

Row Your Boat

Verse

D		A7							
Down	by	the	riv - er	an	old	log	hut	stands	where
D	/	/	/	/	/	A7	D	A7	/

D				G								
fath - er	and	moth - er	once	dwelt	And the	old, old	latch	that	was			
/	/	/	/	/	D	/	/	G	/	/	D	G

D		A7						D			
worn	by	their	hands	and	the	church	where	in	prayer	they	knelt
/	D	/	/	/	/	A7	/	D	A7	/	D

Chorus

D		A7						D		
Row,	Row	row	your	boat	Gent - ly	down	the	stream		
D	/	/	A7	D	A7	A7	/	/	/	D

G		D		
For all that is past is ov - er you know and the				
/	G	/	D	/

A7		D		
fut - ure is but a dream				
/	A7	D	A7	/

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)