## Head of Thy Church triumphant









Head of Thy Church triumphant, We joyfully adore Thee; Till Thou appear, Thy members here Shall sing like those in glory. We lift our hearts and voices With blest anticipation, And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our salvation.

The name we still acknowledge That burst our bonds in sunder, And loudly sing - Our conquering King, In songs of joy and wonder. In every day's deliverance Our Jesus we discover; 'Tis he! 'tis he! That smote the sea, And led us safely over. While in affliction's furnace, And passing through the fire, Thy love we praise, which knows our days, And ever brings us nigher. We clap our hands exulting In Thine almighty favor; The love divine which made us Thine Shall keep us Thine for ever.

By faith we see the glory To which Thou shalt restore us, The cross despise for that high prize Which Thou hast set before us. And if Thou count us worthy, We each, as dying Stephen, Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to Heaven.

Charles Wesley