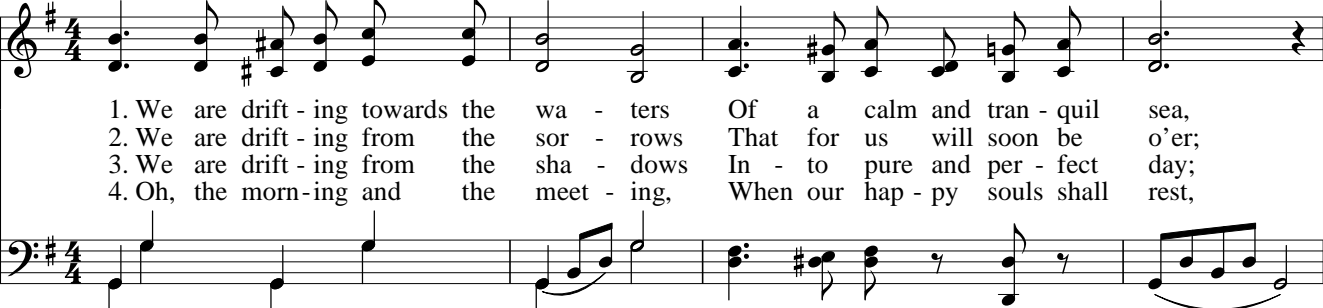


We Are Nearing

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1892

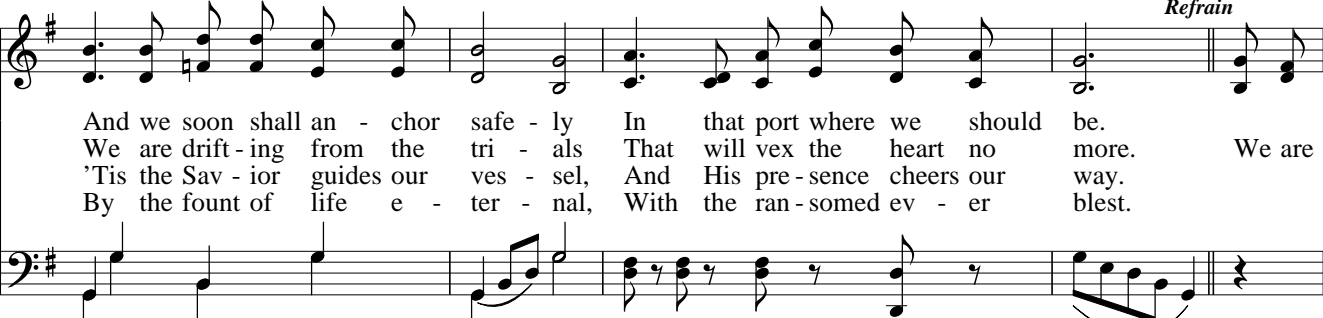
John Robson Sweney

$\text{♩} = 100$

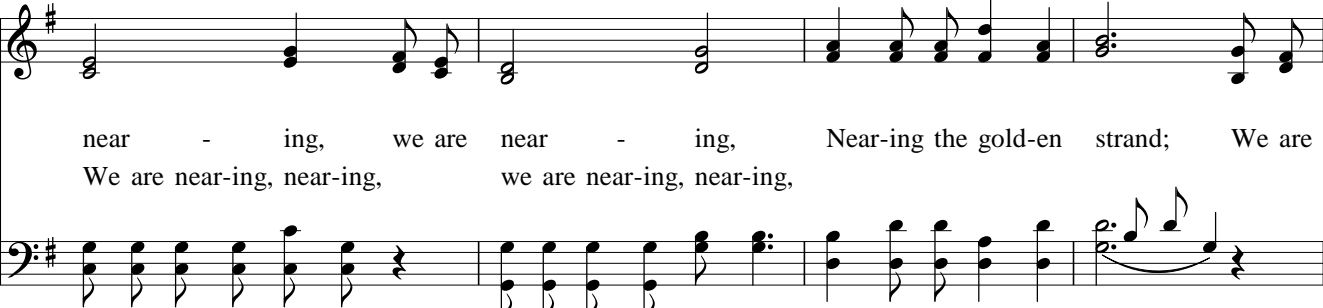


1. We are drift - ing towards the wa - ters Of a calm and tran - quil sea,
2. We are drift - ing from the sor - rows That for us will soon be o'er;
3. We are drift - ing from the sha - dows In - to pure and per - fect day;
4. Oh, the morn - ing and the meet - ing, When our hap - py souls shall rest,

Refrain



And we soon shall an - chor safe - ly In that port where we should be.
We are drift - ing from the tri - als That will vex the heart no more. We are
'Tis the Sav - ior guides our ves - sel, And His pre - sence cheers our way.
By the fount of life e - ter - nal, With the ran - somed ev - er blest.



near - ing, we are near - ing, Near-ing the gold-en strand; We are
We are near-ing, near-ing, we are near-ing, near-ing,



near - ing, we are near - ing, Near-ing the soul's bright land.
We are near-ing, near-ing, we are near-ing, near-ing,