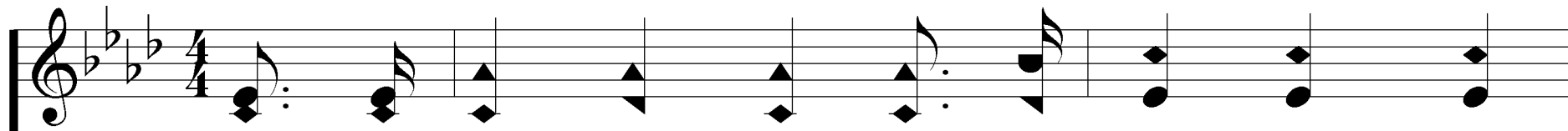
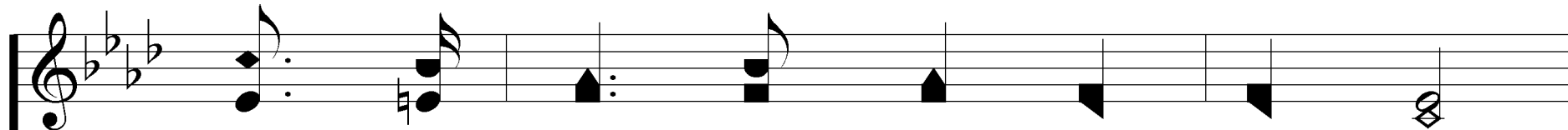
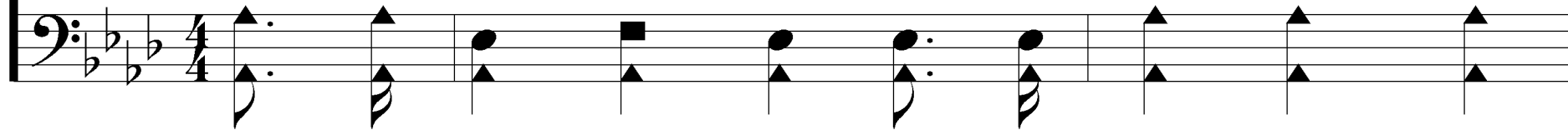


# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

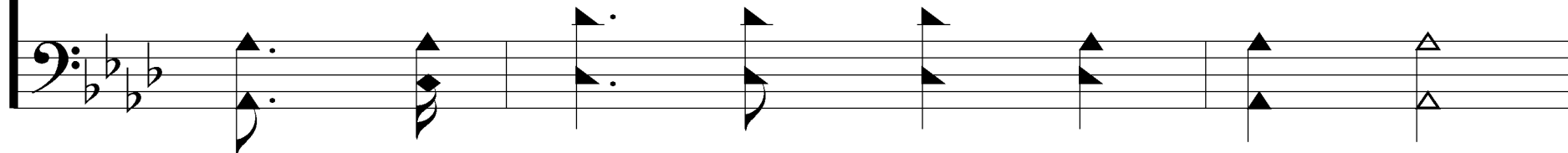
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1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise,

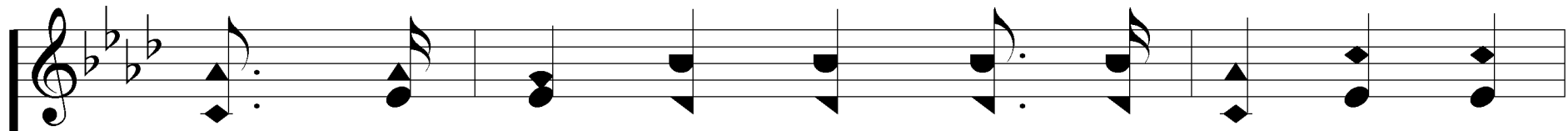


And to tell the old, old sto - ry;

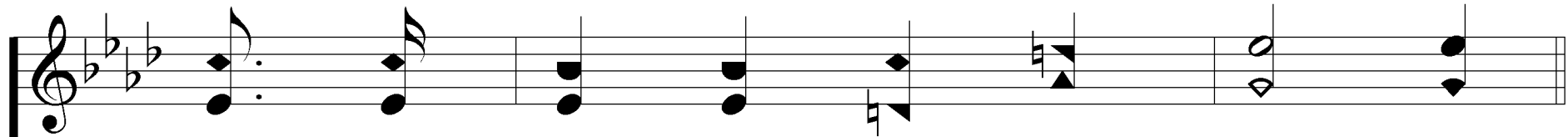
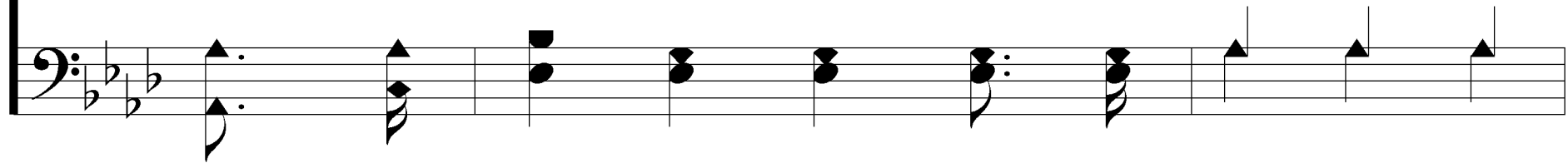


# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

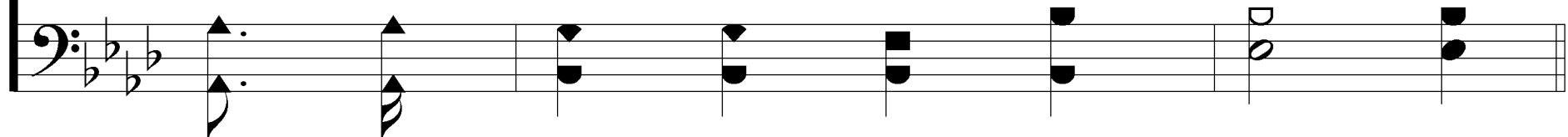
646



Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,

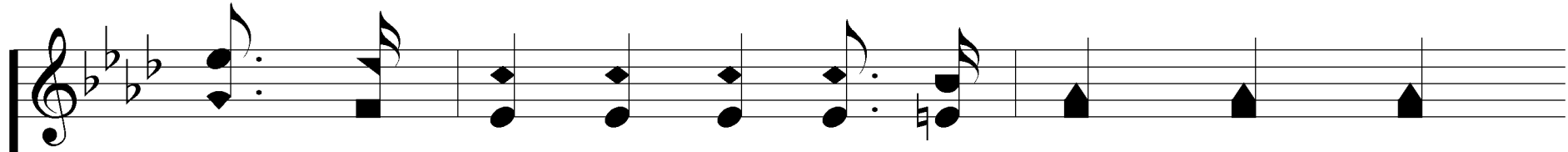


I shall go to Him in glo - ry.

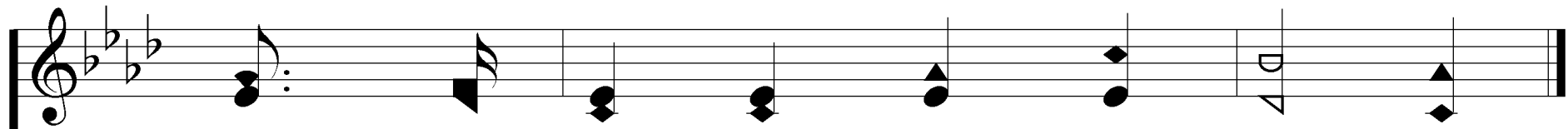
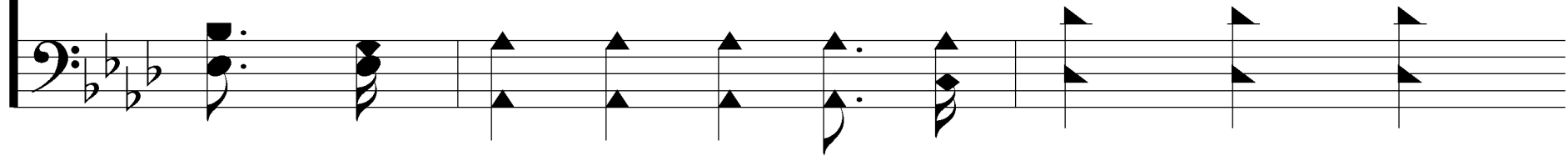




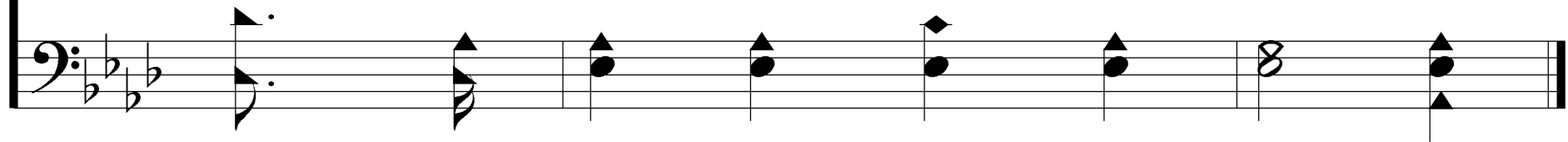
# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never



At His feet I'll lay ev - 'ry bur - den down,



And with Je - sus reign for ev - er.



