

Soprano

# Let the River Run



Let the river run,  
Let all the dreamers wake the  
nation.

Silver cities rise,  
The morning lights the streets that  
meet them,  
Sirens call them on with a song.

It's asking for the taking.  
Trembling, shaking.  
Oh, my heart is aching.  
We're coming to the edge,

We the great and small,  
Stand on a star  
And blaze a trail of - desire,  
- dark'ning dawn.

It's asking for the taking.

Oh, my heart is aching.  
We're coming to the edge,

Ooh...

Come, - new Jeru,  
The new Jerusalem.

It's asking for the taking.  
Trembling, shaking.  
Oh, my heart is aching.  
We're coming to the edge,

Your sons and daughters.

Let the river run,  
Let all the dreamers wake the  
nation.  
Come, the new Jerusalem.

Ah,  
Ah,  
Ah!

Sopranos – Red  
Altos – Green  
Tenors & Basses – Blue

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Let all the dreamers wake the nation.  
Come, the new Jerusalem.

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Trembling, shaking.  
Oh, my heart is aching.

Running on the water,

- We the great and small,  
- star  
And blaze a trail of desire,  
Through the dark'ning dawn.

It's asking for the taking.  
Run with me now the sky is the colour  
of blue you've never even seen.  
Oh, my heart is aching.

Running on the water,

Ooh...  
- the new Jeru,  
The new Jerusalem.

It's asking for the taking.  
Trembling, shaking.  
Oh, my heart is aching.

Running on the water,

Your sons and daughters.

Let the river run,  
Let all the dreamers wake the nation.  
Come, the new Jerusalem.

Ah,  
Ah,  
Ah,  
Ah,  
Ah!

Come, the new Jerusalem.

Silver cities rise,  
the morning lights the streets that  
meet them,  
Sirens call them on with a song.

It's asking for the taking.  
- Trembling, - shaking.  
Oh, my heart is aching.

Coming through the fog,  
Your sons and daughters.

- We the great and small,  
- star  
And blaze a trail of – desire,  
- dark'ning dawn.

It's asking for the taking.

Oh, my heart is aching.

Coming through the fog,  
Your sons and daughters.

Ooh...  
- the new Jeru,  
The new Jerusalem.

It's asking for the taking.  
Trembling, shaking.  
Oh, my heart is aching.

Coming through the fog,  
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