

# 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