The Winding Stream

Carlene 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 youDo 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 youThe 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 sunlight peeping through
Reminding me of youDo 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

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