1. "Lift up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord, to thee;
2. Above the level of the former years,
3. Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
4. Lift ev'ry gift that thou thyself hast giv'n:
5. Then, as the trumpet-call in after years,

here at thy feet none other may we see:
the mire of sin, the slough of guilt-y fears,
the deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
low lies the best till lifted up to heav'n;
"Lift up your hearts!" rings pealing in our ears,

"Lift up your hearts!" E'en so, with one accord,
the mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
the halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
still shall those hearts respond with full accord,

we lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.
O Lord of light, lift all our hearts to-day.
O Lord of truth, lift ev'ry Christian soul.
until, sent from God, they mount to God again.
"We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord."

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