

HYMN

363 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!

F C Gm F C F C F C⁷ F

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

C⁷ F C F (Am) F (Dm) G⁷ C

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

C F C F (Am) F (Dm) G C F B^b F Dm Am

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

Dm F Dm Am Dm Am Dm Gm Dm

he doth bring, where - fore re - joi - ce 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.

Text: Georg Weissel, 1642; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855, alt.
 Tune: J. Freylinghausen, 1704;
 setting Leonard J. Mens, 1879–1960

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 MACHT HOCH DIE TÜR

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!

F Dm Gm⁷ F C B^b C⁷ F Gm C F

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.