

# AMNS 316 Lo, from the desert homes

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

Melody: Darwall's 148th

Melody by J. Darwall (1731-1789),  
harmony by W. H. Monk (1823-1889)

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  
 his fan is in his hand, and he will  
 ye val - leys, hi - ding low, lift up your  
 on our dull ears still sound, lest here we  
 Christ's sol - dier for the fight with grace that

wis - dom strong: the voice that cries  
 purge his floor; the wheat he claims  
 gen - tle meads; make his way plain  
 sleep in night, till judge - ment come,  
 shields from harm: thrice bless - ed Three,

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