



- 2. Well may angels bright and glorious, sing the praises of the Lamb; while on earth, he proved victorious; now, he bears a matchless name: well may angels sing of him, heav'n supplies no richer theme.
- 3. Come, ye saints, unite your praises with the angels round his throne; soon we hope our Lord will raise us to the place where he is gone. Meet it is that we should sing, glory, glory to our King.
- 4. Sing how Jesus came from heaven, how he bore the cross below; how all power to him is given; how he reigns in glory now: 'tis a great and endless theme: O 'tis sweet to sing of him!

- 5. Jesus hail, whose glory brightens all above, and gives it worth. Lord of life, thy smile enlightens cheers and charms thy saints on earth: when we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love divine.
- 6. King of glory, reign for ever, thine an everlasting crown: nothing from thy love shall sever those whom thou hast made thine own; happy objects of thy grace, destined to behold thy face.
- 7. Saviour, hasten thine appearing; bring, O bring the glorious day, when the awful summons hearing, heav'n and earth shall pass away: then, with golden harps, we'll sing – "Glory, glory to our King."

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