

Down Headlong from Their Native Skies

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-09.

Music: Anonymous, 1608.

Down headlong from their native skies,
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursued them deep to hell.

Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurled,
And Jesus stooped beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.

O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must Heavns eternal darling die,
To save a traitorous race?

Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes His shining throne
To raise us wretches higher?

O for this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.