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The Time Is Near

Anvern. L.M.

R. F. COTTRELL

LOWELL MASON (1792-1872)

1. The time is near when Zi - on's sons, With rap - turous
 2. O - pen, ye gates! The glo - rious King Ap - proach - es
 3. O right - eous na - tion! en - ter in, That kept the
 4. With - in these walls shall they re - main, Who trust - ed,

joy shall sing the song Fore - told by seers— a - noint - ed ones:
 with a ho - ly throng; O - pen, ye gates! Saints, an - gels, sing
 law of truth be - low, En - ter the place, all free from sin,
 might - y Lord! in Thee. Death, their last en - e - my, is slain;

We have a cit - y great and strong, We have a cit - y great and strong.
 On gold - en harps the vic - tor's song! On gold - en harps the vic - tor's song!
 Where life's pure waters gent - ly flow. Where life's pure waters gently flow.
 They have a right to life's fair tree. They have a right to life's fair tree.

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We've No Abiding City Here

Andre. L.M.

THOMAS KELLY (1769-1854)

Unknown

1. We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here; Sad truth, were this to
 2. We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, We seek a cit - y
 3. O sweet a - bode of peace and love, Where pil - grims, freed from
 4. But hush, my soul! nor dare re - pine; The time my God ap -