

## **Ruler of the hosts of light**

Ruler of the hosts of light,  
Death hath yielded to Thy might;  
And Thy blood hath marked a road  
Which will lead us back to God.

From Thy dwelling place above,  
From Thy Father's throne of love,  
With Thy look of mercy bless  
Those without Thee comfortless.

Bitter were Thy throes on earth,  
Giving to the Church her birth  
From the spear wound opening wide  
In Thine own life giving side.

Now in glory Thou dost reign  
Won by all Thy toil and pain;  
Thence the promised Spirit send  
While our prayers to Thee ascend.

Jesu, praise to Thee be giv'n  
With the Father high in Heav'n;  
Holy Spirit, praise to Thee,  
Now and through eternity.