NEW VERSION OF
PADDLE YOUR
OWN CANOE
BY A SAILOR IN THE
CITY OF WATERFORD

Some little exercise I've had in my time
I've had 't back or fro, locks a few
But I'm happier with my good little wife,
To paddle my own Canoe,

Each additional want doth new happiness grant,
We have plenty in our turn to do
So with heart and good will we'll go,
And paddle your own Canoe,

CHORUS—
Shure love your neighbour as yourself,
No matter what others do,
And your oats will keep time with a heavenly chime,
While you paddle your own Canoe,

What so pleasant a life as my own gentle wife,
No freind could be half as true,
Through sorrow long night her smile is a light,
To paddle my own Canoe,

And when joy's bright morning dawns in the skies,
Shining far o'er the waters blue,
It reflects as a flame from her beauteous eyes,
As I paddle my own Canoe,

With a chosen friend of both born and bred,
What else would a neighbour do,
For a kindly pull is the best in the end,
To paddle your own Canoe,

For a sagacious and prodigal both are acute,
Their steer between the two,
With a generous hand with them never the worst,
To paddle your own Canoe,

And if a vessel be toss'd on a rocky coast,
Turn not from the straining crew,
But with a resolute heart your succour impart,
Yet paddle your own Canoe,

And thus shall the voyage of time be like the spring
With the heaven you hope for in view
And your life shall be music that's worthy to sing,
To paddle your own Canoe,

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