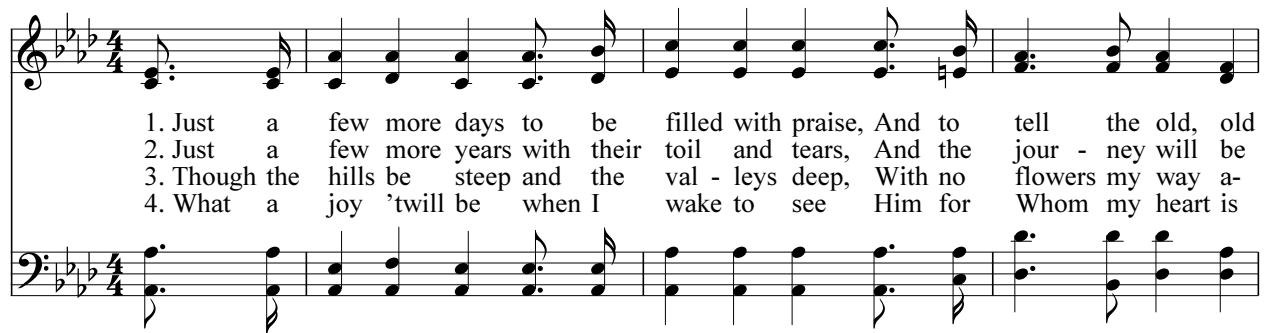


Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel, circa 1917

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel

♩=110

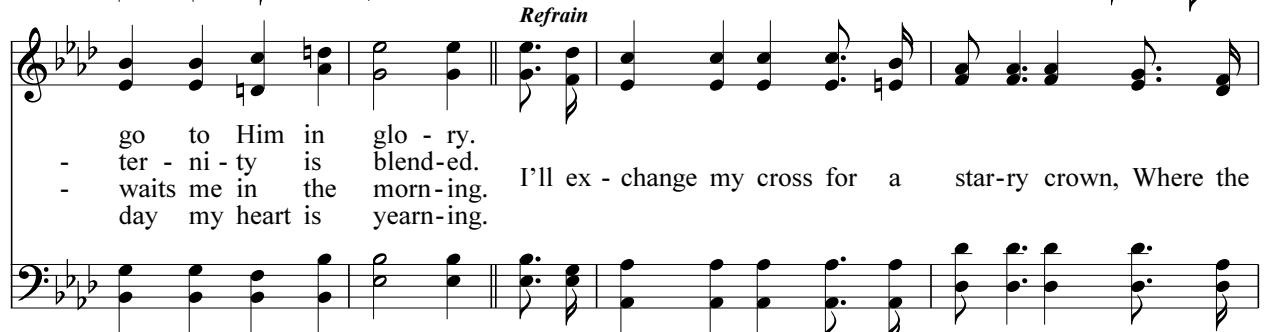


1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the old, old
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney will be
3. Though the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flowers my way a -
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for Whom my heart is




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

Refrain



go to Him in glo - ry.
- ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex - change my cross for a star - ry crown, Where the
- waits me in the morn - ing.
day my heart is yearn - ing.



gates swing out - ward ne - ver; At His feet I'll lay ev - ery bur - den down, And with



Je - sus reign for - ev - er.