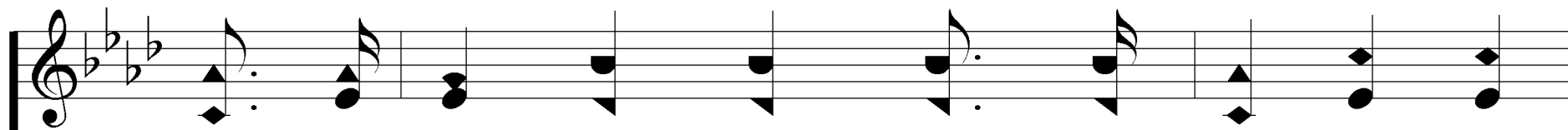
# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears,

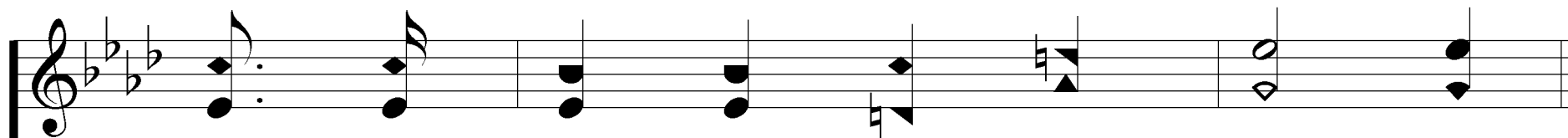
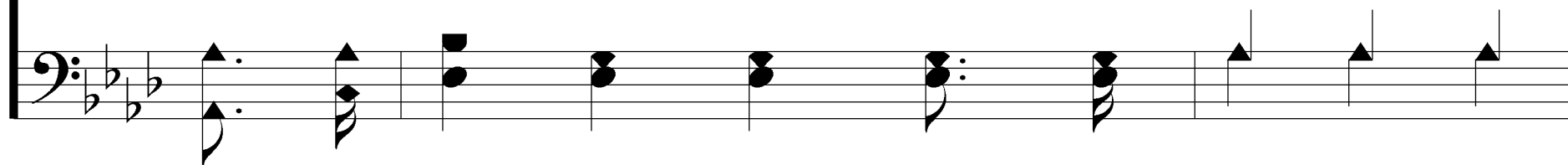
And the jour - ney will be end - ed;

# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

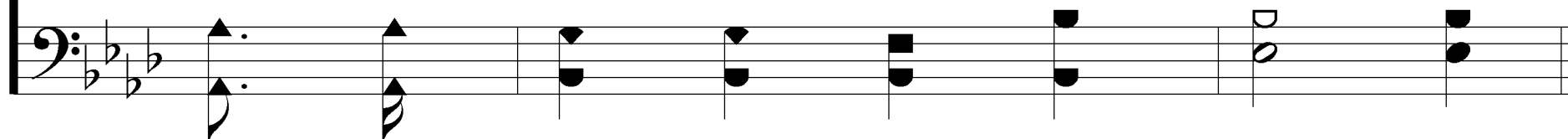
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Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time



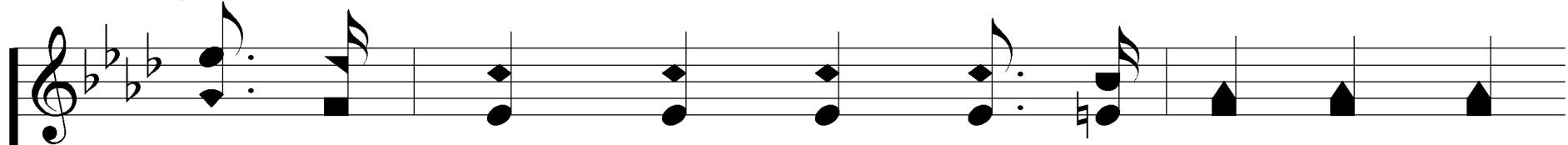
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed.



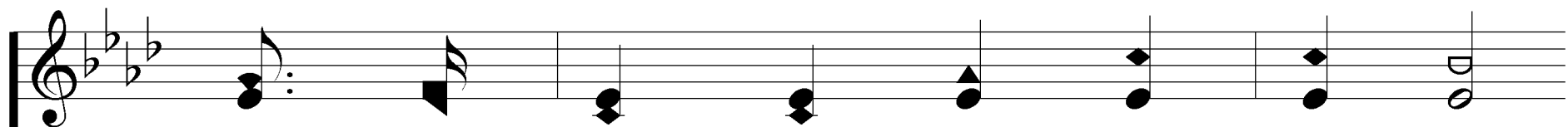
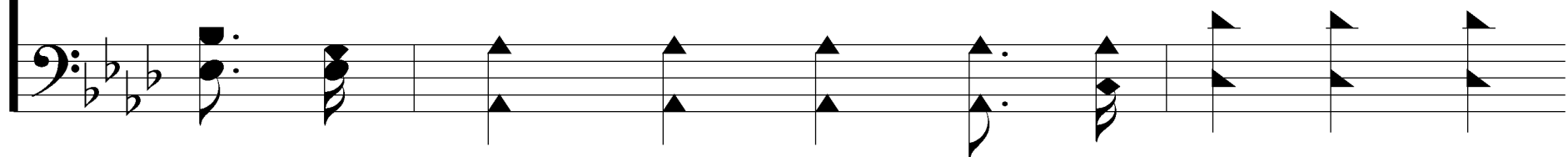
# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

