Angels Adore Him
Words: Flora Kirkland, 1903.
Music: Isaac Meredith.

O'er the hills in far Judea,
Rang the first glad Christmas song;
'Twas a grand angelic chorus,
Shepherds saw the shining throng.
Glory streamed across the heavens,
Music echoed thro' the air;
Christ the Morning Star hath risen!
Tell the tidings everywhere.

Refrain

Angels adore Him,
Hark! We seem to hear
Echoes from Heaven,
Angel echoes clear.
Jesus the mighty
Came to earth to bring
Priceless redemption
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King!

Tell again the sweet old story,
Of the shepherds on the hill,
When the angels from the glory
Sang while all the world was still.
Tell again the story wondrous,
Of the Infant in the stall,
Of the guiding star above Him,
Shining o'er the Lord of all.

Refrain

Angels wondered at His coming,
To this scene of earthly night,
From the fadeless day in glory,
From His home so wondrous bright;
Angels looked in deep amazement,
At the manger of His birth,
Understanding not His purpose,
To redeem this sinful earth.

Refrain