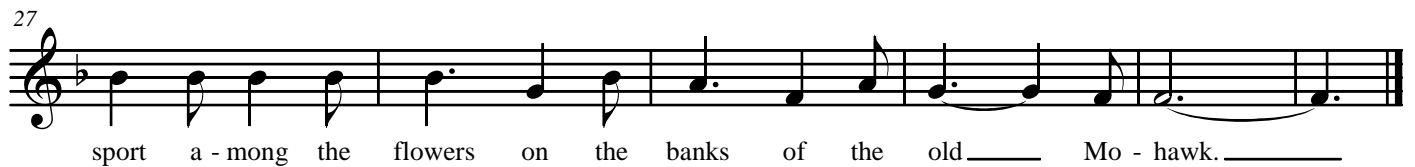
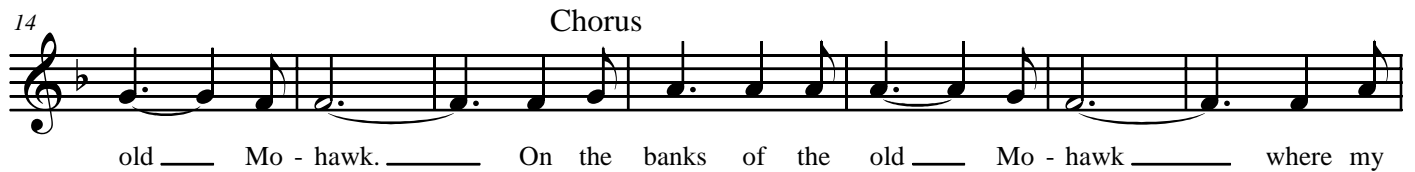
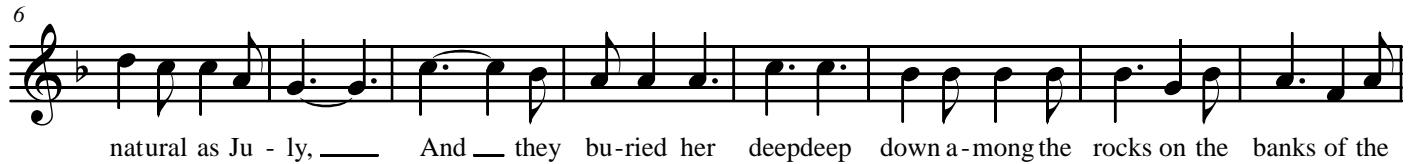
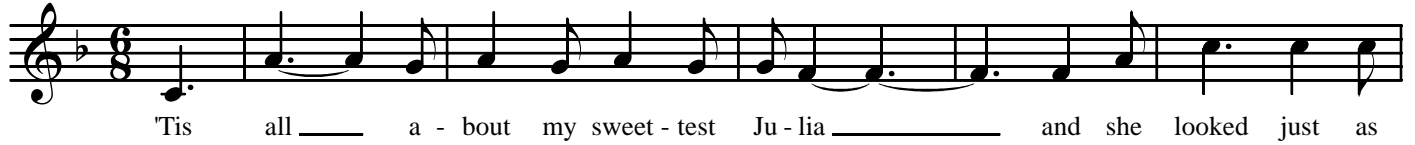


# Banks of the Old Mohawk

As sung by  
Lester A. Coffee

Originally in Db  
08-20-1946 Harvard, IL

## Verse



## Verse 1.

'Tis all about my sweetest Julia  
And she looked just as natural as July,  
And they buried her deep deep down among the rocks  
On the banks of the old Mohawk.

## Chorus

On the banks of the old Mohawk  
Where my love and I spent many an hour,  
Just as happy as the birds that sport among the flowers  
On the banks of the old Mohawk

## Verse 2.

One day sweet Julia sat a sowing  
When death came knocking at the door,  
And that very same day death stole her away  
On the banks of the old Mohawk.

## Chorus