

Music of the Angels  
Fanny Crosby, 1811.  
John Sweney.

The evergreen branches are waving around us,  
And sweetly our carols in harmony ring,  
While here we are gathered to welcome with rapture  
The birth of our Savior, Redeemer, and king.

Refrain

Hark! the music of the angels  
Floating onward still we hear;  
Blessed music, sweetest chorus  
Ever sung to mortal ear.

How graciously favored the shepherds of Judah,  
Who guarded their flocks on that wonderful morn,  
When legions descended, proclaiming the tidings  
That Jesus, the promised Redeemer, was born.

Refrain

How humble His birthplace, how lowly His cradle,  
O tender compassion, O infinite love!  
The Son of the Highest our nature assuming  
That we might inherit the mansions above.

Refrain

The sweet chiming bells with our carols are blending,  
A glad, merry Christmas they joyfully ring.  
While here we are gathered to welcome with rapture  
The birth of our Savior, Redeemer, and king.

Refrain