

ASCEND, BELOVED.

Ascend, beloved, to the joy,
The festal day has come;
Tonight the Lamb doth feast his own,
Tonight he with his bride sits down,
Tonight puts on the spousal crown,
In the great upper room.

Ascend, beloved, to the love,
This is the day of days;
Tonight the bridal song is sung,
Tonight ten thousand harps are strung,
In sympathy with heart and tongue,
Unto the Lamb's high praise.

The festal lamps are lighting now,
In the great marriage hall;
By angel hands the board is spread,
By angel hands the sacred bread
Is on the golden table laid;
The King his own doth call.

Long, long deferred, now come at last,
The Lamb's glad wedding day;
The guests are gathering at the feasts,
The seats in heavenly order placed,
The royal throne above the rest –
How bright the new array.

Sorrow and sighing are no more;
The weeping hours are past,
Tonight the waiting will be done,
Tonight the wedding robe is on;
The glory and the joy begin,
The crown has come at last.

Without, within, is light, is light;
Around, above, is love, is love;
We enter to go out no more;
We raise the song unsung before,
We doff the sackcloth that we wore,
For all is joy and love.

Ascend, beloved, to the life,
Our days of death are o'er;
Mortality has done its worst,
The fetters of the tomb are burst,
The last has now become the first,
Forever, evermore.

Ascend, beloved, to the feasts,
Make haste, the day has come;
Thrice blest are they the Lamb doth call
To share the heavenly festivals
In the new Salem's palace hall,
Our everlasting home.

[Selected for "Watch Tower"]
