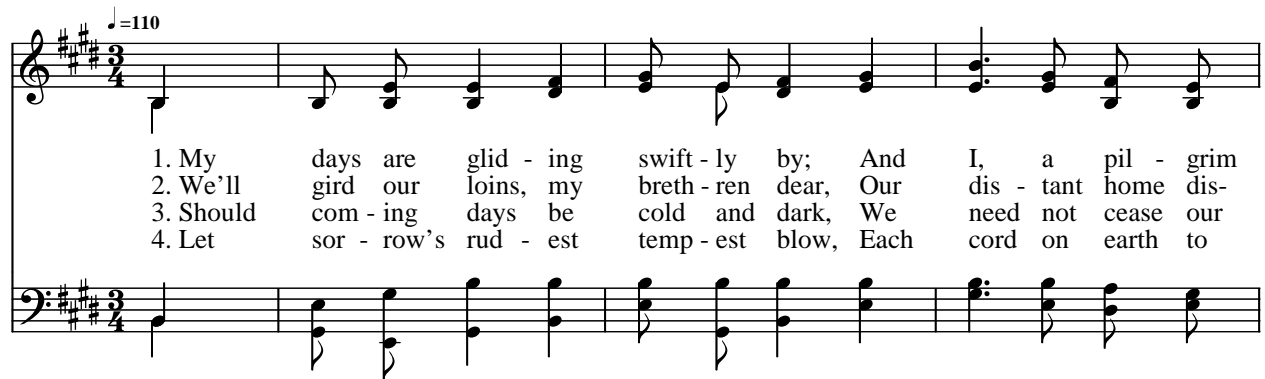


My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By

David Nelson, 1835

George Frederick Root, 1855

$\text{♩} = 110$

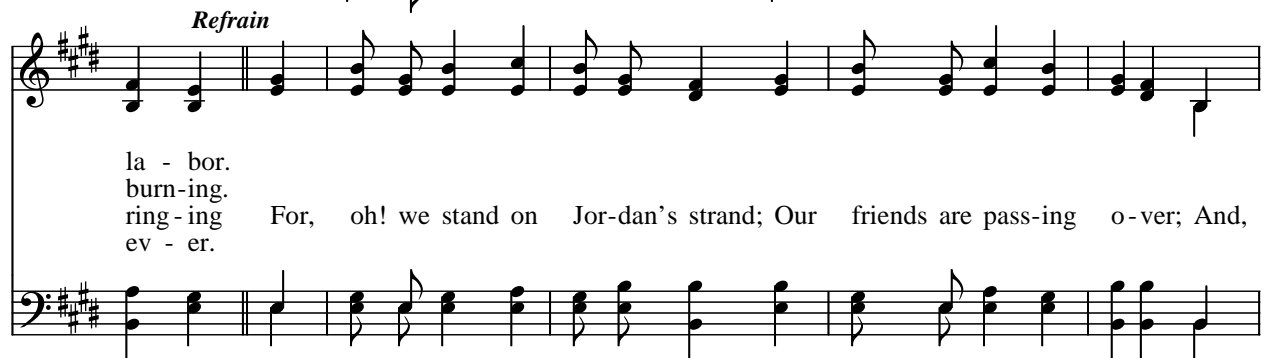


1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by; And I, a pil - grim
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis -
3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our
4. Let sor - row's rud - est temp - est blow, Each cord on earth to

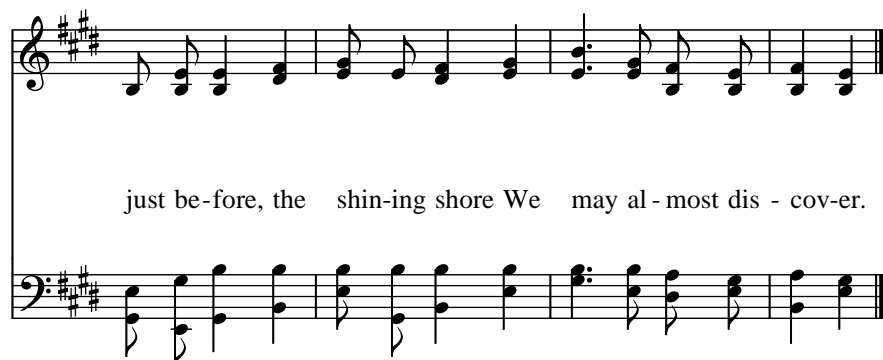


stran-ger, Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and
- cern - ing: Our wait - ing Lord has left us word, Let ev' - ry lamp be
sing - ing: That per - fect rest nought can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are
sev - er: Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For ev - er, oh! for

Refrain



la - bor.
burn - ing.
ring - ing For, oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver; And,
ev - er.



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