Angels Holy, High And Lowly

ST. WINIFRED’s 4, 4, 7, 8, 8, 7

1. Angels holy, High and lowly, Sing the praises of the
2. Sun and moon, bright, Night and moon-light, Starry temples, azure-
3. Ocean hoary, Tell His glory; Cliffs, where tumbling seas have
4. Roll ing river, Praise Him ever, From the mountains’ deep vein
5. Praise Him ever, Bounteous Giver; Praise Him, Father, Friend, and

Lord! Earth and sky, all living nature, Man, the stamp of
floored; Cloud and rain, and wild wind’s madness, Sons of God, that
roared; Pulse of waters, blithely beating, Wave advancing,
poured; Silver fountain, clearly gushing, Troubled torrent,
Lord! Each glad soul its free course winging, Each glad voice its

thy Creator, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
shout for gladness, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
wave for treating, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
wildly rushing, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
free song singing, Praise the great and mighty Lord! Amen.

Words: John Stuart Blackie (1809-1895), 1835
Music: The Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, Bart. (1825-1889)