thru the southland

Well my soul pass thru the southland
To my old Virginia Grand
Will I see the hills of Georgia
And the green fields of Alabam

Will I see that little church house
Where I placed my heart in hand
Oh, parson, tell me quickly
Will my soul pass thru the southland

Was for lovin' dear ol' Dixie
In this dreary cell I lie
Was for lovin' dear ol' Dixie
In this northern state I'll die

Will you see my little daughter
Will you make her understand

Oh, parson, tell me quickly
Will my soul pass thru the southland