



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

How the gates came ajar.

Eastburn, 1837-1918; Bostwick, Helen Louise Barron, 1826-1907
Cleveland: S. Brainard's Sons, 1872

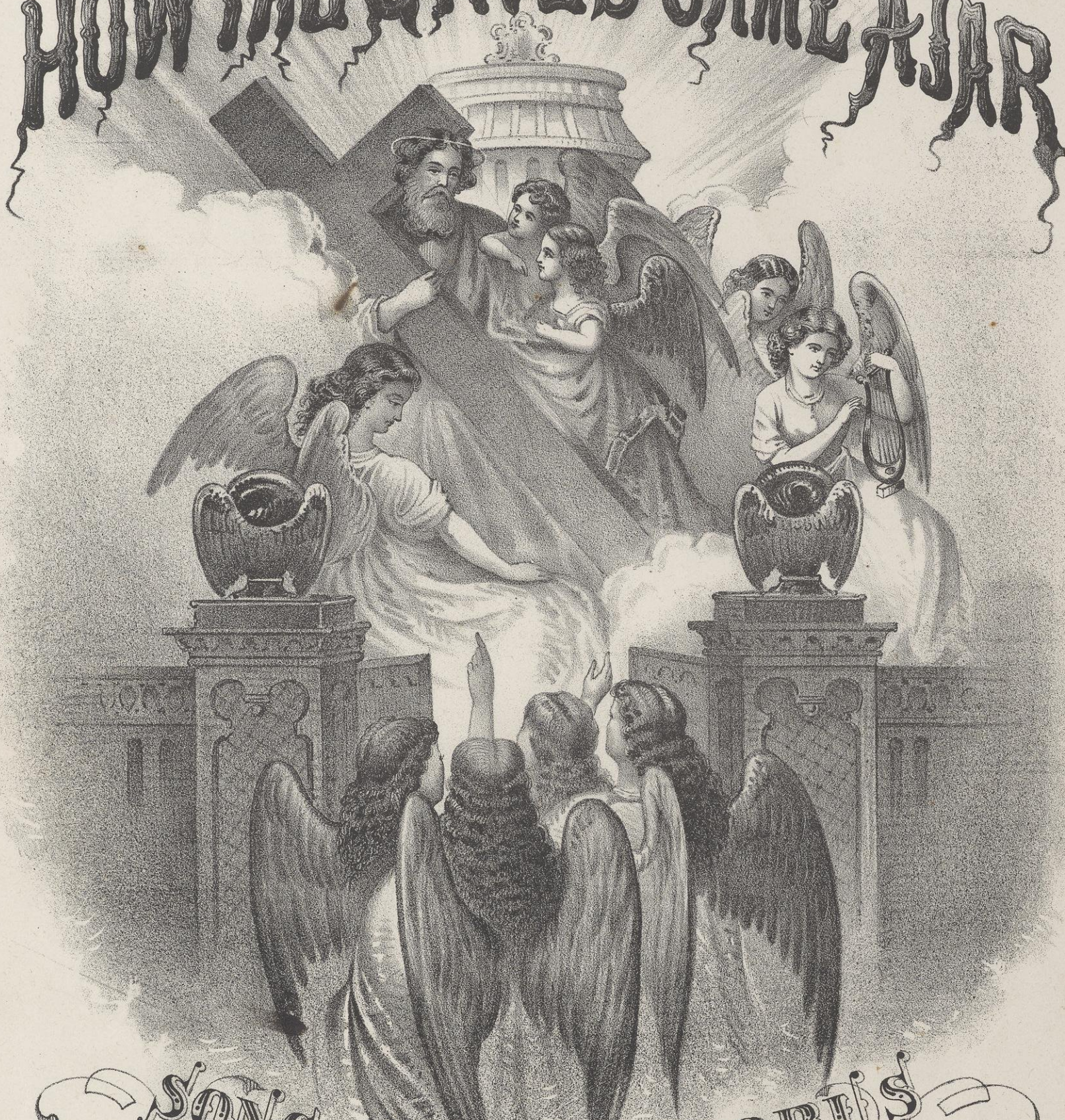
<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/VLFQFYSSAZDII8I>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR



SONG & CHORUS
PLAIN 35. COMPOSED BY WITH 40.
EASTBURN.

Published by S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Cleveland,

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, AUSTIN, TEXAS, SAN FRANCISCO.
GEO. F. ROOT & SONS. — H. N. HEMPSTED. — C. T. SISSON. — ALBANCROFT & CO.
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1872 by S. Brainard's Sons in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by HELEN L. BOSTWICK.
Andante.

Music by EASTBURN.

PIANO

Sva.

1. 'Twas whispered one morning in
2. "I hear my dear mother there
3. Then up a - rose Ma - ry the
4. "And this key for no fur - ther

Sva.

Heav - en, How the lit - tle white an - - gel May, Sat
weep - ing, She is lone - ly, she can - - not see, A
Bles - sed, Sweet Ma - ry, the moth - er of Christ, Her
use - ing, To my bles - sed Son shall be giv'n, Said

ev - er be - side the por - tal, Sor - row - ing all the
glim - mer of light in the dark - ness, Where the gates clos'd af - ter
hand on the hand of the an - gel, She laid, and her touch suf -
Ma - ry the moth - er of Je - sus, Ten - der - est heart in

day, How she said to the state - ly warden, He of the gold - en
me; One gleam of the gold - en splendor, O, warden would shine so
ficed, Then turned was the key in the por-tal, Fell ring-ing the gold - en
Heav'n, Now nev - er a sad eyed mother, But may catch the glo - ry a

bar— O, an - gel, sweet an - gel I pray thee, Let the beau - ti - ful gates a -
far," But the an - gel he whispered "I dare not Let the beau - ti - ful gates a -
bar, And lo! in the lit - tle child's fingers, Stood the beau - ti - ful gates a -
far, Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom, Are the keys of the gates a -

jar; On - ly a lit - tle I pray you, Let the heav-en - ly gates a - jar."
jar; Spoke low as he answered "I dare not, Let the heav-en - ly gates a - jar."
jar; And lo! in the child's an - gel fingers, Stood the heav-en - ly gates a - jar."
jar: Safe hid in the dear Christ's bosom, And the gates for - ev - er a - jar.

CHORUS. *pp*

Air

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Piano. *pp*



"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you Let the beauti-ful gates a - jar,

Rit.

On - ly a lit - tle, I pray you, Let the beau-ti - ful gates a - jar.

On - ly a lit - tle, I pray you, Let the beau-ti - ful gates a - jar.

Rit.

