

Harps Are Playing

An Ascension Hymn

Golden harps are playing
with the angels' choir,
pearly gates are waiting
for our risen King.
Jesus, King all glorious,
full of majesty,
He is now victorious,
crowned with dignity.

Jesus bought us free,
far away from home,
died for you and me,
He's upon His Throne.
He is there preparing,
at His Father's side,
His home we'll be sharing,
where we will reside.

Watching o'er His children
in that glorious place,
calling us to glory
in eternal space.
Lovingly arranging,
in that heav'nly site,
room where He'll be caring
for His future bride.

Refrain:

No grave ever could hold,
Christ, our Risen Lord.
Hail the King, oh Christian,
with a mighty chord.

Inspired by a Dutch hymn: Author not known.
English paraphrase: Adrian Vermeulen-Miller