

City of Jamestown

I dreamed I saw the City of Jamestown,
Billowing her white smoke up to the sky.
Her pennants were streaming, her hull it was gleaming
As she rode up the lake under blue morning skies.

Down the long lake from Mayville to Celoron,
Past the big tents where Evangelists sing.
A choir was singing, a chorus was ringing,
As she rode through the narrows to Bemus and on.

The last time I saw her, she was down on the river;
She was sunk to her gunnels, her main cabin gone.
Her time it had passed, it was over at last,
And I felt a great sorrow to know she was gone.

I left her behind, down on the Chadakoin.
I think of her now, and friends who are gone.
We each had our seasons, our time and our reasons,
And when they are past, well, we have to move on.

Oh, someday we'll all ride the City of Jamestown,
With friends and relations long ago gone.
We'll tell the old stories, and sing of past glories,
And glide up the lake as the evening comes on.