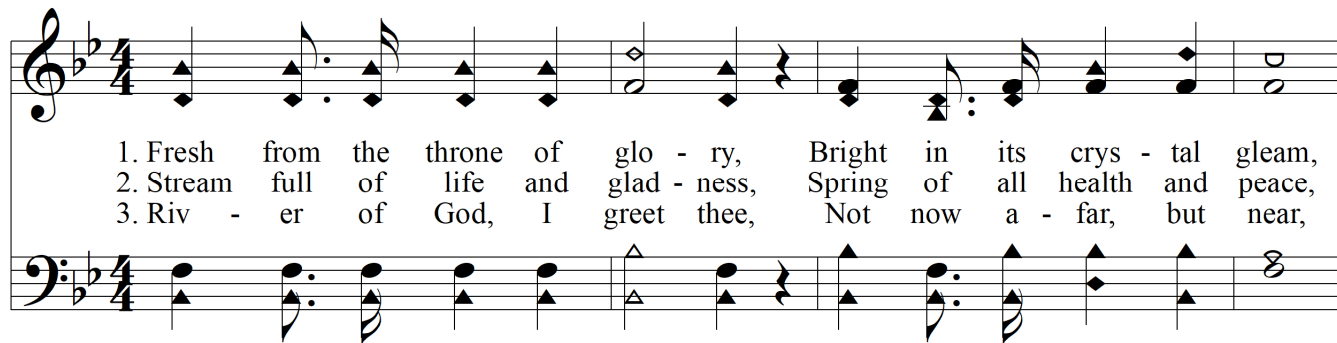
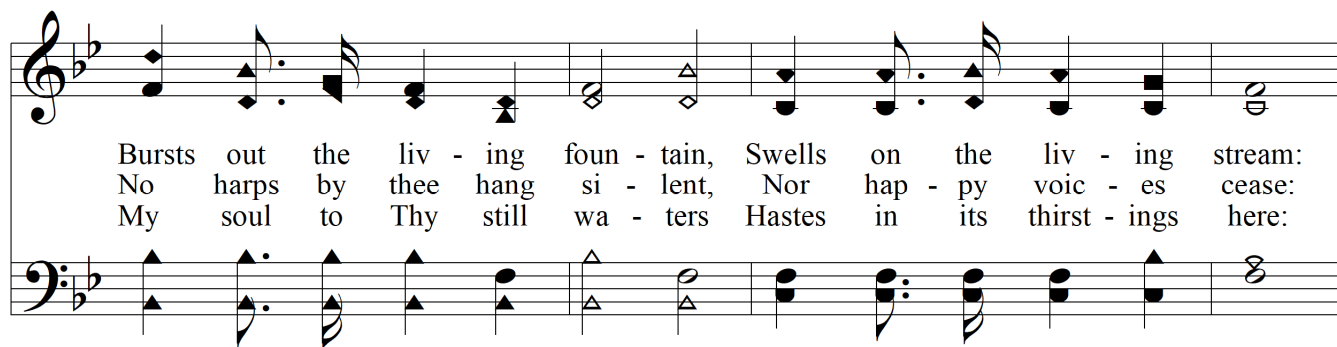


Fresh From The Throne Of Glory

RIVER OF LIFE P. M.



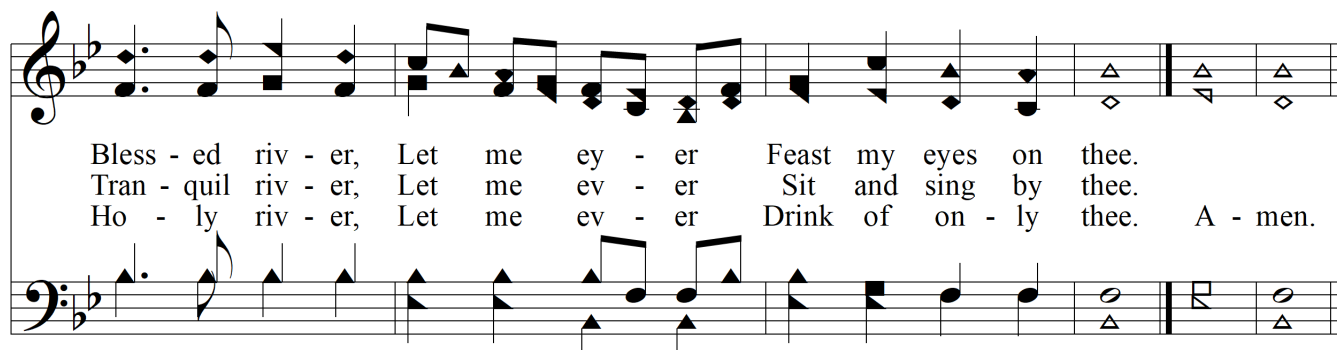
1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam,
2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near,



Bursts out the liv - ing foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing stream:
No harps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voic - es cease:
My soul to Thy still wa - ters Hastes in its thirst - ings here:



Bless - ed riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee;
Tran - quil riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee;
Ho - ly riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee;



Bless - ed riv - er, Let me ey - er Feast my eyes on thee.
Tran - quil riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee.
Ho - ly riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee. A - men.

Words: Horatius Bonar (1868)

Music: Rev. Robert Lowry