

O COME ALL YE ANGELS

O come all ye angels and with us proclaim
Good tidings to Zion in God's holy name.
O sing of the birth of the Savior foretold,
Though born poor and lowly--your Lord now behold.

Ye heavenly hosts raise your song loud on high,
And princes from kingdoms far bring treasures nigh.
In Bethlehem's manger the child Jesus lies,
Come shepherds and worship 'till all darkness flies.

All races and kindred that on earth do dwell
Join now all your voices, the loud chorus swell.
Awake from your bondage of sin, shame and scorn,
O sing Alleluia, our Savior is born!

by Milton A. Lites