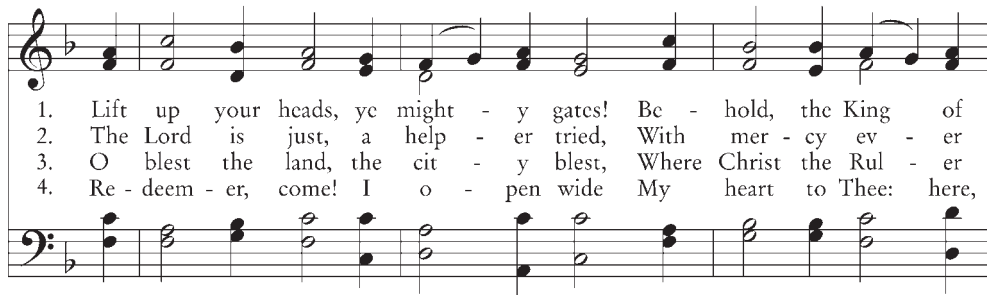


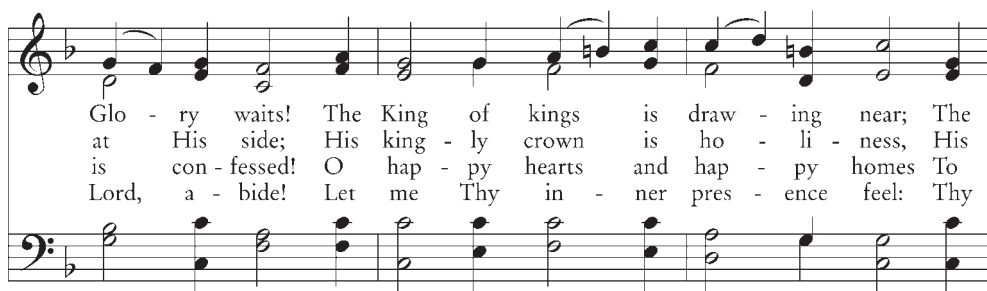
Lift Up Your Heads

MACHT HOCH DIE TÜR (8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 6 6)
Freylinghausen's *Gesangbuch*, 1704

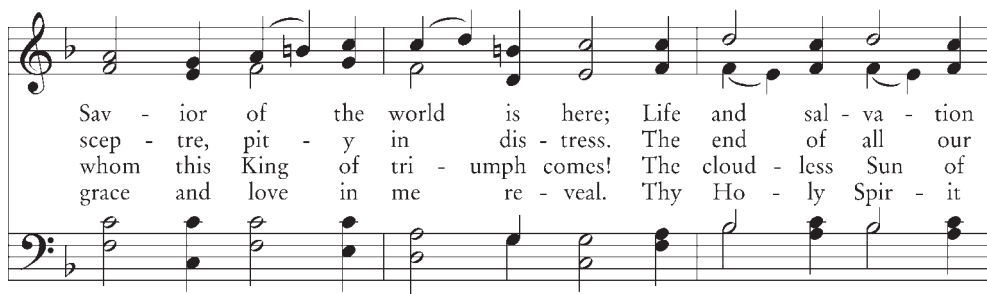
Georg Weissel, 1642
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855



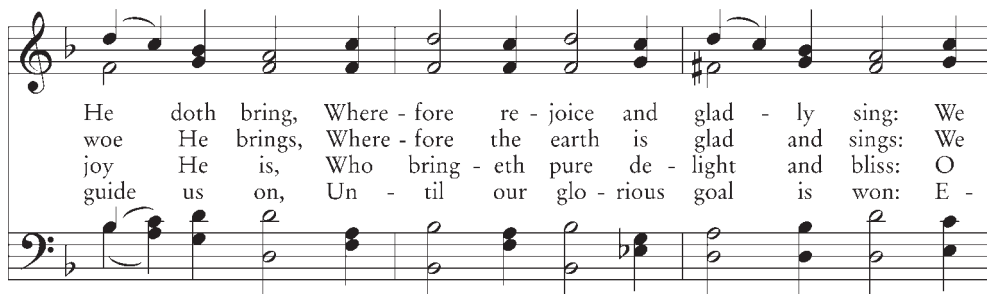
1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be - hold, the King of
2. The Lord is just, a help - er tried, With mer - cy ev - er
3. O blest the land, the cit - y blest, Where Christ the Rul - er
4. Re - deem - er, come! I o - pen wide My heart to Thee: here,



