

Lift Up Your Heads, Eternal Gates

(8. 7. 8. 7. D. Iambic)

E. L. B.

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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, Tran - scend - ent 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," Their gen - tle Monarch bringing. 1-4. Who is the King of
 Lamented loud the Cru - ci - fied, All trace of glo - ry fail - ing!
 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. 5. Who is the King of

glory? Who is the King of glo - ry? The great I AM, the Lord of hosts— He is the King of glory!
 glory? Who is the King of glo - ry? 'Tis Je - sus wearing many a crown— He is the King of glory!