

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.

LUKE XXI. 28.

Lift up your heads ! ye drooping ones—
Sorrow and night are nearly spent.
Sleepers, awake ! Ye slumberers, arise !
And you, ye patient, waiting ones,
Lift up your eyes !

For watchers on the hill-tops see
Visions supremely fair,
And notes of heaven's own melody
Are wafted to them there.

See ye no tokens of the coming morn ?
The breaking of that glorious day,
When sin, with all its deep, dark stain,
For aye shall pass away ?

Oh ! let us not be weary,
Though all around be dreary ;
Though for a while thick darkness like a pall
Over the world should fall.

When fierce the battle strife shall rage,
O Lord, for us do Thou engage :
When Satan wields the death blows of his power
Spirit of Truth, be with us in that hour.

Divinely strengthened, let the Church now stand
Firm against every foe, a compact band ;
Each warrior girded be—assured of victory ;
Others with sandalled feet,
Waiting the summons their dear Lord to meet.

Behold, He draweth near !
Ah ! where will now the careless ones appear ?
Whither will unbelievers flee ?
Where will the scoffer and blasphemer be ?
The lengthened day of grace will soon be o'er
When mercy's tender pleadings
Shall be heard NO MORE !