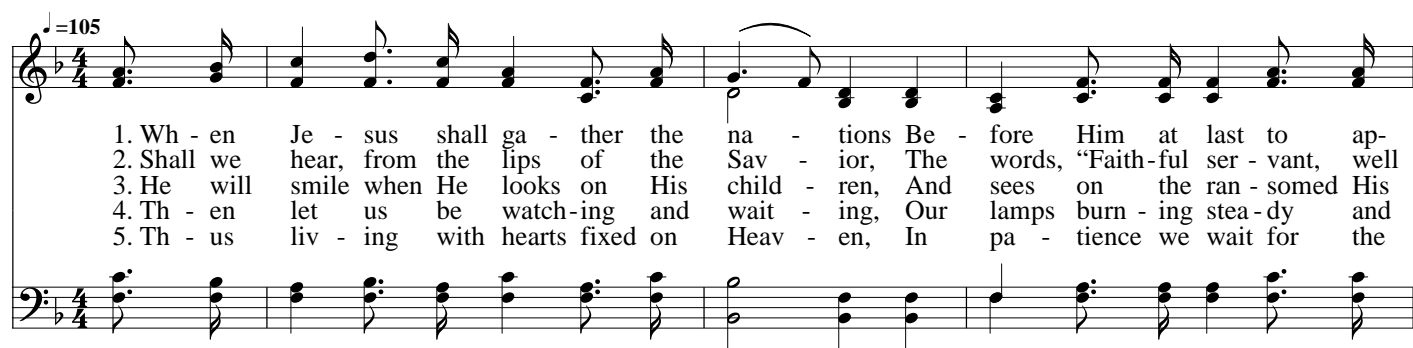


# He Will Gather the Wheat

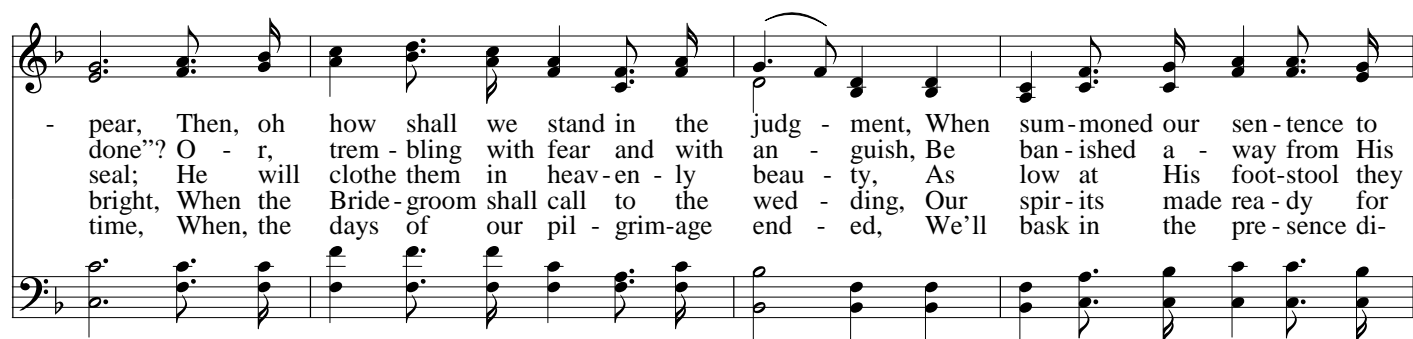
Harriet Burn McKeever, 1885

John Robson Sweney

*♩* = 105

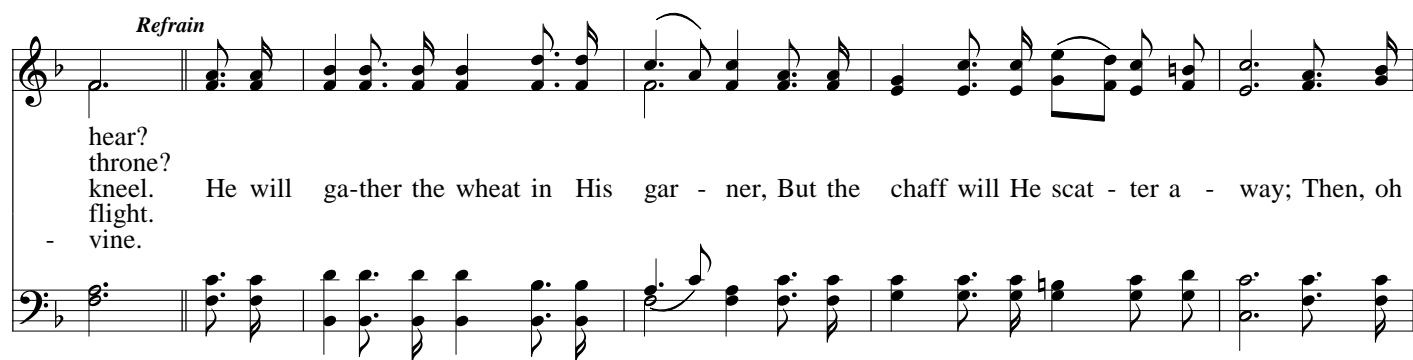


1. Wh - en Je - sus shall ga - ther the na - tions Be - fore Him at last to ap -  
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Sav - ior, The words, "Faith - ful ser - vant, well  
3. He will smile when He looks on His child - ren, And sees on the ran - somed His  
4. Th - en let us be watch - ing and wait - 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?