Come to the river, it's flowing free.

Come see the river, it's home to me.

Come see it twist and turn and bend. It's journey never ends until it reaches the sea.

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Sometimes the rain stops falling and stops the river flowing.

In drought the river she looks bare.

Her muddy bed is dry.

Too many tears have cried.

Despaired we pray that rain might come.
And then the rain comes the river's free.

The river flowing it's home to me.

Come see it twist and turn and bend. It's journey never ends until it reaches the sea.

Come to the River.

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Some-times the flood-ing rains come. They drown the earth be-low.
The tor-ren-t rag-es fast and strong.

The river bursts its banks dest-ru-tion in its path. All hope is
I'm flowing free.

I'm flowing free. Some-times my life is like a drought some

times a flood-ed plain. It twists and turns and bends. It's

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journey never ends until it reaches the sea.

I am a River.

I am a River.

I am a River.