

Lo, from the desert homes à4

William Croft
(1678-1727)

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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

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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

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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 days shall the Lamb's dread wrath shall burst in doom.
 Three, heav'n's end - less days shall sing thy praise e - ter - nal - ly.

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