

Hymn Words for Ascension Day

Hail the day that sees him rise

- 1 Hail the day that sees him rise, alleluia!
Glorious to his native skies; alleluia!
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n, alleluia!
Enters now the highest heav'n! Alleluia!
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits; alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Alleluia!
Christ hast vanquished death and sin; alleluia!
Take the King of glory in. Alleluia!
- 3 There we shall with thee remain, alleluia!
Partners of thine endless reign; alleluia!
There thy face unclouded see, alleluia!
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee. Alleulia!

Alleluia, sing to Jesus!

- 1 Alleluia, sing the Jesus!
His the sceptre, his the throne;
alleluia, his the triumph,
his the victory alone:
hark, the songs of peaceful Sion
thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
hath redeemed us by his blood.
- 2 Alleluia, not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now;
alleluia, he is near us,
faith believes, nor questions how:
though the cloud from sight received him,
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget his promised,
'I am with you evermore'?

- 3 Alleluia, bread of angels,
thou on earth our food, our stay;
alleluia, here the sinful
flee to thee from day to day:
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
where the songs of all the singles
sweep across the crystal sea.
- 4 Alleluia, King eternal,
thee the Lord of lords we own;
alleluia, born of May,
earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,
thou within the veil hast entered,
robed in flesh, our great High Priest:
thou on earth both Priest and Victim
in the eucharistic feast.

The head that once was crowned with thorns

- 1 The head that once was crowned with thorns
is crowned with glory now:
a royal diadem adorns
the might Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
is his, is his by right,
the King of kings, and Lord of lords,
and heaven's eternal Light;
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
the joy of all below,
to whom he manifests his love,
and grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
with all its grace, is given:
their name, an everlasting name,
their joy, the joy of heaven.

- 5 They suffer with their Lord below
they reign with him above;
their profit and their joy to know
the mystery of his love.
- 6 The cross he bore is life and health,
though shame and death to him;
his people's hope, his people's wealth,
their everlasting theme.

How shall I sing that majesty

- 1 How shall I sing that Majesty
which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
thy throne, O God most high;
ten thousand times ten thousand sound
thy praise; but who am I?
- 2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
whilst I thy footsteps trace;
a sound of God comes to my ears;
but they behold thy face:
they sing because thou art their sun:
Lord, send a beam on me;
for where heaven is but once begun,
there alleluias be.
- 3 How great a being Lord, is thine,
which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
to sound so vast a deep:
thou art a sea without a shore,
a sun without a sphere;
thy time is now and evermore,
thy place is everywhere.