

218--See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph
by Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-1885

1. See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph;
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
To His heavenly palace gate!
Hark, the choirs of angel voices
Joyful alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2. Who is this that comes in glory
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,--
He hath gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He hath vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death hath spoiled His foes.

3. While He lifts His hands in blessing,
He is parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends.
He who walked with God and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

4. Now our heavenly Aaron enters
With His blood within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail.
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5. Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne.
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

6. Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm hath won.
Glory to the Holy Spirit!
To One God in Persons Three
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory, be.

Text: Ps. 68:18

Author: Christopher Wordsworth, 1862, cento

Composer: Henry Smart, 1868

Tune: "Rex Gloriae"