

Lift Up Your Heads, Rejoice
Thomas Lynch, 1856, 18685.
John Stainer, 1875.

Lift up your heads, rejoice, redemption draweth nigh;
Now breathes a softer air, now shines a milder sky;
The early trees put forth their new and tender leaf;
Hushed is the moaning wind that told of winter's grief.

Lift up your heads, rejoice, redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds, now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth the hidden thunders call.

Lift up your heads, rejoice, redemption draweth nigh;
O note the varying signs of earth, and air, and sky;
The God of glory comes in gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm, to succor and to smite.

He comes, the wide world's King, He comes, the true heart's Friend,
New gladness to begin, and ancient wrong to end;
He comes, to fill with light the weary waiting eye;
Lift up your heads, rejoice, redemption draweth nigh.