

THE VALLEY OF THE RIO GRANDE

The skies are soft, the waters blue,
A bird's voice sings of sweet love true,
Where I can't help but think of you,
In the Valley of the Rio Grande,

The magic spell of southland air
Is like the touch of your soft hair.
Oh, how I long to meet you there,
In the Valley of the Rio Grande.

Like golden fruit of perfumed tree,
So rare to taste, to smell, to see,
My every sense is all of thee,
In the Valley of the Rio Grande.

The Tropic's magic line is near,
No winter chill for one to fear,
Just gentle warmth like you, my dear,
In the Valley of the Rio Grande.

Quaint tales of past, a mystic lore,
Are told of those who lived before
I lived to love you, more and more,
In the Valley of the Rio Grande.

Our modern man has seized the land,
And wed it to the Rio Grande;
Made fruitful soil of desert sand,
In the Valley of the Rio Grande.

This wedding of two barren things
A song of fertile new life brings:
An Eden from their love-bed springs,
In the Valley of the Rio Grande.

And so, my love, I dream of you.
I long to know your love is true.
Oh, come to me, my dear one do,
To the Valley of the Rio Grande.