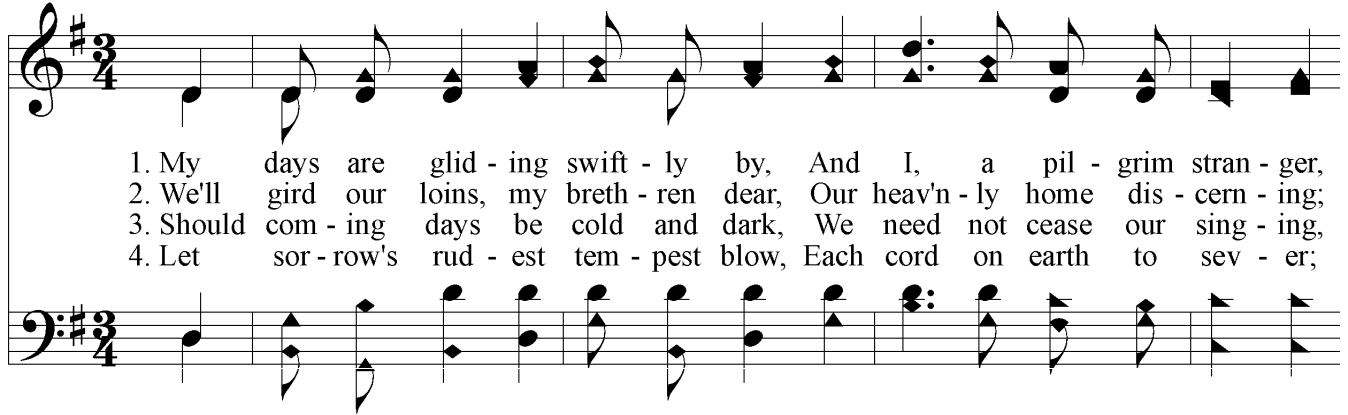


Shining Shore 8s, 7s P



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



Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, "Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing."
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home For - ev - er, O for - ev - er.

Chorus



For, O 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. A - men