There are a wide variety of sights and sounds that one could immediately associate with the South or being Southern. Nothing proclaims the heritage and honor of the South like the sight of our sacred banner floating on a warm southern breeze. It is a scene that makes the heart swell, the blood run faster and brings forth a cheer from deep inside us.

Likewise no sound can engender deep emotion, pride and strengthen our bonds like the strains of DIXIE. Whether its detractors like it or not, no other tune speaks to the honorable history of the South, and indeed is as ingrained in the American psyche as the distinctive tune of DIXIE.

Daniel D. Emmett published and first performed DIXIE in April of 1859. This makes 2009 the sesquicentennial, or 150th anniversary, of our beloved anthem. Since that time DIXIE has been played generation after generation at most any civic function. Every college band had it in its selection list. It was always played as a part of the program of Patriotic music both by the military and private organizations. School children were taught to sing it. It not only was the Song of the South but a cherished piece of American musical history.

All that began to change in the early 1990's when the scourge of political correctness started sweeping the land. In reality this is nothing more than censorship of ideas and beliefs. They have tried to tell us that the simple act of playing or singing of DIXIE is an act of racism. This of course is ridiculous, however that has not stopped their success in removing DIXIE from the national song book.

It is time to take a stand for DIXIE! If you do not know it, learn it. Teach it to your children, school groups, church groups etc. And make sure it is sung or performed.

Always Stand for DIXIE!

(words and music on back)

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1-800-MY-SOUTH

Sons of Confederate Veterans
March tempo

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten. Look away, look away,

Dixie Land where I was born in,

Early on one frosty morning. Look away, look away,

Dixie, Hooray! Hooray! In Dixie Land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie, A-
way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie, A-
way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie.