Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!





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!

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!

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! Fling wide the portals of your heart; Make it a temple set apart From earthly use for Heaven's employ, Adorned with prayer and love and joy. So shall your Sovereign enter in And new and nobler life begin. To Thee, O God, be praise For word and deed and grace!

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

Georg Weissel

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