

# The Gum Tree Canoe

S.S. Steele • 1867

sheet music in the key of G

On Tom-big - bee Riv - er, so bright, I was born, In a hut made of husks of the tall yel - low  
corn, And there I first met with my Ju - la, so true, And I rowed her a - bout in my gum tree ca - noe.  
Sing - ing, row a - way, row, o'er the wat - ers so blue, Like a fea - ther we'll float in my gum tree ca - noe,  
Sing - ing, row a - way, row, o'er the wat - ers so blue, Like a fea - ther we'll float in my gum tree ca - noe,

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