

Lift Him up, 'tis He that bids you

D.S. Hakes

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Refrain

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Lift Him up, 'tis He that bids you,
Let the dying look and live,
To all weary, thirsting sinners,
Living waters will He give;
And though once so meek and lowly,
Yet the Prince of Heav'n was He;
And the blind, who grope in darkness,
Through the blood of Christ shall see.

Refrain

*Lift Him up, the risen Savior,
High amid the waiting throng;
Lift Him up, 'tis He that speaketh,
Now He bids you flee from wrong.*

Lift Him up, this precious Savior,
Let the multitude behold;
They with willing hearts shall seek Him,
He will draw them to His fold;
They shall gather from the wayside,
Hastening on with joyous feet,
And shall bear the cross of Jesus,
And shall find salvation sweet.

Refrain

Lift Him up in all His glory,
'Tis the Son of God on high;
Lift Him up, His love shall draw them,
E'en the careless shall draw nigh;
Let them hear again the story
Of the cross, the death of shame;
And from tongue to tongue repeat it;
Mighty throngs shall bless His Name.

Refrain

O then lift Him up in singing,
Lift the Savior up in prayer;
He, the glorious Redeemer,
All the sins of men did bear;
Yes, the young shall bow before Him,
And the old their voices raise;
All the deaf shall hear hosannah;
And the dumb shall shout His praise.

Refrain

Mary E. Warren