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Title. It Shall Be Done.

[Words and music by A. B. Pooley]

Verse

1. From the land where breezes blow To The land of Old Black Joe The boys are coming with hearts a-born-ing.

2. Dix ie land be-fore we go There is one thing you must know We're ev-'er grateful for your as-sist-ance.

The Busy East has heard the call From the West in line they fall. When Victory is won They'll be re-turning Hear the cap tain

And the Flag Shall nev er Fall You're made sold-iers of us all And fired us with the spirit of re-sist-ance While your hearts are

Bragg-ing Not a-man is lagg ing Each and ev'ry one is full of pep They're glad to come to Dix ie Land To receive a hel-

Yearn-ing Pray for our re-torn-ing As we spread the Flame of Lib-er-ty. For when you said It shall be done Then we knew the war

Chorus

ping hand And with the Southern lads They'll keep in Step. Drop your work Drop your play Break a-way dont delay Grab a gun on the run there's a

was won And We deserve marching home with Vic-tor-y.

task to be done When they teach us to salute And they show us how to shoot I hate to be in the boots of any Hun Hun Hun

Down in Dix-ie In dear old Dix-ie where the Blue and Gray are one We've got to go a-cross the sea And put

an end to Ger-man-y And take it from us It shall be done

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