

Come, Sweetheart Lou, In My Birch Bark Canoe

**Written by
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Come, my sweetheart Lou, in my birch bark canoe
She was built for us two to share
My darling Lou as we sail gladly through
Let us go for a lark in my little birch bark
While the moon is shining so fair

I've something to say as we glide on our way That I've never told you before
Let us go for a ride on life's sunny tide And we'll never be parted more

CHORUS

O darling Lou, every kind and true, Let us go for a lark in our birch bark canoe;
You paddle your side and I'll paddle mine, and our lives will be as a constant
sunshine; I'll be your sweetheart, you be my Queen,
While we glide merrily down life's beautiful stream;
and darling Lou, we'll always be true,
While we paddle together our birch bark canoe.

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My Dearest Lou if I could have you to pilot me down life's stream
I would be very glad and would never be sad, for life would seem as a dream.
To have you near always brings me good cheer, and we will always be gay.
Oh come with me, Lou, in my birch bark canoe, And from my side never stray

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My darling Lou, as we sail gladly through, the ever rippling water of time;
we'll paddle together in all kinds of weather, this little canoe of mine.
And promise me Lou that you will be true, while on life's billows we ride;
and our hearts will be light and the future bright, when we lay our paddles aside.