Sweeping Through the Gates

“Blessed are those who wash their robes...” (Rev. 22:14)

1. Who, who are these beside the chilly wave, Just on the borders of the silent grave,
2. These, these are they who, in their youthful days, Found Jesus early, and in wisdom’s ways
3. These, these are they who, in affliction’s woes, Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
4. These, these are they who, in the conflict dire, Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire;
5. Safe, safe up on the ever-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are over;

Shouting Jesus’ pow’r to save, “Washed in the blood of the Lamb”?
Proved the fullness of His grace, “Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”
Such as from a pure heart flows, “Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”
Jesus now says, “Come up high’r,” “Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”
Happy now and ever more, “Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem, “Washed in the blood of the Lamb,”
Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem, “Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”