

Hymns for Ascension Day

Introit:

Hail the day that sees him rise,
To his throne above the skies;
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!

There for him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
He hath conquered death and sin;
Take the King of Glory in! Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own. Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!

See! he lifts his hands above;
See! he shows the prints of love;
Hark! his gracious lips bestow,
Blessings on his church below. Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!

Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing Death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee above the skies. Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!

Charles Wesley 1707 - 88
Thomas Cotterill 1779 - 1823
and compilers

Gradual:

**Eternal Monarch, King most high,
Whose blood hath brought redemption nigh,
By whom the death of Death was wrought
And conquering grace's battle fought:**

**Ascending to the throne of might,
And seated at the Father's right,
All power in heaven is Jesu's own,
That here his manhood had not known.**

**Yea, angels tremble when they see
How changed is our humanity;
For flesh hath purged what flesh had stained,
And God, the flesh of God, hath reigned.**

**Be thou our joy and strong defence,
Who art our future recompense:
So shall the light that springs from thee
Be ours through all eternity.**

**O risen Christ, ascended Lord,
All praise to thee let earth accord,
Who are, while endless ages run,
With Father and with Spirit One.**

Offertory:

**The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.**

**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;**

**The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.**

**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.**

**They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.**

**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.**

Post-communion:

**Thy kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with thy iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.**

**Where is thy reign of peace
And purity and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?**

**When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime,
Shall flee thy face before?**

**We pray thee Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.**

**O'er lands both near and far
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.**

Hymns for Sunday 29 May 2022

Introit:

Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown him the Virgin's Son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the stem;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

**Crown him the Lord of years
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime,
Glassed in a sea of light
Where everlasting waves
Reflect his throne – the Infinite!
Who lives – and loves – and saves.**

Matthew Bridges 1800 - 94

Gradual:

**Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove:
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.**

**Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.**

**Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.**

**God, through himself, we then shall know
If thou within us shine,
And sound with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.**

Charles Wesley 1707 - 88

Offertory:

Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Post-communion:

**Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.**

**Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.**

**When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.**

Welsh, William Williams 1717 - 91
Tr. Peter Williams 1727 - 96