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 heaven its Lord re-ceives; Al-le-lu-ia!
4 Still for us he in-ter-cedes; Al-le-lu-ia!
5 There we shall with you re-main, Al-le-lu-ia!

to his throne be-yond 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!
his a-ton-ing death he pleads, Al-le-lu-ia!
part-ners of your end less reign, Al-le-lu-ia!

Christ, the Lamb for sin-ners given, 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!
near him-self pre-pares our place, Al-le-lu-ia!
see you with un-cloud ed view, Al-le-lu-ia!

en-ters now the high-est heaven.
take the King of glo-ry in.
still he calls us all his own.
he the first-fruits of our race.
find our heaven of heavens in you.

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