

# Immanuel

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Treble

1. Ho - san - na to the Prince of Light, That clothed Him - self in clay,

Counter

2. See how the Con-queror mounts a - loft, And to His Fath-er flies;

Tenor

3. Raise your de - vo - tion, mor - tal tongues, To reach His blest a - bode;

Bass

Tr.

En - tered the ir - on gates of death, and tore \_\_\_\_\_ the bars a - way. Death is no

C.

With scars of hon - or in His flesh, And tri - umph in His eyes. There our ex --

T.

8 Sweet be the ac - cents of your songs To our \_\_\_\_\_ in - car - nate God. Bright an - gels,

B.

Tr.

more the king of dread, Since our Im - man - uel rose; He took the ty - rant's sting a -

C.

- alt - ed Savior reigns, And scat - ters bles - sings down; Our Je - sus fills the mid - dle

T.

8 strike your lou - dest strings, Your sweet - est voi - ces raise; Let heav'n and all cre - a - ted

B.

Tr.

way, And spoiled \_\_\_\_\_ our hell - ish foes, And spoiled \_\_\_\_\_ our hell - ish foes.

C.

seat Of the ce - les - tial throne, Of the ce - les - tial throne.

T.

8 things Sound our \_\_\_\_\_ Im - man - uel's praise, Sound our \_\_\_\_\_ Im - man - uel's praise.

B.