Just Over Yonder
by: Roscoe S. Reed

1.
Just over yonder, beyond the river,
There is a City of pure delight,
Where many loved ones are congregating
With palms of vict'ry in robes of white.

Cho.
Just over yonder, there'll be no heartaches,
No lonely days will ever come.
There'll be no crying, there'll be no dying,
Oh, what rejoicing when we get home.

2.
There's nothing here, friend, but disappointment,
So often here we are left alone;
But over yonder hearts will grow fonder,
And separation will never come.

3.
Just over yonder, I'll soon be going
To see my Savior upon His throne;
And hear a welcome ring out through heaven,
Oh, weary pilgrim, this is your home.