Dulcimer

At the foot of yon mountain where the fountain doth flow, There's a

fond creation where the soft wind doth blow. There lives a fair maiden, she's the

one I adore; She's the

one I will marry on the Red River shore.

I asked her old father if he'd give her to me. 'No sir she shan't marry no cowboy', said he.
So I jumped on my bronco and away I did ride, a-leaving my true love on the Red River side.

She wrote me a letter and she wrote it so kind, and in this letter these words you could find.
'Come back to me, darling, you're the one I adore, you're the one I would marry on the Red River shore'

So I jumped on my bronco and away I did ride, to marry my true love on the Red river side.
But her dad knew the secret, and with twenty and four, came to fight this young cowboy on the Red River shore.

I drew my six-shooter, spun around and around, 'til six men were wounded and seven were down.
No use for an army of twenty and four, I'm bound for my true love on the Red River shore.

Such is the fortune of all women kind, they are always controlled, they are always made mind.
Controlled by their parents until they are wives, then slaves of their husbands the rest of their lives.