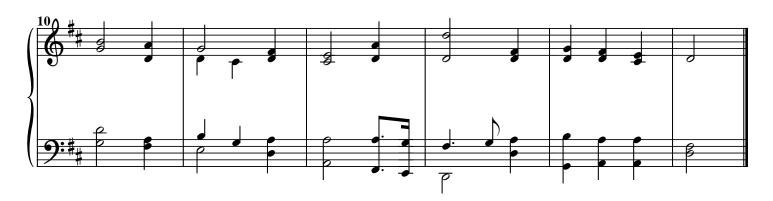
## O Zion, open wide thy gates





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

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

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

Jean de Santeuil

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