

(8. 7. 8. 7. Iambic with Refrain)

E. L. B.

C. L.



1. Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates, A glow - ing dawn shines o'er ye!
2. The palms of yore their branches waved When Ju - dah's sons were sing - ing;
3. But the sun's light at mid - day died, And Ju - dah's ma - trons, wail - ing,
4. Those gloom - y years have rolled a - way, The years of Is - rael's mourning;
5. Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Transcendent dawn glows o'er ye!



At Salem's door	the Sov'reign waits -	He is the King of glo - ry!
"Ho-san-na! Zi - on shall be saved,"	Lamented loud	the Cru - ci - fied,
The ris - ing sun	with heal - ing ray	Pro - claims the King's re - turn - ing.
At Salem's door	Mes - si - ah waits;	He is the King of glo - ry.



REFRAIN



1-4. Who is the King of glo - ry?	Who is the King of glo - ry?
5. Who is the King of glo - ry?	Who is the King of glo - ry?



The great I AM,	the Lord of hosts,	He is the King of glo - ry.
'Tis Je - sus wear - ing many a crown,	He is the King of glo - ry!	

