There is a gate where angels wait

When we ascend where troubles end,
Death dead, life's wavers flowing!
With no need for light of moon by night,
Nor sun nor lamp in heaven. A

There is a gate where angels wait, And through it we'll go thronging In
When we ascend where troubles end Death dead; life's wavers flowing! With
No need for light of moon by night, Nor sun nor lamp in heaven. A
No temples raise such love-ly praise As heaven's anthems number, Where

There ev'ry race from ev'ry place Shall join the angels glorious, And
When we ascend where troubles end Death dead; life's wavers flowing! With
No need for light of moon by night, Nor sun nor lamp in heaven. A
No temples raise such love-ly praise As heaven's anthems number, Where

Shall join the angels glorious, And
to the Lamb victorious!