

Legend of the Rebel Soldier – The Country Gentlemen

G D
In a dreary Yankee prison where a re-bel soldier lay...
(D) G
By his side there stood a preacher... Ere his soul should pass a-way...
(G) D
And he faintly whispered: "Parson" as he clutched him by the hand...
(D) G
Oh Parson, tell me quickly... will my soul pass through the southland?

(G) D
Will my soul pass through the Southland, through old Virginia grand...
(D) G
Will I see the hills of Georgia and the green fields of Ala-bam?
(G) D
Will I see that little church house, where I pledged my heart and hand...
(D) G
Oh Parson, tell me quickly... will my soul pass through the Southland?

(G) D
Was for loving dear old Dixie, in this dreary cell I lie...
(D) G
Was for loving dear old Dixie, in this northern state I die...
(G) D
Will you see my little daughter, will you make her under-stand...
(D) G
Oh Parson, tell me quickly... will my soul pass through the Southland?
D G
Then the Rebel soldier died....

Chord-Lyrics sheet: www.banjotom2.com