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Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise

Vienna. 7.7.7.7.

CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788)

Melody from J. H. KNECHT (1752-1817)

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, And as-cend His na-tive skies!
 2. There the glo-rious tri-umph waits; Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates!
 3. See, the heaven its Lord re-ceives! Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
 4. See, He lifts His hands a-bove! See, He shows the prints of love!
 5. Sav-iour, part-ed from our sight, High a-bove yon az-ure height,

Christ, a-while to mor-tals given, En-ters now the gates of heaven.
 Christ hath van-ished death and sin; Take the King of glo-ry in.
 Though re-turn-ing to His throne, Still He calls man-kind His own.
 Hark! His gra-cious lips be-stow Bless-ings on His church he-low.
 Grant our hearts may thith-er rise, Fol-lowing Thee be-yond the skies.

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Our Lord Is Risen

Brockham. L.M.

CHARLES WESLEY

J. CLARKE

1. Our Lord is ris-en from the dead; Our Je-sus is gone up on high!
 2. There His tri-um-phal char-iot waits, And an-gels chant the sol-emn lay:
 3. Loose all your bars of gold-en light, And wide un-fold the beau-teous scene;
 4. Who is the King of glo-ry? Who? The Lord, that all our foes o'er-came;
 5. Who is this King of glo-ry? Who? The Lord, of glo-rious power possessed;

A cap-tive host He joy-ful led To the bright por-tals of the sky.
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav-en-ly gates; Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, give way."
 He claims these man-sions as His right, Re-ceive the King of glo-ry in.
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-threw; And Je-sus is the conquer-or's name.
 The King of saints and an-gels, too; God o-ver all, for-ev-er blest.