

# Over the Bright, Crystal River

Helen A. Brown Rains, 1877

James Henry Fillmore, Sr.

♩=83

1. O-ver the riv-er, The bright, crys-tal riv-er, They wait us, the friends We have  
2. O-ver the riv-er, The bright, crys-tal riv-er, The day - spring of love And ex-  
3. O-ver the riv-er, The bright, crys-tal riv-er, They beck-on to us From the

loved that are gone; The light of whose smiles Shall be with us for-ev - er, The  
- ist - ence di - vine; Il - lum - ines the eye As the rays of the morn-ing Whose  
op - po - site shore. The saints who were cleansed by The blood of our Sav - ior, They

## Refrain

clasp of whose hands shall Be ne - ver with-drawn. O - ver the riv - er,  
flash-es of glo - ry Will nev-er de - cline. O-ver the riv-er they beck-on us home,  
whis-per, "Come hi - ther, And sor-row no more."

O - ver the riv - er, O - ver the riv - er, They  
O-ver the riv-er they beck-on us home, O-ver the riv-er, the bright, crys-tal riv-er, They

beck - on us home.  
beck-on, they beck-on us home.