Can you hear the song of the river, the voice of the gentle stream? It sings as it spills and slumbers, then it flows swift and sure to the sea. My song is like the river, growing stronger as years flow by. And time makes both more lovely, the river’s song and mine.

Come hear the river when storm clouds roll, though rains pass over stronger still, the river flows.

My song is like the river running sure under stormy skies.

Both grow more lovely, the river’s song and mine.

My song is like the river running sure under stormy skies.

Both grow more lovely, the river’s song and mine.

The rain makes both more lovely, the river’s song and mine.