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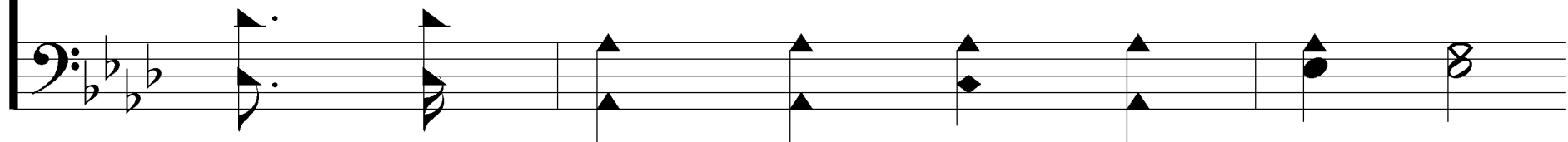
Chorus



I'll ex-change my cross for a star-ry crown,

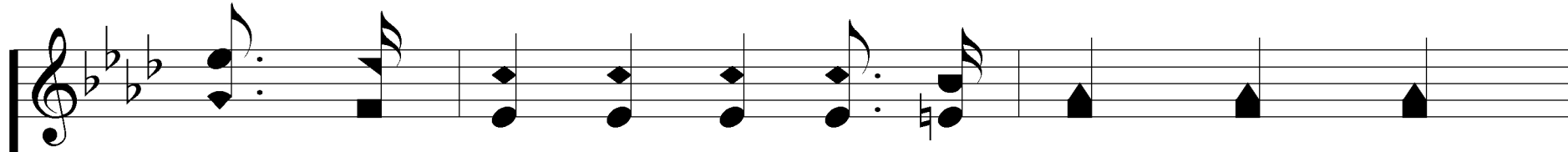


Where the gates swing out-ward nev-er;

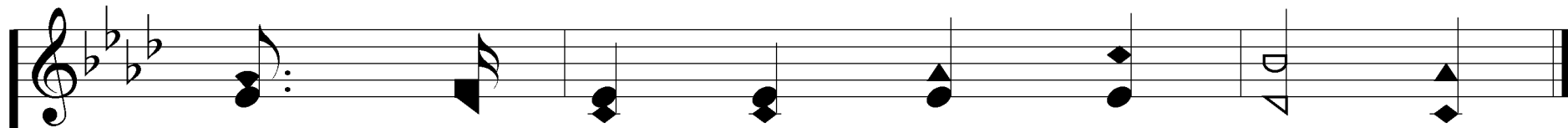
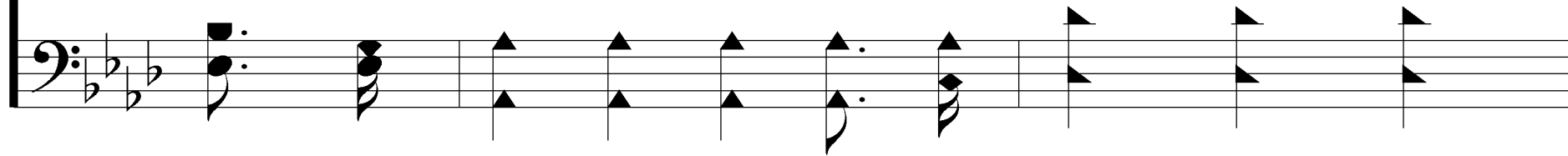


# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

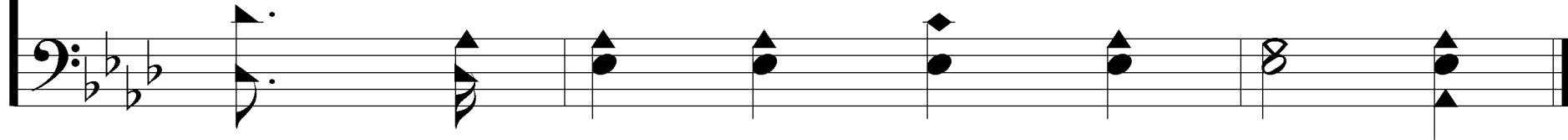
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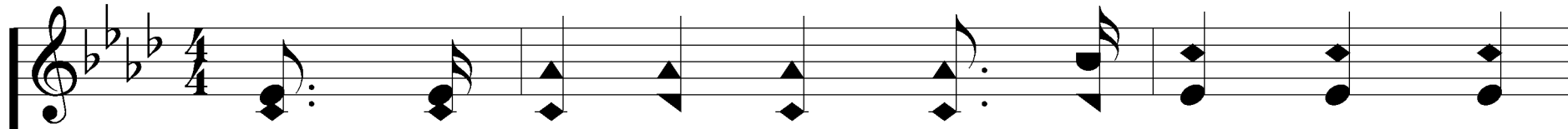
At His feet I'll lay ev - 'ry bur - den down,



