The River Of Ruin

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

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dream by the side of the stream, as long as the river runs... as

long as the river runs.

It dream of no night-brooding cares. no night-brooding cares.

The women all wear garlanded tresses, the men all have rings on their
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hands, and they sing in their glee, for they think they are free, those that

know not the treacherous sands.

Ah, but this be a venture-some journey, for ever those sands are a-shrift, and a

step to one side means a grasp of the tide, and the current is fearful and swift.
...and the current is fearful and swift.

For once in the river of ruin, what

boots it to do or to dare, for down we must go in the

 turbulent flow, to the desolate Sea of Despair.