

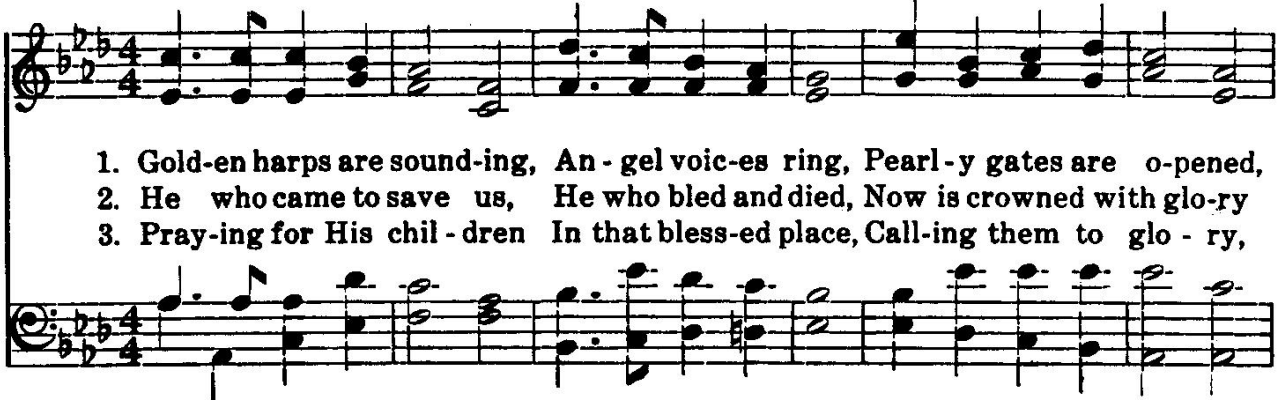
Golden Harps Are Sounding

82

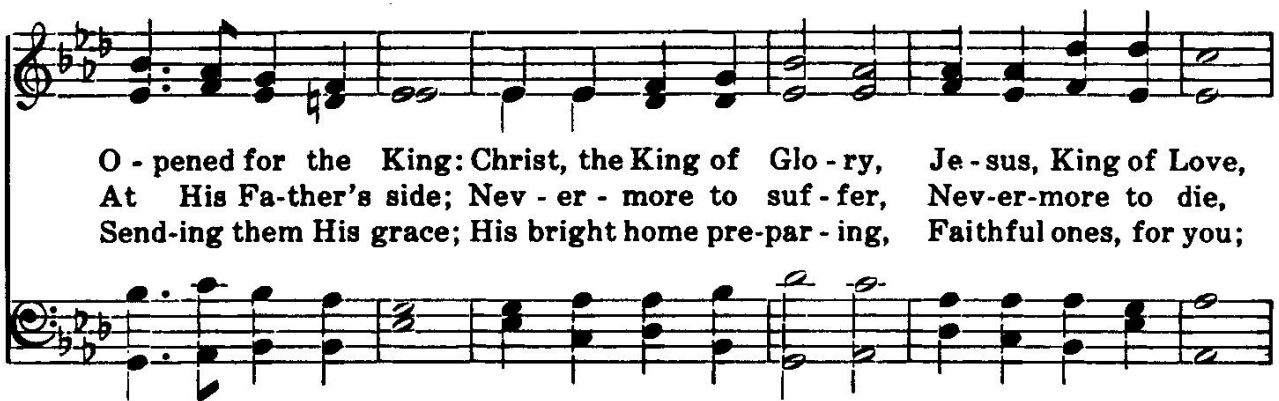
HERMAS

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879

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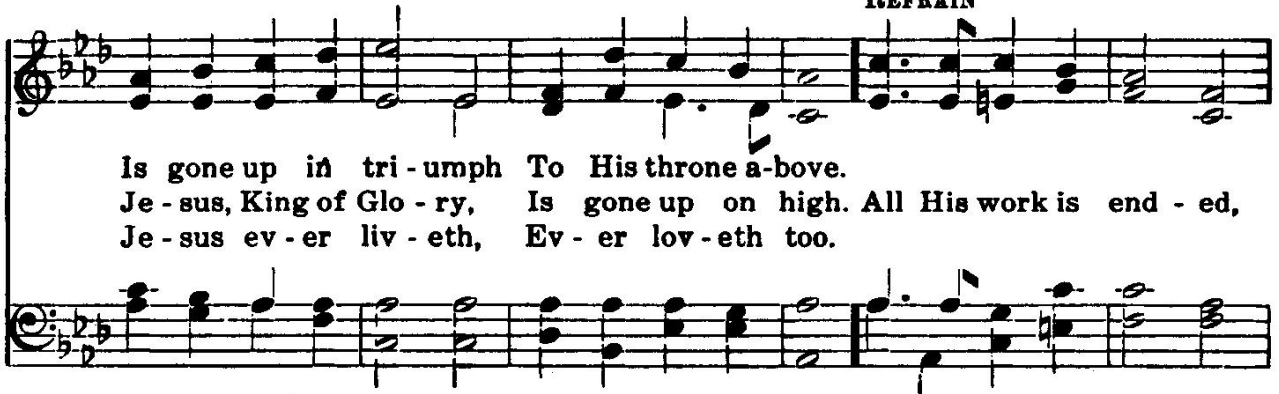


1. Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An - gel voic-es ring, Pearl-y gates are o-pened,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glo-ry
 3. Pray-ing for His chil - dren In that bless-ed place, Call-ing them to glo - ry,

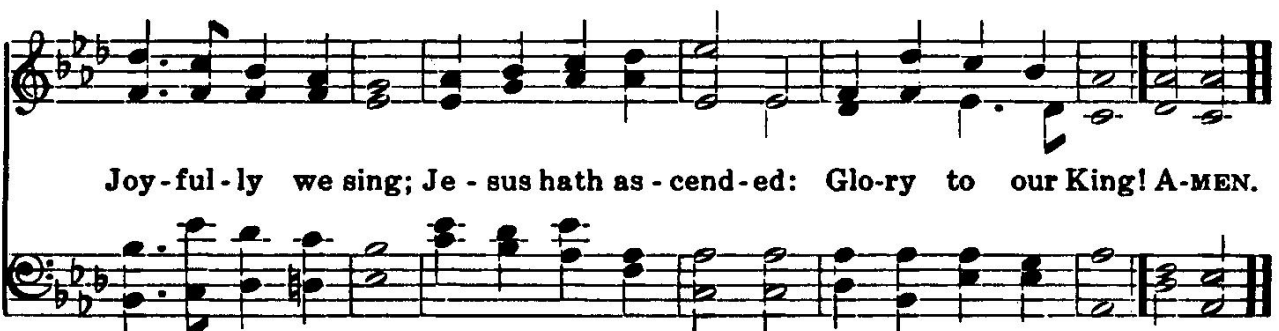


O - pened for the King: Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
 At His Fa - ther's side; Nev - er - more to suf - fer, Nev - er - more to die,
 Send - ing them His grace; His bright home pre - par - ing, Faithful ones, for you;

REFRAIN



Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.
 Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high. All His work is end - ed,
 Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.



Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed: Glo - ry to our King! A - MEN.