

Angels, From the Realms of Glory (192~)

Vs 1 Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth.
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

Come and worship. Come and worship.
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Vs 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the Infant Light.

Come and worship. Come and worship.
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Vs 4 Saints before the alter bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.

Come and worship. Come and worship.
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Words - James Montgomery, 1816; Music Henry T Smart, 1867; Public Domain

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear 168~

Vs 1 It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold.
"Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heaven's all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

Vs 3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way with painful step and slow,
Look up! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing.

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Today's text is Hebrews 1