

The Shining Shore

Geo. F. Root

Arr by D. P.

♩ = 66

1 2 3 4 5

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 chord on earth to sev - er,

6 7 8 9

Would not de - tain them as they fly, These 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, and for - ev - er.

10 11 12 13

For now we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

14 15 16 17

And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.