Buck Owens "Shall We Gather At The River"

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Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod, With it's crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?

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.

On the margin of the river, Washing up it's silver spray, We shall walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.

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

Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; 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...

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