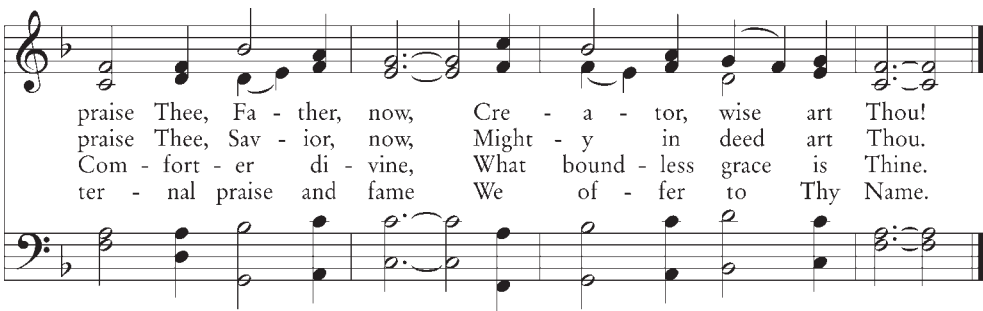
Glo - ry waits! The King of kings is draw - ing near; The
at His side; His king - ly crown is ho - li - ness, His
is con - fessed! O hap - py hearts and hap - py homes To
Lord, a - bid! Let me Thy in - ner pres - ence feel: Thy



Sav - ior of the world is here; Life and sal - va - tion
scep - tre, pit - y in dis - tress. The end of all our
whom this King of tri - umph comes! The cloud - less Sun of
grace and love in me re - veal. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it



He doth bring, Where - fore re - joice and glad - ly sing: We
woe He brings, Where - fore the earth is glad and sings: We
joy He is, Who bring - eth pure de - light and bliss: O
guide us on, Un - til our glo - rious goal is won: E -



praise Thee, Fa - ther, now, Cre - a - tor, wise art Thou!
 praise Thee, Sav - ior, now, Might - y in deed art Thou.
 Com - fort - er di - vine, What bound - less grace is Thine.
 ter - nal praise and fame We of - fer to Thy Name.

Savior of the Nations, Come

NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND (7 7. 7 7)

Johann Walter, *Geystliche gesänge Buchleyn*, 1524

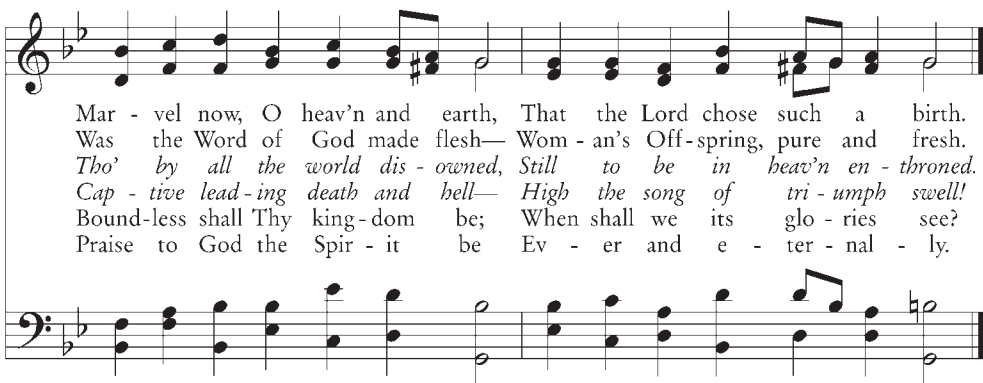
St. Ambrose, 397

German version, Martin Luther, 1524

tr. William M. Reynolds, 1860; alt.



1. Sav - ior of the na - tions, come, Vir - gin's Son, make here Thy home!
 2. Not by hu - man flesh and blood, By the Spir - it of our God,
 3. Won - drous birth! O won - drous Child Of the vir - gin un - de - filed!
 4. From the Fa - ther forth He came And re - turn - eth to the same,
 5. Thou, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son, Hast o'er sin the vic - t'ry won.
 6. Praise to God the Fa - ther sing, Praise to God the Son, our King,



Mar - vel now, O heav'n and earth, That the Lord chose such a birth.
 Was the Word of God made flesh—Wom - an's Off - spring, pure and fresh.
 Tho' by all the world dis - owned, Still to be in heav'n en - throned.
 Cap - tive lead - ing death and hell—High the song of tri - umph swell!
 Bound - less shall Thy king - dom be; When shall we its glo - ries see?
 Praise to God the Spir - it be Ev - er and e - ter - nal - ly.