



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



o'er ye! At Salem's door the Sov'reign waits— He is the King of  
 sing - ing: "Ho-san-na! Zi - on shall be saved," Their gen - tle Monarch  
 wail - ing, Lamented loud the Cru - ci - fied, All trace of glo - ry  
 mourn - ing; The ris - ing sun with heal - ing ray Pro - claims the King's re -  
 o'er ye! At Salem's door Mes - si - ah waits; He is the King of



## REFRAIN



glo - ry!  
 bring - ing. 1-4. Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry?  
 fail - ing!  
 turn - ing.  
 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!

