

Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise

1 Hail the day that sees him rise, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 2 There for him high tri - umph waits, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 3 See! the heaven its Lord re - ceives, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 4 See! he lifts his hands a - bove! Al - - le - lu - ia!

to his throne a - bove 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!
 See, he shows the prints of love! 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 - tur - ning to his throne, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Hark! His gra - cious lips be - stow, Al - - le - lu - ia!

en - ters now the high - est heaven. Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Take the King of glo - ry in! Al - - le - lu - ia!
 still he calls us all his own. Al - - le - lu - ia!
 bles - sings on his church be - low. Al - - le - lu - ia!

Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
 Tune: Robert Williams (1781-1821);
 arr. John Roberts (1822-1877)



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