1. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates, Be hold, the King of glory waits;
   2. Fling wide the portals of your heart; Make it a temple, set a part hearts to Thee; here, Lord, abide:
   3. Redeemer, come, we open wide Our

The King of kings is drawing near, The From earthly use for heav'n's employ, A-
Thine inner presence let us feel; Thy

Savior of the world is here! Dorned with prayer, and love, and joy, grace and love in us reveal.