

O RED, RED RIVER

BRIGHT, sinuous braid,
By meadow-mists made,
Gliding forever
Through wild, woody brakes
To the heart of the lakes,
O Red, Red River!

Enshrined in my heart
As sacred thou art!
And never—no never!—
While onward shall roll
Thy waves, from thy soul
My soul shall dis sever!

In childhood and youth,
A fountain of Truth,
Playmate and teacher,
Thy waters beget
Nature's lineaments yet,
Feature for feature.

Dear, red-rolling stream,
Your wave's glassy gleam—
Your wave's murky mirror—
Gives back to my view
Yonder heav'n's azure hue,—
Heav'n's starry glimmer: