Just over the mountain

John R. Sweney

Just over the mountains in the Promised Land,
Lies the holy city built by God's own hand;
As our weary footsteps gain the mountain's crest,
We can view our homeland of eternal rest.

Refrain
We are nearing home! We are nearing homer
See the splendor gleaming from the domes afar!
See the glory streaming through the "gates ajar'"
There we soon will enter, nevermore to roam,
Hear the angels singing' we are nearing home!
We are nearing home.

In the rolls of the prophets we have long been told
Of that wondrous city with its streets of gold;
Now with raptured vision we can see it there,
With its walls of jasper and its mansions fair.

Refrain

Those who enter that city are the faithful few
Who keep God's commandments-faith of Jesus, too;
There we'll lift our voices through the endless days,
In sweet songs of gladness and in psalms of praise.

Refrain

My brother, my sister, will you meet us there,
In that land of sunshine where there'll be no care?
Accept of God's message, and to Him be true;
Then when Jesus cometh He will call for you.

Refrain

C.P. Whitford