

SWEET RIVERS C. M.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Rev. 22:1

Key of F Major

J. W. Moore

1. { Sweet riv - ers of re - deem - ing love Lie just be - fore mine eye, } I'd rise su - pe - rior
{ Had I the pin - ions of a dove I'd to those riv - ers fly; }

2. { A few more days, or years at most, My trou - bles will be o'er; } My rap - tured soul shall
{ I hope to join the heav'n - ly host On Ca - naan's hap - py shore. }

to my pain, With joy out - strip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jor - dan's storm - y waves, And leave the world be - hind. - hind.

drink and feast In love's un - bound - ed sea: The glo - rious hope of end - less rest Is rav - ish - ing for me. me.