



Lift up your heads, O you gates, and be lift-ed up, you



ev-er-last-ing doors, that the King of glo-ry may come in.

To God belongs all the earth,
all that is in it is his.
His is the compass of all of the world,
his those who dwell therein.
For he has founded it over the ocean depths,
planted it over the waters.

Who to his mountain may go?
who in his holy place stand?
Those with a pure heart, with hands undefiled,
those who are true to their word.
Those who so seek him, forsaking all other gods,
they shall inherit his blessing.

Who is this King in his glory?
Who is this King in his splendour?
Strong and all-powerful, mighty to save:
sovereign Lord of the heavens.