



On The Other Side

Over the river our loved ones depart,
And as they pass o'er there's an ache in each heart;
The river of death is the one now in view,
BUT the river of life is a hope ever new.

It flows pure and clear, for the sheep of God's fold,
In the midst of the street, in the City of Gold;
Tree of Life on each side, yielding bountiful store,
There is healing, and blessing, that lasts evermore.

No distractions exist that can mar that fair land,
All the sad tears of sorrow are wiped by God's hand;
No crying, nor pain, nor death shall be there,
To tarnish the joy of that City so Fair.

To speak thus of Heaven brings joy to each heart,
As we think of our loved ones who there have a part;
They opened their hearts to the Lord, here below,
Assured, if they died, to Heaven they would go.

AT HOME with the Lord is their portion today,
Than here 'tis far better,' The Bible doth say;
Who would not depart if God willed it so,
To be rid of this world with it's sorrow and woe;
To look on the face of the Lord we adore,
And dwell in communion with Him evermore.

*And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.
(Revelation 21:4)*