

Mark Erelli

"Take My Ashes To The River"

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(Jonathan Kingham & Mark Erelli)

She was the parson's only daughter
And a poor sharecropper's dream
Her voice as sweet as falling water
From the cool clear mountain stream
We came to share a love forbidden
A union cursed by family
To be forever unforgiven
When we swore eternity

We settled hard on twenty acres
Ploughed the fields and worked the land
But the fever came to take her
With its unforgiving hand
I tried to soothe her shaking body
But no peace could I provide
She said I hear the angles singing softly
I'm bound to cross that Great Divide

CHORUS

Take my ashes to the river
Where the water's cold and deep
Take my ashes to the river
Pray the Lord my soul to keep

One mournful morning in late November
Faithful to her last desire
I burned her body down to embers
Scooped the ashes from the fire
Down on the banks of the Blackstone River
For to drown her memory
As her spirit I delivered
I heard her calling out to me

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