

Hartford

Treble 1

Treble 2

Tenor

Bass

1. Hail the day that saw Him rise, Ravished from our wistful eyes: Christ awhile to mortals given, Re-ascends His native heaven.
2. There the pompous triumph waits: Lift your heads, eternal gates! Wide unfold the radiant scene, Take the King of glory in.

Tr. 1

Tr. 2

T.

B.

4. Him tho' highest heav'n receives, Still He loves the earth He leaves; Tho' returning to His throne, Still He calls mankind His own.
6. Still for us He

Tr. 1

Tr. 2

T.

B.

in - ter - cedes, Prevalent His death He pleads, Next himself prepares 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.