

The Winding Stream

The Carter Family

O 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
Her eyes they look me through
A maiden fair 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 chase
The spreading branches overhead
The sunrise peeping through
When looking, dear, at you

Do not disturb
My waking dream
The splendor of
That winding stream
Flower in my canoe
Her eyes they look me through
A maiden fair with golden hair
Is very much like you