

# MIDDLETON 8 lines 7s

1. Hail the day that saw him rise Rav-ish'd from our wish-ful eyes; Christ a-while to mor-tals giv'n, Re - as - cends his na-tive heav'n,

2. Him though high-est heav'n re - ceives, Still he loves the earth he leaves; Tho' re-tur-ning to his throne, Still he calls man-kind his own;

3. Mas - ter, (may we ev - er say,) Ta - ken from our Head to - day, See, thy faith-ful servants, see, Ev - er ga-zing up to thee;

4. Ev - er up-ward let us move, Waft - ed on the wings of love, Looking when our Lord shall come, Long - ing for our bless-ed home.

**CRES** There the pompous triumph waits; Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Wide un-fold the ra - diant scene, Take the King of glo - ry in.

Still for us he in - ter - cedes; Prev - a - lent his death he pleads; Next him-self pre-pares our place, har - bin - ger of hu-man race.

Grant, tho' part-ed from our sight, High a - bove yon a - zure height, Grant our hearts may thith - er rise, Fol - l'wing thee be - yond the skies.

**FOR** There we shall with thee re-main, Part-ners of thine end - less reign, There thy face un-cloud - ed see, Find our heav'n a heav'n in thee.