Ascension Hymn

Lyman Abbott (1835-1922)
Ed. Douglas Walczak (ASCAP)

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise,
   Glorious to His native skies!

2. See, the heav'n its Lord receives,
   Yet He loves the earth He leaves:

Christ, a while to mortals giv'n,
   Enters now the gates of heav'n.
Though returning to His throne,
   Still He calls, man kind His own.

There the glorious triumph waits;
   Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Still for us He intercedes,
   His prevailing death He pleads;

Christ has vanquished death and sin;
   Take the King of glory in.
Near Himself prepares our place;
   Great fore-runner of our race.

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