

THE RIVER

MY CANOE went down a river
Where the flame-flowers grew,
And wondrous wild red roses
And the stately iris blue.

There were ferns in the shadows
Of the spruce trees tall,
And ferns in the niches
Of the river's rocky wall.

And the rushes in the shallows
With the current gently swayed,
And the wild things of the forest
They were not a bit afraid.

And the golden-rod was blooming
Where the sunshine came,
And there were other flowers aplenty
That no man knows by name.

My canoe went down a river,
Oh, the Lord was good to me!
All these miracles and beauty;
And He gave me eyes to see.