1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the river, Was-ing-up its silver spray;
3. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing ri-ver, Lay we ev-ery bur-den down;

With its cry-stal 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 spi-rits 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.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beau-ti-ful, The beau-ti-ful ri-ver;
Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God

Shall We Gather At The River
Rev. Robert Lowry