

Lo, God to Heav'n Ascendeth

Gottfried Sacer, 1661.

German, 1598.

Lo, God to Heav'n ascendeth! Throughout its regions vast
With shouts triumphant blendeth the trumpet's thrilling blast:
Sing praise to Christ the Lord; sing praise with exultation,
King of each heathen nation, the God of hosts adored!

With joy is Heav'n resounding Christ's glad return to see;
Behold the saints surrounding the Lord who set them free.
Bright myriads, thronging, come; the cherub band rejoices,
And loud seraphic voices all welcome Jesus home.

From cross to throne ascending, we follow Christ on high
And know the pathway wending to mansions in the sky.
Our Lord is gone before; yet here He will not leave us,
And soon in Heav'n receive us and open wide the door.

Our place He is preparing; to Heav'n we, too, shall rise,
With Him His glory sharing, be where our treasure lies.
Bestir thyself, my soul! Where Jesus Christ has entered,
There let Thy hope be centered; press onward toward the goal.

Let all our thoughts be winging to where Thou didst ascend,
And let our hearts be singing: "We seek Thee, Christ, our friend,
Thee, God's exalted Son, our life, and way to Heaven,
To whom all power is given, our joy and hope and crown."