Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Where the old red river flows

As I sit and think of dixie cotton fields and whippoorwills
Where I spent my happy childhood among the rocks and among the rills
I can see my dear old mother as around the place she gones
On my farm in Louisiana where the old red river flows

I-ee-o-lay-ee
You can hear the people singing soft and low
And at twilight in the evening
So soft and low, so low
On my farm in Louisiana where the old red river flows

Well the lights are bright tonight on Brosdway the cities fair as day
On the beach at Coney Island where the breezes make you gay
I'm heading south tonight love on the IC when she goes
To my farm in Louisiana where the old red river flows

* Refrain