

I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron. Isa. 45:2

James Montgomery, 1843; st. 4, lines 2, 8, alt.

ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler, 1872



1. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,
2. A ho - ly war those serv-ants wage; Mys-ter-ious - ly at strife,
3. Though few and small and weak your bands, Strong in your Cap-tain's strength
4. O fear not, faint not, halt not now; In Je-sus' Name be strong;



And let the King of Glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field:
The pow'rs of heav'n 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 him shall all the na - tions bow, And sing with you this song:



That ban-ner, bright-er than the star That leads the train of night,
Ye ar-mies of the liv - ing God, His sac-ra - men - tal 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 their march, and guides from far His serv-ants to the fight.
Where hal-low'd 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." A-MEN.

