

Rankin Family, The

"The River"

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When you cross that river
The trees they will bow down
The sky will open up to you
And the lark will sing your song

When you cross that river
The path will follow you
And the winds they will caress your lips
And the fires they'll burn strong

Until then... yeah yeah
The pastures seem greener on the other side
Alexander don't bide your time uneasily

When you cross that river
The rains will be your wine
The brambles your mandolins
The earth to dance upon

When you cross that river
The moon will give you rest
The night will be your blanket
And the sun your morning guest

When you cross that river
Boudicca you will wed
Fuareg you will feast upon
Mirth your wedding bed

When you cross that river
Your fields will plenty reap
Your children like every spring
Will autumn keep

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