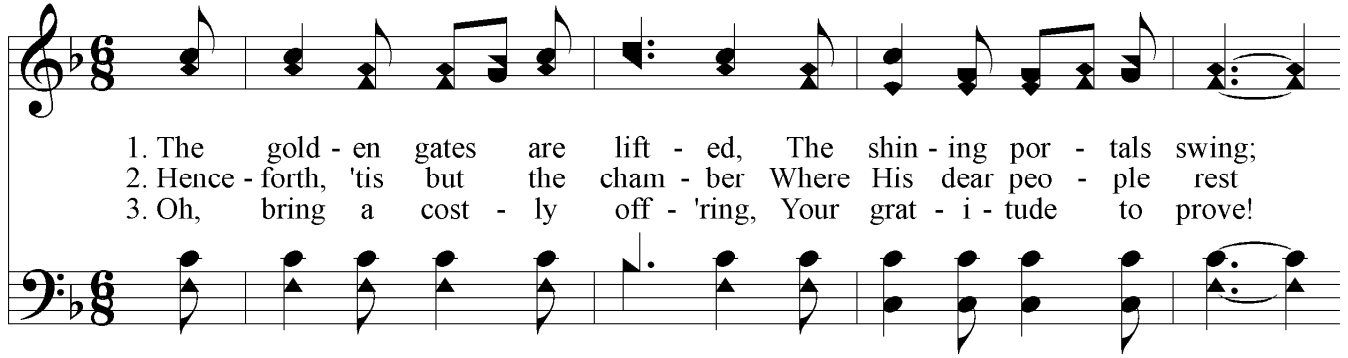
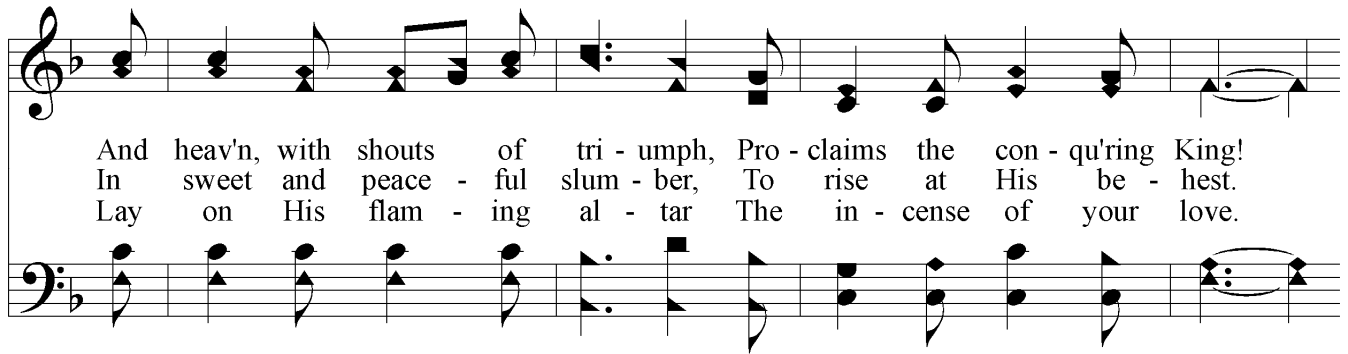


