Close Up The Ranks

1. Some in the ranks are falling, Many are giving away;
Hearts that were bold are trembling, Just in the thick of the fray.
But thru the musket's rattling, Out 'mid the flying balls,
Loud to the troops still battling Brave - ly the Captain calls.

2. What tho' our comrades dying Utter their cries of pain,
See where the flags are flying, For - ward with courage again.
Better to die for a purpose, Better to fight and fall,
Then in the great struggle Never to heed the call.

3. Some in the ranks are falling, Many are giving away,
Some are not touching elbows, Can it be you, I pray.
Are you the one that's staying Blessings that God would send?
Close up the ranks, touch elbows, Glory awaits the end.

Words and Music: George H. Simmons

PDHymns.com
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Chorus

Close up the ranks, touch elbows, Move with a purpose true.

On to the front, brave Christians, Victory awaits you.