

Staines Bill "River"

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River

by Bill Staines

I was born in the path of the winter wind,
I was raised where the mountains are old.
Their springtime waters came dancing down,
And I remember the tales they told.

The whistling ways of my younger days
Too quickly have faded on by,

But all of their memories linger on
Like the light in a fading sky.

Cho: River, take me along

In your sunshine, sing me a song

Ever moving, and winding and free;

You rolling old river, you changing old river,

Let's you and me, river, run down to the sea.

I've been to the city and back again,

I've been moved by some things that I've learned;

Met a lot of good people and I've called them
friends

Felt the change when the seasons turned.

I've heard all the songs that the children sing,

And listened to love's melodies;

I've felt my own music within me rise

Like the wind in the autumn trees.

Cho.

Someday when the flowers are blooming still

Someday when the grass is still green

My rolling waters will round the bend

And flow into the open sea.

So here's to the rainbow that's followed me here,

And here's to the friends that I know;

And here's to the song that's within me now

I will sing it where'er I go.

Cho.

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