

Band, The

"The River Hymn"

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The ladies would put the baskets on the table
And the men would sit beneath a shady tree
The children would listen to a fable
While something else came through to me
The river got no end, just roll around the bend
Then pretty soon the women would all join in
On the river hymn
The whole congregation was standing on the banks of
the river
We are gathered here to give a little thanks thanks

The voice of the rapids will echo
And ricochet like an old water well
Who'd ever want to let go
Once you sit beneath its spell
It's dark and wide and deep, towards the sea it creeps
I'm so glad I brought along my mandolin
To play the river hymn

You can ride on it or drink it
Poison it or dam it
Fish in it and wash in it
Swim in it and you can die in it
Run, you river, run

Son, you ain't never seen yourself
No crystal mirror can show it clear, come over here
instead
Son, you ain't never eased yourself
Till you laid it down in a river bed
If you hear a lonesome drone, it's as common as a
stone
And gets louder as the day grows dim
That's the river hymn
The whole congregation was standing on the banks of
the river
We are gathered here to give a little thanks thanks

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