

Lift Your Heads, Ye Friends Of Jesus
by Charles Wesley

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his sufferings here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near!

2 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face!

3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Christ the Saviour
Shines, the everlasting Light.

4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the glorious Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, " 'Tis he!"

6 Lo! 'tis he! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espoused below,
Come to join us to his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow,
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.

7 Yes, the prize shall now be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity!