OVER THE RIVER

As sung at the concerts of the

HUTCHINSON FAMILY



Poetry by

MISS N. A. W. PRIEST.

MUSIC BY

Asa B. Hutchinson.

BOSTON.
HENRY TOLMAN & CO. 291 Washington St.

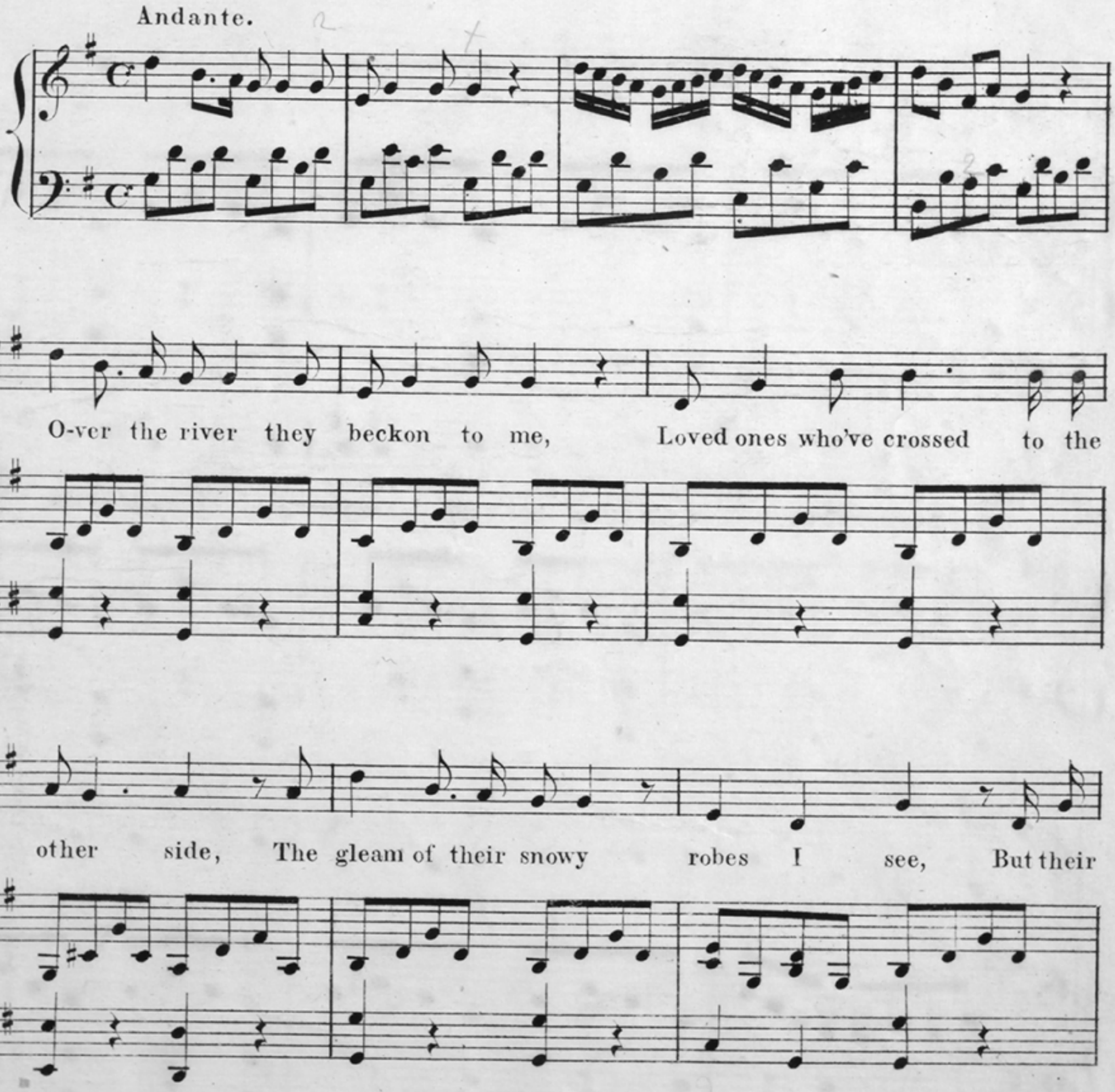
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WORDS BY Miss N.A.W. PRIEST.

ASA B. HUTCHINSON.



