

F Major. Isaac Watts, 1709.

Benham.

1. Ho - san - nah to more the Prince of of Light, That cloth'd him - self in clay; En - ter'd the  
 2. Death is no more the the king of dread, Since our Im - ma - nuel rose: He took the

3. See how the con - q'ror mounts a - loft, And scat - to his fa - ther flies; With scars  
 4. There our e - xal - ted Sa - viour reigns And scat - ters bles - sings down; Our Je - sus

5. Bright an - gels strike your lou - dest strings, Your swee - test voi - ces raise; Let heav'n and

i - ron gates of death, And tore the bars a - way, And tore the bars a - way.  
 ty - rant's sting a - way, And spoil'd our hel - lish foes, And spoil'd the our hel - lish foes.

of fills ho - nour in his flesh, And tri - umph in his eyes, And tri - umph in his  
 the mid - dle seat Of the ce - les - tial throne, Of the ce - les - tial throne.

all cre - a - ted things Sound our Im - ma - nuel's praise, Sound our Im - ma - nuel's praise.