Hail the Day that Sees Him Rise

1. Hail the day that sees him rise,
al - le - lu - ia!
2. There for him high triumph waits;
al - le - lu - ia!
3. High-est heav'n its Lord receives,
al - le - lu - ia!
4. See, he lifts his hands above!
   Al - le - lu - ia!

To his throne above the skies!
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
See, he shows the prints of love!

Christ, a-while to mortals giv'n,
He has conquered death and sin,
Though returning to his throne,
Hark, his gracious lips bestow,

Re - as - cends his native heav'n.
Take the King of glory in!
Still he calls the world his own.
Blessings on his church below!

TEXT: Charles Wesley (1739), alt.
TUNE: Robert Williams (1817), Harm. David Evans (1874-1948), alt.
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