

# ASCENSION

Hosanna to the prince of light

Isaac Watts, London: [1813]

Joseph Stephenson,  
arr. Thomas Jarman

1 Ho - san - na to the prince of light, ho - san - na to the  
 2 *Death is no more the king of dread, death is no more the*  
 3 See how the Conqu-'ror mounts a - loft, see how the Conqu-'ror  
 4 *There our ex - alt - ed Sa - viour reigns, there our ex - alt - ed*

1 Ho - san - na to the  
 2 *Death is no more the*  
 3 See how the Conqu-'ror  
 4 *There our ex - alt - ed*

1 Ho - san - na to the prince  
 2 *Death is no more the king*  
 3 See how the Conqu - 'ror mounts  
 4 *There our ex - alt - ed Sa -*

1 Ho - san - na to the prince of light, the  
 2 *Death is no more the king of dread, the*  
 3 See how the Conqu-'ror mounts a - loft, he  
 4 *There our ex - alt - ed Sa - viour reigns, our*

6 prince of light That cloth'd him - self in  
 7 *king of dread, Since our Im - ma - - - nuel*  
 8 mounts a - loft, And to his Fa - - - ther  
 9 *Sa - viour reigns, And scat - ters bless - - - ings*

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 7 *king of dread, Since our Im - ma - - - nuel*  
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11 12 13 14 15

clay, En - ter'd the i - ron gates of death  
 rose; He took the ty - rant's sting a - way,  
 flies, With scars of ho - nour in his flesh,  
 down: Our Je - sus fills the mid - dle seat

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 flies, With scars of ho - nour in his flesh, And  
 down: Our Je - sus fills the mid - dle seat Of

16 17 18 19

And tore the bars a - way, and tore the bars a -  
 And spoil'd our hel-lish foes, and spoil'd our hel-lish  
 And tri - umphin his eyes, and tri - umph in his  
 Of the ce - les-tial throne, of the ce - les-tial

And tore the bars a - way,  
 And spoil'd our hel-lish foes,  
 And tri - umphin his eyes,  
 Of the ce - les-tial throne,

And tore the bars a -  
 And spoil'd our hel-lish  
 And tri - umph in his  
 Of the ce - les-tial

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 the ce - les-tial throne,

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 an spoil'd our hel-lish  
 and tri - umph in his  
 of the ce - les-tial

34 35 36 37 38

-way, and tore the bars a - way.  
foes, and spoil'd our hel - lish foes.  
eyes, and tri - - - umph in his eyes.  
throne, of the - - - ce - les - tial throne.

and tore the bars a - way.  
and spoil'd our hel - lish foes.  
and tri - - - umph in his eyes,  
of the - - - ce - les - tial throne.

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*The Voice of Praise: a Collection of Hymns for the use of the Methodist Church #213* uses as verses 3 & 4 the following two verses, which reflect rather more their taste, rather than that of Isaac Watts:

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|--|---|
| <p>5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,<br/>To reach his blest abode;<br/>Sweet be the accents of your songs<br/>To our incarnate God.</p> | <p>6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,<br/>Your sweetest voices raise;<br/>Let heaven and all created things<br/>Sound our Immanuel's praise.</p> |
|--|---|

This tune (Temperley's HTI no. 2615) is taken from Thomas Jarman's publication *Sacred Music, consisting of a Third Set of Psalms, Hymns and Anthems*, [1813]. Temperley ascribes this tune to Joseph Stephenson in his *Church Harmony Sacred to Devotion* Ed. 3, London 1760. No such attribution to Stephenson is given by Jarman who states on the title page that the contents of the book 'are by Thomas Jarman'.

Emendations:

Bar 12, Bass: The printed minim A replaced by E.

Only the first verse of the text is given by Jarman, others added editorially.

The order of parts as given by Jarman is Tenor - Alto - Air - [Bass].

Note: Stephenson's original tune was for Ps. 8 NV, 'O thou to whom all creatures bow'