

## An American Trilogy

Glen Campbell

Oh I wish I was in the land of cotton  
Old things they are not forgotten  
Look away, look away, look away Dixieland  
Oh I wish I was in Dixie, away, away  
In Dixieland I take my stand to live and die in Dixie  
Cause Dixieland, that's where I was born  
Early Lord one frosty morning  
Look away, look away, look away Dixieland

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