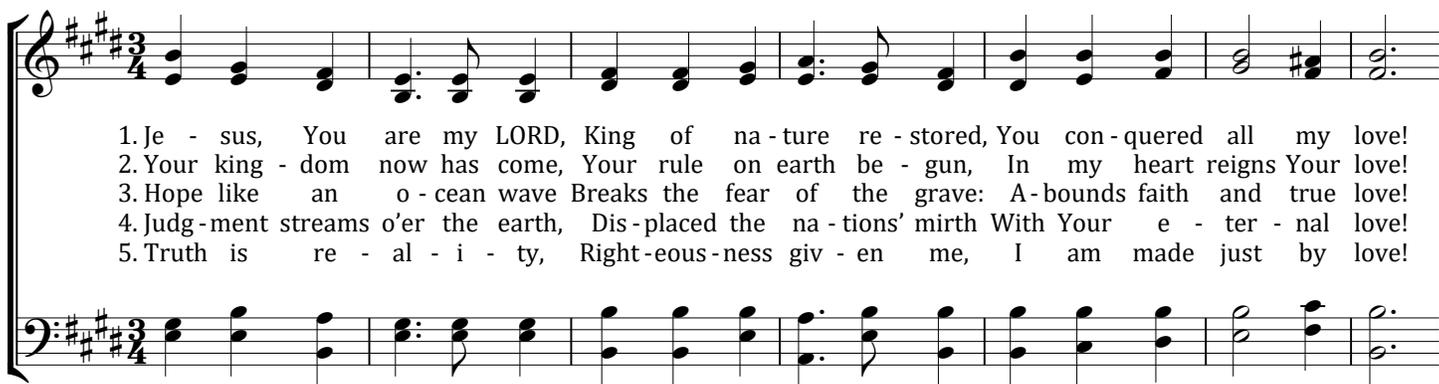
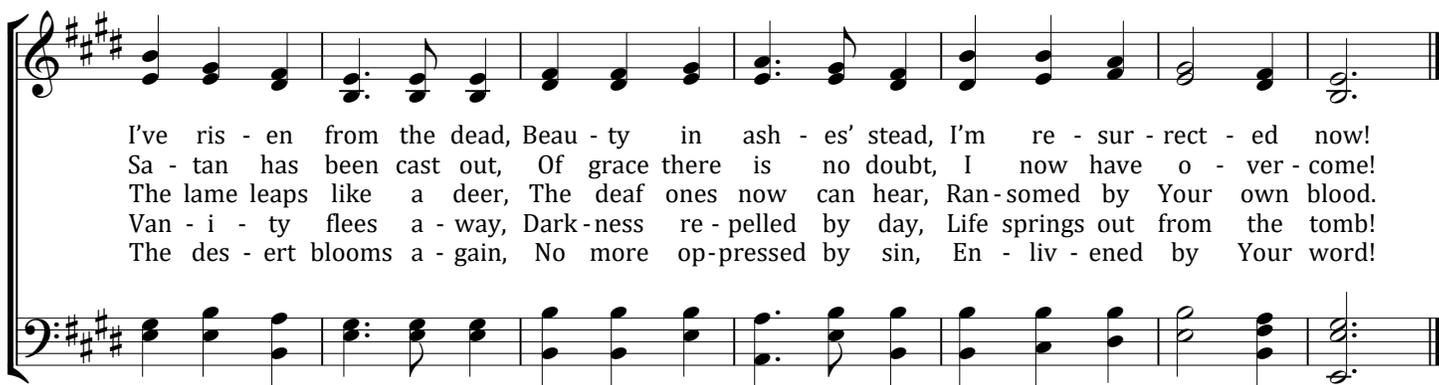


# Ode to the King

*Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Psa. 24:7-10  
My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee; and my soul, which thou hast redeemed. 71:23*



1. Je - sus, You are my LORD, King of na - ture re - stored, You con - quered all my love!  
2. Your king - dom now has come, Your rule on earth be - gun, In my heart reigns Your love!  
3. Hope like an o - cean wave Breaks the fear of the grave: A - bounds faith and true love!  
4. Judg - ment streams o'er the earth, Dis - placed the na - tions' mirth With Your e - ter - nal love!  
5. Truth is re - al - i - ty, Right - eous - ness giv - en me, I am made just by love!



I've ris - en from the dead, Beau - ty in ash - es' stead, I'm re - sur - rect - ed now!  
Sa - tan has been cast out, Of grace there is no doubt, I now have o - ver - come!  
The lame leaps like a deer, The deaf ones now can hear, Ran - somed by Your own blood.  
Van - i - ty flees a - way, Dark - ness re - pelled by day, Life springs out from the tomb!  
The des - ert blooms a - gain, No more op - pressed by sin, En - liv - ened by Your word!

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