

Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel, 1920

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♩=110

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the
3. Though the hills be steep and the valleys deep, With no
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for

tell the old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my
jour - ney will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the
flowers my way a - dorn - ing; Though the night be lone and my
whom my heart is burn - ing! Ne - ver - more to sigh, ne - ver -

Refrain

Sav - ior calls, I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
tide of time With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex - change my cross for a
rest a stone, Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
- more to die, For that day my heart is yearn - ing.

star - ry crown, Where the 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.