

# God's River

Baskett • 1928

C F C A7 Dm7 G7  
 C G7 C Cm A7 G7 Cm  
 E<sup>b</sup> Fm C Fm  
 C E7 Am G7 Cm  
 E<sup>b</sup> Fm C Fm G7  
 C F9 C A7 D7 G7  
 C A7 D7 G7 C A7 D7 G7 C C Dm7 D<sup>#</sup>dim7 C7  
 F7 C C7 A7 D7 G7 C  
 F9 C A7 D7 G7 1. C3 A7 D7 G7  
 LXO C C A7 D7 G7 CA7 D7G7 C

get to the lev-ee, 'Fraid to trav-el fast with a pack so heav-y, But I'm gon-na sack it,  
 try and catch that pack-et on that old riv-er line. Soul and bod-y's tired but my  
 heart is hap-py, Hap-py 'cause I'm head-in' for home, nev-er more will I ev-er roam.  
 Oh, those whis-tles and bells, I know what that spells: God's  
 riv-er. Oh, if I miss that boat, I know I can  
 float God's riv-er. Mile by mile I'll  
 pad-dle my lone ca-noe, I'll be in hea-ven when my jour-ney's o-ver, For  
 the one I a-dore is watch-ing the shore, God's riv-er.  
 riv-er, a ow oh lord