

“Golden Gates”, *Three Songs*, Op. 19
(Amy M. C. Beach – Anon.)

I stood at the window one evening
[aɪ stʊd æt ðə 'wɪndəʊ wʌn 'iːvɪŋ]

As the sun was sinking low,
æz ðə sʌn wɒz_ 'sɪŋkɪŋ loʊ

And the shadows a mantle were weaving
ænd ðə 'ʃædəʊz ə 'mæntəl wɜː 'wiːvɪŋ

To cover the earth below,
tuː 'kʌvə ði ɜːθ bi'loʊ

And the crimson gates of the west
ænd ðə 'krɪmzən geɪts ɒv ðə wɛst

Were flooded with amber and gold,
wɜː 'flʌdɪd wɪð 'æmbər_ænd goʊld

A gleam of the home of the blest,
ə gliːm ɒv ðə hoʊm ɒv ðə blɛst

Whose glories to us are untold.
huːz 'glɔːrɪz tuː əs ɑːr_ʌn'toʊld

And I wondered if the bright angels,
ænd aɪ 'wʌndəd ɪf ðə braɪt 'eɪŋdʒəlz

When they bore our loved ones away
wɛn ðeɪ bɔːr_ɑː lʌvd wʌnz ʌ'weɪ

To the beautiful home o'er the river,
tuː ðə 'bjʊːtɪfʊl hoʊm ɔː ðə 'rɪvə

Where life is an endless day,
weə laɪf ɪz ən 'ɛndlɪs deɪ

Passed through those clouds bright and golden
pɑːst θruː ðəʊz klaʊdz braɪt ænd 'goʊldən

As they went to the land of the blest
æz ðeɪ wɛnt tuː ðə lænd ɒv ðə blɛst

If Heaven lies just over yonder,
ɪf 'heɪvən laɪz dʒʌst 'oʊvə 'jɒndə

Near the golden gates of the west.
nɪə ðə 'goʊldən geɪts ɒv ðə wɛst]