

# See seraphic throngs descending

Anon.

Samuel Wakely (1820-c1882)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=120]

Soprano [Air]

1. See se - ra - phic throngs de - scend - ing Swift to - wards the ne - ther earth,  
 2. 'Twas for us he left the gran - deur Of the heav'n of heav'ns a - bove:  
 3. Je - sus now our hearts in - spi - ring, Tune our harps to me - lo - dy:

Alto

1. See se - ra - phic throngs de - scend - ing Swift to - wards the ne - ther earth,  
 2. 'Twas for us he left the gran - deur Of the heav'n of heav'ns a - bove:  
 3. Je - sus now our hearts in - spi - ring, Tune our harps to me - lo - dy:

Tenor

1. See se - ra - phic throngs de - scend - ing Swift to - wards the ne - ther earth,  
 2. 'Twas for us he left the gran - deur Of the heav'n of heav'ns a - bove:  
 3. Je - sus now our hearts in - spi - ring, Tune our harps to me - lo - dy:

Bass

1. See se - ra - phic throngs de - scend - ing Swift to - wards the ne - ther earth,  
 2. 'Twas for us he left the gran - deur Of the heav'n of heav'ns a - bove:  
 3. Je - sus now our hearts in - spi - ring, Tune our harps to me - lo - dy:

5

S

Hymns sub - lime their ways at - tend - ing, Hark! they sing the Sa - viour's birth.  
 Well might an - gels, still in won - der, Ce - le - brate his bound less love!  
 With thy love our bo - soms fi - ring, O u - nite us Lord to thee!

A

Hymns sub - lime their ways at - tend - ing, Hark! they sing the Sa - viour's birth.  
 Well might an - gels, still in won - der, Ce - le - brate his bound less love!  
 With thy love our bo - soms fi - ring, O u - nite us Lord to thee!

T

Hymns sub - lime their ways at - tend - ing, Hark! they sing the Sa - viour's birth.  
 Well might an - gels, still in won - der, Ce - le - brate his bound less love!  
 With thy love our bo - soms fi - ring, O u - nite us Lord to thee!

B

Hymns sub - lime their ways at - tend - ing, Hark! they sing the Sa - viour's birth.  
 Well might an - gels, still in won - der, Ce - le - brate his bound less love!  
 With thy love our bo - soms fi - ring, O u - nite us Lord to thee!

Emendations:

Bar 18 note 1 tenor: c#'

Bar 18 note 1 bass: B

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9

S  
 Round the globe let e - very crea - ture Now com - me - mo - rate this morn,  
*Hark, th'e - ter - nal worlds re - soun - ding Loud with sweet se - ra - phic strains;*  
 In the bright ce - le - stial re - gions, When life's chang - ing scenes are o'er,

A  
 Round the globe let e - very crea - ture Now com - me - mo - rate this morn,  
*Hark, th'e - ter - nal worlds re - soun - ding Loud with sweet se - ra - phic strains;*  
 In the bright ce - le - stial re - gions, When life's chang - ing scenes are o'er,

T  
 8  
 Round the globe let e - very crea - ture Now com - me - mo - rate this morn,  
*Hark, th'e - ter - nal worlds re - soun - ding Loud with sweet se - ra - phic strains;*  
 In the bright ce - le - stial re - gions, When life's chang - ing scenes are o'er,

B  
 Round the globe let e - very crea - ture Now com - me - mo - rate this morn,  
*Hark, th'e - ter - nal worlds re - soun - ding Loud with sweet se - ra - phic strains;*  
 In the bright ce - le - stial re - gions, When life's chang - ing scenes are o'er,

13

S  
 When the Lord in hu - man na - ture, Was a help - less in - fant born.  
*Mil - lions now the throne sur - roun - ding Praise him on th'e - ter - nal plains,*  
 May we with an - ge - lic le - gions Praise thee on the heav'n - ly shore,

A  
 When the Lord in hu - man na - ture, Was a help - less in - fant born.  
*Mil - lions now the throne sur - roun - ding Praise him on th'e - ter - nal plains,*  
 May we with an - ge - lic le - gions Praise thee on the heav'n - ly shore,

T  
 8  
 When the Lord in hu - man na - ture, Was a help - less in - fant born.  
*Mil - lions now the throne sur - roun - ding Praise him on th'e - ter - nal plains,*  
 May we with an - ge - lic le - gions Praise thee on the heav'n - ly shore,

B  
 When the Lord in hu - man na - ture, Was a help - less in - fant born.  
*Mil - lions now the throne sur - roun - ding Praise him on th'e - ter - nal plains,*  
 May we with an - ge - lic le - gions Praise thee on the heav'n - ly shore,

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17

S

When the Lord in hu-man na-ture, Was a help-less in-fant born.  
 Mil-lions now the throne sur-roun-ding Praise him on th'et-er-nal plains.  
 May we with an-ge-lic le-gions Praise thee on the heav'n-ly shore!

A

When the Lord in hu-man na-ture, Was a help-less in-fant born.  
 Mil-lions now the throne sur-roun-ding Praise him on th'et-er-nal plains.  
 May we with an-ge-lic le-gions Praise thee on the heav'n-ly shore!

T

When the Lord in hu-man na-ture, Was a help-less in-fant born.  
 Mil-lions now the throne sur-roun-ding Praise him on th'et-er-nal plains.  
 May we with an-ge-lic le-gions Praise thee on the heav'n-ly shore!

B

When the Lord in hu-man na-ture, Was a help-less in-fant born.  
 Mil-lions now the throne sur-roun-ding Praise him on th'et-er-nal plains.  
 May we with an-ge-lic le-gions Praise thee on the heav'n-ly shore!