

PRIMROSE C.M.

1. Ho - san - na to the Prince of light, That cloth'd him - self in clay; En - ter'd the i - ron gates of death, And tore the bars a - way.

2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Im - man - uel rose; He took the ty - rant's sting a - way, And spoil'd our hel - lish foes.

3. See, how the Con - qu'ror mounts a - loft, And to his Fa - ther flies, With scars of hon - or in his flesh, And tri - umph in his eyes.

4. There our ex - al - ted Sa - vior reigns, And scat - ters bless - ings down; Our Je - sus fills the mid - dle seat, Of the ce - les - tial throne.