

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,  
your sweetest note employ,  
the Paschal victory to hymn  
in strains of holy joy.

How Judah's Lion burst His chains,  
and crushed the serpent's head;  
and brought with Him, from death's domain,  
the long-imprisoned dead.

From hell's devouring jaws the prey  
alone our Leader bore  
His ransomed hosts pursue their way  
where He hath gone before.

Triumphant in His glory now  
His sceptre ruleth all:  
earth, heaven, and hell before Him bow  
and at His footstool fall.

While joyful thus His praise we sing,  
His mercy we implore,  
into His place bright to bring,  
and keep us evermore.

All glory to the Father be,  
all glory to the Son,  
all glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
while endless ages run.