

Incarnate Son from Heaven
(A hymn for Ascension Sunday)
7.6.7.6.D
by Constance M. Cherry
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Incarnate Son from heaven
at once both God and man,
Creator and a creature
whom heav'n and earth now span,
O firstborn of creation
our likeness you took on,
transform instead our nature,
take us where you have gone.

Remarkable! Astounding—
that you would condescend
from your immortal dwelling
creation's tear to mend;
not for a brief time only
your body to assume,
not only crucifixion,
not only for the tomb;

But that your body also,
ascending through the clouds,
returned while hosts of angels
announced your welcome loud,
still in the flesh residing
as God-man finally home,
and where all faith-filled foll'wers
are likewise bid to come.

Ascended Lord, now seated
at God the Father's side,
perfect our humble worship
until we, as your Bride,
are gathered in God's presence
your kingdom having come,
and all creation serves you
and earth and heav'n are one.

Suggested Tunes:

AURELIA

ST. THEODULPH

MERLE'S TUNE

BLOW THE CANDLES OUT