

# Angels Holy, High and Lowly

Frederick C. Maker, 1844-1927

Windermere  
447.887

B $\flat$  F9 B $\flat$  Cmin B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$  F

5 B $\flat$ 9 B $\flat$ maj7 E $\flat$  E $\flat$ maj7 C9 C7 F7 D7 Gmin

8 Cmin C7 F Gmin7 F7 B $\flat$  E $\flat$  Edim B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$

Angels holy, high and lowly,  
Sing the praises of the Lord!  
Earth and sky, all living nature,  
Man the stamp of thy Creator,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright, night and moonlight,  
Starry temples azure-floored,  
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,  
Sons of God that shout for gladness,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary, tell His glory,  
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,  
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,  
Wave advancing, wave retreating,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rolling river, praise Him ever,  
From the mountain's deep vein poured;  
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,  
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise Him ever, bounteous Giver!  
Praise Him, Father, Friend and Lord!  
Each glad soul its free course winging,  
Each blithe voice its free song singing,  
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John S. Blackie