

Just Over the Mountains

We Are Nearing Home! 11.11.11.11, With Refrain

Arranged by C. P. WHITFORD

JOHN R. SWENEY

1. Just o - ver the mountains in the Prom-ised Land, Lies the ho - ly
 2. In the rolls of the prophets we have long been told Of that won-drous
 3. Those who enter that cit - y are the faith - ful few Who keep God's com-
 4. My broth - er, my sis - ter, will you meet us there, In that land of

cit - y built by God's own hand; As our wea - ry foot-steps gain the
 cit - y with its streets of gold; Now with rap-tured vi - sion we can
 mandments—faith of Je - sus, too; There we'll lift our voic - es through the
 sun-shine where there'll be no care? Ac - cept of God's mes-sage, and to

mountain's crest, We can view our home-land of e - ter - nal rest.
 see it there, With its walls of jas - per and its man-sions fair.
 end - less days, In sweet songs of glad-ness and in psalms of praise.
 Him he true; Then when Je - sus com-eth He will call for you.

Refrain

We are near - ing home! We are near - ing home!
 We are near-ing home, near-ing home! We are near-ing home!

See the splen - dor gleam - ing from the domes a - far! See the

glo - ry stream - ing through the "gates a - jar!" There we soon will

en - ter, nev - er - more to roam, Hear the an - gels sing - ing!

We are near - ing home! We are near - ing home.
We are near - ing, near - ing home!