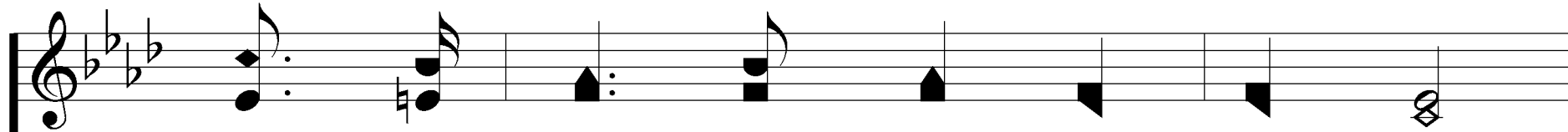
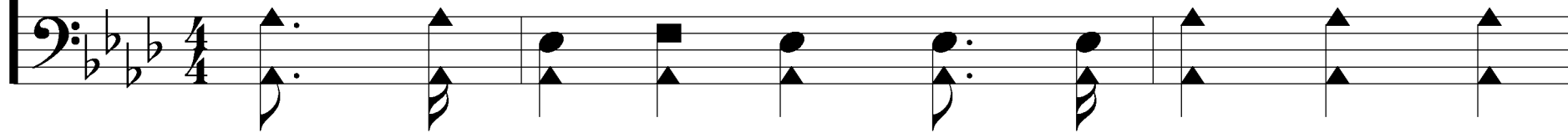
And with Je - sus reign for ev - er.



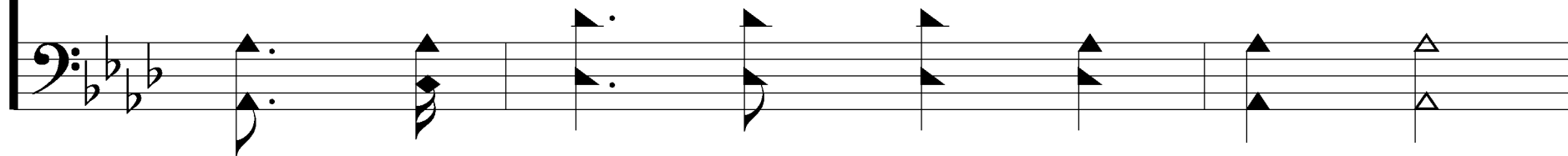




3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep,

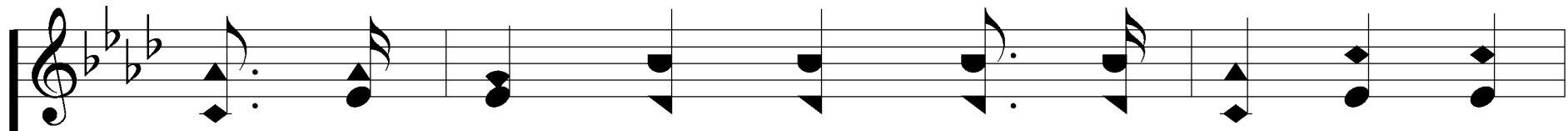


With no flow'rs my way a - dorn - ing;

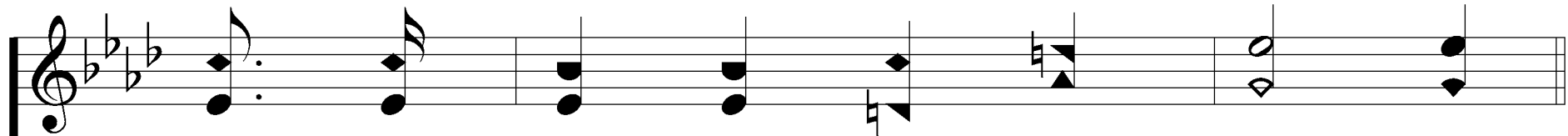
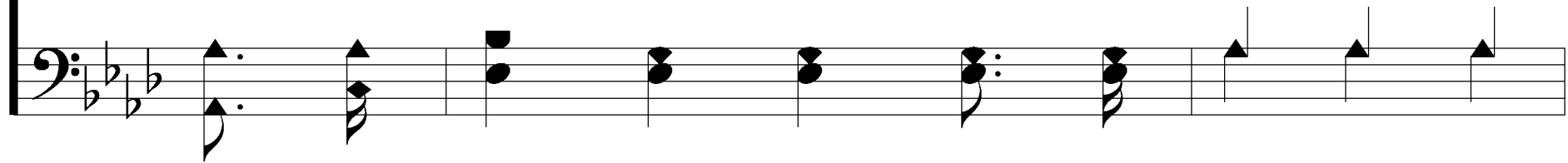


# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

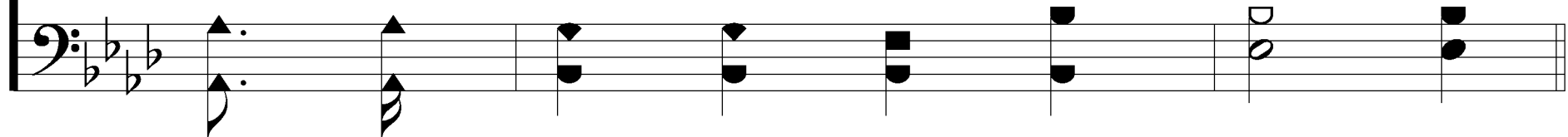
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Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,



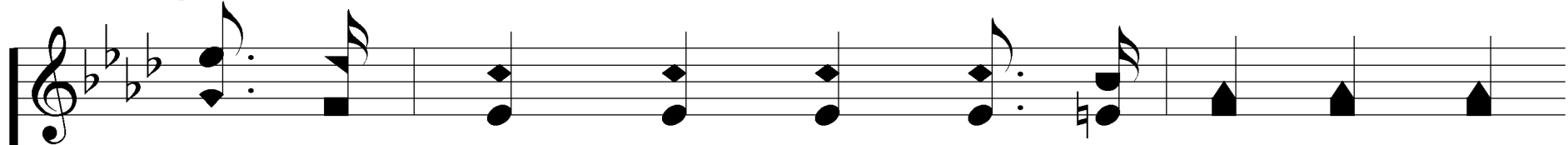
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.



