Rise, Glorious Conqueror

DORT

1. Rise, glorious Con-qu'ror, rise; In-to Thy na-tive skies,-
   Assume Thy right; And where in man-y a fold
   back-ward rolled—Pass thru those gates of gold,
   sweeps his lyre, And waves his wings of fire,—Thou Lamb once slain!

2. Vic-tor o'er death and hell! Cher-u-bic le-gions swell
   Thy ra-diant train: Prais-es all heav'n in-spire; Each an-gel
   ports throw! Sav-ior tri-um-phant—go, And take Thy crown!
   own the spheres, For Thou hast bought with tears Thy her-i-tage!

3. En-ter, in-car-nate God!—No feet but Thine have trod
   The ser-pent down: Blow the full trum-pets, blow! Wid-er yon
   from age to age; Lord of the roll-ing years, Claim for Thine
   for Thou hast bought with tears Thy her-i-tage!

4. Li-on of Ju-dah—Hail! And let Thy name pre-vail
   From age to age; Lord of the roll-ing years, Claim for Thine
   from age to age; Lord of the roll-ing years, Claim for Thine
   from age to age; Lord of the roll-ing years, Claim for Thine

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