



Rakovnickéj potok

GUM TREE CANOE (1847)

A. F. Winnemore / S. S. Steele

On Tombigbee River so bright I was born,
In a hut made of husks of the tall yellow corn
And there I first met with my Julia so true
And I rowed her about in our gum-tree canoe.

Singing row away, row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we sail in our gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we sail in our gum-tree canoe.

All the day in the field the soft cotton I hoe,
I think of my Julia and sing as I go,
Oh, I catch her a bird with a wing of true blue,
And at night sail her round in our gum-tree canoe.

Singing row away, row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we sail in our gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we sail in our gum-tree canoe.

With my hands on the banjo and toe on the oar,
I sing to the sound of the river's soft roar,
While the stars they look down at my Julia so true
And dance in her eye in our gum-tree canoe.

Singing row away, row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we sail in our gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we sail in our gum-tree canoe.

One night the stream bore us so far away
That we couldn't come back so we thought we'd just stay,
Oh, we spied a tall ship with a flag of true blue,
And it took us in tow with our gum-tree canoe.

Singing row away, row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we sail in our gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we sail in our gum-tree canoe.