1. There glides thro' the valley of blessing, The river of God's holy love; Its waters, as clear as the crystal, Flow down from His fountains above; Its banks are all blooming with beauty, With blossoms of unfading light, And angels of peace, gently hov'ring, Find here their true joy and delight.

2. The beautiful, beautiful river, The soul-cleansing river of life, It is the redeemed throng of heaven, "These," saith the good Spirit, "are mine." Transfigured they stand in their glory, Released from the powers of wrong, The river of life, Where flows the bright river of life, Where the prize of salvation their treasure, And theme of their undying song, ris-es the hill of soul triumph Surmounting the world and its strife.

3. Brave spirits have pass'd thro' this river, Their garments how brightly they shine! They are the redeemed throng of heaven, "These," saith the good Spirit, "are mine." Transfigured they stand in their glory, Released from the powers of wrong, The river of life, Where flows the bright river of life, Where the prize of salvation their treasure, And theme of their undying song, rises the hill of soul triumph Surmounting the world and its strife.

4. Look upward, faint heart, for the hope light Will guide thro' life's wearisome round; Like