Banks of the Ohio

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I asked my love to take a walk,
G
to take a walk, just a little walk,
C
down beside where the waters flow,
G
D
G
down by the banks of the Ohio.

I held a knife against her breast
G
as into my arms she pressed,
C
she cried, "Oh, Willie, don't murder me,
G
D
G
I'm not prepared for eternity."

Returning home 'tween twelve and one,
G

I cried, "My God! What have I done?
C
I'd killed the girl I loved, you see,
G
D
G
Because she would not marry me."

- WALLEY TO THE TOTAL TO THE TOTAL T

