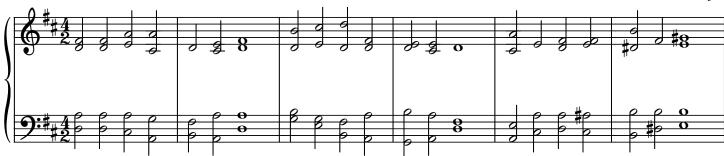
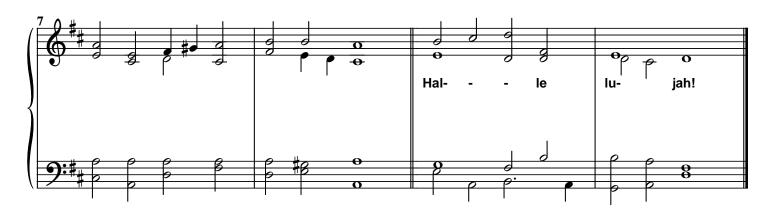
Hail the day that sees Him rise

J. Rosenmuller, 1619-1684

Wurtemberg 77.77 with Hallelujah





Hail the day that sees Him rise, To His throne above the skies, Christ, awhile to mortals given, Reascends His native heaven, Alleluia!

There the glorious triumph waits, Lift your heads, eternal gates, Christ hath conquered death and sin, Take the King of glory in, Alleluia!

Him though highest Heav'n receives, Still He loves the earth He leaves, Though returning to His throne, Still He calls mankind His own, Alleluia! See! He lifts His hands above, See! He shows the prints of love, Hark! His gracious lips bestow, Blessings on His church below, Alleluia!

Still for us His death He pleads, Prevalent He intercedes, Near Himself prepares our place, Harbinger of human race, Alleluia!

Grant, though parted from our sight, Far above you azure height, Grant our hearts may thither rise, Seeking Thee beyond the skies, Alleluia!

Charles Wesley