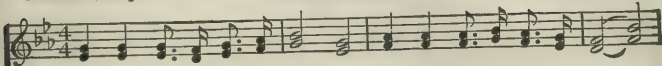


Beautiful River.

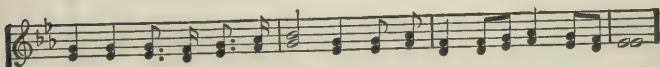
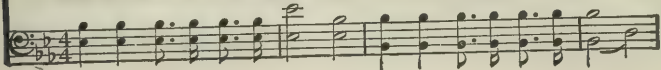
Robert Lowry.

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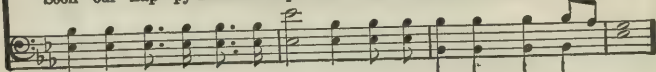
Robert Lowry.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



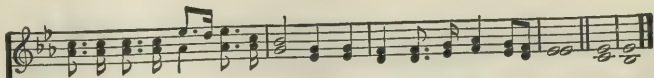
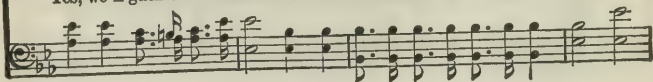
With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
 Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.



CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—



Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.