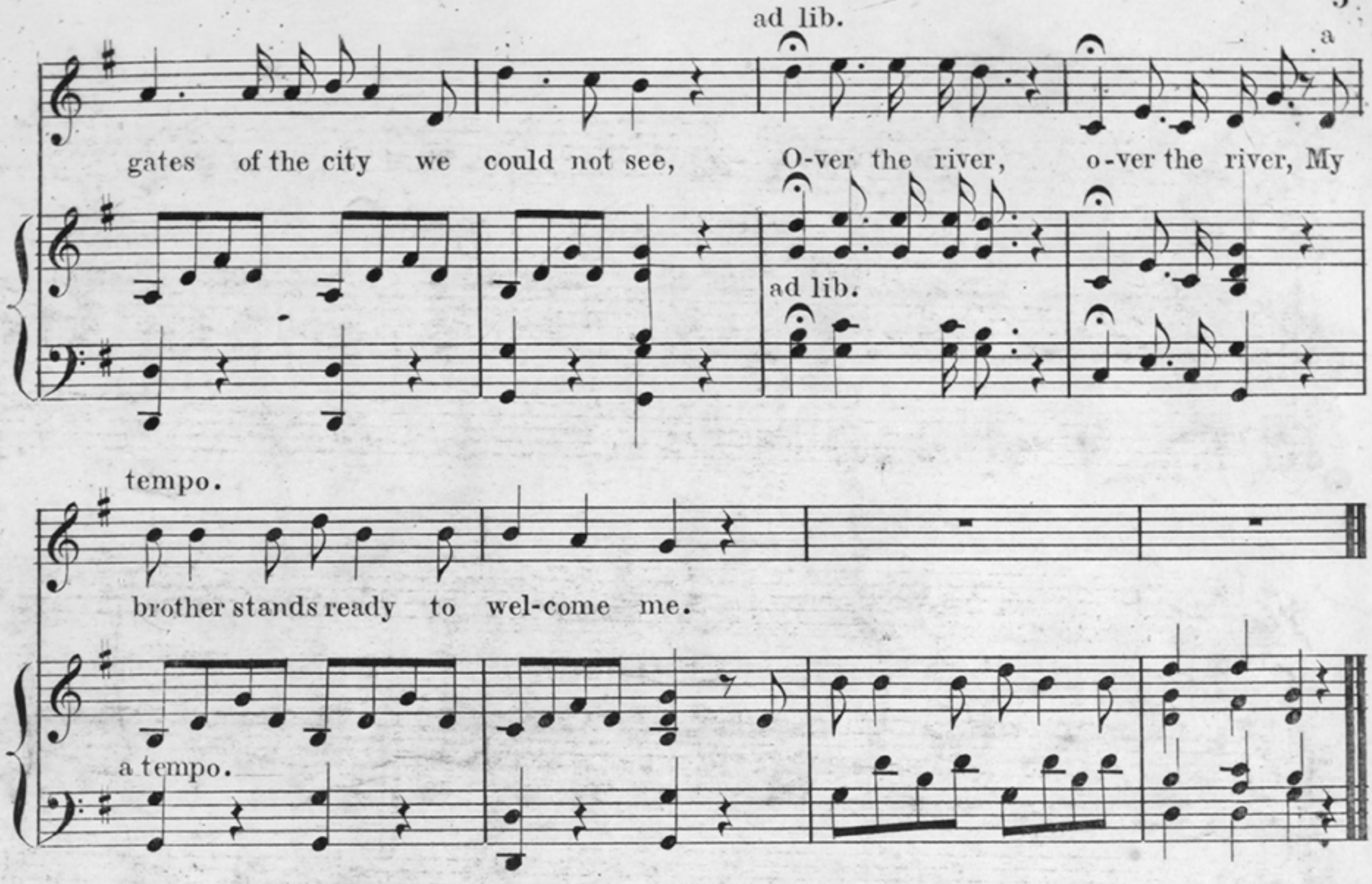
4

voices are lost in the rushing tide. There's one with ringlets of

sunny gold, And eyes the re-flection of heav'n's own blue, He

crossed in the twilight gray and cold, And the pale mist hid him from

mor - tal view; We saw not the an-gels who met him there, The



Over the river the boatman pale
Carrying another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waving in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered her phantom bark,
We felt it glide from its silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

3

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart
They cross the stream and are lost for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day,
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

4

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved that have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.