The Golden Gates Are Lifted

EASTER

1. The golden gates are lifted, The shining portals swing;
   And heav’n, with shouts of triumph, Proclaims the conqu’ring King!

2. Henceforth, ’tis but the chamber Where His dear people rest
   In sweet and peaceful slumber, To rise at His behest.

3. Oh, bring a costly offering, Your gratitude to prove!
   Lay on His flaming altar The incense of your love.

The Lord indeed is risen, And death shall reign no more;
The loving Christ is risen, And down the shining way,

Make glad the Easter morning, And let His praise resound!

He leaves the grave triumphant, And opens wide the door.
His glory streams upon us From portals of the day.

Proclaim "the Lord is risen," To earth's remotest bound.

Words: Mrs. V. G. Ramsey
Music: J. R. Murray

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