

Hail the Day that Sees Him Rise 371

1 Hail the day that sees him rise, al - le - lu - ia!
 2 There for him high tri - umph waits; al - le - lu - ia!
 3 High - est heav'n its Lord re - ceives, al - le - lu - ia!
 4 See, he lifts his hands a - bove! Al - le - lu - ia!

To his throne a - bove the skies! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Yet he loves the earth he leaves; al - le - lu - ia!
 See, he shows the prints of love! Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n, al - le - lu - ia!
 He has con - quered death and sin; al - le - lu - ia!
 Though re - turn - ing to his throne, al - le - lu - ia!
 Hark, his gra - cious lips be - stow, al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends his na - tive heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Take the King of glo - ry in! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Still he calls the world his own. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Bless - ings on his church be - low! Al - le - lu - ia!

TEXT: Charles Wesley (1739), alt.

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

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7.7.7.7. with Alleluias
 LLANFAIR