

I Am Sweeping Thro' the Gate

John Parker, 1876.

Philip Phillips.

I am now a child of God,
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood;
I am watching and I'm longing while I wait;
Soon on wings of love I'll fly,
To my home beyond the sky,
To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro' the gate.

Refrain

In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Washed from every stain I am;
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,
I am sweeping thro' the gate;
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,
I am sweeping thro' the gate.

Oh! the blessed Lord of light,
He upholds me by His might;
And His arms enfold, and comfort while I wait;
I am leaning on His breast,
Oh! the sweetness of His rest,
Hallelujah, I am sweeping thro' the gate.

Refrain

I am sweeping thro' the gate
Where the blessed for me wait,
Where the weary workers rest forevermore;
Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won,
Oh, the glory of that city just before!

Refrain

Burst are all my prison bars;
And I soar beyond the stars,
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes,
Robed in whiteness I am sweeping thro' the gate.

Refrain