

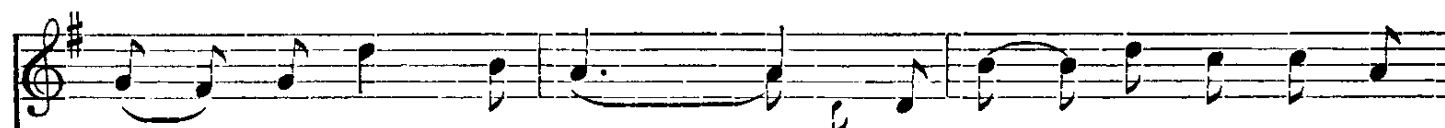
Paddle Your Own Canoe

M. CLIFTON

M. HOBSON



1. I've trav-ell'd a - bout a bit in my time And of
 2. I have no wife to both - er my life, No
 3. It's all ve - ry well to de - pend on a friend, — That
 4. If a hur - ri - cane rise in the mid - day skies, And the



trou - bles I've seen a few, But found it bet - ter in
 lov - er to prove un - true, But the whole day long with a
 is, if you've prov'ed him true, — But you'll find it bet - ter by
 sun is lost to view, Move stead - i - ly by with a



ev - 'ry clime To pad - dle my own ca - noe. . . My wants are small, I
 laugh and a song, I pad - dle my own ca - noe. . . I rise with the lark, and from
 far, in the end, To pad - dle your own ca - noe. . . "To bor - row is dear - er by
 stead - fast eye, And pad - dle your own ca - noe. . . The dai - sies that grow in the



care not at all If my debts are paid when due. . . . I
 day-light till dark I do what I have to do. . . . I'm
 far than to buy,"— A max - im, tho' old, still true; . . . You
 bright green fields, Are bloom - ing so sweet for you. . . . So

drive a - way strife, in the o - cean of life While I pad - dle my own ca - noe.
 care-less of wealth, if I've on - ly the health To pad - dle my own ca - noe.
 nev - er will sigh, if you on - ly will try To pad - dle your own ca - noe.
 nev - er sit down, with a tear or a frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe.

rit.

CHORUS

Then love your neigh - bor as your - self, As the world you go trav - el - ing through, And

nev - er sit down, with a tear or a frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe. . .