

# 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

It will 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

It will be sweet when we meet...