

O PRAISE the risen Prince of Light,
Who, clothed in human clay,
Entered into the gates of death,
And tore those bars away!

- 2 Death is no more the king of fear
Since our Emmanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And banished all its woes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies,
With scars of honour in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And pours His blessings down;
His triumph well rewards His pains,
And bids Him wear the crown.
- 5 Angels and saints in wonder join,
Their sweetest voices raise;
Let Heaven above and earth below
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748