Little Maumee

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As I was a-roving for pleasure one day,
In self-recollection as the tine passed away,
As I was amusing myself on the grass,
Oh, who should I spy but a sweet indian lass.

She stood there beside me and took up my hand,
Saying, "You look like a stranger, not one of this land."
Says she, "My pale-faced one, if you will agree,
I will teach you the language of the little Maumee"

She sat down beside me still holding my hand,
Saying, "You look like a stranger, not one of this land."
Says she, "My pale-faced one, if you will consent,
We'll live here together in peace and content."

" O no, my fair jewel, that never can be,
For I have a sweetheart in my own country.
O no my fair jewel, that never can be;
I'll never forsake her, and I know she won't me."

The last time I saw her was down on the sand,
And as my boat passed she gave me her hand,
Saying " Wherever you wander, wherever you go,
Remember the maiden where the cocoanuts grow."

Now I am back on my own native shore,
With friends and relatives around me once more ;
Of all that's around me and all that I see,
There is none to compare with the little Maumee.

From Folk-Songs of the South, Cox
RG