

(Jonathan Kingham & Mark Erelli)

She was the parson's only daughter  
And a poor sharecropper's dream  
Her voice as sweet as falling water  
From the cool clear mountain stream  
We came to share a love forbidden  
A union cursed by family  
To be forever unforgiven  
When we swore eternity

We settled hard on twenty acres  
Ploughed the fields and worked the land  
But the fever came to take her  
With its unforgiving hand  
I tried to soothe her shaking body  
But no peace could I provide  
She said I hear the angles singing softly  
I'm bound to cross that Great Divide

CHORUS

Take my ashes to the river  
Where the water's cold and deep  
Take my ashes to the river  
Pray the Lord my soul to keep

One mournful morning in late November  
Faithful to her last desire  
I burned her body down to embers  
Scooped the ashes from the fire  
Down on the banks of the Blackstone River  
For to drown her memory  
As her spirit I delivered  
I heard her calling out to me