

# LIFT YOUR HEARTS, LIFT UP YOUR VOICES

Janèt Sullivan Whitaker

Lift your hearts, lift up your voices,  
raise the gate, fling wide the door.  
Rise to meet the Long-Desired One,  
God-With-Us, come to restore.  
Learn to see the Christ beside you.  
Let not blindness seal your fate.  
Bid the stranger joyous welcome.  
Fill your lamps, then watch and wait.

And let Love not find us sleeping  
Weary though our hearts may be.  
Without warning comes the bridegroom,  
therefore watchful-eyed are we.  
Raise a shout with grateful voices  
for the reign of God begun.  
Justice dawns, the earth rejoices!  
Let the King of Glory come.

On the day of your returning  
when, with trumpet blast you come,  
Prince of Peace in light and splendor  
call us to your holy throne.  
Tears of joy drown ev'ry sorrow,  
ev'ry valley now be raised.  
Lift your hearts, lift up your voices,  
King of Glory now be praised.

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Psalm 24:7 • Matthew 25:1–13 • 1 Corinthians 15:51–52

One of my favorite features of our Church year is that it begins and ends with the same eschatological imagery. At year's end we celebrate the solemnity of Christ the King of the Universe, with its triumphal music of praise and vivid reminders of the reality that our victorious savior will return in glory. This feast is bathed in the brightness of endless light. One week later, darkness falls, and we celebrate the First Sunday of Advent with another look at the same, yet no less cautionary, words of the prophet. The message is quieter, less bombastic, but the same: Prepare. You know not the day or the hour. Make a conscious effort to be ready and mindful, in the hopes that you may be found worthy of the reign of God.

This sober message is not without joy – nor a healthy dose of uneasiness. The preparation itself is meant to be joyous work. It is rather similar to the way an expectant mother busies herself with “nesting.” A nursery is needed, and child-proofing measures are taken as the baby's birth draws near. Expectant parents are often nervous about what might go wrong. We know what to do. Our task is to work tirelessly and joyously, as if our very life depends on it. After all, it does.

For this text, I suggest the following: Sing it for both the Solemnity of Christ the King and the First Sunday of Advent. For the former, use a triumphal melody, such as *HYMN TO JOY*. Then, for Advent I, use the same text with a more restrained tune, such as *PLEADING SAVIOR*, or *IN BABILONE*.

*Use:* Advent, Christ the King, Sacred Heart



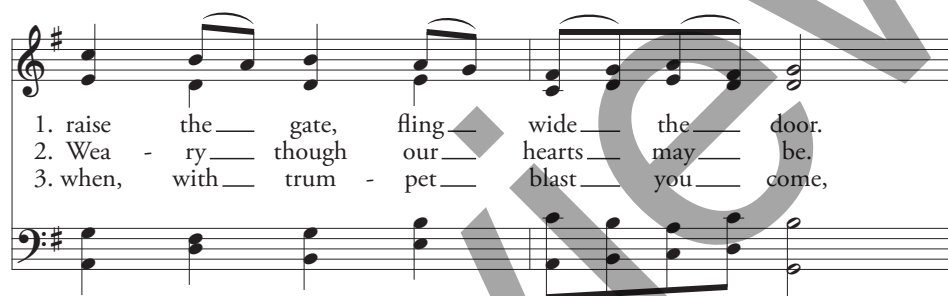
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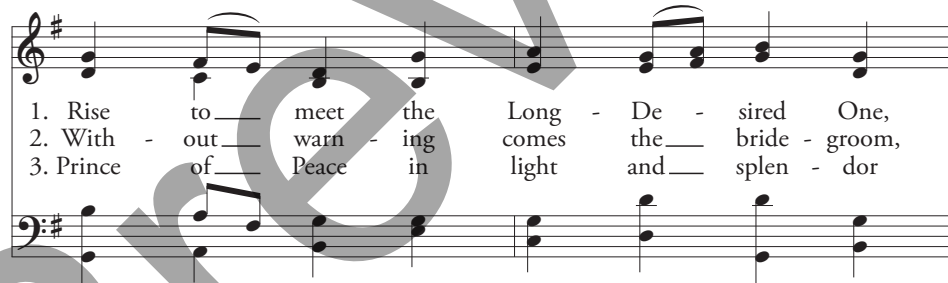
IN BABILONE



1. Lift your hearts, lift up your voices,  
2. And let Love not find us sleeping  
3. On the day of your re - turn - ing



1. raise the gate, fling wide the door.  
2. Wea - ry though our hearts may be,  
3. when, with trum - pet blast you come,



1. Rise to meet the Long - De - sired One,  
2. With - out warn - ing comes the bride - groom,  
3. Prince of Peace in light and splen - dor



1. God - With - Us, come to re - store.  
2. there - fore watch - ful - eyed are we.  
3. call us to your ho - ly throne.



LIFT YOUR HEARTS, LIFT UP YOUR VOICES, cont. (2)

1. Learn to see the Christ be - side you.  
 2. Raise a shout with grate - ful voic - es  
 3. Tears of joy drown ev - 'ry sor - row,

1. Let not blind - ness seal your fate.  
 2. for the reign of God be - gun,  
 3. ev - 'ry val - ley now be - raised.

1. Bid the stran - ger joy - ous wel - come.  
 2. Jus - tice dawns, the earth re - joic - es!  
 3. Lift your hearts, lift up your voic - es,

1. Fill your lamps, then watch and wait.  
 2. Let the King of Glo - ry come.  
 3. King of Glo - ry now be praised.

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 Music: IN BABILONE; *Oude en Nieuwe Hollanste Boerenlitjes en Contradanseu*, ca. 1710;  
 keyboard acc. by Julius Röntgen, 1855–1933.

