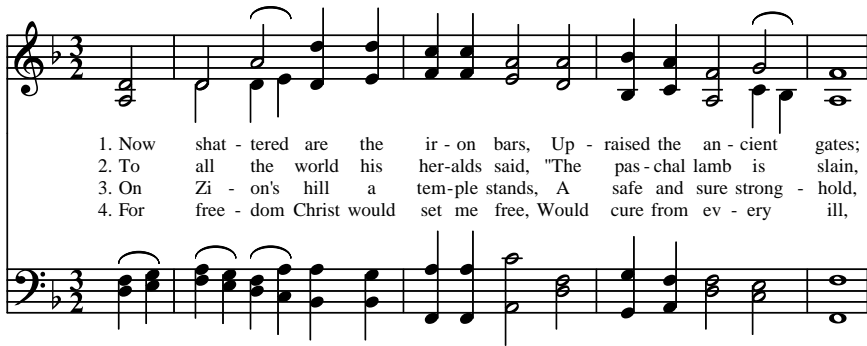


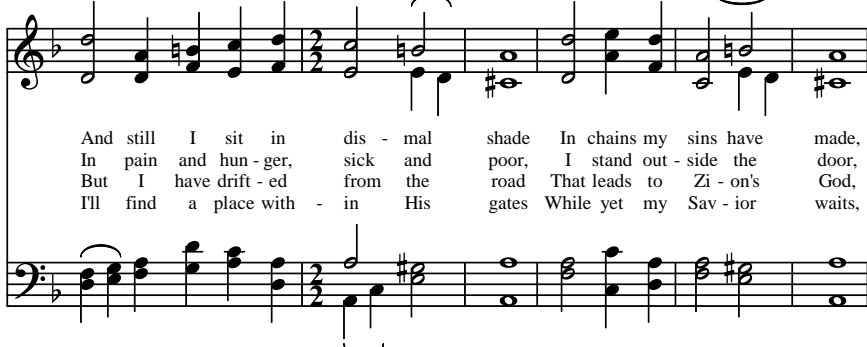
## Now Shattered are the Iron Bars



1. Now shat - tered are the ir - on bars, Up - raised the an - cient gates;  
 2. To all the world his her-alds said, "The pas - chal lamb is slain,  
 3. On Zi - on's hill a tem-ple stands, A safe and sure strong - hold,  
 4. For free - dom Christ would set me free, Would cure from ev - ery ill,



His grave laid o - pen to the stars, The King of Glo - ry waits.  
 A feast for ev - ery na - tion spread!" But shall they call in vain?  
 A house not made by hu - man hands, A cit - y paved in gold.  
 Would grant a home e - ter - nal - ly: Can I re - ject Him still?



And still I sit in dis - mal shade In chains my sins have made,  
 In pain and hun - ger, sick and poor, I stand out - side the door,  
 But I have drift - ed from the road That leads to Zi - on's God,  
 I'll find a place with - in His gates While yet my Sav - ior waits,



When love has of - fered light and life Set free from sin and strife.  
 When I could go in - to the feast And be a wel - come guest.  
 When he who died, the Liv - ing Way, Would be my guide and stay.  
 As - cend His ho - ly hill, and stand, Up - held by His right hand.