The Golden Gates Are Lifted Up
GOLDSWAITE C. M. D.

1. The golden gates are lifted up, The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone up Unto His Father's side.
Thou art gone up before us, Lord, To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art, And look upon God's face.

2. And ever on our earthly path A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud That veils Thee from our eyes.
Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let Thy dear grace be giv'n;
That while we wander here below, Our treasure be in heav'n.

Words: C. F. Alexander, abr.
Music: S. M. Bixby