

The Ascension Day.

OLD TWENTY-FIFTH.

S.M.D.

DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.

I Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies;

And round Thy throne un-ceas-ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise:

But we are lin-gering here, With sin and care op-pressed;

Lord, send Thy promised Comfor-ter, And lead us to Thy rest. A-men.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter agony,
 To pass unto Thy crown;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead on at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
 Lord, by Thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,
 At Thy right hand on high.

Amen.

EMMA L. TOKE, 1851.