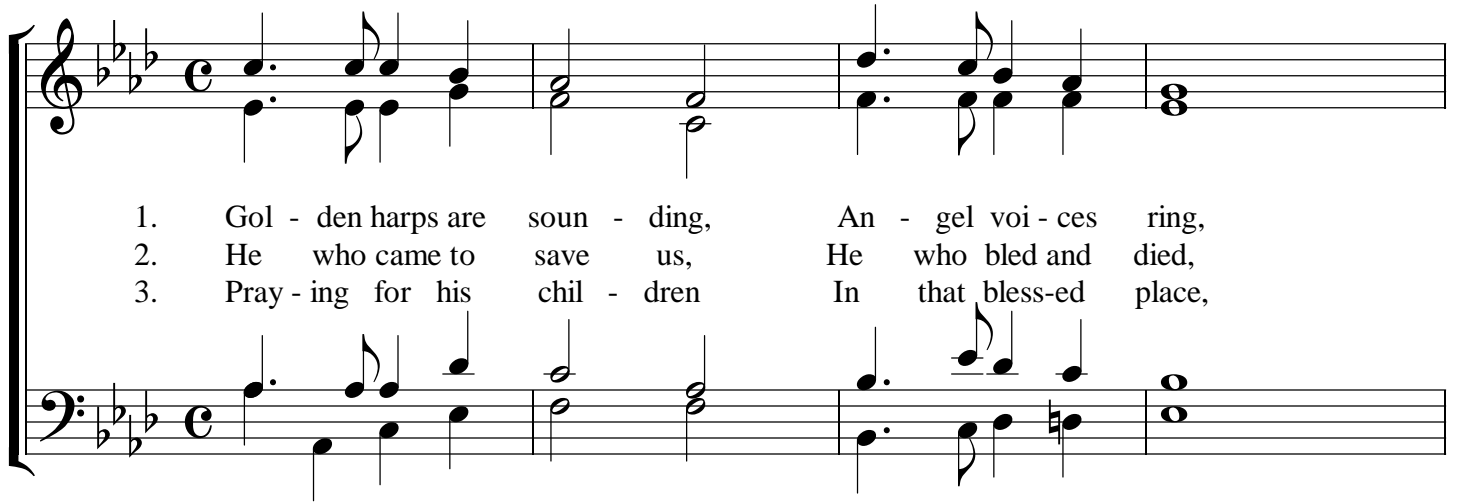
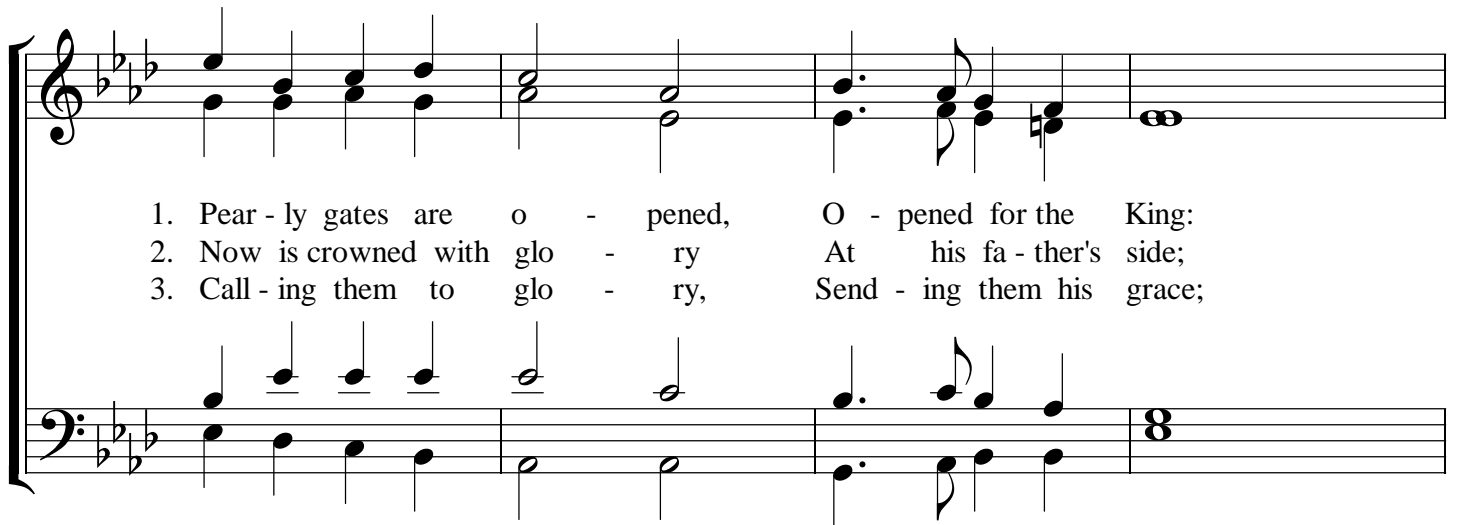


Golden harps are sounding

Words and Music by Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)



1. Gol - den harps are soun - ding, An - gel voi - ces ring,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died,
3. Pray - ing for his chil - dren In that bless-ed place,



1. Pear - ly gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King:
2. Now is crowned with glo - ry At his fa - ther's side;
3. Call - ing them to glo - ry, Send - ing them his grace;



1. Christ the King of glo - ry, Je - sus King of love,
2. Nev - er - more to suf - fer, Nev - er - more to die,
3. His bright home pre - par - ing Faith-ful ones for you,

1. Is gone up in tri - umph To his home a - bove.
 2. Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
 3. Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

CHORUS.

All his work is en - ded, Joy - ful - ly we sing,

Je - sus hath as - cen - ded: Glo - ry to our King.