

Beautiful Waters of Eden

Fanny Crosby, 1890.

Adam Geibel.

Murmuring softly, caroling gently,
Music enchanting cometh to me;
Over the waters, beautiful waters,
Where in the homeland soon I shall be.
How like a vision tenderly stealing,
Over my spirit, weary, oppressed;
Drawing me upward, urging me forward,
Telling of sunshine, rapture and rest.

Refrain

Murmuring softly, caroling gently,
Music enchanting cometh to me;
Over the waters, beautiful waters,
Where in the homeland soon I shall be.

Silently musing, blissfully gazing
Into the future teeming with light,
Sweetly the echoes floating around me,
Whisper of Eden, lovely and bright.
Eden, where summer, fadeless, eternal,
Scatters its roses, blooming for aye;
There is no parting, there is no weeping,
Sorrow and sighing vanish away.

Refrain

There our Redeemer, loving Redeemer,
Gathers the faithful safe on His breast,
Out of the changing into the changeless,
Out of the toiling into the rest.
Welcome the moment when to His presence,
Joyful my spirit flies like a bird;
O what a morrow, O what a meeting,
Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard.

Refrain