

Doc Watson

"The Cyclone Of Ryecov"

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Oh, listen today to the story I tell,
It's sadned with tear dimmed eyes,
Of a dreadful cyclone that came this way,
And blew our schoolhouse away.

Rye Cove, Rye Cove
The place of my childhood and home,
Where in life's early morn I once loved to roam,
But now it's so silent and lone.

When the great storm appeared it darkened the air,
And the lightning flashed over the sky,
Then the children all cried, "Don't take us away,
But spare us to go back home."

Rye Cove, Rye Cove
The place of my childhood and home,
Where in life's early morn I once loved to roam,
But now it's so silent and lone.

Oh the mothers so sad and fathers the same,
They came to this horrible scene,
Then searching and crying each found their own child,
Dying on a pillow of stone.

Lord give us a home far beyond the blue skies,
Where storms and cyclones are unknown,
And there will we stand and gladly clasp hands,
With our children in their heavenly home.

Rye Cove, Rye Cove
The place of my childhood and home,
Where in life's early morn I once loved to roam,
But now it's so silent and lone.

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