

1. Death shall not de-stroy my com-fort, Christ shall guide me thru the gloom; Down He'll send some heav'n-ly con-voy, To con-vey my spir-it home.

2. See the hap-py spir-its wait-ing On the banks be-yond the stream, Sweet re-spons-es still re - peat-ing, Je - sus, Je - sus is their theme.

3. Smil - ing an-gels now sur-round me, Troops re-splen-dent fill the skies; Glo - ry shin - ing all a round me, While my tow'r-ing spir-it flies.

Jor-dan's stream shall ne'er o'er-flow me, While my Sav-ior's by my side; Ca-naan, Ca - naan lies be - fore me, Rise and cross the swell-ing tide.

See, they whis - per; hark, they call me, "Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way." Lo! I come, earth can't con - tain me, Hail, ye realms of end - less day!

Je - sus, clad in daz-zling splen-dor, Now me-thinks ap-pears in view; Breth-ren, could you see my Je - sus, You would love and serve Him too.

Soon with an-gels I'll be march-ing, Bright the glo-ry on my brow; Who will share my bliss-ful por-tion, Who will love my Sav-ior now?

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