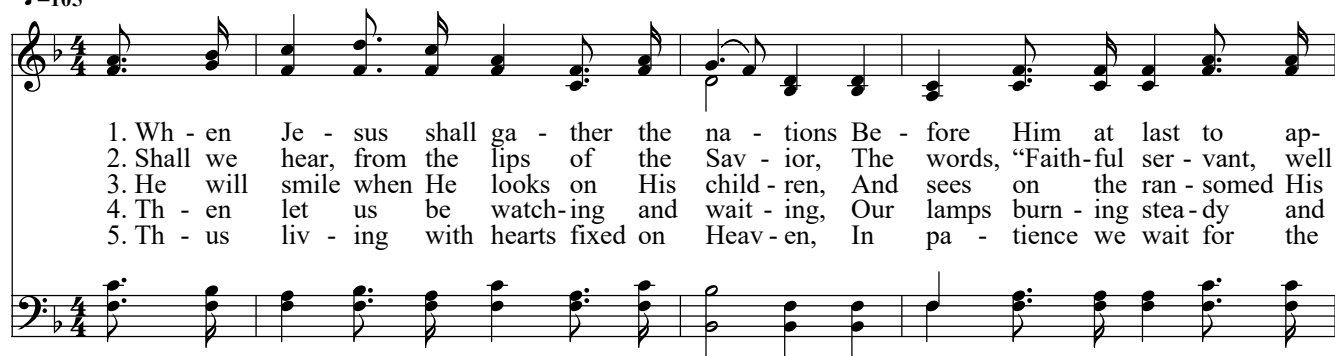


He Will Gather the Wheat

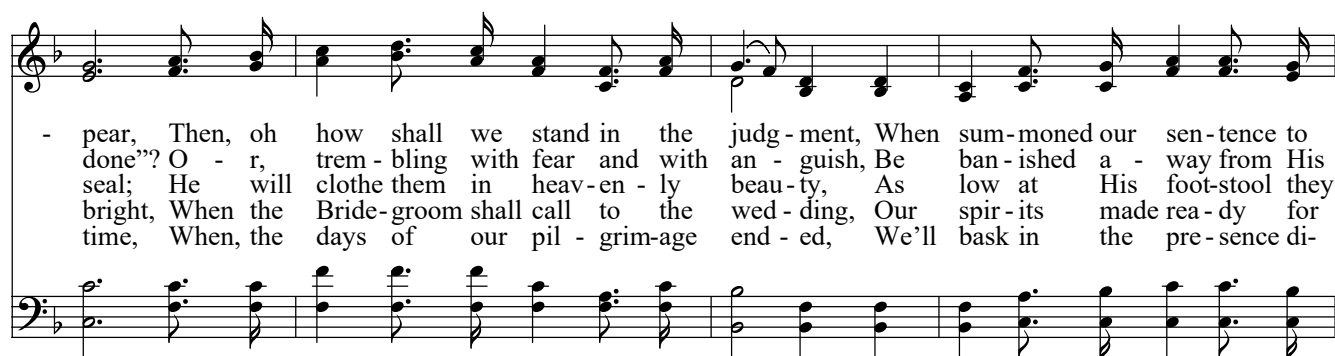
Harriet Burn McKeever, 1878

John Robson Sweney

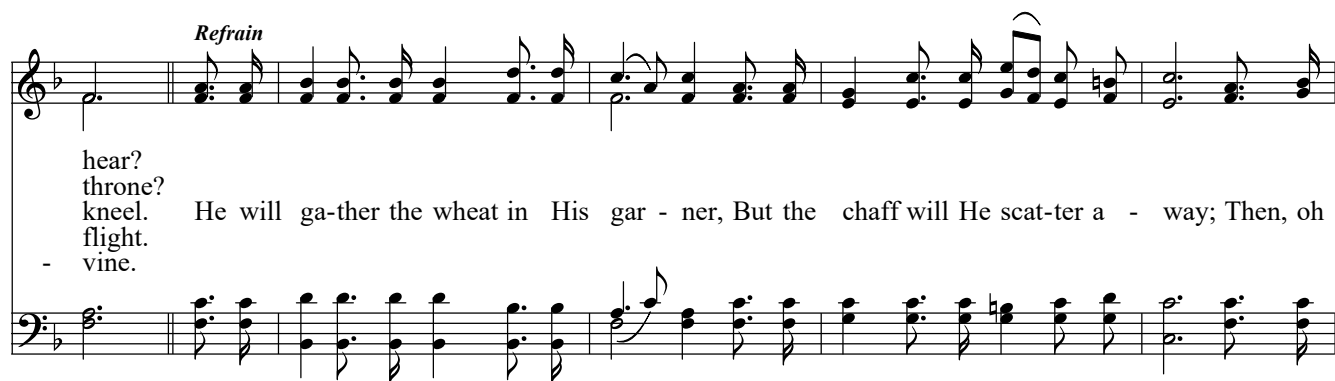
♩=105



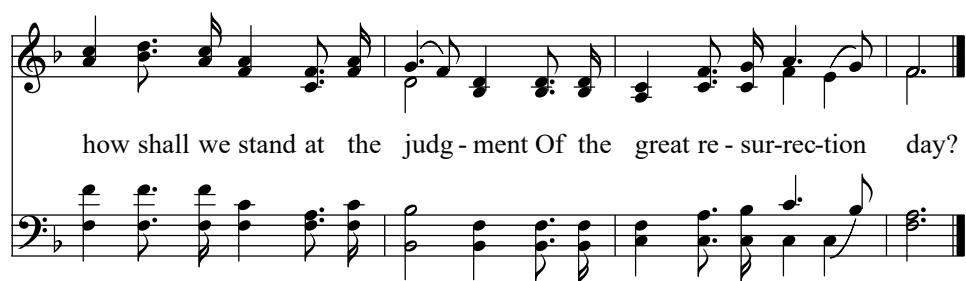
1. Wh - en Je - sus shall ga - ther the na - tions Be - fore Him at last to ap-
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Sav - ior, The words, "Faith-ful ser - vant, well
3. He will smile when He looks on His child - ren, And sees on the ran - somed His
4. Th - en let us be watch - ing and wait - ing, Our lamps burn - ing stea - dy and
5. Th - us liv - ing with hearts fixed on Heav - en, In pa - tience we wait for the



- pear, Then, oh how shall we stand in the judg - ment, When sum-moned our sen-tence to
done"? O - r, trem - bling with fear and with an - guish, Be ban - ished a - way from His
seal; He will clothe them in heav-en - ly beau-ty, As low at His foot-stool they
bright, When the Bride-groom shall call to the wed - ding, Our spir - its made rea - dy for
time, When, the days of our pil - grim-age end - ed, We'll bask in the pre-sence di-



Refrain
hear?
throne?
kneel. He will ga-ther the wheat in His gar - ner, But the chaff will He scat-ter a - way; Then, oh
flight.
- vine.



how shall we stand at the judg - ment Of the great re - sur-rec-tion day?