Shall We Gather At The River?

1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod,
   With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
   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.

2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
   We will talk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day.
   Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.
   Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.

3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
   Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
   Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.
   Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.

4. Soon we’ll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
   Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of grace.
   Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.
   Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.

Words and Music: Robert Lowry