

Old River New

**There are rivers run through my country,
back in those hills and woods of home:
the Monongahela, the big Ohio,
the Meadow, and the Buffalo.**

**There are youthful waters playing.
They toss you up. Toss you down.
Same waters widen, wise in their wind
around mines, mills, and towns.**

**And of this country, in West Virginia
runs a river called the New,
an ancient river, long enduring.
Such is love when it is true.**

**I am a witness to love that lasts.
I am a witness to love still new,
love like the river, the old New River,
the old New River, old River New.**

**Bless the rapids, the frenzy and vim.
Bless the broad and calming blue.
Bless the passion of love's renewing.
Bless love's strength renewing, too.**

**There are rivers run through my country,
back in those hills and woods of home:
the Monongahela, the big Ohio,
the Meadow, and the Buffalo.**

**Of this country in West Virginia,
runs a river called the New.
Love like the river, long enduring,
The old New River, old River New.**

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