The Golden Gates Are Lifted

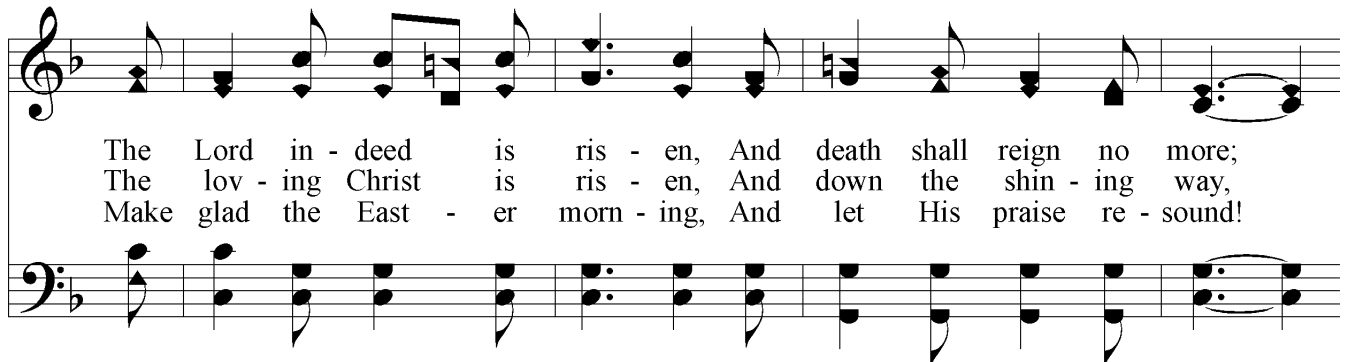
EASTER



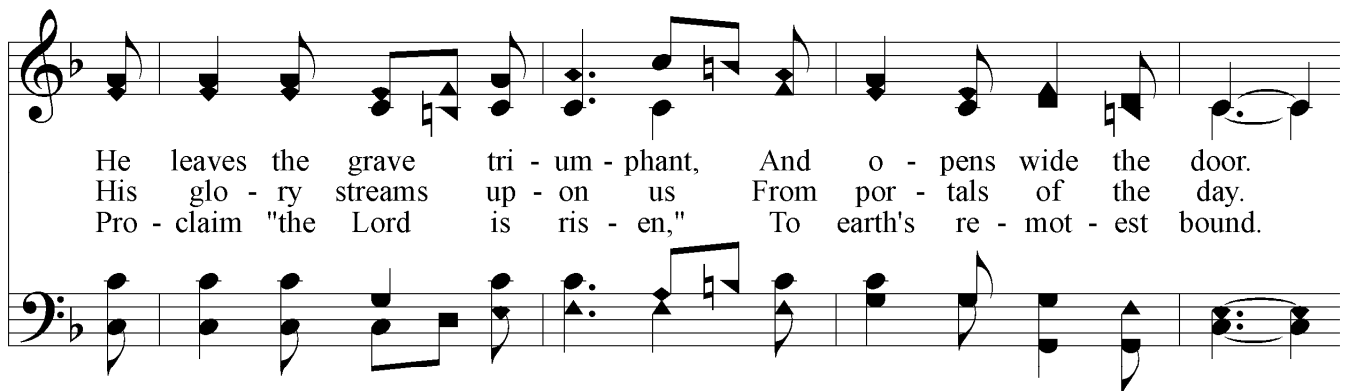
1. The gold - en gates are lift - ed, The shin - ing por - tals swing;
2. Hence - forth, 'tis but the cham - ber Where His dear peo - ple rest
3. Oh, bring a cost - ly off - 'ring, Your grat - i - tude to prove!



And heav'n, with shouts of tri - umph, Pro - claims the con - qu'ring King!
In sweet and peace - ful slum - ber, To rise at His be - hest.
Lay on His flam - ing al - tar The in - cense of your love.

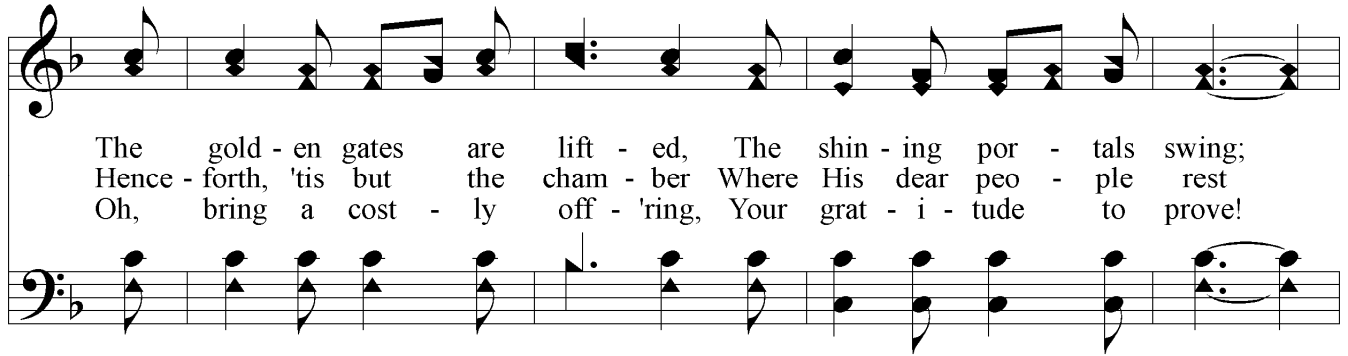


The Lord in - deed is ris - en, And death shall reign no more;
The lov - ing Christ is ris - en, And down the shin - ing way,
Make glad the East - er morn - ing, And let His praise re - sound!



He leaves the grave tri - um - phant, And o - pens wide the door.
His glo - ry streams up - on us From por - tals of the day.
Pro - claim "the Lord is ris - en," To earth's re - mot - est bound.

The Golden Gates Are Lifted



The gold - en gates are lift - ed, The shin - ing por - tals swing;
Hence - forth, 'tis but the cham - ber Where His dear peo - ple rest
Oh, bring a cost - ly off - 'ring, Your grat - i - tude to prove!



And heav'n, with shouts of tri - umph, Pro - claims the con - quer - ing
In sweet and peace - ful slum - ber, To rise at His be - hest.
Lay on His flam - ing al - tar The in - cense of your love.