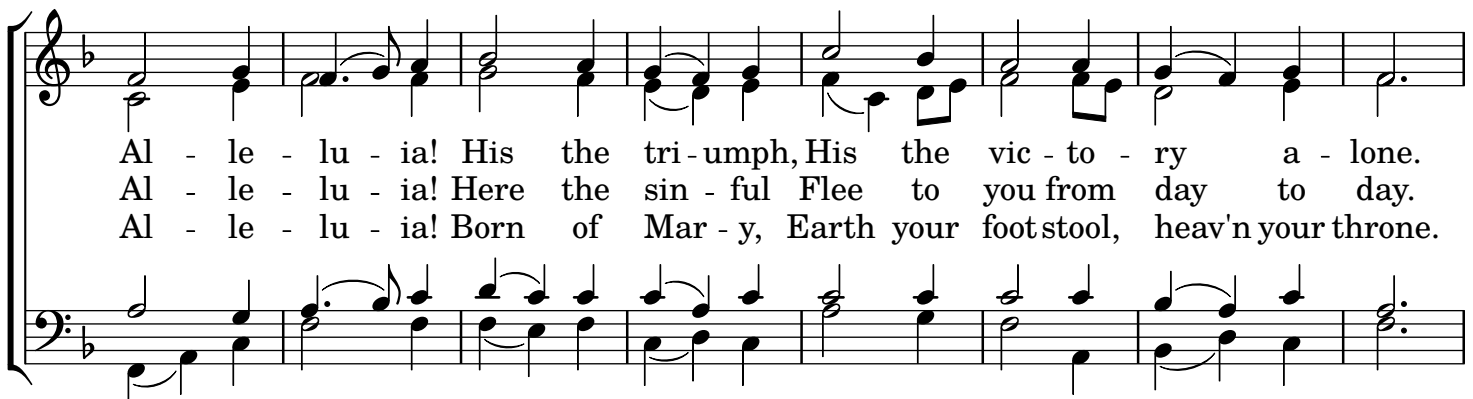
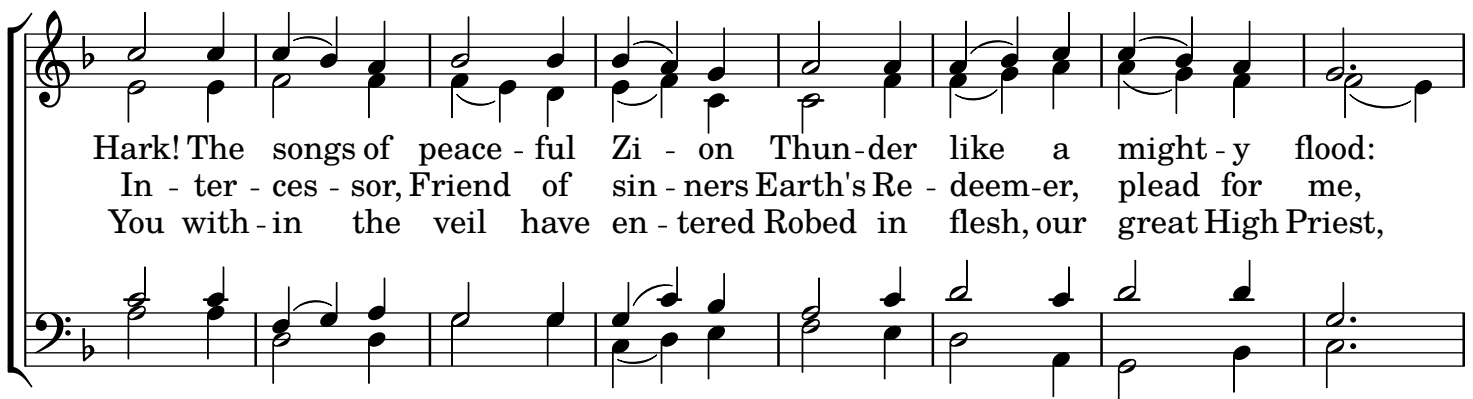


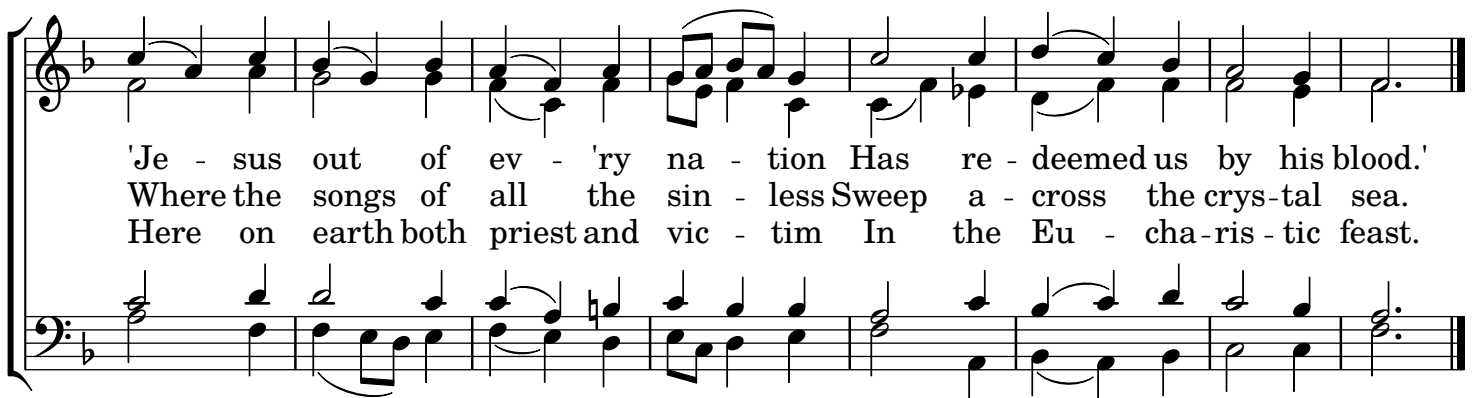
1. Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus His the scep-tre, his the throne;
2. Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of heav-en, Here on earth our food, our stay;
3. Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, You the Lord of lords we own:



Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri-umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone.
Al - le - lu - ia! Here the sin - ful Flee to you from day to day.
Al - le - lu - ia! Born of Mar - y, Earth your footstool, heav'n your throne.



Hark! The songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun-der like a might - y flood:
In - ter - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners Earth's Re - deem-er, plead for me,
You with-in the veil have en - tered Robed in flesh, our great High Priest,



'Je - sus out of ev - 'ry na - tion Has re - deemed us by his blood.'
Where the songs of all the sin - less Sweep a - cross the crys-tal sea.
Here on earth both priest and vic - tim In the Eu - cha-ris - tic feast.