

Gathering Home Within the Veil

Phebe Spurlock, 1872.

R. K. Moore.

Time, like a stream, is gliding by;
We're on its shore today;
A moment more and we may pass
From mortal sight away.

Refrain

We're gathering, we're gathering,
On life's celestial shore;
We soon shall meet beyond the stream,
Shall meet to part no more.

Thus one by one our friends have passed;
Through pearly gates they glide,
Where gathering hosts of loved ones meet
Far o'er the river tide.

Refrain

This land of rest is hid from view,
Though gentle airs, so calm,
Oft stealing from that viewless shore,
Bring us their breath of balm.

Refrain

We're gathering home within the veil,
Its heav'nly joys to share,
What glorious greetings will be ours,
To meet our loved ones there.

Refrain