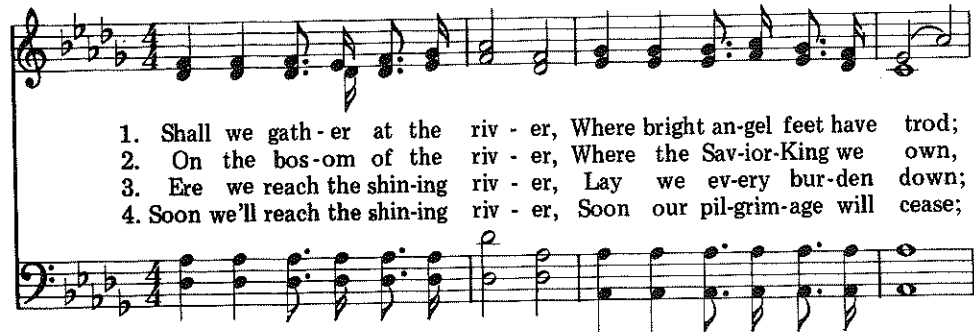


575 Shall We Gather at the River?

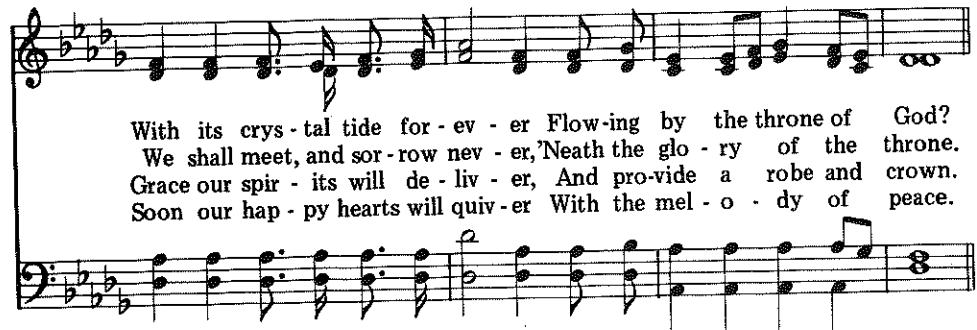
A pure river of water of life...proceeding out of the throne of God. Rev. 22:1

ROBERT LOWRY

ROBERT LOWRY

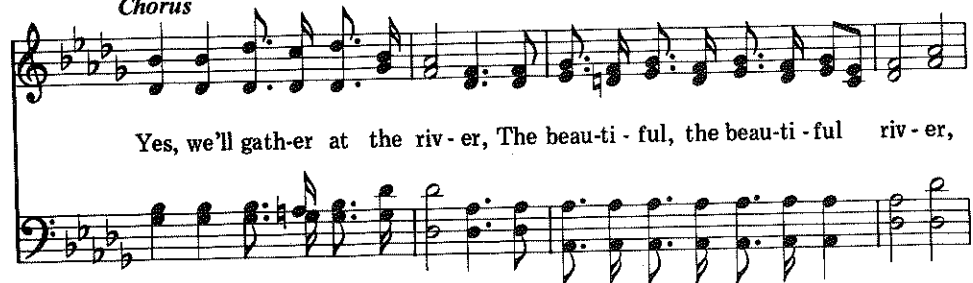


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
 2. On the bos-om of the riv-er, Where the Sav-ior-King we own,
 3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-ery bur-den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

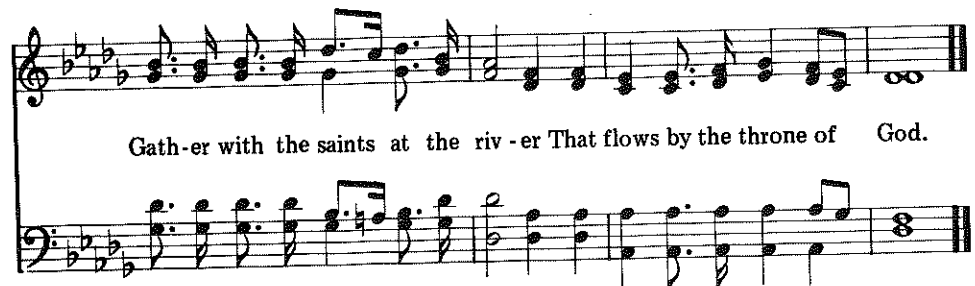


With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 We shall meet, and sor-row nev-er, Neath the glo-ry of the throne.
 Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

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.