

# Dixie

I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
Old times they are not forgotten;  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
In Dixie Land where I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

(The remaining verses drift into the common minstrel idiom of a comical plantation scenario, "supposedly [depicting] the gayer side of life for slaves on Southern plantations":)

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"  
William was a gay deceaber;  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
But when he put his arm around'er,  
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pound'er,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

(The final verse mixes [nonsense](#) and dance steps with the freed-slave scenario:)

Dar's buck-wheat cakes an 'Ingen' batter,  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,  
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble.  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.