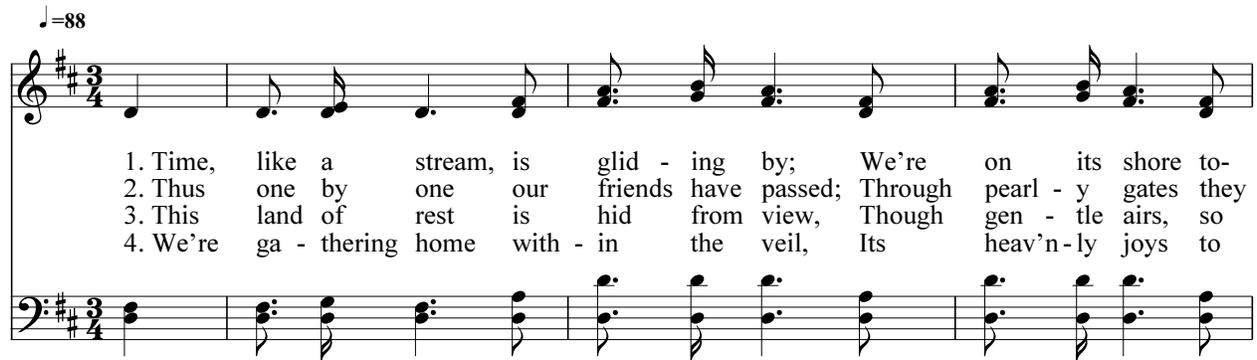


Gathering Home Within the Veil

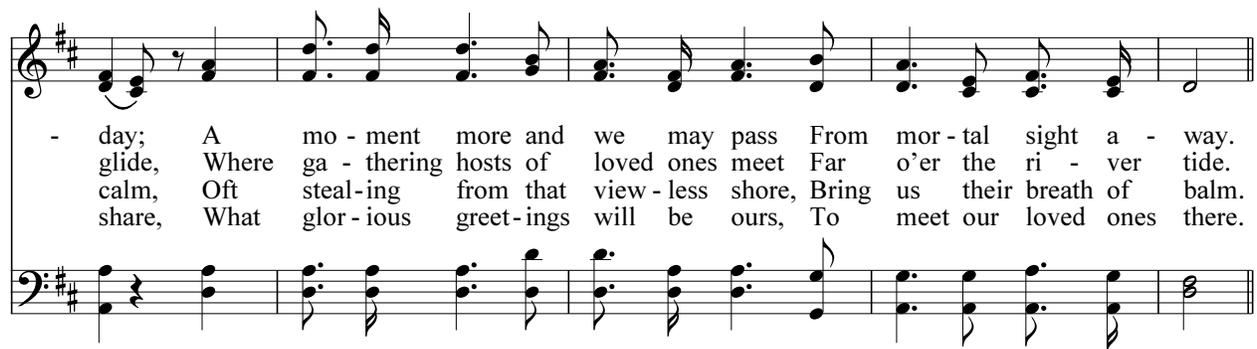
Phebe Spurlock, 1872

R. K. Moore

♩=88

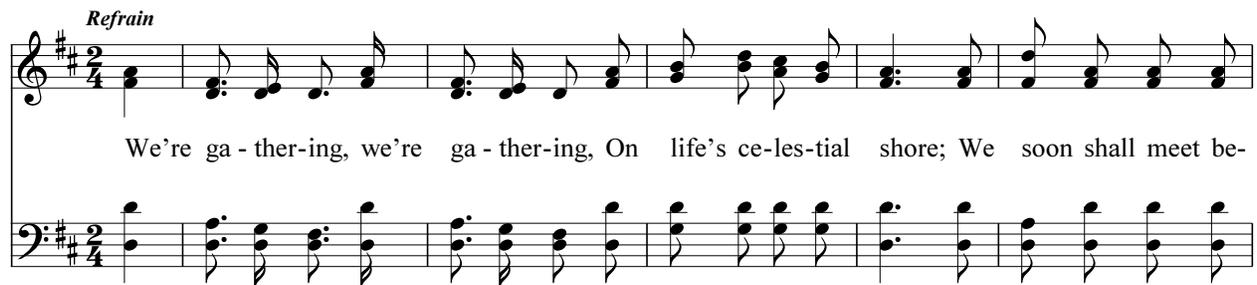


1. Time, like a stream, is glid - ing by; We're on its shore to-
2. Thus one by one our friends have passed; Through pearl - y gates they
3. This land of rest is hid from view, Though gen - tle airs, so
4. We're ga - thering home with - in the veil, Its heav'n - ly joys to

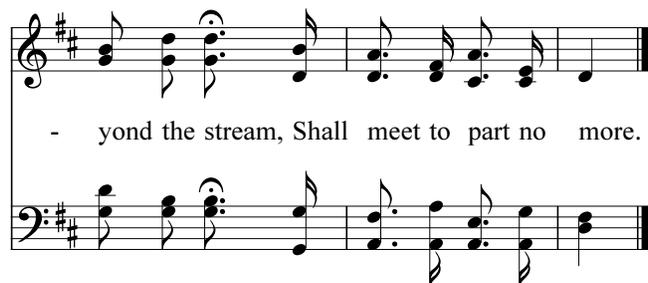


- day; A mo - ment more and we may pass From mor - tal sight a - way.
glide, Where ga - thering hosts of loved ones meet Far o'er the ri - ver tide.
calm, Oft steal - ing from that view - less shore, Bring us their breath of balm.
share, What glor - ious greet - ings will be ours, To meet our loved ones there.

Refrain



We're ga - ther - ing, we're ga - ther - ing, On life's ce - les - tial shore; We soon shall meet be -



- yond the stream, Shall meet to part no more.