1. O Zion, open wide thy gates, let symbols disappear; a priest and victim,
lowly Virgin brings her new-born babe, with Lord, so long desired, and Anna welcomes the yet silent Word, and pondering all things glory to the Son, all glory, Holy

2. Aware of hidden divinity, the
both in one, the Truth himself, is here.
two young doves, her humble offerings.
Israël's hope, with holy rapture fired.
in her heart, with speechless praise adored.
Ghost, to thee, while endless adores run.

3. The aged Simeon sees at last his

4. But silent knelt the mother blest of

5. All glory to the Father be, all