Hunt The Buffalo - song lyrics

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HUNT THE BUFFALO.
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As sung by Wm. B. Dunley.

Come all ye brisk young fellows, who have a mind to roam,
Unto some foreign country, a long way from home;
Unto some foreign country along with me to go,
And we'll settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.

Refrain.
Sweet and shady grove, thro' the wild woods we'll wander,
And we'll hunt the buffalo, yes, we'll hunt the buffalo;
Thro' the wild woods we'll wander and we'll hunt the buffalo.

Come all ye pretty fair maids and spin us some yarn,
To make us some clothing to keep ourselves warm;
You can card and spin, my love, while we reap and mow,
And we'll settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.-Refrain.

There's fishes in the river, love, all fitting for our use,
There's a large, lofty sugar-cane that will give us some juice;
There's all sorts of game, my love, likewise the buck and doe,
And we'll settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.-Refrain.

Now. if ever those wild Indians do ever come us nigh,
We'll all unite together, love, to conquer or to die;
We'll march into their tents, my love, and strike a deadly blow,
And we'll settle on the banks of the lovely Ohio.-Refrain.