Hail the day that sees him rise

Charles Wesley, Thomas Cotterill

1. Hail the day that sees him rise,
to his throne a - bove the skies,
Christ the Lamb for he hath con - quered
hig - est heaven!
Al - le - lu - ia!

2. There for him high tri - umph waits;
lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates!
sin - ners given, death and sin,
en - ters now the take the King of
glo - ry in!
Al - le - lu - ia!
3. Cir-cled round with an-gel pow'rs, their tri-um-phant Lord and ours;
   yet he loves the earth he leaves;

4. Lo, the heav'n its Lord receives, take the King of
   wide un-fold the ra-diant scene, calls the hu-man
   though re-turn-ing to his throne, race his own.

Al-le-lu-ia!
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5. See, he lifts his hands above, see, he shows the prints of love;  
6. Still for us he intercedes, his prevailing death he pleads;  
   hark, his gracious lips bestow blessings on his church below. 
   near himself prepares our place, be the first fruits of our race. 

Alleluia! Alleluia!
7. Lord, though parted from our sight, far above the starry height,

grant our hearts may thererise, seeking thee above the skies.

Alleluia!
8. Ever upward let us move, wafted on the

wings of love; looking when our

wings of love; looking on the

8. Ever upward let us move, wafted on the
when our Lord shall come, longing, sighing after home.

Lord shall come, longing, sighing after home.

Al- le- lu - ia! Al- le- lu - ia!

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Al- le- lu - ia! Al- le- lu - ia!