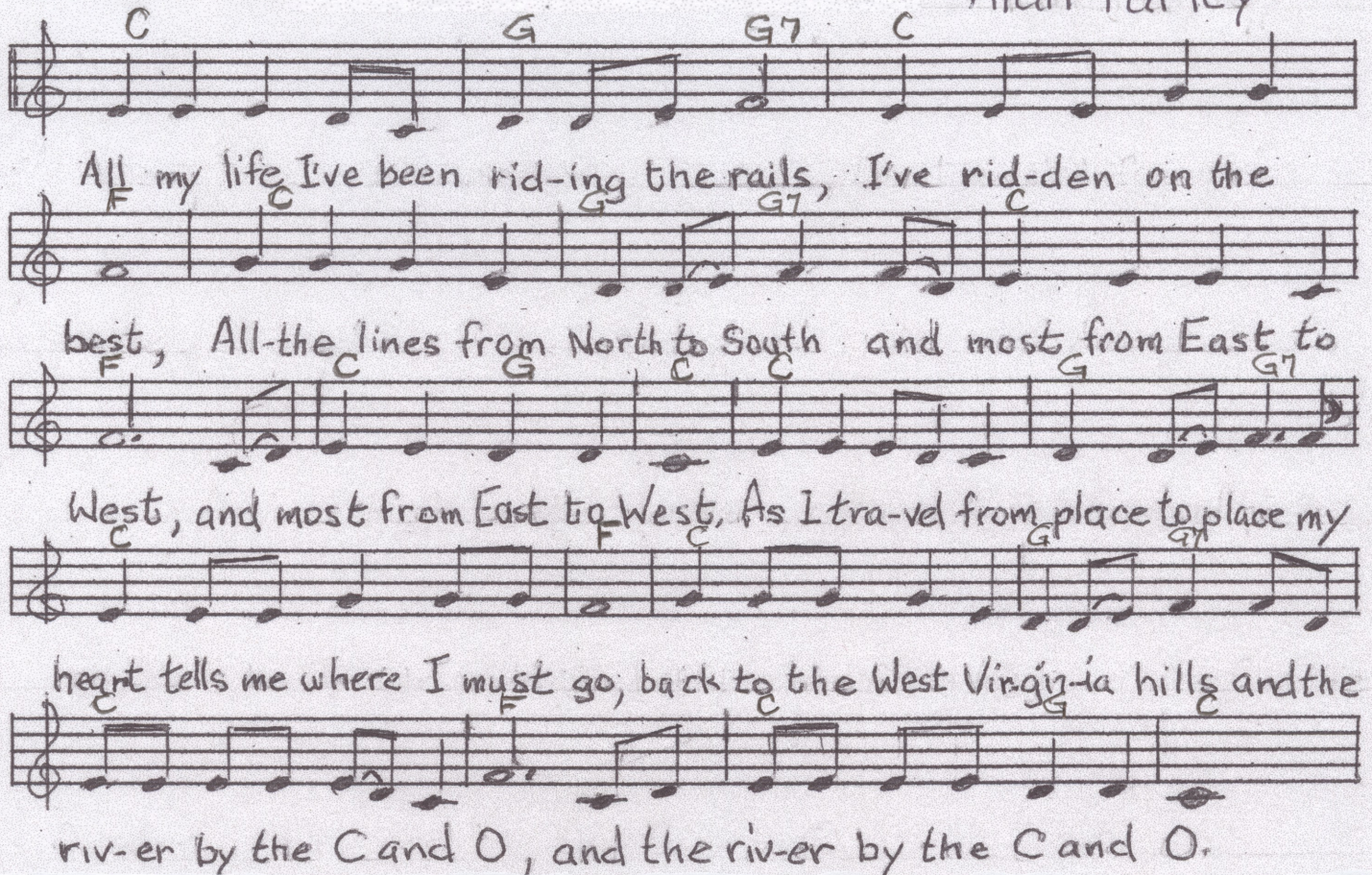


The River by the C & O

Alan Farley



All my life I've been rid-ing the rails, I've rid-den on the
best, All the lines from North to South and most from East to
West, and most from East to West, As I tra-vel from place to place my
heart tells me where I must go, back to the West Vir-gin-ia hills and the
riv-er by the C and O, and the riv-er by the C and O.

From Hinton Town to Gauley Bridge and the camps along the line,
Where miners live and work and die in a life that's better than mine,
In a life that's better than mine.

On a summer night in the warm soft air you can see the lanterns glow,
In the quiet camps of men who are called to the River by the C and O,
To the River by the C and O.

I've spent my life on these lonesome rails, I've traveled far and wide,
Now my time has come at last for the final lonely ride,
For the final lonely ride.

I am going there to see once more the River that flows for me,
To the hills I'll say my last farewell, then the River my rest will be,
Then the River my rest will be.