1) O ye celestial gates, be opened, for, behold now,

the Mother of the Most High, the pure and holy

Virgin, now dieth and she draweth near.

Verse: Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy holiness.

2) From the ends of the world, the choir of Christ's disciples

is wonderfully here gathered to bury thy divine and all spotless body in the grave.
Verse: The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David, and he will not annul it.

3) Strike up a sacred hymn to praise God's only Mother,

ye powers of the Heavens, with God the Word's initiates gathered from the farthest lands.