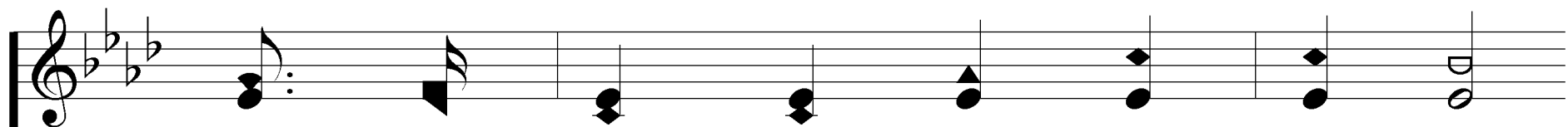
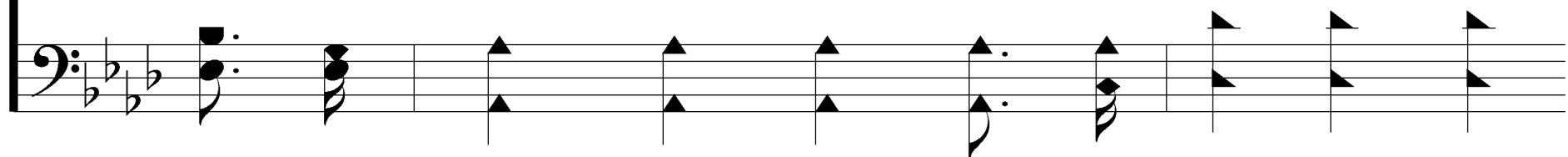
# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

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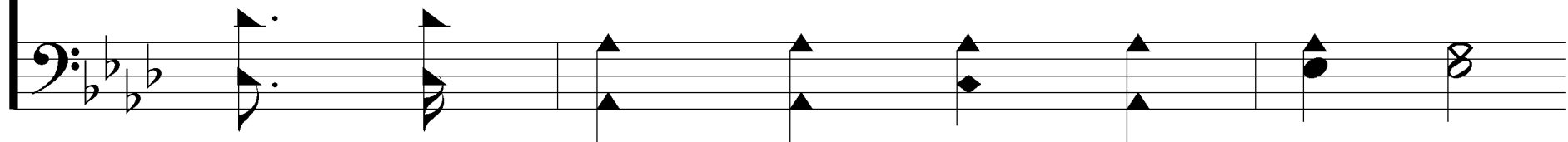
Chorus



I'll ex-change my cross for a star-ry crown,

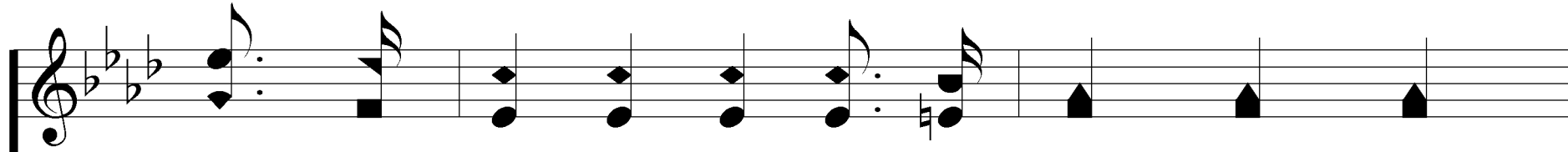


Where the gates swing out-ward nev-er;

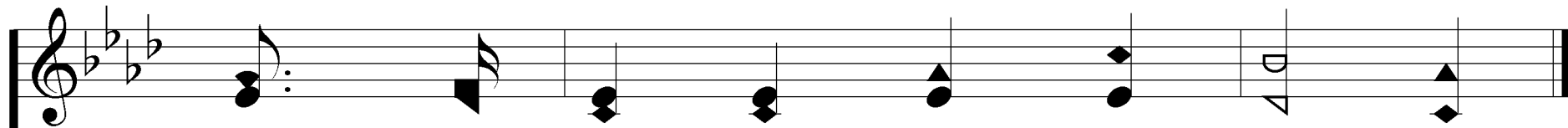
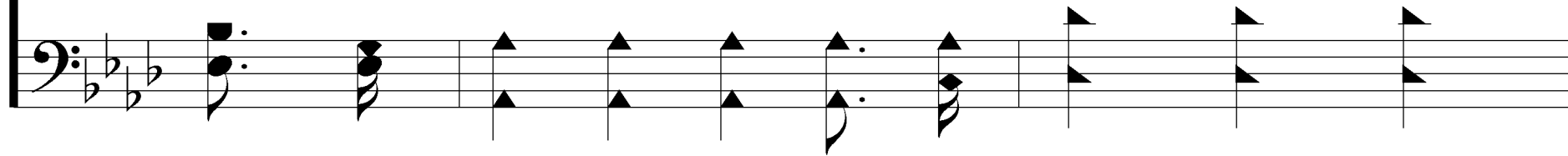


# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

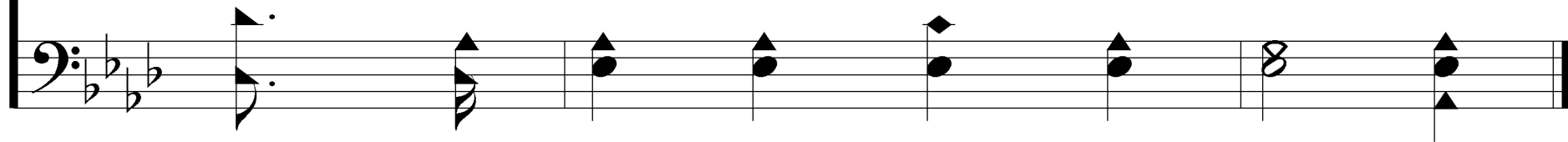
646

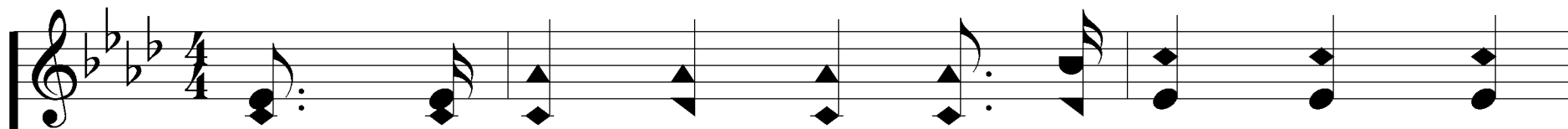


At His feet I'll lay ev - 'ry bur - den down,

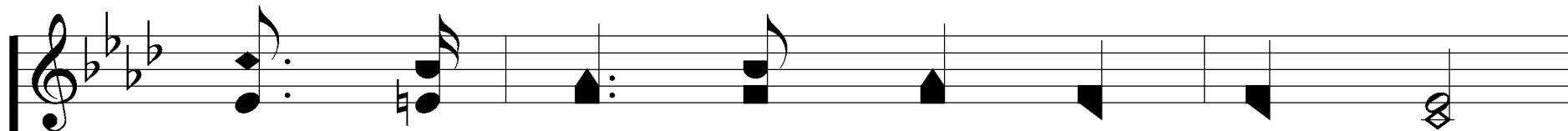
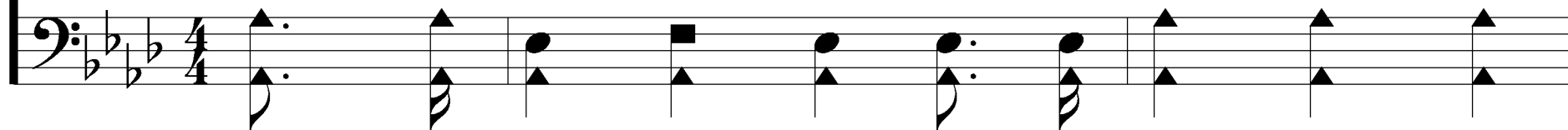


And with Je - sus reign for ev - er.

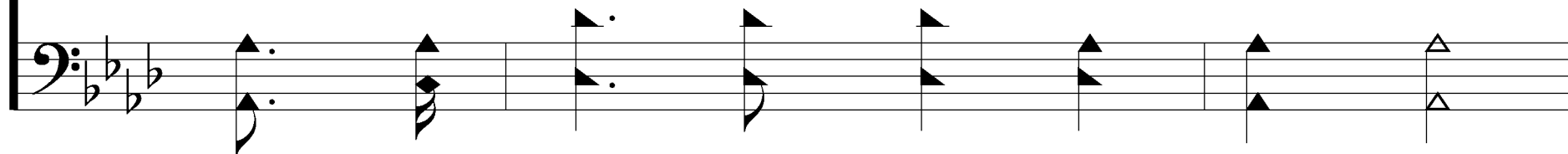




4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see

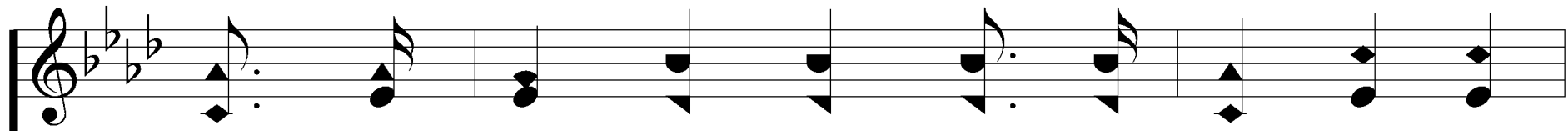


Him for whom my heart is burn - ing!

