

"I am Sweeping thro' the Gates."*

Words by REV. J. PARKER.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood; I am
 2. Oh! the bless - ed Lord of Light, I have lov'd him with my might: Now his
 3. I am sweep - ing thro' the gate Where the bless - ed for me wait: Where the
 4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be - yond the stars; To my

watch - ing and I'm long - ing while I wait. Soon on wings of love I'll fly,
 arms en - fold, and com - fort while I wait. I am lean - ing on his breast,
 wear - y work - ers rest for ev - er - more. Where the strife of earth is done,
 Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest e - state. Lo! the morn e - ter - nal breaks,

To my home beyond the sky, To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro' the gates.
 Oh! the sweetness of his rest, And I'm thinking of my sweeping thro' the gates.
 And the crown of life is won, Oh! I'm thinking of the cit - y while I soar.
 And the song in - mortal wakes, Rob'd in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gates.

REFRAIN.

In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd from ev - 'ry stain I am; Rob'd in

white - ness, clad in bright - ness, I am sweep - ing thro' the gates.

* Dying words of the REV. ALFRED COORMAN.