

An old Indian sat in his little canoe  
[An Old Indian]  
Lumber Camp Song

An old Indian sat in his little canoe,  
A-floating along o'er the water so blue.  
He sang of the days when the lands were their own,  
Before the palefaces among them were known.

2. There was a time when the red men was lords of this soil,  
They lived there at ease, free from sorrow and toil.  
They hunted the beaver, the panther, and deer,  
For they knew in their own wood they had nothing to fear.

3. The time when the white man first came to their land,  
We used them like brothers, we gave them our hand.  
We knew they were weary, we gave them repose,  
Not dreaming those white men would ever prove foes.

4. But soon they began to encroach on our rights,  
Their numbers increasing, they put us to flight.  
They have driven us away from our own happy shores,  
And the fires of our councils they burn no more.

5. Oh, where is the tall pine and cedar now gone?  
The tall pine and cedar their axe has laid low.  
The beaver, the panther, the huntsmen have slain,  
And the red deer is driven far over the plain.

6. They have built their large cities all over our land,  
And on our rich meadows their farms now stand.  
They claim all our country from Texas to Maine,  
And the red man may seek for his wigwam in vain.

7. Oh, where are the graves of our forefathers now?  
They are rudely roamed over and tilled by the plow.  
Their children, e'er needy, rejected and poor,  
And the homes of their fathers they'll visit no more.