

BANKS OF THE OHIO

Dolefully *Traditional*

1. I asked my love to take a walk Just a lit - tle way a -
 way. While we walk a - long we'll talk All a - bout our wed - ding day.

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.

2. 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:*

3. 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. *Chc*

4. 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:*

5. Next day as I was returning he
 I met the sheriff standing in th
 He said "young man come nov
 Down on the banks of the Ohi

LITTLE MAGGIE

Lonesome *Traditional*

1. O - ver yon - der stands lit - tle Mag - gie With a dram glass in her
 hand; She's a - drink - ing a - way her trou - bles And a - court - ing an - oth - er man,

2. 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.

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.

6. 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.

3. Pretty flowers were made for blooming
 Pretty stars were made to shine;
 Pretty women were made for loving
 Little Maggie was made for mine.

5. 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.

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

Full throttle *Traditional*

1. John Har - dy was a des - p'rate lit - tle man, He car - ried two guns ev - 'ry
 dav. He killed a man in a Shaw - nee Camp; You ought to see John Har - dy get - ting a -
 way, poor boy, You ought to see John Har - dy get - ting a - way.

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."

3. 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."