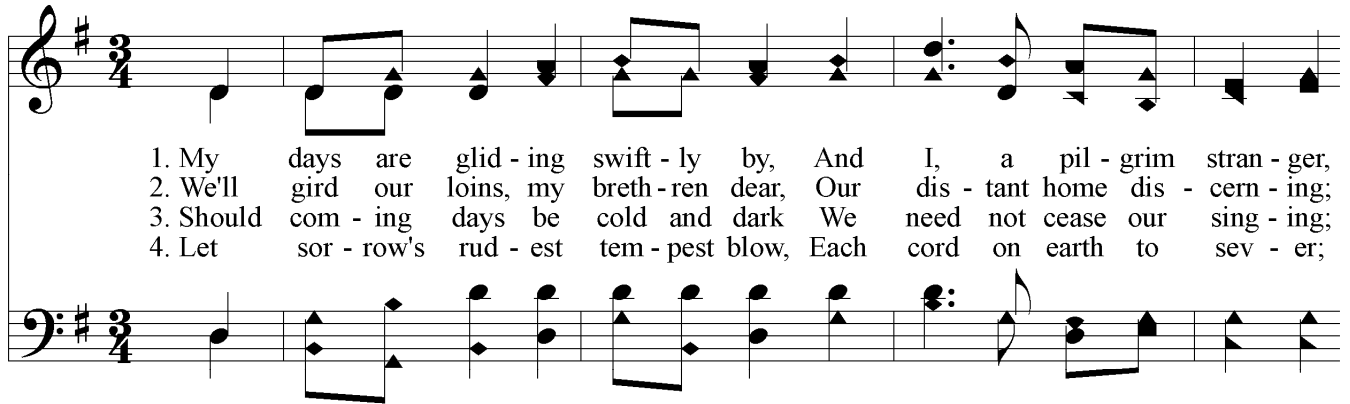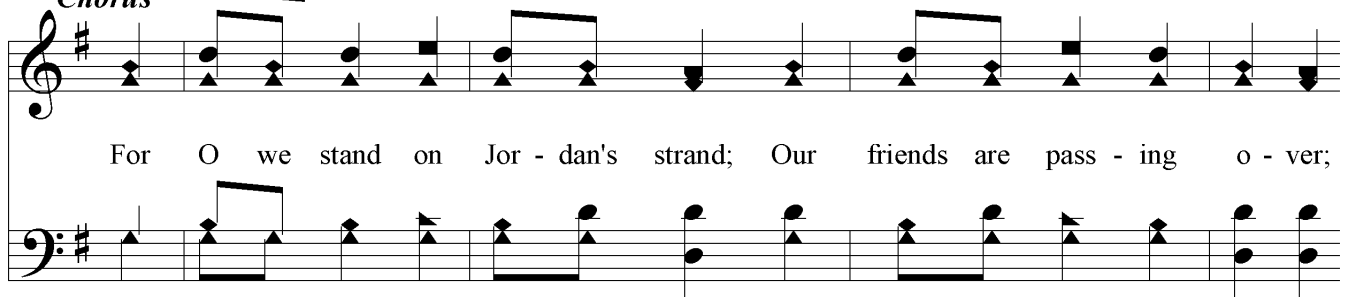# MY DAYS ARE GLIDING SWIFTLY BY

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
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;
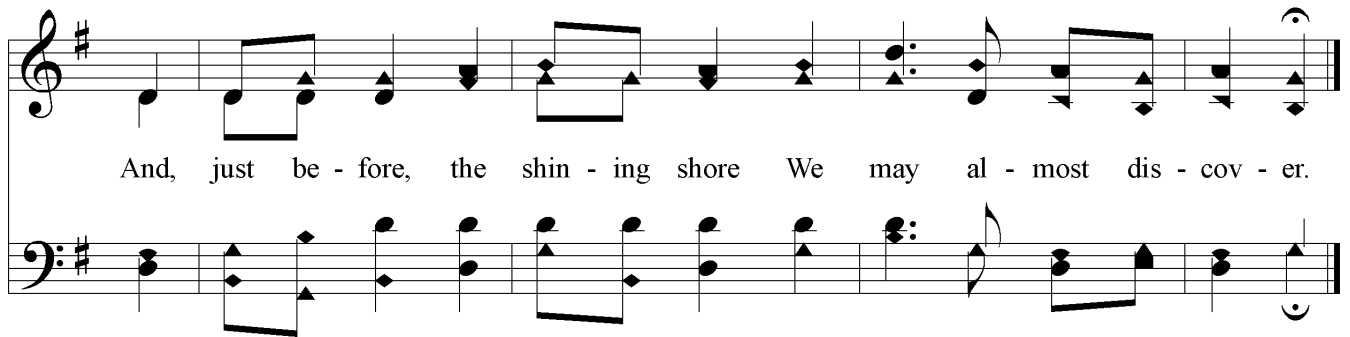4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those 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; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

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