

Chapman Beth Nielsen**"Sweet Jesus"**

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By Gary Chapman
There is a river running through this town
It carries the water
There isn't any way to slow it down
Or make it stop
I was a baby when the big bridge fell
So I don't remember
But I have listened to the stories well
And so I know
They were falling
To the surface
They were calling
To their God
And their cry was
Sweet Jesus, please won't you catch us, save us
Sweet Jesus, please won't you hear us crying
Fishing for luck beneath the bridge that day
A man in his eighties
He saw it happen and began to pray
As he dove in
He found a mother and a baby boy
They both wouldn't make it
The mama handed him her only joy
He took the child
Then he was swimming
Like he was twenty
He made shoreline
Then he died
And his thoughts were
Sweet Jesus, please won't you catch us, save us
Sweet Jesus, please won't you hear us crying
He was crying
I miss my mother and the brave old man
Though I never knew them
They are the soul inside the man I am
I bear their dreams
And I am walking
In their footsteps
I am talking
To their God
And my cry is

Sweet Jesus, please won't you catch us, save us
Sweet Jesus, please won't you hear us crying
Sweet Jesus, please won't you catch us, save us
Sweet Jesus, please won't you hear us crying
We're all crying
There is a river running through this town
It carries the water
There isn't any way to slow it down
Or make it stop

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