

Hartford

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F Major
Amos Bull, 1795

Treble 1
Treble 2
Tenor
Bass

1. Hail the day that saw Him rise, Ra-vished from our wist-ful eyes:
2. There the pom-pous tri-umph waits: Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates!

5
Treble 1
Treble 2
Tenor
Bass

Christ a-while to mor-tals given, Re-as-cends His na-tive heaven.
Wide un-fold the rad-iant scene, Take the King of glo-ry in.

10
Treble 1
Treble 2

4. Him tho' high-est heav'n re-ceives, Still He loves the earth He leaves; —

15
Treble 1
Treble 2

Tho' re-turn-ing to His throne, — Still He calls man-kind His own. —

Treble 1

Treble 2

Tenor

Bass

6. Still for us He in - ter - cedes, Pre - va - lent His death He pleads; —

Treble 1

Treble 2

Tenor

Bass

Next him - self pre - pares a place, Har - bin - ger of hu - man race.

3. Circled round with angel-pow'rs,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror o'er death, hell, and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.

5. See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow,
Blessings on his church below!

7. Master (will we ever say)
Taken from our head today,
See, thy faithful servants see,
Ever gazing up to thee!

8. Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

9. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

10. There we shall with thee remain
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.