

Eddy Arnold, When It's Roundup Time In Heaven

Oh they tell me of a place and they tell me of a day
Where the saints shall be gathered to stay
They shall come from the east they shall come from the west
When we gather on that roundup day

When it's roundup time in heaven and our travels on earth are on
All the friends that day has served shall gather on that golden shore

Twill be sweet when we meet at Jesus feet
With no heartaches no pains no sigh
When they're on heaven's plains will they find your name
At the great roundup in the sky

Twill be sweet when we meet...