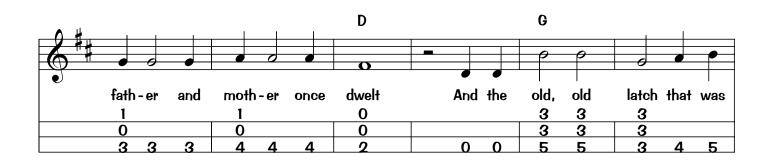
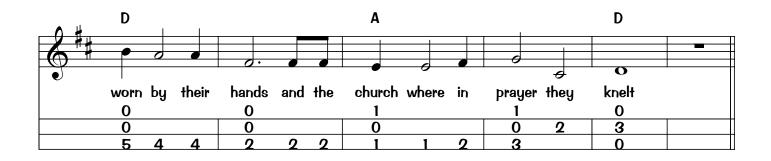
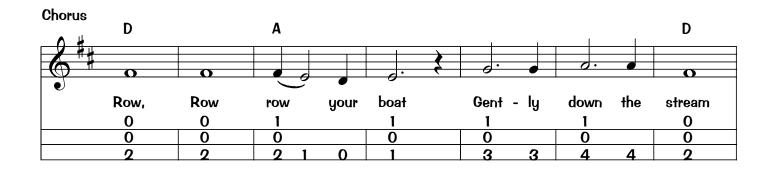
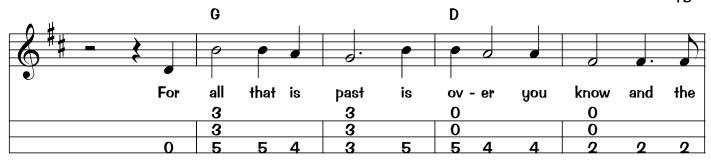
Row Your Boat

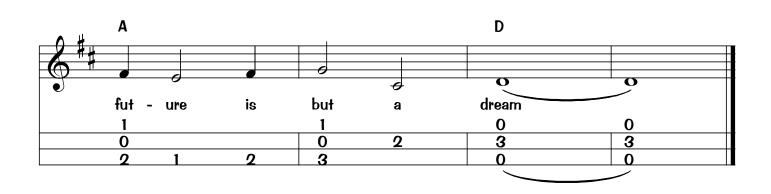












Time in its rapid remorseless flight
Has furrowed our brows with care
And the icy touch of its withered hand
Has silvered our locks of hair
(chorus)

Tall grass has grown o'er the Master's grave
But the river keeps rolling on
And the birds & the bees, from the blossoms on the trees
Keep singing this same old song
(chorus)