

METRE 5 Harriet Auber

JESSUP 7s

Charles Edward Pollock

1. {Wide, ye heav'n - ly gates un - fold, Closed no more by death and sin, } Hark, th'an-gel-ic host in-quire, "Who is he, th'al-migh-ty King?"
{Lo! the conq'-ring Lord be - hold, Let the King of glo - ry in. }

D.C. Hark, a - gain the ans-w'ring choir, Thus in strains of tri - umph sing. *D.C.*

2. {Heirs of an im - mor - tal crown, Heed not eve - ry foe - man's frown;} Tho' they oft in wrath a - rise, Like the temp-est of the skies,
{Tread the pow'rs of dark - ness down, Thro' Je - ho - vah's pow'r - ful might. }

D.C. He can fill them with sur - prise, From his great and heav'n - ly height. *D.C.*