Will There Be Any Stars?

Eliza Edmunds Stites Hewitt, circa 1897

John Robson Sweney

1. I am thinking today of that beautiful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down; When through wonderful grace by my watch as a winner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the
gems at his feet to lay down! It would sweeten my bliss in the

2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me

3. O what joy it will be when His face I behold, Living

Savior I stand, Will there be any stars in my crown? When I wake with the blest in the

glorious day, When His praise like the sea roll-wills. Will there be any stars, any
city of gold, Should there be any stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at evening the sun goeth down? When I wake with the blest in the

mansions of rest Will there be any stars in my crown?