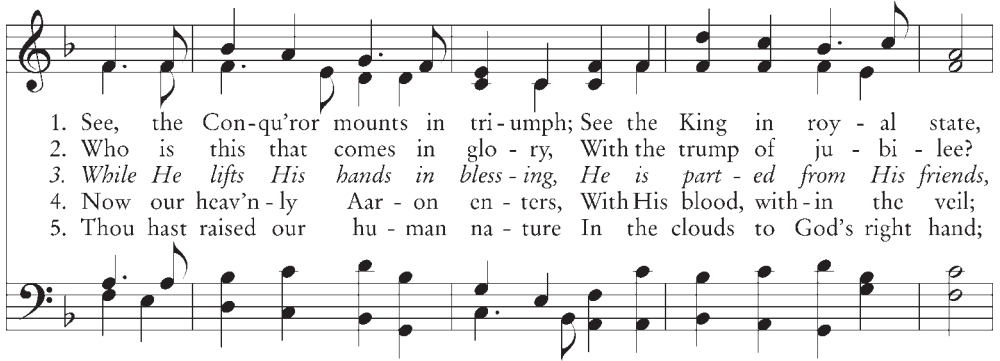


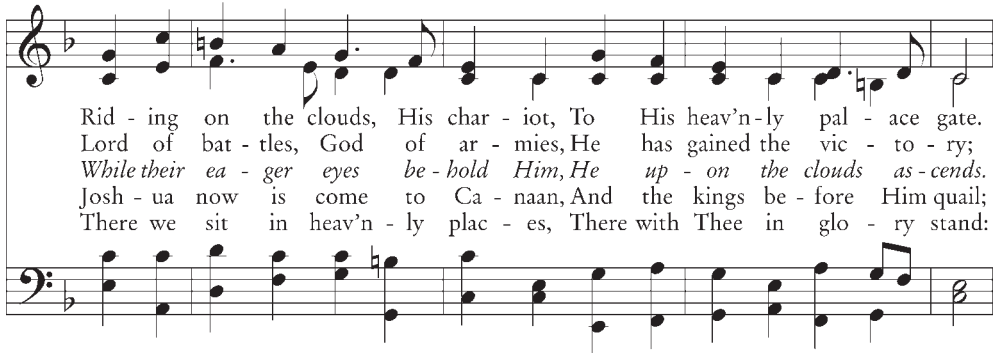
See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph

RUSTINGTON (8 7. 8 7. D.)
C. Hubert Parry, 1897

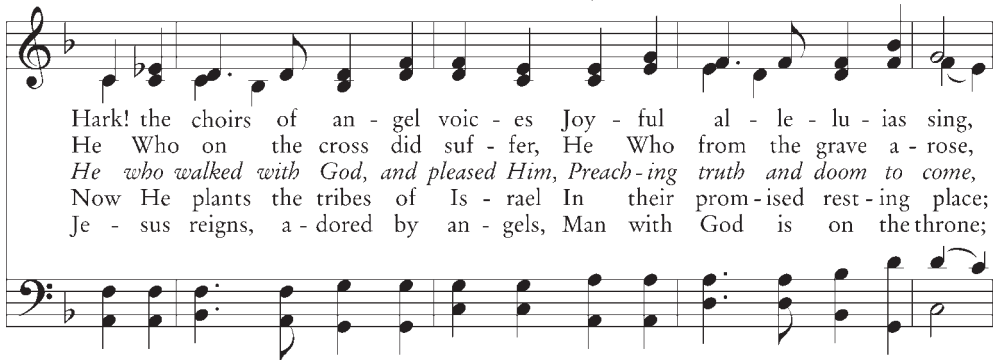
Christopher Wordsworth, 1862



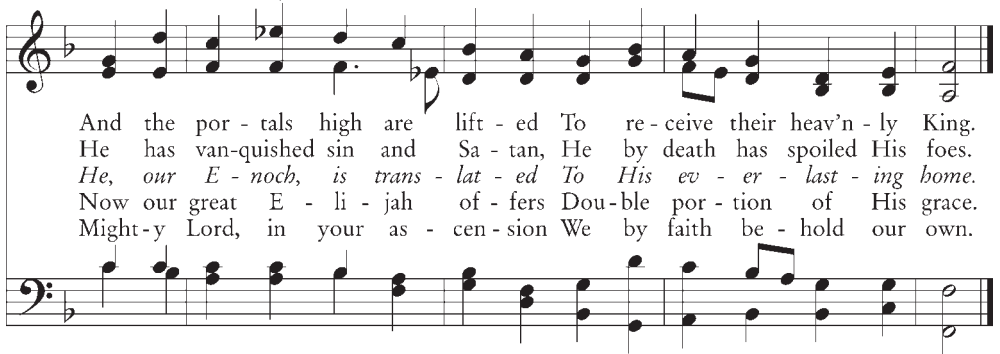
1. See, the Con-qu'ror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy - al state,
2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of ju - bi - lee?
3. *While He lifts His hands in bless - ing, He is part - ed from His friends,*
4. Now our heav'n - ly Aar - on en - ters, With His blood, with - in the veil;
5. Thou hast raised our hu - man na - ture In the clouds to God's right hand;



Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heav'n - ly pal - ace gate.
Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has gained the vic - to - ry;
While their ea - ger eyes be - hold Him, He up - on the clouds as - cends.
Josh - ua now is come to Ca - naan, And the kings be - fore Him quail;
There we sit in heav'n - ly plac - es, There with Thee in glo - ry stand:



