Triumphant Zion

1. Tri-um-phant Zi-on! lift thy head
   From dust and dark-ness and the dead;
   Tho' hum-bled long, a-wake at length,
   Rise, crowned with light, O Church of Christ, lift up thy head,—

2. Put all thy beau-teous gar-ments on,
   And let thy var-i-ous charms be known:
   The world thy glo-ries shall con-fess,
   Rise, O Church of Christ, a-rise,

3. No more shall foes un-clean in-vade,
   And fill thy hol-lowed walls with dread;
   No more shall hell's in-sult-ing host
   Rise in thy might, from dust and dark-ness and the dead;

4. God from on high has heard thy prayer;
   His hand thy ru-in shall re-pair;
   Nor will thy watch-ful Mon-arch cease
   Rise in thy ho-ly might,—

Words: F. Doddridge
Music: J. B. Throwgridge
Triumphant Zion

Lift up thine eyes—
Lift thy longing eyes to heav’n,
Glorious in pow’r—

Be-hold thy Sav-iour now ap-pears—
See, thy Sav-iour now ap-pears—
the Mon-arch of the years.