

Hymn Lyrics

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O Zion, open wide thy gates

O Zion, open wide thy gates,
let figures disappear;
a Priest and Victim, both in one,
the Truth himself, is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed;
behold, the Father's Son
himself to his own altar comes
for sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden deity,
the lowly virgin brings
her newborn Babe, with two young doves,
her humble offerings.

The aged Simeon sees at last
his Lord, so long desired,
and Anna welcomes Israel's hope,
with holy rapture fired.

But silent knelt the mother blest
of the yet silent Word,
and pondering all things in her heart,
with speechless praise adored.

All glory to the Father be,
all glory to the Son,
all glory, holy Ghost, to thee,
while endless ages run.