

Kristin Hersh

"Banks Of The Ohio"

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My love asked me, to take a walk
Just to walk, a little way
And as we walked along we talked
Of when would be our wedding day
We walked beneath the whispering pines
His heart was filled with love divine
And as we neared the riverside
He asked me when I'd be his bride
Oh no your bride, I'll never be
Another one's prepared for me
And as I drew my hand from his
His heart was filled with fire divine
He drew his knife across my breast
And in his arms I gently pressed

Willy dear, don't murder me
For I am not prepared to die
He took me by my golden curls
He drug me down to the riverside
And as he threw me into drown
He watched me as I floated down
He started home 'tween twelve and one
Thinking on the deed he'd done
Murdered just the one he loved
Because I would not be his bride

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