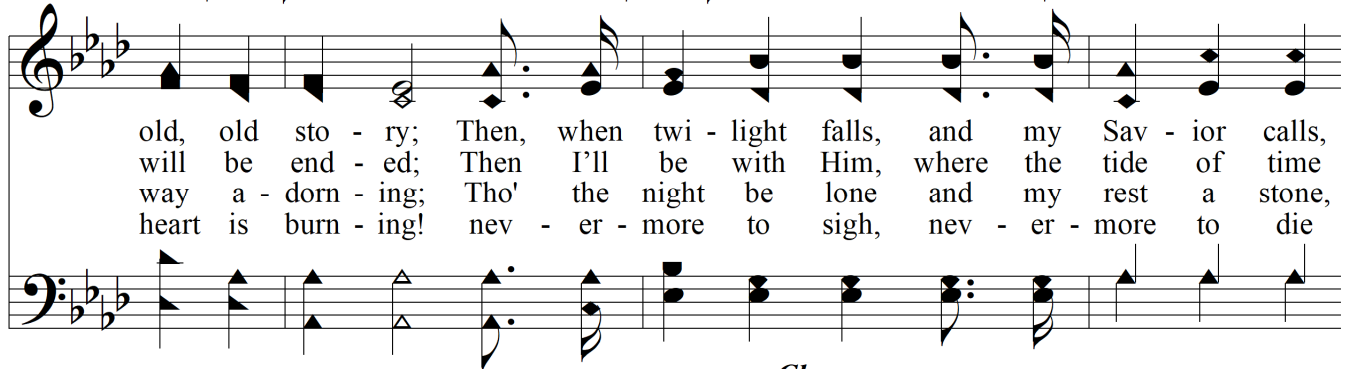


Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

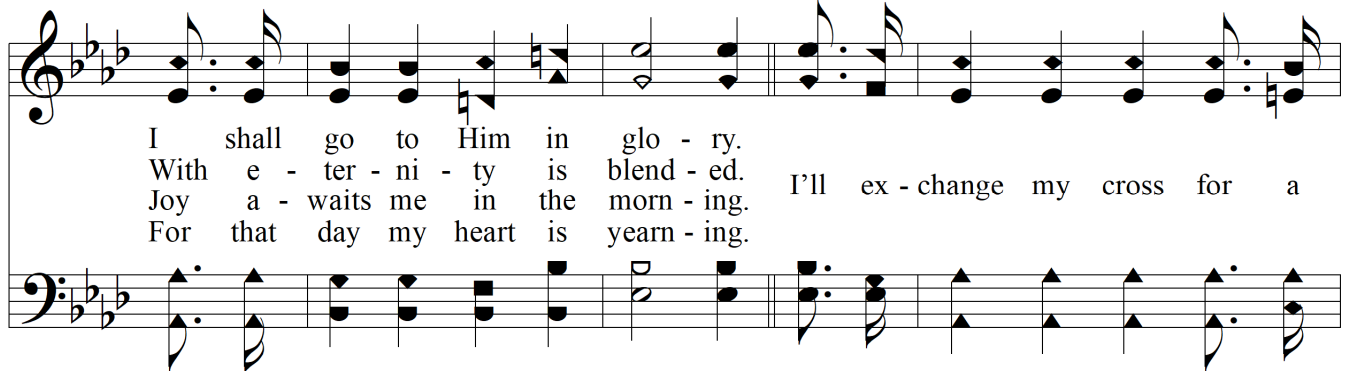


1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for Whom my

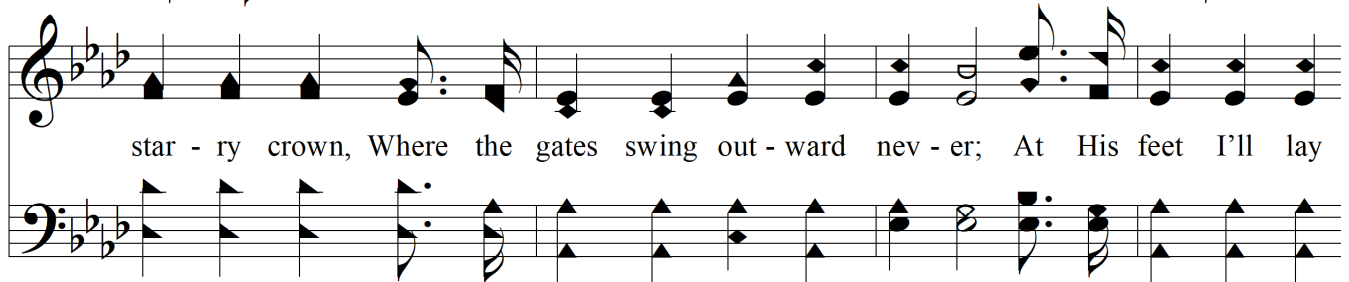


old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn - ing! nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die

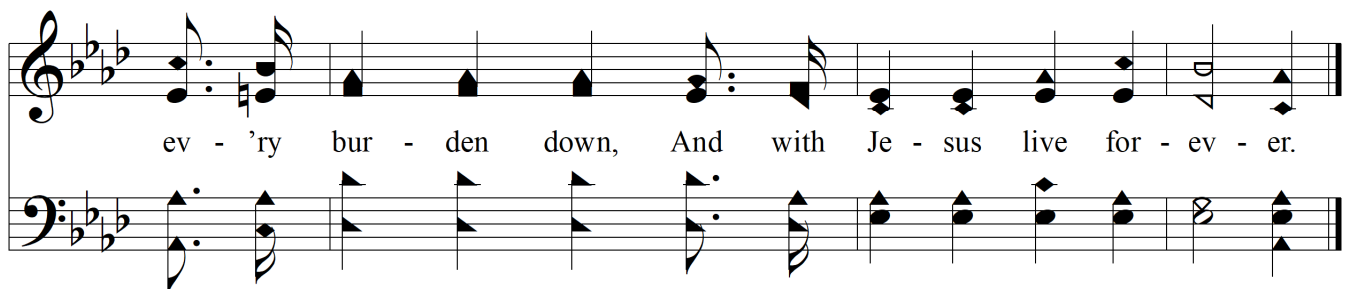
Chorus



I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex - change my cross for a
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.



star - ry crown, Where the gates swing out - ward nev - er; At His feet I'll lay



ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus live for - ev - er.