

# The Band, The River Hymn

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  
Til 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