

The river runs to the right and to the left down into the sea,
The river is rich to the right and leads life unto you and me;
The left is life as well as you love to look across to the other side,
As if you were reading a book when travelling along the valley river side.

The cool clear river mountain stream running along beside as go along,
From the place where it has come from to the place it does belong;
And beautifully clear and majestic are the golden alluvial fans,
As the water passes over rock and sank in the river song it places.

Look out and see where the river goes from paddling in your boat,
To see the banks each side of you to the right and to the left afloat;
Hang on to you oars as you pass down along and out through the rapids,
With salmon and trout swimming upstream to spurn and repopulate.

See the nagging bows and roots going into the river to the right and left,
Look out for rising cliffs and gorges as you pass through that bottle neck;
Their rich green grazing grass grown there for cattle and deer to eat,
As you reach a wider passage after passing narrowly to where it mildens.

As the trees rise and give there shade in the hot middle day,
The road that passes along the river crosses bridges to wind both sides;
And as if you did not know of it life there is really very free,
As you stop for lunch and shelter there with a picnic under the tree.

So the river runs to the right and to the left and life is rich eternally,
As if both paths cross each other where two rivers stop and meet;
And far as fair is life teaming down as you travel along both sides of it,
That you are filled with peace of mind and the rivers life is clearly free.

Signed,

Running Water