

Sweetly Sang the Angels  
John Julian, 1873.  
William Crossley.

Sweetly sang the angels  
In the clear, calm night,  
On their white wings resting  
In the heavenly light;  
Sent by God the Father,  
Who our love has sought,  
Unto men and children  
Tidings glad they brought.

Refrain

Children, blend your voices,  
In sweet concord sing;  
Hail the Lord's anointed,  
Christ, the children's king.

To the gentle shepherds  
It was first revealed,  
Watching 'mid the darkness  
In the open field.  
That in David's city,  
On that holy morn,  
In a lowly stable  
Christ, our king, was born.

Refrain

Gladdened by the tidings,  
Hastily they sped  
To the crowded city  
And the manger bed;  
There they found the Savior  
With His mother mild;  
Him they loved and worshipped,  
Though a lowly child.

Refrain

In His simple childhood,  
And His sacred youth,  
All His ways were holy,  
All His ways were truth;  
For our sins He suffered,  
And, thro' grief untold,  
All His lambs He purchased  
For His sacred fold.

Refrain

Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Make us like to Thee;  
Loving, true, and tender,  
Thou wouldst have us be;  
Blessings rich and holy,  
On this festal day,  
Pour Thou out upon us,  
Lord we humbly pray.

