

High on a Hill of Dazzling Light

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Music: John Calkin, 1872.

High on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads His seat,
And troops of angels stretched for flight,
Stand waiting round His awful feet.

Go, saith the Lord, My Gabriel, go,
Salute the virgins fruitful womb;
Make haste, ye cherubs down below,
Sing and proclaim the Savior come.

Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavnly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peters hands.

Thy wingd troops, O God of hosts!
Wait on Thy wandering church below:
Here we are sailing to Thy coasts;
Let angels be our convoy, too.

Are they not all Thy servants, Lord?
At Thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey Thy word,
And guard Thy children to their home.