

Gates Ajar
Fronie Turner, 1886.
John Kurzenknabe.

What music celestial, what melody clear
Is this which is greeting with rapture my ear?

Refrain

The gates are ajar in the mansions on high
And angels are chanting their songs in the sky.

Is Heaven so near me, the hope of my soul,
That over my spirit its music may roll?

Refrain

Oh, bliss without measure, immortal and sweet!
I would that such cadence my voice could repeat!

Refrain