



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!



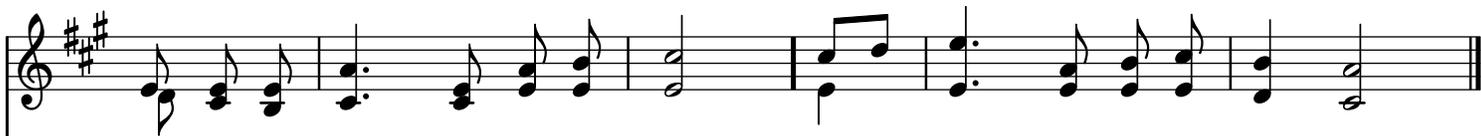
At Salem's door the Sov'reign waits— He is the King of glo - ry!  
 "Ho-san-na! Zi - on shall be saved," Their gen - tle Monarch bring - ing.  
 Lamented loud the Cru - ci - fied, All trace of glo - ry fail - ing!  
 The ris - ing sun with heal - ing ray Pro - claims the King's re - turn - ing.  
 At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



## 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!

