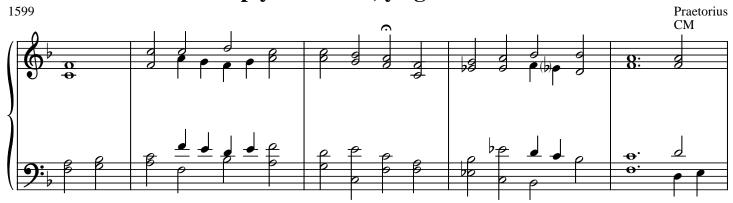
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass





Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of iron, yield, And let the King of Glory pass; The cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star That leads the train of night, Shines on their march, and guides from far His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage; Mysteriously at strife; The powers of heaven and hell engage For more than death or life. Ye armies of the living God, His sacramental host, Where hallowed footsteps never trod Take your appointed post.

Though few and small and weak your bands, Strong in your Captain's strength Go to the conquest of all lands; All must be His at length.

Uplifted are the gates of brass, The bars of iron yield; Behold the King of Glory pass; The cross hath won the field!

James Montgomery

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