

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, deaths 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*

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

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

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

11 12 13 14 15

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

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

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16 17 18 19

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

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:

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

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'