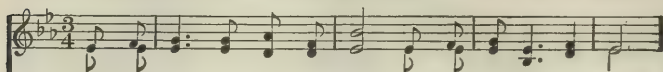


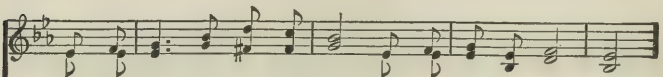
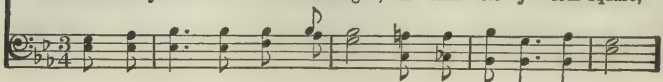
John R. Clements.

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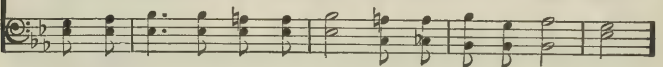
H. P. Danka



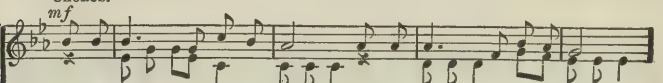
1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit-y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the "cit-y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev-er close To the "cit-y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In that "cit-y four-square,"



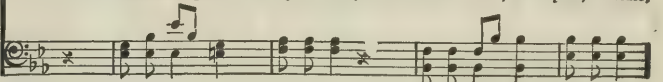
It shall nev-er pass a-way, And there is "no night there."
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
 There life's crys-tal riv-er flows, And there is "no night there."
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."



CHORUS.



God shall wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
 God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;



And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there." A-MEN.
 And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night... there."

