


God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Psalm 47:5


AUS MEINES HERZENS GRÜNDE 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 7. 6.

Gottfried W. Sacer, 1661, cento
Tr. by Frances E. Cox, 1841, alt.



Neu Catechismus-Gesangbüchlein,
Hamburg, 1598





1. Lo, God to heav'n as - cend-eth! Through-out its re - gions vast
2. With joy is heav'n re - sound-ing Christ's glad re - turn to see;
3. Our place he is pre - par - ing; To heav'n we, too, shall rise,
4. Let all our thoughts be wing-ing To where thou didst as - cend,




With shouts tri - um - phant blend-eth The trum-pet's thrill-ing blast:
Be - hold the saints sur - round-ing The Lord who set them free.
With him his glo - ry shar - ing, Be where our Treas-ure lies.
And let our hearts be sing - ing: "We seek thee, Christ, our Friend,

Sing praise to Christ the Lord; Sing praise with ex - ul - ta - tion,
Bright myr-iads, throng-ing, come; The cher - ub band re - joic - es,
Be - stir thy-self, my soul! Where Je - sus Christ has en - tered,
Thee, God's ex - alt - ed Son, Our Life, and Way to heav - en,

King of each hea-then na - tion, The God of hosts a - dored!
And loud se-raph-ic voic-es All wel-come Je - sus home.
There let thy hope be cen-tered; Press on-ward toward the goal.
To whom all pow-er is giv'n, Our Joy and Hope and Crown." A - MEN.

