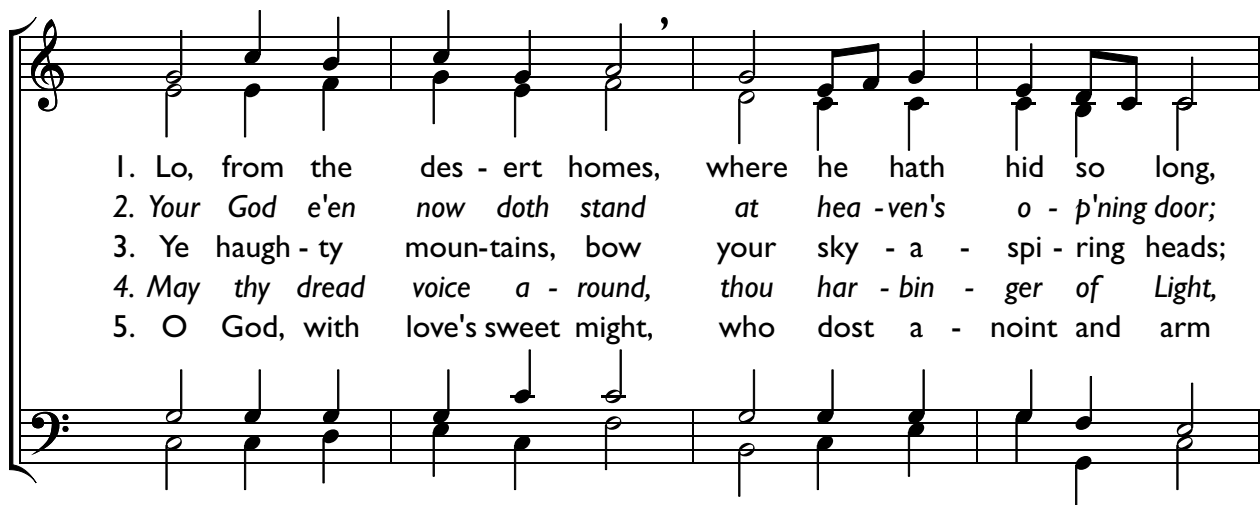


AMNS 316 Lo, from the desert homes

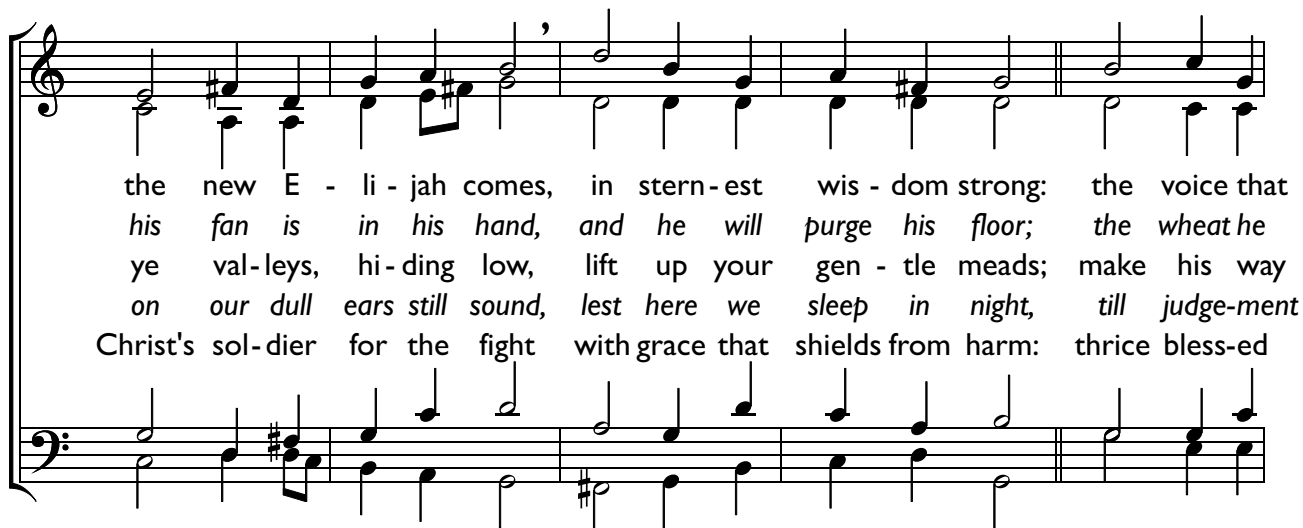
Melody: Croft's 136th

C. Coffin (1676-1749),
tr. Isaac Williams (1802-1865)

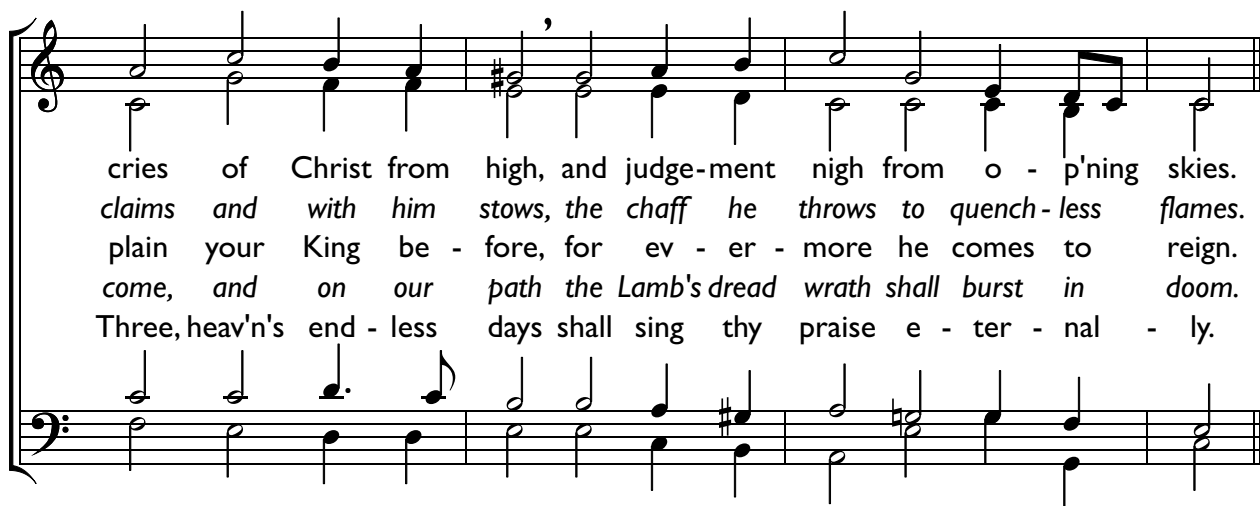
Melody and bass by
William Croft (1678-1727)



1. Lo, from the des - ert homes, where he hath hid so long,
2. Your God e'en now doth stand at hea - ven's o - p'ning door;
3. Ye haugh - ty moun-tains, bow your sky - a - spi - ring heads;
4. May thy dread voice a - round, thou har - bin - ger of Light,
5. O God, with love's sweet might, who dost a - noint and arm



the new E - li - jah comes, in stern-est wis - dom strong: the voice that
his fan is in his hand, and he will purge his floor; the wheat he
ye val-leys, hi-ding low, lift up your gen - tle meads; make his way
on our dull ears still sound, lest here we sleep in night, till judge-ment
Christ's sol-dier for the fight with grace that shields from harm: thrice bless-ed



cries of Christ from high, and judge-ment nigh from o - p'ning skies.
claims and with him stows, the chaff he throws to quench-less flames.
plain your King be - fore, for ev - er - more he comes to reign.
come, and on our path the Lamb's dread wrath shall burst in doom.
Three, heav'n's end - less days shall sing thy praise e - ter - nal - ly.