

Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates of Brass 418

ELLACOMBE C.M.D.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

German, 18th century
Adapted from version in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868

1. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,
2. A ho - ly war those ser-vants wage; In that mys-ter-ious strife,
3. Though few and small and weak your bands, Strong in your Cap-tain's strength,
4. Then fear not, faint not, halt not now! Quit you like men, be strong!

And let the King of glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field.
The powers of heaven and hell en - gage For more than death or life.
Go to the con-quest of all lands—All must be His at length.
To Christ shall all the na - tions bow And sing the tri - umph song.

That ban - ner, bright - er than the star That leads the train of night,
Ye ar - mies of the liv - ing God, Sworn war-riors of Christ's host,
Those spoils at His vic - to - rious feet You shall re - joice to lay,
Up - lift - ed are the gates of brass, The bars of i - ron yield;

Shines on the march and guides from far His serv-ants to the fight.
Where hal - lowed foot-steps nev - er trod, Take your ap - point - ed post.
And lay your-selves as tro - phies meet In His great judg - ment day.
Be - hold the King of glo - ry pass; The cross has won the field.