The Blue River

A poem by John Ellenbecker on Kansas's Blue River.

Creator: Ellenbecker, John G.

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The Blue River

THE BLUE RIVER.

By John G. Ellenbecker

You talk about New Hampshire hills, or dark Wisconsin pines,

Or Massachusetts' busy mills, or Colorado's mines,
But I will sing of Kansas, the land that's always true,
For there abides my dear old home upon the bonny Blue.

Our winter times are just as gay, our springs are just as sweet;
Our summers truly fine I say, our autumns can't be beat;
So I will sing of Kansas,--I've roamed a little, too--
Contented with the charming scenes upon the bonny Blue.

You talk about your cotton yields, then I'll sing of our corn,
Those treasure-laden forest yields of blue October morn.
I hear the huskers' bong-bong, through the semi-frost and dew,
And thus there's music all day long around the bonny Blue.

You talk of California's wine, I'll sing of our wheat,
The manna of our genial clime, for all the world to eat.
There is no use in trying, you ne'er us can outdo,
In sunny northern Kansas upon the bonny Blue.
