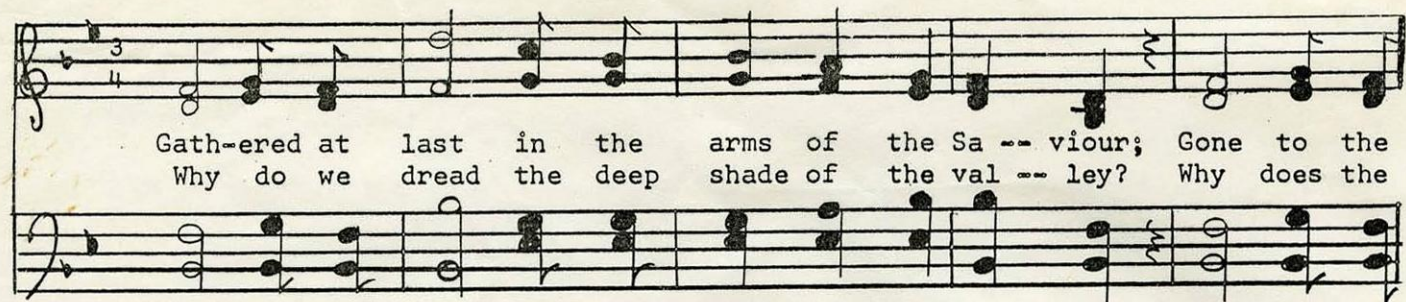


GATHERED AT LAST

Words by H. L. Peterson

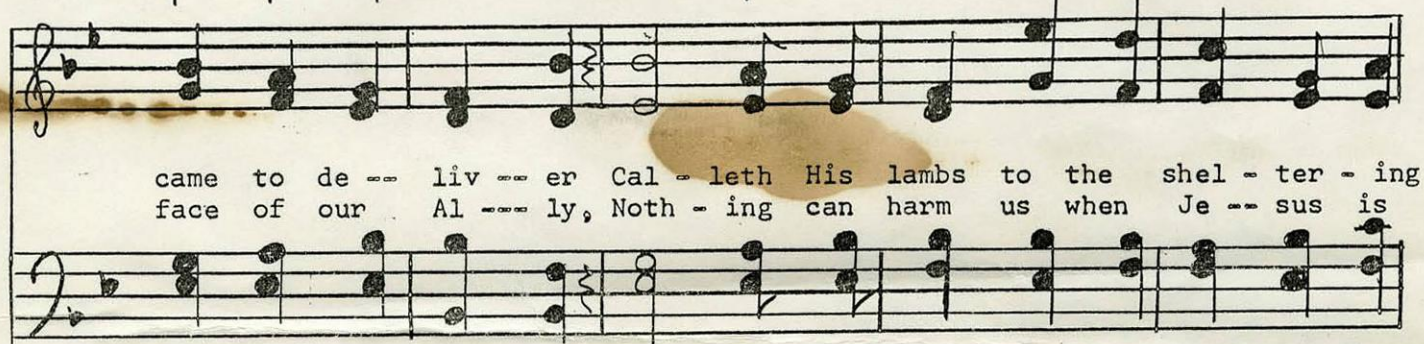
Music by Angeline E. Smith



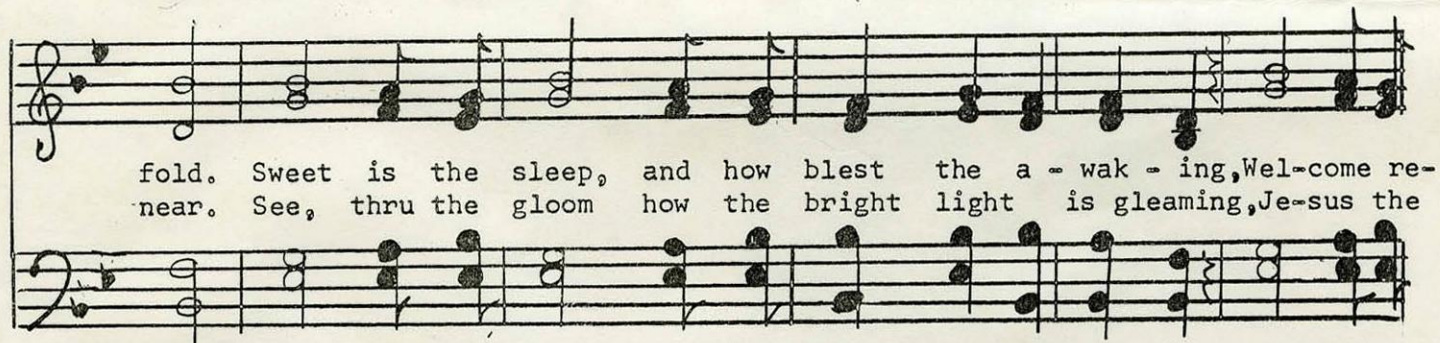
Gath-ered at last in the arms of the Sa -- viour; Gone to the
Why do we dread the deep shade of the val -- ley? Why does the



