

GLIDING SWIFTLY BY

(Shining Shore. 8s & 7s. P.)

D. Nelson

G. F. Root

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by; And I, a pil - grim strang - er,
 2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing;
 3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
 4. Let sor - row's rud - est temp - ests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er,

Would not de - tain them as they fly— These hours of toil and dan - ger;
 Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.
 That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
 Our King says, Come, and there's our home, For - ev - er, O, for - ev - er!

Chorus

For O, we stand on Jor - dan's strand, And soon we'll all pass o - ver;

And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.