

Angel Hosts in Bright Array
Herbert Irons.

Angel hosts in bright array
Stars their night-watch keeping
Earthward wend their silent way,
While the world lies sleeping.
Through the wintry clouds they glide,
On through portal hoary,
Where, the ox and ass beside,
Lies the Babe of Glory.

Refrain

Ring the bells, and sound the horn!
Shout with exultation!
Christ the Lord today is born
For the world's salvation!

All unseen by mortal eye,
Reverent and lowly;
Prostrate there, they laud on high
Him, the Infant holy.
From their lips celestial rise
Sounds, with joy o'erflowing,
Strains upborne beyond the skies,
Hymns with rapture glowing.

Refrain

Raphel, archangel bright!
On thine errand wending,
Forth again into the night
Mount, the clouds ascending!
Take of that, thy glittering train,
Hosts of light, dear angel!
Then descend where Bethlehem's plain
Waits thy longed evangel!

Refrain

Hark the news the angel tells:
"Lo! An infant stranger,
God's dear Son among you dwells,
Born in Bethlehem's manger!"
Bursts a chorus from the sky,
Loud from Heaven's portal:
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace, goodwill to mortal!"

Refrain

Angel spirits earthward led,
With a hope endearing,
First to worship, first to spread
News of Christ's appearing!
Trace we out your footfalls light,
Praise we Christ in glory,
Then waft on the tidings bright
Of the Gospel's story!

Refrain