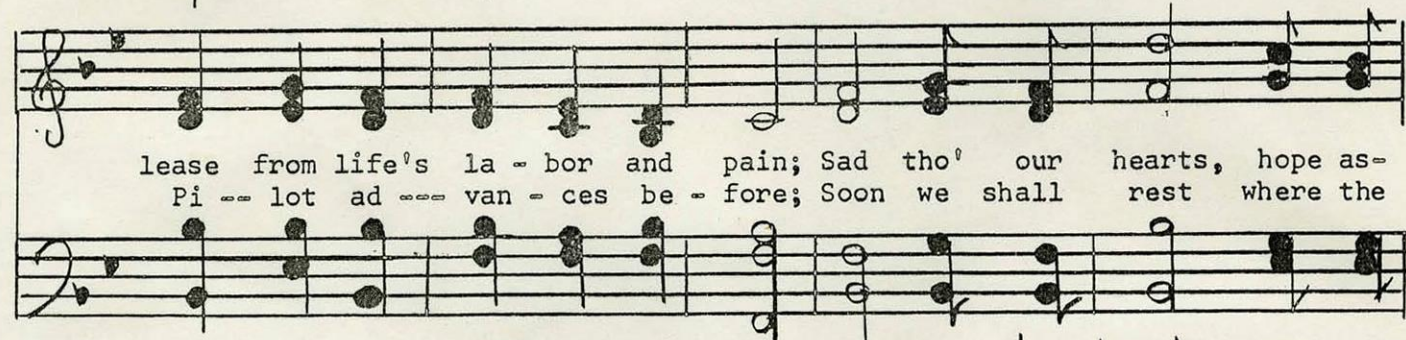
re--gions of glo --- ry un -- told; Je -- sus the Shep - herd who
dark--ness a -- wak --- en our -- fear? Dan -- gers must fly from the



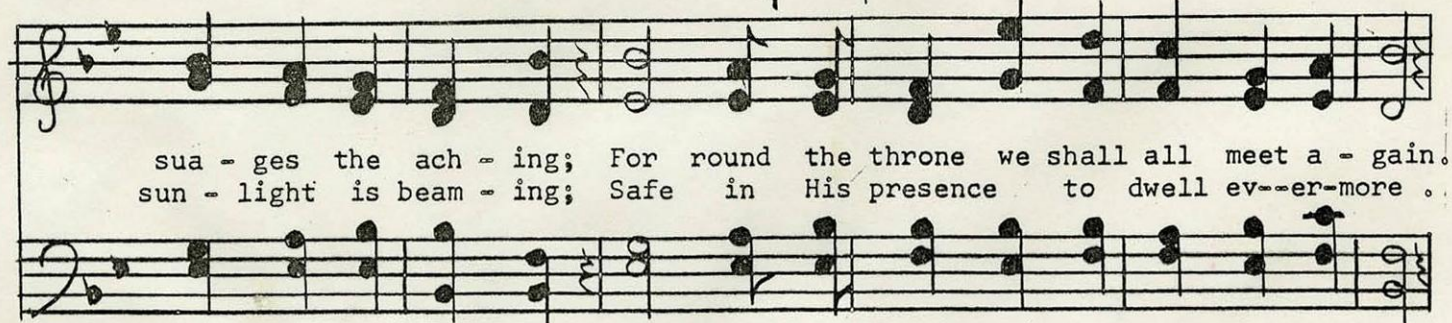
came to de -- liv -- er Cal - leth His lambs to the shel - ter - ing
face of our Al -- ly, Noth - ing can harm us when Je -- sus is



fold. Sweet is the sleep, and how blest the a - wak - ing, Wel-come re-
near. See, thru the gloom how the bright light is gleaming, Je-sus the



lease from life's la - bor and pain; Sad tho' our hearts, hope as-
Pi -- lot ad -- van - ces be - fore; Soon we shall rest where the



sua - ges the ach - ing; For round the throne we shall all meet a - gain.
sun - light is beam - ing; Safe in His presence to dwell ev--er-more .