

1. Hail the day that saw him rise Rav-ish'd from our wish-ful eyes; Christ a-while to mor-tals giv'n, Re-as-cends his na-tive heav'n,

2. Him though high-est heav'n re-ceives, Still he loves the earth he leaves; Tho' re-turn-ing to his throne, Still he calls man-kind his own;

3. Mas-ter, (may we ev-er say,) Ta-ken from our Head to-day, See, thy faith-ful servants, see, Ev-er ga-zing up to thee;

4. Ev-er up-ward let us move, Waft-ed on the wings of love, Looking when our Lord shall come, Long-ing for our bless-ed home.

CRES FOR

There the pompous triumph waits; Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates, Wide un-fold the ra-diant scene, Take the King of glo-ry in.

Still for us he in-ter-cedes; Prev-a-lent his death he pleads; Next him-self pre-pares our place, Har-bin-ger of hu-man race.

Grant, tho' part-ed from our sight, High a-bove yon a-zure height, Grant our hearts may thith-er rise, Fol-l'wing thee be-yond the skies.

There we shall with thee re-main, Part-ners of thine end-less reign, There thy face un-cloud-ed see, Find our heav'n a heav'n in thee.