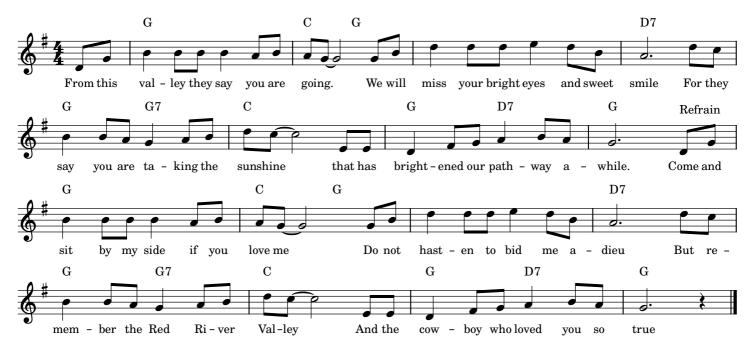
Red River Valley

US trad.



When you go to your home o'er the ocean Oh, remember the many happy hours That you spent in the Red River Valley, And the love we exchanged midst its bowers. Come and . . .

Do you think of the valley you're leaving? Oh, how lonely and how dready it will be: Do you think of the kind hearts you're breaking, And the pain you are causing to me. Come and . . .

They will bury me where you have wandered, Near the hills where the daffodils grow, When you're gone from the Red River Valley, For I can't live without you, I know. Come and . . .