

My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By

David Nelson, 1835

George Frederick Root, 1855

♩=110

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

Refrain

not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and la - bor.
wait - ing Lord has left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing.
per - fect rest nought can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing For,
king says, "Come," and there's our home, For ev - er, oh! for ev - er.

oh! 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.