

The Savior, when to heaven he rose

1. The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
2. Hence sprang the Apostle's honoured name.
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic sage,
And hence the evangelic page.
3. In lower forms, to bless our eyes.
Pastors from hence and teachers rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine.
Still mark a long extended line.
4. From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand.
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
5. So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
6. Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise.
Through the long round of endless days.