

O Ye Immortal Throng
Philip Doddridge, 1737.
Charles Steggall, 1865.

O ye immortal throng of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song, to make the Savior known:
On earth ye knew His wondrous grace;
His glorious face in Heav'n ye view.

Ye saw the Heav'n-born child in human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild while in the manger laid:
And "Praise to God, and peace on earth,"
For such a birth, proclaimed aloud.

Around the bloody tree ye pressed with strong desire
That wondrous sight to see, the Lord of life expire:
And could your eyes have known a tear,
Had dropped it there in sad surprise.

Around His sacred tomb a willing watch ye keep
Till the blest moment come to rouse Him from His sleep:
Then rolled the stone, and all adored
Your rising Lord with joy unknown.

When, all arrayed in light, the shining conqueror rode,
Ye hailed His rapturous flight up to the throne of God,
And waved around your golden wings,
And struck your strings of sweetest sound.

The warbling notes pursue, and louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you their own Redeemer's praise:
And thou, my heart, with equal flame,
And joy the same, perform thy part.