

Lift up your heads, O mighty gates;
behold the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near;
the Saviour of the world is here.

O blest the land, the city blest,
where Christ the ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
to whom this King of triumph comes!

Fling wide the portals of your heart;
make it a temple, set apart
from earthly use of heav'n's employ,
adorned with prayer and love and joy.

Come, Saviour, come with us abide;
our hearts to You we open wide:
Your Holy Spirit guide us on,
until our glorious goal is won.