

## Religious Music

# "A Day, A Day Of Glory"

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A day, a day of glory!  
A day that ends our woe!  
A day that tells of triumph  
Against our vanquish'd foe!  
Yield, summer's brightest sunrise,  
To this December morn:  
Lift up your gates, ye Princes  
And let the Child be born!

With Gloria in excelsis  
Archangels tell their mirth:  
With Kyrie eleyson  
Men answer upon the earth:  
And angels swell the triumph,  
And mortals raise the horn,  
Lift up you gates, ye Princes,  
And let the Child be born.

He comes, His throne the manger;  
He comes, His shrine the stall;  
The ox and ass His courtiers,  
Who made and governs all:  
The "House of Bread" His birth place,  
The Prince of wine and corn:  
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,  
And let the Child be born.

Then bar the gates, that henceforth  
None thus may passage win,  
Because the Prince of Israel  
Alone hath entered in:  
The earth, the sky, the ocean  
His glorious way adorn:  
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,  
And let the Child be born.

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