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My Days Are Swiftly Gliding By
David Nelson, 1835.
George Root, 1855.

My days are gliding swiftly by;
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and labor.

Refrain

For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning:
Our waiting Lord has left us word,
Let ev'ry lamp be burning.

Refrain

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing:
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

Refrain

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever:
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever.

Refrain

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