Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!

1 Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold, the King of
2 A help-er just he comes to thee, his char-iot is hu-
3 O blest the land, the cit-y blest, where Christ the rul-er

glo-ry waits; the King of kings is draw-ing near,
mil-i-ty, his king-ly crown is ho-li-ness,
is con-fessed! O hap-py hearts and hap-py homes

the Sav-iour of the world is here. Life and sal-va-tion
his scep-tre, pit-y in dis-tress. The end of all our
to whom this King in tri-umph comes! The cloud-less sun of

he doth bring, where-fore re-joice and glad-ly sing.
woe he brings; where-fore the earth is glad and sings.
joy he is, who bring-eth pure de-light and bliss.

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!

We praise thee, Fa - ther, now, Cre - a - tor wise art thou.
We praise thee, Sav - iour, now, might - y in - deed art thou.
We praise thee, Spir - it, now, our Com - fort - er art thou.