

# The Open Portal

Frank M. Ellis, 1868

William Howard Doane

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. I am sit - ting at the por - tal, With the sap - phire gates a - jar, Where the  
 2. I am long - ing for that mu - sic, Steal - ing thro' the o - pen door, And my  
 3. I am wait - ing for those loved ones, Who are with the an - gel throng, To  
 4. I am hop - ing that the Mas - ter, When my hour is ful - ly come, Will

*ritard.*

eyes of hope im - mor - tal Catch the gleam - ing world a - far. I'm  
 wea - ry heart grows home - sick, For that land where sin's no more. I'm  
 come and bid me wel - come; But their com - ing seems so long. I'm  
 give my soul a wel - come, With the words, "'Tis done— well done!" I'm

sit - ting, I'm sit - ting at the por - tal, I'm sit - ting, I'm sit - ting, I'm sit - ting at the  
 long - ing, I'm long - ing at the por - tal, I'm long - ing, I'm long - ing, I'm long - ing at the  
 wait - ing, I'm wait - ing at the por - tal, I'm wait - ing, I'm wait - ing, I'm wait - ing at the  
 hop - ing, I'm hop - ing at the por - tal, I'm hop - ing, I'm hop - ing, I'm hop - ing at the

por - tal.  
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