Shall We Gather at the River?

He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life. Rev. 22:1-2

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 ever burden down;
4. At the smiling of the river, Mirror of the Savior’s face,
5. Soon we’ll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrimages will cease;

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will talk and worship forever, 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.