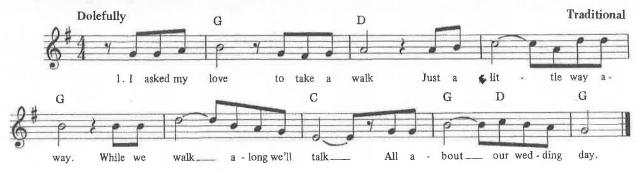
## BANKS OF THE OHIO



Chorus:

Only say that you'll be mine And in our home we'll happy be Down beside where the waters flow, On the banks of the Ohio.

- I drew my knife across her breast
   As into my arms she pressed
   She cried "Oh, Willie, don't murder me
   I'm not prepared for eternity." Chorus:
  - Returning home 'tween twelve and one Thinking of the deed I done I murdered the only girl I loved Because she would not marry me. Chorus:
- I took her by her lily white hand
   I led her down and I made her stand
   There I pushed her in to drown
   And watched her as she floated down. Cha
  - Next day as I was returning he I met the sheriff standing in the He said "young man come now Down on the banks of the Ohi

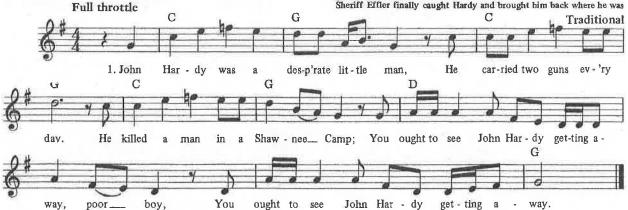
## LITTLE MAGGIE



- Oh how can I ever stand it
   To see those two blue eyes;
   They're shining in the moonlight
   Like two diamonds in the sky.
- Pretty flowers were made for blooming Pretty stars were made to shine; Pretty women were made for loving Little Maggie was made for mine.
- 4. Oh, the last time I saw little Maggie, She was sitting on the banks of the sea. With her forty-four strapped around her And a banjo on her knee.
- I'm going down to the station
  With my suitcase in my hand;
  I'm going to leave this country
  I'm going to some far and distant land.
- Go 'way, go 'way little Maggie, Go and do the best you can.
   I'll get me another woman You can get you another man.

## JOHN HARDY

When railroad men swap stories about the old days, someone always brings up the tale of John Hardy. A steel driver who could drink more whiskey and drive more steel than any two men in West Virginia, Hardy was also notorious for his luck in gambling. But one night during a crap game, his luck ran low and he killed a black man over twenty-five cents. Sheriff Effler finally caught Hardy and brought him back where he was



- 2. John Hardy was standing at the bar-room door Showing no interest in the game. Up stepped a woman with a dollar in her hand; Saying "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy, Deal John Hardy in the game."
- John Hardy took that yellow gal's money
   And then began to play.
   Saying "The man that wins my yellow gal's dollar;
   John Hardy will blow him away, poor boy,
   And lay him in his lonesome grave."