

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift your head,
From dust and ashes and the dead;
Though humbled long, arise at length,
Once more assume your Saviour's strength.

- 2 Put your most regal garments on,
And make your powers and blessings known;
The world your glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade
To fill your hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and *your* sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high will hear your prayer,
His hand your ruins shall repair;
Reared and adorned by love divine,
Your towers and battlements shall shine.
- 5 Grace shall inspire your heart and voice
To share and sing eternal joys;
Nor will your watchful Sovereign cease
To keep you in the way of peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51