In The Fadeless Spring-Time
(By The Gate)

1. In the fade-less spring-time, on the heav’n-ly shore, Kindred spir-its wait us,
2. In the mist-y gloam-ing, death a-waits us all; Si-ent is His com-ing,
3. Trust-ing in the Sav-ior, may we hum-bly wait, Till the ho-ly an-gels

who have gone be-fore; There no flow-ers with-er, and no pleas-ures cloy,
sure the Mas-ter’s call; And the an-angel foot-steps mark the up-ward way,
ope the pearl-y gate; And the lov-ing Fa-ther, from His gra-cious throne,

Chorus

In that land of beau-ty, in that home of joy.
Till the twi-light merg-es in-to heav’n-ly day. By the gate they’ll meet us,
Smil-ing bids us wel-come to our heav’n-ly home.

’neth that gold-en sky, Meet us at the por-tal— Meet us by and by.