

## Come to the River

Deep in the heart of our land and its rhythm,  
There's a hostility running through.  
Dark are the waters of this raging river,  
Tearing the **song** of our land in two.

CHORUS *Come...., to the edge of the river,  
Come....., see the things we do.  
Come..., to our people and listen,  
We **have** a message to share with you.*

Here in a land full of tribal traditions,  
What we believe makes us who we are.  
We have the dancers, the drums and musicians,  
Keeping the **rhythm** of Mambica.

CHORUS *Come...., to the edge of the river,  
Come..., see the things we do.  
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CHORUS *Come...., to the edge of the river,  
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(Quiet) *Come...., to the edge of the river,  
Come..., see the things we do.  
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We have a message to share with you.*