

The eternal gates lift up their heads

The eternal gates lift up their heads,
the doors are opened wide,
the King of glory is gone up
unto his Father's side.

And ever on our earthly path
a gleam of glory lies,
a light still breaks behind the cloud
that veils thee from the eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
and let thy grace be given,
that, while we live on earth below,
our treasure be in heaven;

That, where thou art at God's right hand,
our hope, our love may be:
dwell in us now, that we may dwell
for evermore in thee.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

Music: Crucis Victoria

Meter: CM