Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates of Brass

ELIACOMBE, C.M.D.

Garon, 19th century
Adapted from psalm in hymns Ancient and Modern, 1861

1. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of iron, yield, that mystery's solemn, wait your bands. Singing in your Captain's strength.
2. A holy war those warriors wage; In small and vast your name, this ball not now! Quis yonder men, be strong!

And let the King of glory pass; The cross in the field. Through the hours, till
The powers of heaven and Go to the conquering The na-tion's song.
To Christ shall all the earth, and sing the triumphant song.

That ban, ye brighter than the star That leads the train of night, God, sworn to save our Christ's host, Up lift ed are the gates of brass, The bars of iron yield;
Ye armies of the living In Jesus feet. You shall run to lay, Up lift ed are the gates of brass, The bars of iron yield;
Those spies at His vic to pass; His servants to the fight. His great judgment day.
Shines on the march and guides from far His King of glory past; The cross has won the field.
And lay before yourselves as trophies triumphant, Take your aprons, eat. post.
The banner of your Captain's strength, be strong!