

# Kristin Hersh, Banks Of The Ohio

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