

Victory

Transcribed from *The Easy Instructor*, 1803.

1. Ho-san-na to the Prince of light, Who clothed himself ___ in clay, Entered the ir-on gates of death, And tore the bars away, And tore ___ the bars a - way.
2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Immanuel rose; He took the tyrant's sting away, And spoiled our hellish foes, And spoiled our hellish foes.

3. See how the Con - queror mounts aloft, And to his Fa - ther flies, With scars of ho-nor in his flesh, And triumph in his eyes, And tri - umph in his eyes.
4. There our ex-al - ted Savior reigns, And scat-ters blessings down; Our Jesus fills the middle seat Of the ce-les-tial throne, of the ce-les-tial throne.

5. Raise your de - vo - tion, mortal tongues, To reach his blest abode; Sweet be the accents of your songs To our incarnate God, To our ___ in-car-nate God,
6. Bright angels, strike your loudest strings, Your sweetest voi - ces raise; Let heav'n and all created things Sound our Immanuel's praise, Sound our Immanuel's praise.