

## Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates

1 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!  
Behold, the King of Glory waits;  
The King of kings is drawing near,  
The Savior of the world is here.  
Life and salvation He doth bring,  
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing:  
We praise Thee, Father, now,  
Creator, wise art Thou!

2 A Helper just He comes to thee,  
His chariot is humility,  
His kingly crown is holiness,  
His scepter, pity in distress,  
The end of all our woe He brings;  
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:  
We praise Thee, Savior, now,  
Mighty in deed art Thou!

3 O blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!  
O happy hearts and happy homes  
To whom this King in triumph comes!  
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,  
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.  
We praise Thee, Spirit, now,  
Our Comforter art Thou!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;  
Make it a temple set apart  
From earthly use for Heav'n's employ,  
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.  
For lo, your Savior and your King  
Salvation, life, and peace doth bring.  
To Thee, O God, be praise  
For word and deed and grace!

5 Redeemer, come, and open wide  
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!  
Let me Thy gracious presence feel,  
Thy peace and love to all reveal;  
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on  
Until our glorious goal is won.  
Eternal praise and fame  
We offer to Thy name.