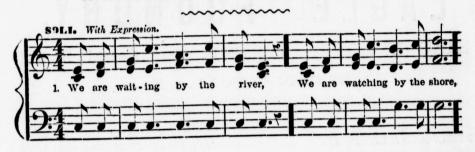
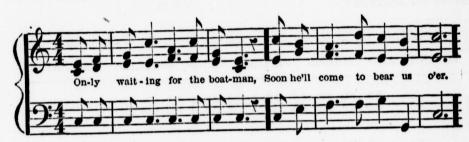
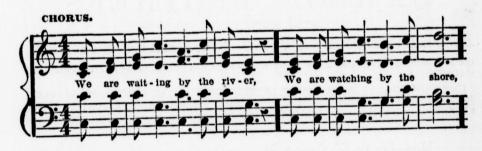
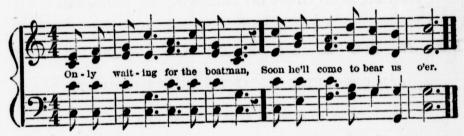
## WAITING BY THE RIVER.









II.

Tho' the mists hang o'er the river, And its billows loudly roar; Yet we hear the song of angels, Wafted from the other shore.

III

And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers, like dazzling sun-light,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

IV.

He has called for many a loved one; We have seen them leave our side; With our Saviour we shall meet them, When we, too, have crossed the tide.

V

When we've passed that vale of shadows, With its dark and chilling tide, In that bright and glorious city, We shall evermore abide.