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- 2.Tis the Savior, angels, raise Fame's eternal trump of praise, Let the world's remotest bound Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3. Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song Let the strains be sweet and strong; Shout the Son of God, this morn From his sepulchre new born.
- 4. Hail, victorious Jesus, hail! On thy cloud of glory sail In long triumph thro the sky Up to waiting worlds on high.

- 5. Heaven displays her portals wide, Glorious hero, thro' them ride; King of glory, mount the throne, Thy great Father's, and thy own.
- 6. Powers of heaven, seraphic fires Sing and sweep your sounding lyres; Sons of men, in humble strain, Sing your mighty Savior's reign.
- 7. Every note with wonder swell; Sin o'erthrown and captived hell! Where is hell's once dreaded king? Where, O death, thy mortal sting?