Hark, The Hosts Of Heaven Are Singing

OSWALD

1. Hark, the hosts of heav'n are singing Praises to their new-born Lord,
   Strains of sweet-est music flinging, Not a note or word unheard.
2. On this night, all nights excelling, God's high praises sounded forth,
   While the angels' songs were telling Of the Lord's mysterious birth.
3. Thru the darkness, strangely splendid, Flashed the light on shep-herds' eyes;
   As their low-ly flocks they tended, Came new tid-ings from the skies.
4. All the hosts of heav'n are chanting Songs with pow'r to stir and thrill,
   And the u-ni-verse is pant-ing Joy's deep long-ings to ful-fill.
5. On this day then thru cre-a-tion Let the glo-rious hymn ring out;
   Let men hail the great sal-va-tion, "God with us," with song and shout.

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