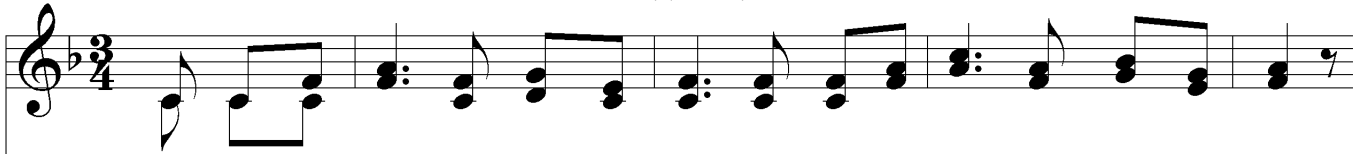
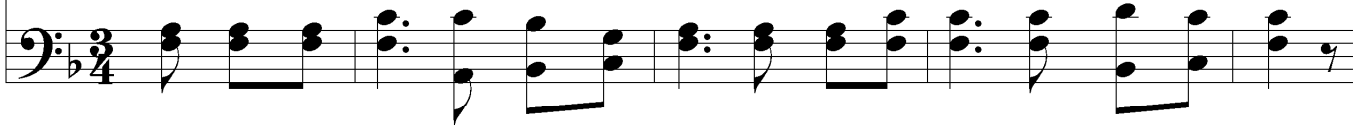


Triumphant Zion, Lift Thy Head

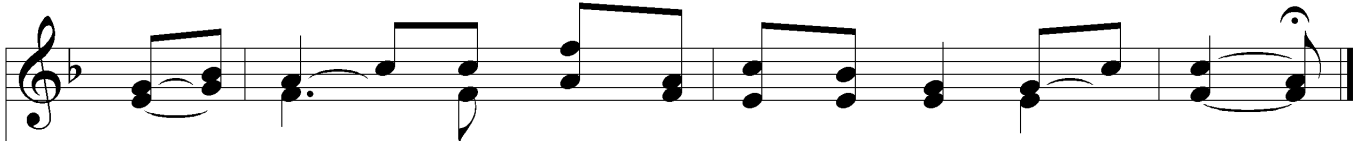
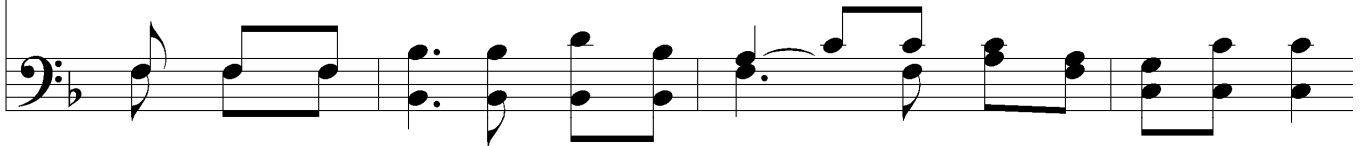
ANVERN



1. Tri - um - phant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and dark - ness, and the dead;
2. Put all thy beau-teous gar - ments on, And let thy ex - cel - lence be known;
3. No more shall foes un - clean in - vade, And fill thy hal - lowed walls with dread;



Tho' hum - bled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with the Sav -
Decked in the robes of right - eous - ness, The world thy glo - ries shall
No more shall hell's in - sult - ing host Their vic - t'ry and thy sor -



ior's strength, And gird thee with the Sav - ior's strength.
con - fess, The world thy glo - ries shall con - fess.
rows boast, Their vic - t'ry and thy sor - rows boast.

