

STANDING BY THE RIVER

Verse 1

Here I stand beside death's chilly waters
Waiting for my final call,
standing by the river
standing by the river looking beyond
Gazing toward the land of fadeless beauty
where no surges rise and fall
standing by the river
standing by the river looking beyond

Chorus

standing by the river
waiting for the boatman
listening to the music
on the other shore,
I can hear the angels
singing out a welcome
with my friends and loved ones
who have gone before.

Verse 2

Music from a land of endless glory
falls upon my listening ear
Faces of friends I often visit,
forms of loved ones oft appear.

Chorus

standing by the river
waiting for the boatman
listening to the music
on the other shore,
I can hear the angels
singing out a welcome
with my friends and loved ones
who have gone before.

Verse 3

Shadows of the night are swiftly falling,
lo I hear the boatman's oar
Many are the voices sweetly calling,
I must tarry here no more.

Chorus

standing by the river
waiting for the boatman
listening to the music
on the other shore,
I can hear the angels
singing out a welcome
with my friends and loved ones
who have gone before.