Shall We Gather at the River?

Words and music by Robert Lowry, 1864

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 ev’ry burden down;
4. Soon we’ll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease,

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

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.