

My Henry rifle lay across my thighs – wet with my blood  
My back leans back - against a red oak tree  
My eyes see several Union raiders - trotting through my field  
They aim to finally - finish up with me

Mary took the boys to hide under the woodshed – like we planned  
But I heard shots - then screams - then saw the fire  
Me, I was going to try to reason with them – what a fool  
They gut shot me - now I think I hear a choir

Tell Ma I never should have left New Hampshire – so cool and clear  
But Mary always longed for her home state  
Ten years - two boys - hard plowing through this Old Dominion soil  
Has all come down to this uncivil fate

*I sit here with my body - dying in dixie  
With my yankee heart beating - just barely  
My body and my mind - straddling - the Mason Dixon line.*

Tell Jeff Davis he is not my leader - nor any of his kind  
I won't fight for them or their backward ways of old  
I fought for my wife, my boys and for our homestead property  
But I'll not fight to own - another man's body or soul

But those northern boys never asked for my opinion – or my beliefs  
They just scorched my life - taking everything dear to me  
They say war is hell and the end will always justify the means  
But this end ain't justifying much for me - or my family

*I sit here with my body - dying in dixie  
With my yankee heart beating - just barely  
My body and my mind - straddling - the Mason Dixon line.*

My Henry rifle lay across my thighs – wet with my blood  
There's a rifle aiming through the goldenrod  
I willingly face toward my final fortune - though now unknown  
As I reluctantly - give up on a just god