1. Friends who have lov'd me are slip-ping a- way, Si-lent-ly
2. Dim-ly thru gath-er-ing dark-ness I see Je-sus, my
3. Nar-row the wa-ters, and tran-quil the shore; There my be-
on-ward they glide; Still are their voic-es, as back-ward they stray,
Friend and my Guide; An-gels are watch-ing and wait-ing for me,
lov-ed a-bide,- Christ and the an-gels and friends gone be-fore,

Chorus

Calling me o-ver the tide.    Calling to me, they are
calling to me, Lov'd ones are call-ing me o-ver the tide; They are
calling to me, they are call-ing to me, Call-ing me o-ver the tide.

Words: Jessie H. Brown
Music: J. H. Fillmore
PDHymns.com