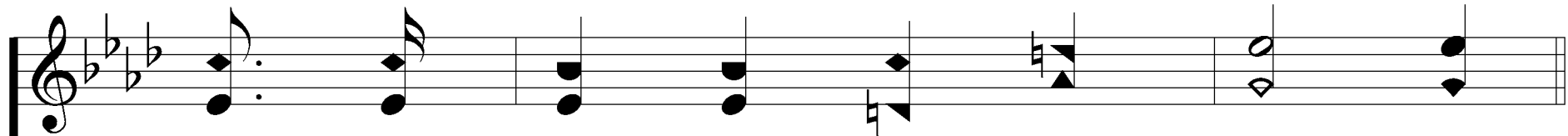
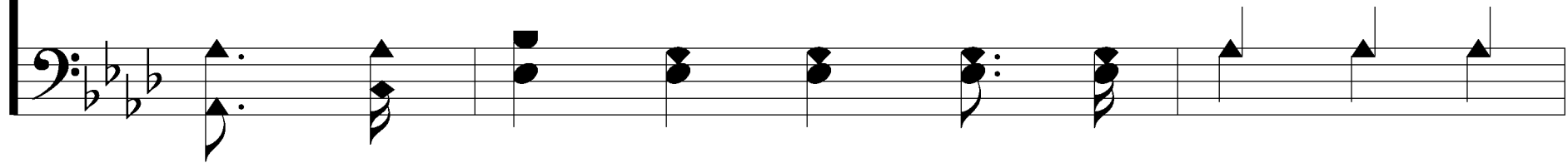


# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

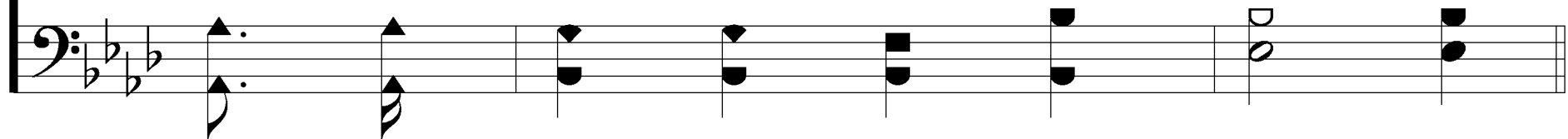
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Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die



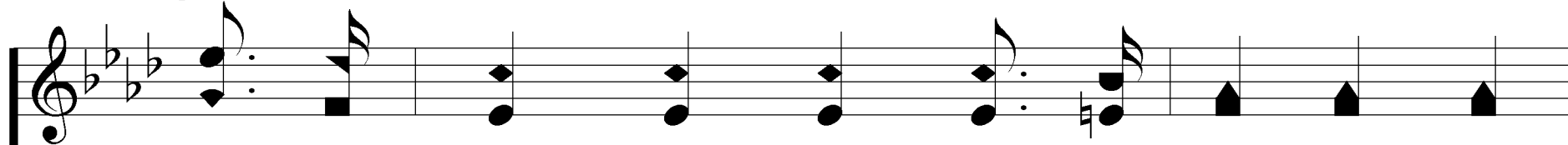
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.



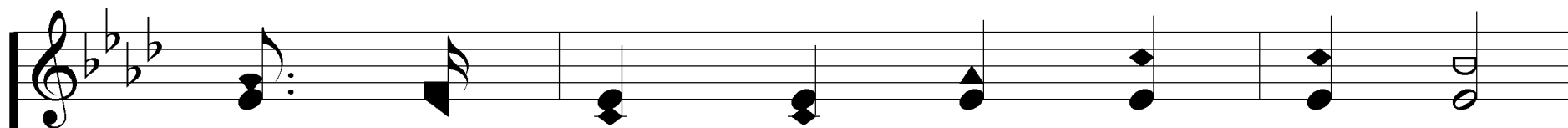
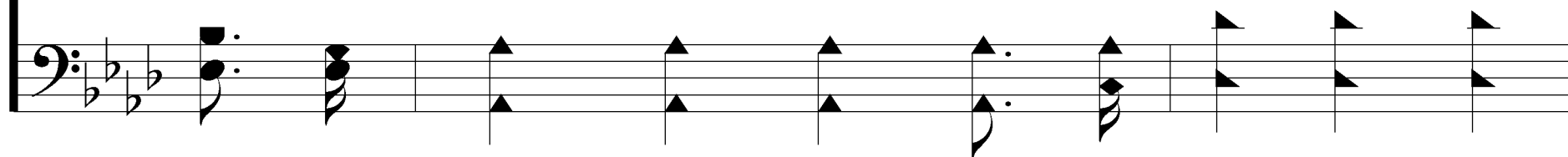
# Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

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Chorus



I'll ex-change my cross for a star-ry crown,



Where the gates swing out-ward nev-er;

