

Lo, from the desert homes AMNS 316 Melody: Darwall's 148th 6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4.



Lo, from the desert homes,  
where he hath hid so long,  
the new Elijah comes,  
in sternest wisdom strong:  
the voice that cries  
of Christ from high,  
and judgement nigh  
from opening skies.

Your God e'en now doth stand  
at heaven's opening door;  
his fan is in his hand,  
and he will purge his floor;  
the wheat he claims  
and with him stows,  
the chaff he throws  
to quenchless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow  
your sky-aspiring heads;  
ye valleys, hiding low,  
lift up your gentle meads;  
make his way plain  
your King before,  
for evermore  
he comes to reign.

May thy dread voice around,  
thou harbinger of Light,  
on our dull ears still sound,  
lest here we sleep in night,  
till judgement come,  
and on our path  
the Lamb's dread wrath  
shall burst in doom.

O God, with love's sweet might,  
who dost anoint and arm  
Christ's soldier for the fight  
with grace that shields from harm:  
thrice blessèd Three,  
heaven's endless days  
shall sing thy praise  
eternally.

Words: Charles Coffin (1676-1749), translated by Isaac Williams (1802-1865)  
Music: Melody by John Darwall (1731-1789), harmony by William Henry Monk (1823-1889)