

Hail the day that sees Him rise, *alleluia!*  
To His throne above the skies, *alleluia!*  
Christ, the lamb for sinners given, *alleluia!*  
Enters now the highest heaven, *alleluia!*

There for Him high triumph waits;  
lift your heads, eternal gates!  
He hath conquered death and sin;  
take the King of glory in!

Circled round with angel-powers,  
their triumphant Lord and ours;  
wide unfold the radiant scene,  
take the King of glory in!

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives,  
yet He loves the earth He leaves;  
through returning to His throne,  
He calls humankind His own.

See! He lifts His hands above.  
See! He shows the prints of love;  
hark! His gracious lips bestow,  
blessings on His Church below.

Still for us He interceded,  
His prevailing death He pleads;  
near Himself prepares our place,  
He the first-fruit of our race.

Lord, though parted from our sight,  
far above the starry height,  
grant our hearts may thither rise,  
seeking Thee above the skies.

Ever upward let us move,  
wafted on the wings of love;  
looking when our Lord shall come,  
longing, sighing after home.