

O Savior, Who for Man Hast Trod

Charles Coffin, 1736.

J. Bishop(1665-1737)

O Savior, who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

The angel host enraptured waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God-and-Man! the Father's throne
Is now forevermore Thine own.

Our great High Priest and Shepherd Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer here Thy precious blood
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care,
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee forevermore to reign.

All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.