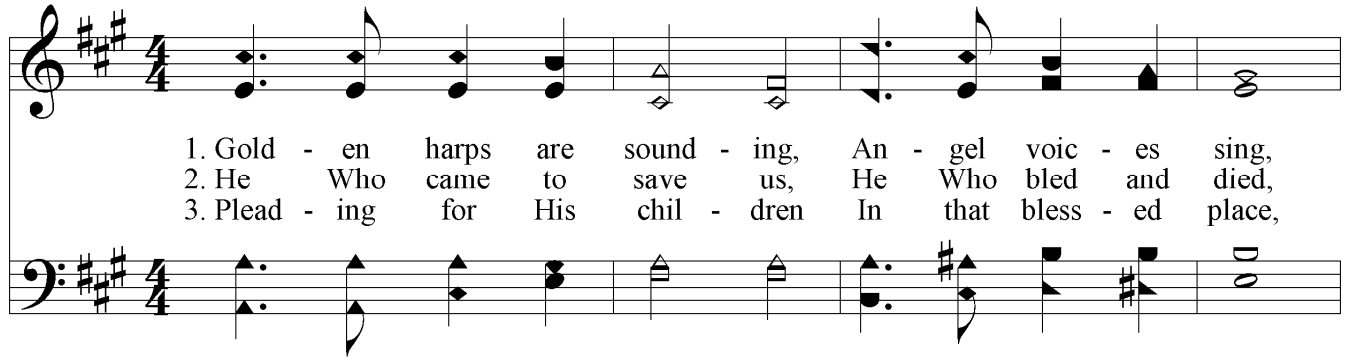
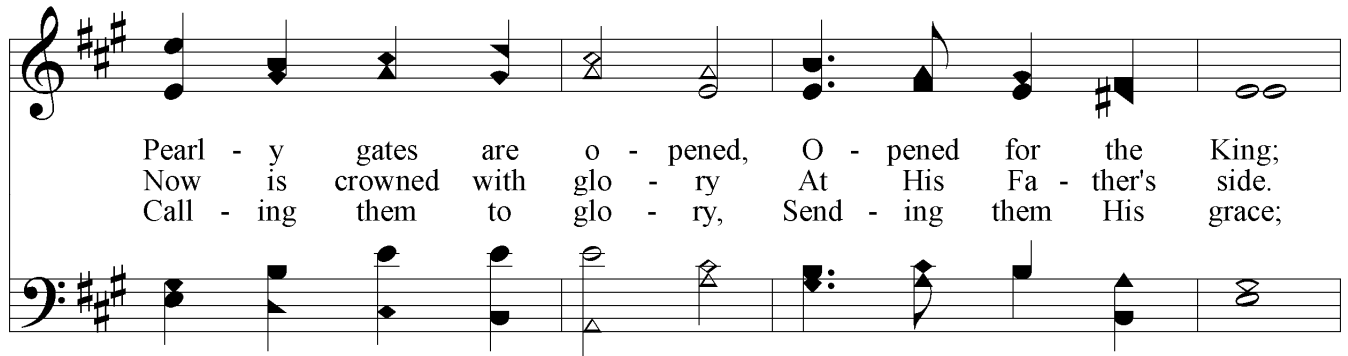


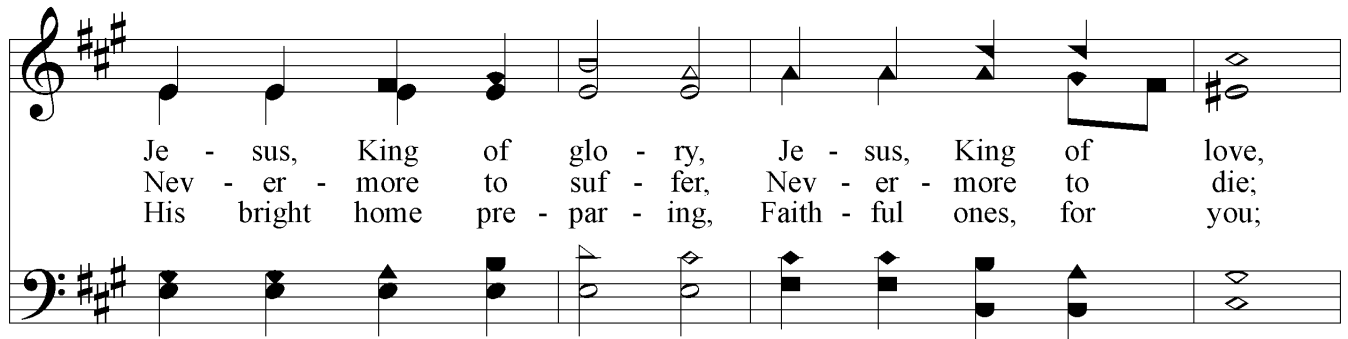
# Golden Harps Are Sounding



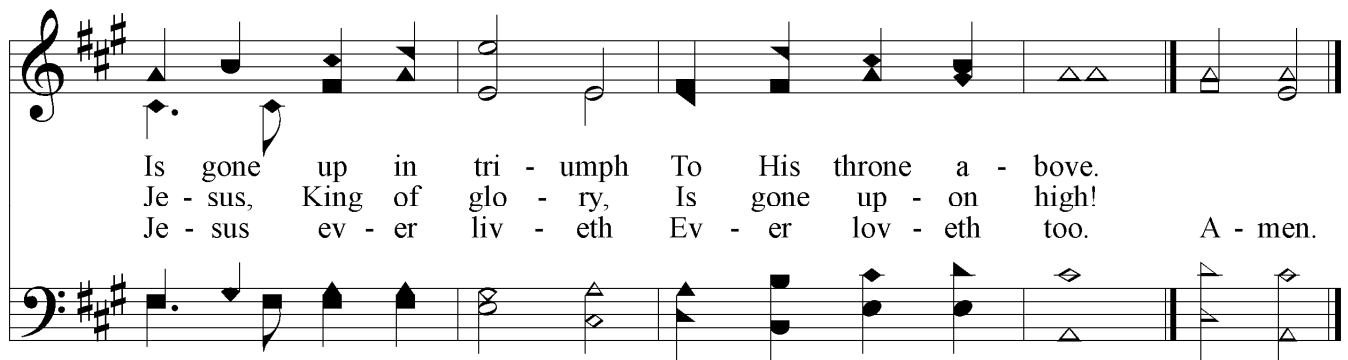
1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voic - es sing,  
2. He Who came to save us, He Who bled and died,  
3. Plead - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place,



Pearl - y gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King;  
Now is crowned with glo - ry, At His Fa - ther's side.  
Call - ing them to glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace;



Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,  
Nev - er - more to suf - fer, Nev - er - more to die;  
His bright home pre - par - ing, Faith - ful ones, for you;



Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.  
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up - on high!  
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth Ev - er lov - eth too. A - men.