

Hymn Lyrics

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O brothers, lift your voices

O brothers, lift your voices,
triumphant songs to raise;
till heaven on high rejoices,
and earth is filled with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
with holy hopes and free;
the gospel trump is sounding,
the trump of jubilee.

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-token:
our Leader all controls;
our trophies, fetters broken;
our captives, ransomed souls.

Not unto us--Lord Jesus,
to thee all praise be due;
who 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
exultingly again.

Great God of our salvation,
thy presence we adore:
praise, glory, adoration
be thine for evermore.
Still on in conflict pressing
on thee thy people call,
thee King of kings confessing,
thee crowning Lord of all.