American Trilogy

Oh I wish I was in the Land of Cotton
Old Times there are not forgotten
Look Away, Look Away, Look Away, Dixie Land.

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie Away, Away,
In dixieland i'll take my stand - to live and die in dixie.

For Dixie land, where I was born,
early lord, one frosty morn,
Look Away, Look Away, Look Away, Dixie Land.

Only 1 pass… 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, All my trials lord, will soon be over.

Flute /// 3 bars /// p/u … big band /// …

…… Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
His truth is marching on.
His truth is marching on.