O Brothers, Lift Your Voices

BY BICKERSTETH

1. O brothers, lift your voices, Triumphant songs to raise,
Till heaven on high rejoices, And earth is fill'd with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding With holy hopes and free;
The Gospel trumpet is sounding, The trumpet of Jubilee.

2. O Christian brothers, glorious Shall be the conflict's close:
The cross hath been victorious, And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle taken: Our Leader all controls.
Our trophies, fetters broken; Our captives, ransom'd souls.

3. Not unto us: Lord Jesus, To Thee all praise is due!
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us, Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee Exulting ly again.

4. Captain of our salvation, Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration Be Thine forever more!
Still on in conflict pressing On Thee Thy people call,
Thee, King of kings confessing. Thee, crowning Lord of all.

Words: Bp. E. H. Bickerson
Music: Frank N. Sheperd, 1898
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Chorus

Then brothers, lift your voices, Triumphant songs to raise;

Till heav'n on high rejoices, And earth is fill'd with praise. Amen.