

# SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. 39

APRIL, 1905

No. 4

## "Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Lift up your heads to-day, ye gates,  
Lift up your heads to-day!  
The King of Glory comes again,  
His feet shall pass this way.  
Oh, late we saw Him crowned with  
thorns,  
We saw him crucified!  
But on this morn of hallowed morns  
Let none our King deride.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass!  
Make room! all hearts of men!  
For He, who bowed in death for you,  
Is now alive again.  
Oh, late we laid him in the tomb,  
And at its door a stone!  
He rose and rifted all that gloom,  
And conquered death alone.

Lift up your heads, ye iron gates!  
That hide earth's gathered dead;  
Beneath your sullen arches he  
Steps with the victor's tread!

The countless armies of the saved  
With broken fetters come.  
The King of life whose death has braved,  
Leads all its captives home.

Lift up your hearts, ye gates of time?  
Through all the lasting years  
No other King so vanquished hath  
Your change and toll and tears.  
The gates of time before him ope,  
Who in the final strife  
For every soul wins endless hope  
And pledges endless life.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of pearl!  
The saints, a radiant throng,  
March on with Christ, the Risen One,  
They march with shout and song.  
"Lift up your heads," all angels cry,  
They strike exulting chords,  
The King of kings who passes by  
On earth is Lord of lords.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, to-day!  
Yea, lift them up in pride,  
The King of glory comes this way,  
Who late was crucified.  
For men he bore the nail, the thorn,  
For men he comes with power;  
All heaven is glad this Easter morn,  
In this, Love's crowning hour.