HOSANNA TO THE PRINCE OF LIGHT!



See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft, and to his Father flies!
 With scars of honour in his flesh, and triumph in his eyes.
 There our exalted Saviour reigns, and scatters blessings down from the right hand of Majesty, on the celestial throne.

3. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues, to reach this blessed abode; sweet be the accents of your songs to our incarnate God.
Bright angels, strike your loudest strings, your sweetest voices raise!
Let heaven, and all created things, sound our Immanuel's praise!

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