An Ode to Roubidoux Creek

I sing a song of Waynesville
And a creek called Roubidoux,
Where every more the grass is green,
And wet with Roubi-dew.

Now Ruben lived in Waynesville,
Down by the Roubidoux,
And Reuben's sweetheart, Mary,
It happened, lived there, too.

Each evening at its twilight,
Down by the Roubidoux,
Ruben went a-walking,
And Mary strolled there, too.

Now, Ruben, he was bashful —
He hardly dared to woo,
But, Mary thought she'd try and see
What her dear Rube'd do.

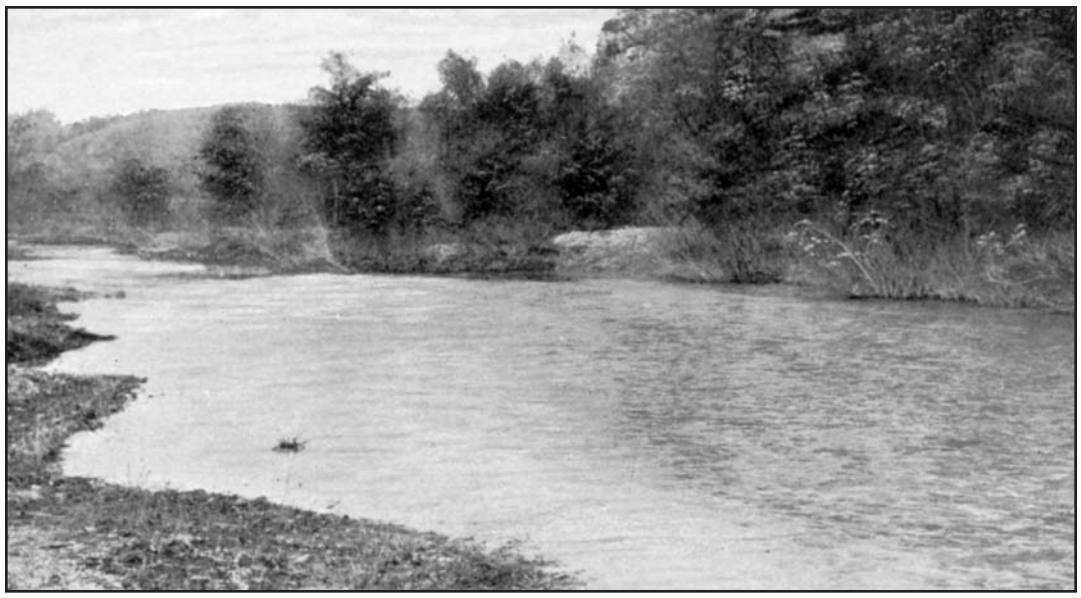
She looked at him with eyes so brown,
Down by the Roubidoux,
"Now, Rube," she said, "I dearly wish
That you would tie my shoe."

As Ruben tied a tiny knot,
Upon her ankle trim,
His heart it beat an awful lot,
And he felt full of vim.

He stood up to his six-foot three —
For he was tall and thin —
And Mary tucked her curly head
Right square beneath his chin.

They stood that way some minutes,
Down by the Roubidoux,
Said Ruben, "Say you love,"
Said Mary, "Rube, I do!"

Contributed by Susan Dunn
From a glass lantern slide
Missouri Department of Natural Resources



Roubidoux Creek above the Big Spring. Courtesy of Mike Roark.

Roubidoux (Big) Spring boiling up in high water, 1921. Courtesy of Mike Roark.

The mouth of the Roubidoux where it joins the Gasconade River, 1932. Courtesy of Mike Roark.