







O Lord most high, eternal King, By Thee redeemed Thy praise we sing; The bonds of death are burst by Thee, And grace has won the victory.

Ascending to the Father's throne Thou claim'st the kingdom as Thine own; Thy days of mortal weakness o'er All power is Thine forevermore. Be Thou our Joy, O mighty Lord, As Thou wilt be our great Reward; Let all our glory be in Thee Both now and through eternity.

All praise from every heart and tongue To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung; All praise to God the Father be And Holy Ghost eternally.

13th Century Latin