## Lift Ap Your Heads, De Mighty Gates



- 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!

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