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# Banks of the Ohio

Traditional

C C G7

I asked my love to come with me,  
I held a knife a - gainst his breast,

C

to take a walk, just a lit - tle walk,  
as into my arms, he gent - ly pressed,

C7 F

down be - side where the wa - ters flow,  
He cried my love don't you mur - der me,

C G7 C

a - long the banks of the O - hi - o. And on - ly  
I'm un - pre - pared for e - ter - ni - ty. I started back

G7

say that you'll be mine, in no oth -  
home tween twelf and one, Cry - ing my God

C C7 F

ers arms en twine, down be - side where the wa - ters flow,  
what have I done? I've killed the on - ly man I love,

C G7 C

a - long the banks of the O - hi - o.  
be - cause I couldn't be his wive.

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