1. Someone will knock at the saints, bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You can not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state; Turn'd away from the beautiful gate.

2. Someone will hear the angels' song, And wish he could join with the happy throng; With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state; Turn'd away from the beautiful gate.

3. Someone will stand with an aching heart, While Jesus pronounced the word, "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state; Turn'd away from the beautiful gate.

4. Someone will linger with tearful eyes, While Christ and His people ascend the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state; Turn'd away from the beautiful gate.

5. Someone will go into darkness drear, Far off from the Savior and all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state; Turn'd away from the beautiful gate.

6. Someone will enter the door of hell, And hear the sad wailing no tongue can tell; With horror he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state; Turn'd away from the beautiful gate.

Fine Chorus

-D.S. al Fine

Words and Music: D. E. Dortch