

HYMNS

Up through Endless Ranks of Angels

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1 Up through end - less ranks of an - gels, Cries of tri - umph
2 Death - de - stroy - ing, life - re - stor - ing, Prov - en e - qual
3 To our lives of wan - ton wan - d'ring Send Your Spir - it,
△ 4 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Oh, to breathe the



in His ears, To His heav'n - ly throne as - cend - ing,
to our need, Now for us be - fore the Fa - ther
prom - ised guide; Through our lives of fear and fail - ure
Spir - it's grace! Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!



Hav - ing van - quished all their fears, Christ looks down up -
As our broth - er in - ter - cede; Flesh that for our
With Your pow'r and love a - bide; Wel - come us, as
Oh, to see the Fa - ther's face! Al - le - lu - ia,



on His faith - ful, Leav - ing them in hap - py tears.
world was wound - ed, Liv - ing, for the wound - ed plead!
You were wel - comed, To an end - less Eas - ter - tide.
al - le - lu - ia! Oh, to feel the Son's em - brace!

Text: Jaroslav J. Vajda, 1919–2008

Tune: Henry V. Gerike, b. 1948

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See, the Lord Ascends in Triumph

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1 See, the Lord as - cends in tri - umph; Con - qu'ring King in
 2 Who is this that comes in glo - ry With the trump of
 3 While He lifts His hands in bless - ing, He is part - ed
 4 Now our heav'n - ly Aar - on en - ters With His blood with -
 5 He has raised our hu - man na - ture On the clouds to



roy - al state, Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His
 ju - bi - lee? Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has
 from His friends; While their ea - ger eyes be - hold Him, He up -
 in the veil; Josh - ua now is come to Ca - naan, And the
 God's right hand; There we sit in heav'n - ly plac - es, There with



heav'n - ly pal - ace gate. Hark! The choirs of an - gel voic - es
 gained the vic - to - ry. He who on the cross did suf - fer,
 on the clouds as - cends. He who walked with God and pleased Him,
 kings be - fore Him quail. Now He plants the tribes of Is - rael
 Him in glo - ry stand. Je - sus reigns, a - dored by an - gels;



Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing, And the por - tals
 He who from the grave a - rose, He has van - quished
 Preach - ing truth and doom to come, He, our E - noch,
 In their prom - ised rest - ing place; Now our great E -
 Man with God is on the throne. By our might - y



high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'n - ly King.
 sin and Sa - tan; He by death has crushed His foes.
 is trans - lat - ed To His ev - er - last - ing home.
 li - jah of - fers Dou - ble por - tion of His grace.
 Lord's as - cen - sion We by faith be - hold our own.

*Text: Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85, abr., alt.
 Tune: Henry T. Smart, 1813–79
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Christ High-Ascended,
Now in Glory Seated

840



1 Christ high-as-cend-ed, now in glo-ry seat-ed, Throned and ex-
2 Christ from the Fa-ther ev-'ry pow'r pos-sess-ing, Who on His
3 Christ, who in dy-ing won for us sal-va-tion, Lives now the
4 Christ in His splen-dor, all do-min-ion gain-ing, Christ with His
5 As at His part-ing, joy shall ban-ish griev-ing, Faith in His



alt-ed, vic-to-ry com-plet-ed, Death's dread do-min-ion
cho-sen lift-ed hands in bless-ing, Sends forth His ser-vants,
first-born of the new cre-a-tion; To win dis-ci-ples
peo-ple ev-er-more re-main-ing, Christ to all a-ges
pres-ence strength-en our be-liev-ing; Filled with His Spir-it,



fi-nal-ly de-feat-ed, We are His wit-ness-es.
still in faith con-fess-ing, We are His wit-ness-es.
out of ev-'ry na-tion, We are His wit-ness-es.
glo-ri-ous-ly reign-ing, We are His wit-ness-es.
love and pow'r re-ceiv-ing, We are His wit-ness-es.

Text: Timothy Dudley-Smith, b. 1926

Tune: Antiphoner, Poitiers, 1746

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The Head That Once Was Crowned with Thorns

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1 The Head that once was crowned with thorns Is
 2 The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is
 3 The Joy of all who dwell a - bove, The
 4 To them the cross, with all its shame, With



crowned with glo - ry now; A roy - al di - a -
 His, is His by right, The King of kings and
 Joy of all be - low, To whom He man - i -
 all its grace, is giv'n; Their name an ev - er -



dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.
 Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal Light;
 fests His love And grants His name to know.
 last - ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n.

- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with Him above,
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The myst'ry 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.

*Text: Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855
 Tune: Jeremiah Clarke, c. 1674–1707
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On Christ's Ascension I Now Build

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1 On Christ's as - cen - sion I now build The hope of my as -
 2 Since Christ re - turned to claim His throne, Great gifts for me ob -
 3 O grant, dear Lord, this grace to me, Re - call - ing Your as -



cen - sion; This hope a - lone has al - ways stilled All doubt and
 tain - ing, My heart will rest in Him a - lone, No oth - er
 cen - sion, That I may serve You faith - ful - ly In thanks for



ap - pre - hen - sion; For where the Head is, there as well I
 rest re - main - ing; For where my trea - sure went be - fore, There
 my re - demp - tion; And then, when all my days will cease, Let



know His mem - bers are to dwell When Christ will come and call them.
 all my thoughts will ev - er soar To still their deep - est yearn - ing.
 me de - part in joy and peace In an - swer to my plead - ing.

Text: Josua Wegelin, 1604–40;

tr. William M. Czamanske, 1873–1964, alt.

Tune: Etlich Cristlich lider, Wittenberg, 1524

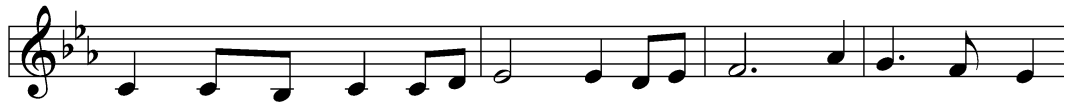
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Christ Is the World's Redeemer

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1 Christ is the world's Re - deem - er, The lov - er of the pure,
 2 Christ has our host sur - round - ed With clouds of mar - tyrs bright,
 3 Down through the realm of dark - ness He strode in vic - to - ry,
 △ 4 Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther, The un - be - got - ten One,



The font of heav'n-ly wis - dom, Our trust and hope se - cure,
 Who wave their palms in tri - umph And fire us for the fight.
 And at the hour ap - point - ed He rose tri - um - phant-ly.
 All hon - or be to Je - sus, His sole - be - got - ten Son,



The ar - mor of His sol - diers, The Lord of earth and sky,
 Then Christ the cross as - cend - ed To save a world un - done
 And now, to heav'n as - cend - ed, He sits up - on the throne
 And to the Ho - ly Spir - it— The per - fect Trin - i - ty.



Our health while we are liv - ing, Our life when we shall die.
 And, suf - f'ring for the sin - ful, Our full re - demp - tion won.
 Whence He had ne'er de - part - ed, His Fa - ther's and His own.
 Let all the worlds give an - swer: A - men! So let it be.

*Text: attr. Columba, 521–97;
 tr. Duncan MacGregor, 1854–1923, alt.
 Tune: Irish
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