

Sycamore Hollow

Blue Highway

It was down by the forked stream
Out in Sycamore Holler
I went down in my best of dress
To take her from her father

With hair down to her waist
The color of strawberries
Down by the forked stream
By night fall we would marry

I sure love the farmer's daughter
Back in Sycamore Holler

On a horse seventeen hands high
He rode in Sherman 's army
To Atlanta town against her will
He took my woman from me

Well I grabbed my knife and
both of my guns
In a loud voice I did call her
Upon a lightning horse I swore once more
As I left Sycamore Holler

I will bring the farmer's daughter
Back to Sycamore Holler

It was down by the river's edge
I see the campfire flicker
Four dead men lay behind
As I leave that campsite with her

Now our children play in a forked stream
Out in Sycamore Holler
With a boy like me and a girl like her
We'll always be together

I sure love the farmer's daughter
Down in Sycamore Holler

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Lyrics provided by
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