

# Jayrambati

Trevor Hall

Come child lay your head down  
This river sings without sound  
All of these things in your mind  
Leave them behind

My mother's village  
Is inside  
How can one leave her?  
Mother of time

Come child eat of this fruit  
All of me is for you  
For you are my very own  
Welcome, welcome home

My mother's village  
Is inside  
How can one leave her?  
Mother of time

Mother of the virtuous  
Or mother of the wicked  
We're upon your lap here  
And all of us are children  
Poetry's no use when describing who you are  
Creator of the love that's inside of my heart  
Darker than the night, yeah, brighter than the sun  
Higher than the mountains, deeper than the ocean  
You keep the world turning  
You're an unseen power  
I know not the time  
Not the place, or the hour  
Rising with the sun  
Shine and setting with the moon  
All your instruments are playing  
All are perfectly in tune  
Flowing with the water  
And burning in the fire  
My mama is the queen of this whole empire  
As I sit back while I watch her play the part  
As the beggar, as the king, as the thief, it's her art  
I am just a color in her unseen picture  
A pen in her hand as she writes her scripture

My mother's village  
Is inside