


Jesus Will Welcome Me There

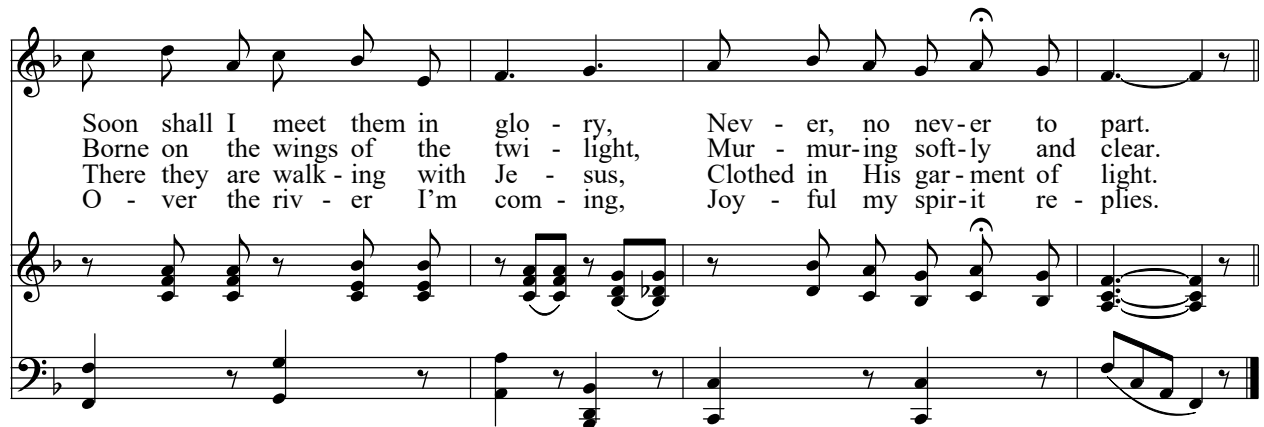
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1892

John Robson Sweney

♩ = 88



1. O-ver the riv-er they call me, Friends that are dear to my heart;
2. O-ver the riv-er they call me, Hark, 'tis their voic-es I hear,
3. O-ver the riv-er, how love-ly, There is no sor-row nor night;
4. O-ver the riv-er they call me, Watch-ing with glad, beam-ing eyes;



Soon shall I meet them in glo-ry, Nev-er, no nev-er to part.
Borne on the wings of the twi-light, Mur-mur-ing soft-ly and clear.
There they are walk-ing with Je-sus, Clothed in His gar-ment of light.
O-ver the riv-er I'm com-ing, Joy-ful my spir-it re-plies.

Refrain



O-ver the riv-er to E-den, Home to their dwell-ing so fair, An-gels will car-ry me



safe-ly. Je-sus will wel-come me there.