Hark! the choirs of an - gel voic - es Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,
He Who on the cross did suf - fer, He Who from the grave a - rose,
He who walked with God, and pleased Him, Preach - ing truth and doom to come,
Now He plants the tribes of Is - rael In their prom - ised rest - ing place;
Je - sus reigns, a - dored by an - gels, Man with God is on the throne;

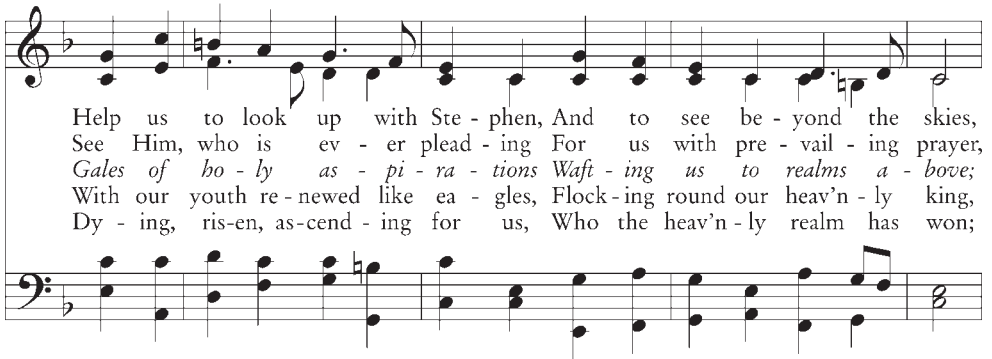


And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'n - ly King.
He has van - quished sin and Sa - tan, He by death has spoiled His foes.
He, our E - noch, is trans - lat - ed To His ev - er - last - ing home.
Now our great E - li - jah of - fers Dou - ble por - tion of His grace.
Might - y Lord, in your as - cen - sion We by faith be - hold our own.

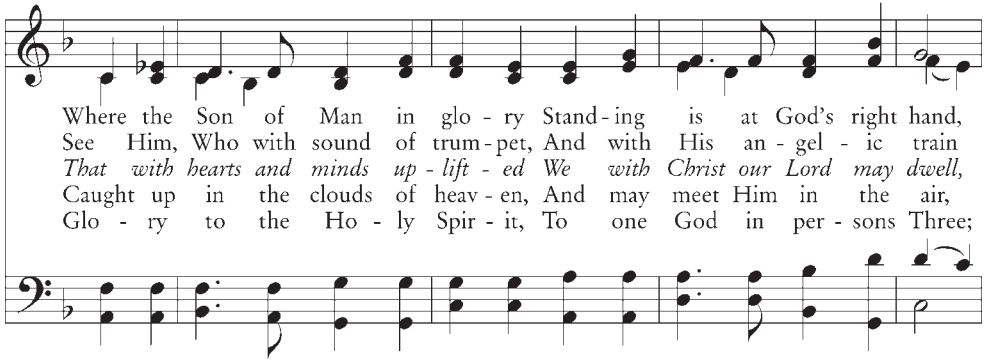
See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph



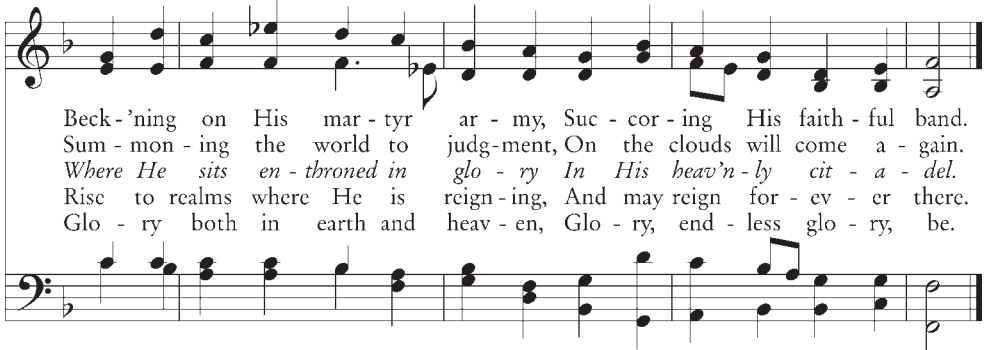
6. Ho - ly Ghost, Il - lu - mi - na - tor, Shed Thy beams up - on our eyes,
 7. See Him, Who is gone be - fore us, Heav'n-ly man - sions to pre - pare,
 8. *Lifts us up from earth to heav - en; Give us wings of faith - ful love,*
 9. So at last, when He ap - pear - eth, We from out our graves may spring,
 10. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,



Help us to look up with Ste - phen, And to see be - yond the skies,
 See Him, who is ev - er plead - ing For us with pre - vail - ing prayer,
Gales of ho - ly as - pi - ra - tions Waft - ing us to realms a - bove;
 With our youth re - newed like ea - gles, Flock - ing round our heav'n - ly king,
 Dy - ing, ris - en, as - cend - ing for us, Who the heav'n - ly realm has won;



Where the Son of Man in glo - ry Stand - ing is at God's right hand,
 See Him, Who with sound of trum - pet, And with His an - gel - ic train
That with hearts and minds up - lift - ed We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
 Caught up in the clouds of heav - en, And may meet Him in the air,
 Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it, To one God in per - sons Three;



Beck - 'ning on His mar - tyr ar - my, Suc - cor - ing His faith - ful band.
 Sum - mon - ing the world to judg - ment, On the clouds will come a - gain.
Where He sits en - throned in glo - ry In His heav'n - ly cit - a - del.
 Rise to realms where He is reign - ing, And may reign for - ev - er there.
 Glo - ry both in earth and heav - en, Glo - ry, end - less glo - ry, be.