

## ***River, River***

by A., E., and M. Keary

(1) River, river, running through the land,  
Are you a traveler over foreign sand?  
Are you a carrier from town to town,  
River, river, as you hurry down?

(5) Yes, I'm a carrier from town to town:  
Here are ships with white sails, there are boats with brown,  
What shall they bring you, what will you send?  
I'll be your carrier to the land's end.

