

Our King Thus Lifted Heavenward

Verse

On Calvary the wailing throng
Await with bated breath;
Nailed to the scorching cruciform
Was Christ in fitful death.
How sorrowful his wounded head
Hung thorn-crowned to the tree;
A stream of bloodied crimson,
Blest Saviour died for thee!

Verse

Entombed within the sepulchre
For sinners thou wast slain;
His precious bleeding body
Cleansed vile souls from stain.
Arisen from thine gravestone,
Ye followers prostrate;
Alleluia! consubstantial!
Thy Trinity conflate.

Verse

Lo! glorious Ascension
Unto the throne of Grace;
From Olivet exalted,
Yonder celestial place.
Where angels in bright raiment
Hymned strains with sweetly praise,
The seraphims conjubilant;
Laud with thy voices raise!

Verse

Our King thus lifted heavenward
Through incandescent skies;
And in our blest redemption
To Zion thither rise!
But o! what ceaseless mercies
With glory to impart;
Through pure and efficacious grace,
Dear Lord, how great thou art!