

A day, a day of glory

J. M. Neale

Old French Carol

Har. by Charles Wood

A day, a day of glo - ry! A day that ends our woe!
A day that tells of tri - umph A - gainst our van - quish'd foe! Yield, sum - mer's bright - est

8
sun-rise, To this De-cem-ber morn: Lift up your gates, ye Prin-ces, And let the Child be born!

2. With Gloria in excelsis
Archangels tell their mirth:
With Kyrie eléyson
Men answer upon earth:
And angels swell the triumph,
And mortals raise the horn,
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.
3. 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.
4. 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.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)