

# Gathering Out of Tears

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1894

William James Kirkpatrick



1. Steer our bark a - way to the home-land, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;  
2. Steer our bark a - way to the home-land, On with-out a fear let us go;  
3. Bright and fair the hills of the home-land, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;  
4. Soft the winds that blow from the home-land, Sweet the morn that breaks on the shore;



Think of all the friends that a - wait us, When an - chored safe - ly there we shall  
When the port of peace we are near - ing, The bless - èd har - bor lights we shall  
There to Him Who loved and re - deemed us, Our joy - ful, joy - ful praise we will  
Soon we'll meet a - gain our be - loved ones, Where sor - row's plaint - ive moan comes no



## Refrain



be.  
know. Gat-her-ing out of tears in - to sun-shine, Ga-ther-ing out of la - bor in - to rest;  
sing. out of la - bor in - to rest  
more.



Hear the ran-somed throng shout-ing forth their joy in song, Ga-ther-ing to the man-sions of the  
to the



blest.  
man - sions of the blest

