

Just over the River

Robert Spurgin, 1886

James Henry Fillmore, Sr.

♩ = 88

1. Just o - ver the ri - ver, just o - ver the ri - ver, I'm told is the ci - ty of God; Its
2. Just o - ver the ri - ver, just o - ver the ri - ver, The ci - ty that know - eth no night; It

gates are of pearl, and its streets are of gold, And by glo - ri - fied be - ings they're trod. And
need - eth no sun, nei - ther need - eth the moon, For the glo - ry of God is its light. In that

Je - sus, my Sav - ior, has gone to that ci - ty, A place for His own to pre - pare; In the
ci - ty are loved ones a - wait - ing my com - ing, Ex - pect - ant they stand on the shore; O

Refrain

house of the Fa - ther the man - sions are ma - ny, And one is a - wait - ing me there. Just
when shall I en - ter my man - sion in Hea - ven, A pil - grim to roam ne - ver - more? Just

o - ver the riv - er, That beau - ti - ful ci - ty I see; Just o - ver the
o - ver the ri - ver, just o - ver the ri - ver, That beau - ti - ful ci - ty I see; And Je - sus my Sav - ior, has

riv - er, A place in that ci - ty for me.
gone to make rea - dy A place in that ci - ty for me.