Shall We Gather at the River?

Robert Lowry, 1864

Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod,
1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod,
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
4. At the smiling of the river, Mirror of the Savior’s face,
5. Soon we’ll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;

Soon we’ll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will talk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Saints, whom death will never sever, Lift their songs of saving grace.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

Refrain

Yes, we’ll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river;

Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.