

O Christ, Our Joy, Gone Up on High
13th Century Latin.
John Stainer, 1875.

O Christ, our joy, gone up on high
To fill Thy throne above the sky,
How glorious dost Thou shine!
Thy sovereign rule the worlds obey,
And earthly joys all fade away
In that pure light of Thine.

To Thee in prayer Thy people bow;
O may our sins Thy pardon know,
The cleansing of Thy grace;
Then lift our hearts to Thee above,
On wings of faithfulness and love,
To seek Thy holy place.

So, when the sudden call shall sound,
And with Thy robe of clouds around
Thou, Christ, shalt come once more,
Thyself our judge may'st turn away
The penalty our sins should pay
And our lost crowns restore.

Ascended up from mortal sight,
Jesu, we praise Thee in the height,
Our joy, our great reward;
Whom with the Father we confess
And with the Holy Spirit bless,
One ever glorious Lord.