

## Hosannah to the Prince of Light

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9

Music: Henry Cutler, 1872.

Hosannah to the Prince of light,  
That clothed Himself in clay,  
Entered the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.  
Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoiled our hellish foes.

See how the conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to His Father flies,  
With scars of honor in His flesh  
And triumph in His eyes.  
There our exalted Savior reigns,  
And scatters blessings down;  
Our Jesus fills the middle seat  
Of the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach His blest abode;  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate God.  
Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise;  
Let Heav'n and all created things  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.