

Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel, circa 1917

$\text{♩} = 110$

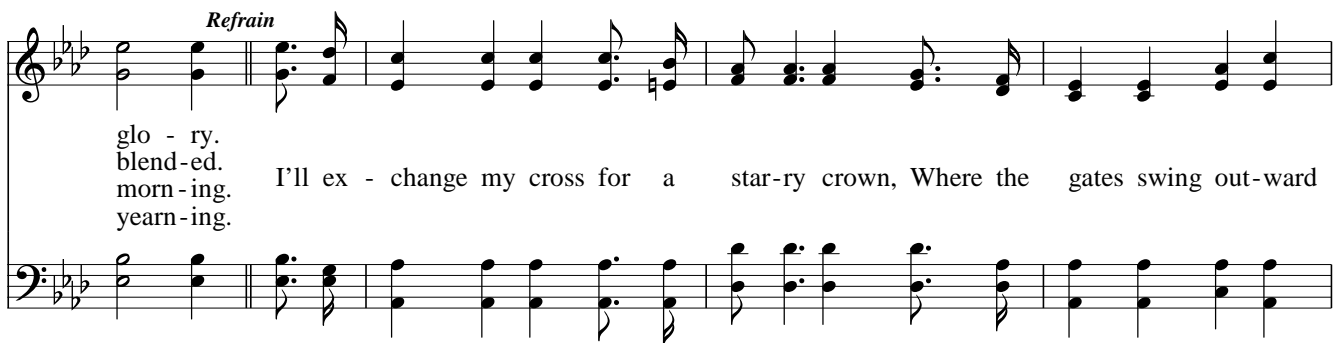


1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the old, old
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney will be
3. Though the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flowers my way a -
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for Whom my heart is

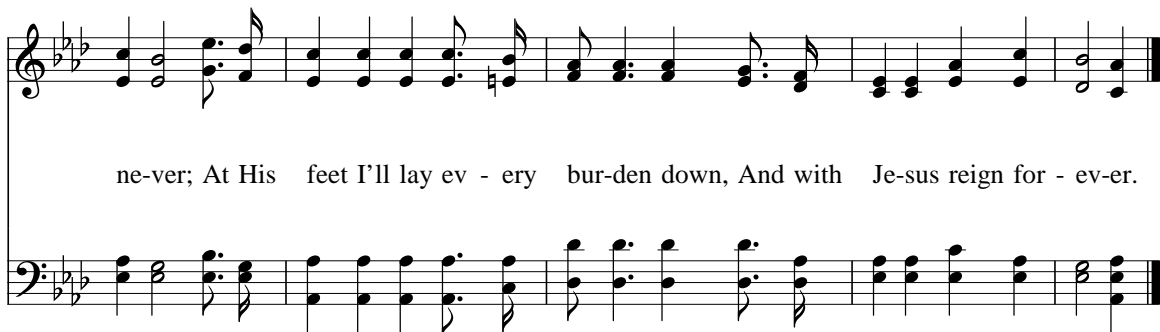


sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls, I shall go to Him in
end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time With e - ter - ni - ty is
- dorn - ing; Though the night be lone and my rest a stone, Joy a - waits me in the
burn - ing! Ne - ver - more to sigh, ne - ver - more to die, For that day my heart is

Refrain



glo - ry.
blend - ed.
morn - ing. I'll ex - change my cross for a star - ry crown, Where the gates swing out - ward
yearn - ing.



ne - ver; At His feet I'll lay ev - ery bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.