

Carlene Carter, The Winding Stream

(A.P.Carter)

Oh give to me a winding stream
It must not be too wide
Where waving leaves from maple trees
Do meet from either side
The water must be deep enough
To float a small canoe
With no one else but you
Do not disturb my waking dream
The splendor of that winding stream
Flower in my canoe, his eyes they looked me through
That someone there with golden hair
Is very much like you
The sparkling trout beneath the bank
Does leave his hiding place
Kingfisher from the bough above
So eager to give to chase
The spreading branches over head
The sunlight peeping through
Reminding me of you
Do not disturb my waking dream
The splendor of that winding stream
Flower in my canoe, his eyes they looked me through
That someone there with golden hair
Is very much like you