

What a Gathering

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1887. Music: Ira Sankey.

On that bright and golden morning, when the Son of Man shall come,
And the radiance of His glory we shall see;
When from ev'ry clime and nation He shall call His people home,
What a gath'ring of the ransomed that will be!

Refrain

What a gath'ring, what a gath'ring,
What a gath'ring of the ransomed in the summer land of love!
What a gath'ring, what a gath'ring,
Of the ransomed in that happy home above.

When the blest, who sleep in Jesus, at His bidding shall arise
From the silence of the grave, and from the sea,
And with bodies all celestial they shall meet Him in the skies,
What a gath'ring and rejoicing there will be!

Refrain

When our eyes behold the city, with its many mansions bright,
And its river, calm and restful, flowing free;
When the friends that death hath parted shall in bliss again unite,
What a gath'ring and a greeting there will be!

Refrain

O the King is surely coming, and the time is drawing nigh,
When the blessed day of promise we shall see;
Then the changing "in a moment," "in the twinkling of an eye,"
And forever in His presence we shall be.

Refrain