

The Other Shore

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Powell Fithian.

When we have reached the heav'nly plains,  
And joined the hosts above,  
One song shall swell the rapturous strain,  
The song of Jesus' love;  
When we have reached the pearly gate,  
And passed its portals through,  
The saints, with holy joy elate,  
Shall tune their harps anew.

Refrain

Rejoice, rejoice, for Christ Himself is near,  
His wondrous love I feel,  
His tender voice I hear,  
And when at last we meet with Him above,  
One song shall swell the rapturous strains,  
The song of Jesus' love.

While years eternal roll along,  
Their ever ceaseless round,  
Like ocean's waves shall swell the song,  
The glad, triumphant sound;  
There life's fair river, broad and deep,  
Reflects its golden ray,  
Where eyes have never learned to weep,  
Where joys shall ne'er decay.

Refrain

Then we shall see as we are seen,  
And know as we are known,  
And walk the fields of fadeless green,  
While gazing on the throne;  
And when are tuned the harps of gold  
To every blissful sound,  
And ages long have onward rolled,  
Jesus shall king be crowned.

Refrain