

# I Am Sweeping Thro' the Gate

John Parker, 1876

Philip Phillips

♩=105

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm washed in Je-sus' blood; I am  
2. Oh! the bless-ed Lord of light, He up-holds me by His might; And 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, To my  
arms en-fold, and com-fort while I wait; I am lean-ing on His breast, Oh! the  
wea-ry work-ers rest for-ev-er - more; Where the strife of earth is done, And the  
Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest es-tate. Lo! the morn e-ter-nal breaks, And the

home be-yond the sky, To my wel-come, as I'm sweep-ing thro' the gate.  
sweet-ness of His rest, Hal-le-lu-jah, I am sweep-ing thro' the gate. In the  
crown of life is won, Oh, the glo-ry of that ci-ty just be-fore!  
song im-mor-tal wakes, Robed in white-ness I am sweep-ing thro' the gate.

Refrain

blood of yon-der Lamb, Washed from ev-ery stain I am; Robed in white-ness, clad in bright-ness, I am

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sweep-ing thro' the gate