

# 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.

F Major John Adam Granade, 1803.

William Moore, 1825.

1. Sweet riv - ers of re - deem - ing love, Lie just be - fore mine eye, I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain,  
 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 drink and feast  
 I hope to join the heav'n - ly host On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.

With joy out - strip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jor - dan's storm - y waves, And leave the world be - hind. hind.  
 In love's un - bound - ed sea; The glo - rious hope of end - less rest Is rav - ish - ing for me. me.