1. As Jacob with travel was weary one day, At night on a stone for a pillow he lay, He saw in a vision a ladder so high, That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky. Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree, And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for me, And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for me.
2. This ladder is long, it is strong and well made,  
   Has stood hundreds of years and is not yet decayed;  
   Many millions have climbed it and reached Sion's hill,  
   And thousands by faith are climbing it still:  
   *Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree,*  
   *And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for me.*

3. Come let us ascend: all may climb it who will;  
   For the Angels of Jacob are guarding it still:  
   And remember each step, that by faith we pass o'er,  
   Some prophet or martyr hath trod it before:  
   *Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree,*  
   *And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for me.*

4. And when we arrive at the haven of rest  
   We shall hear the glad words "Come up hither, ye blest  
   Here are regions of light, here are mansions of bliss;"  
   O who would not climb such a ladder as this?  
   *Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree,*  
   *And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for me.*