Banks of the Old Mohawk

Verse
'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 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