

And plunge into the rivers creeping
By the willows drooped and weeping;
Then flowing 'neath entangled bowers
Laden with sweet scented flowers
There limpid lakes of silver sheen
Glimmer through the gaping green,
Where the bison herds are browsing
Countless water fowl keep rousing
And nature sweetly smiles her best,
While the suns gleam East and West.
Through the rushes softly glancing
On bright ripples gently dancing,
And there in water deep and gleaming
Glint of trout and fairly teeming,
And your lovely birds keep singing
Sending forth the echoes ringing.

Oh, Prairie Queen, if you are there,
Then call me to your land so fair;
Again we'll romp with childish glee
Among the wild woods, you and me,
Through sunny glade and shady bowers
We'll roam unmindful of the hours,
And where the brightest bloom is seen
Gaily creep the woodland green
To pick the sweetest scented flowers
'Neath the drooping willow bowers.
And where the thorny stem bush grows
I'll pluck for you the reddest rose,
Then fondly weave it in your hair
Again, and sheath my arrows there,
Sweet Prairie Queen.