

Gathering Out of Tears

Fanny Crosby, 1894.

William Kirkpatrick.

Steer our bark away to the homeland,
Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
Think of all the friends that await us,
When anchored safely there we shall be.

Refrain

Gathering out of tears into sunshine,
Gathering out of labor into rest;
Hear the ransomed throng shouting forth their joy in song,
Gathering to the mansions of the blest.

Steer our bark away to the homeland,
On without a fear let us go;
When the port of peace we are nearing,
The blessed harbor lights we shall know.

Refrain

Bright and fair the hills of the homeland,
Clad in all the bloom of the spring;
There to Him who loved and redeemed us,
Our joyful, joyful praise we will sing.

Refrain

Soft the winds that blow from the homeland,
Sweet the morn that breaks on the shore;
Soon we'll meet again our beloved ones,
Where sorrow's plaintive moan comes no more.

Refrain