

Carra Barra Wirra Canna

Rolf Harris

There's a lake in south Australia, little lake with
lovely name
And the story woven round it, from the piccaninnies came
Every night the native mothers croon this lovely lullaby,
Croon across the moonlit waters, to the star up in the
sky

Carra Barra Wirra Canna, little star upon the lake
Guide me through the hours of darkness, keep me safely
till I wake

Piccaninnies' heads are nodding, drowsy crooning fills
the air.
Little eyes at last are closing, And the boat of dreams
is there.
Guide my boat across the waters, Cross the waters still
and deep,
Light me with your little candle, safely to the land of
sleep

Carra Barra Wirra Canna, little star upon the lake
Guide me through the hours of darkness, keep me safely
till I wake