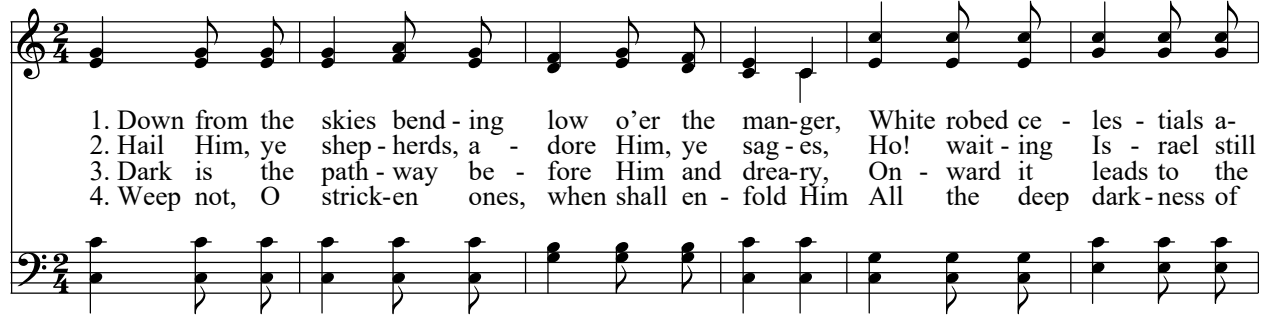


# Down from the Skies

Benjamin Russell Hanby, 1865

Benjamin Russell Hanby

♩=95

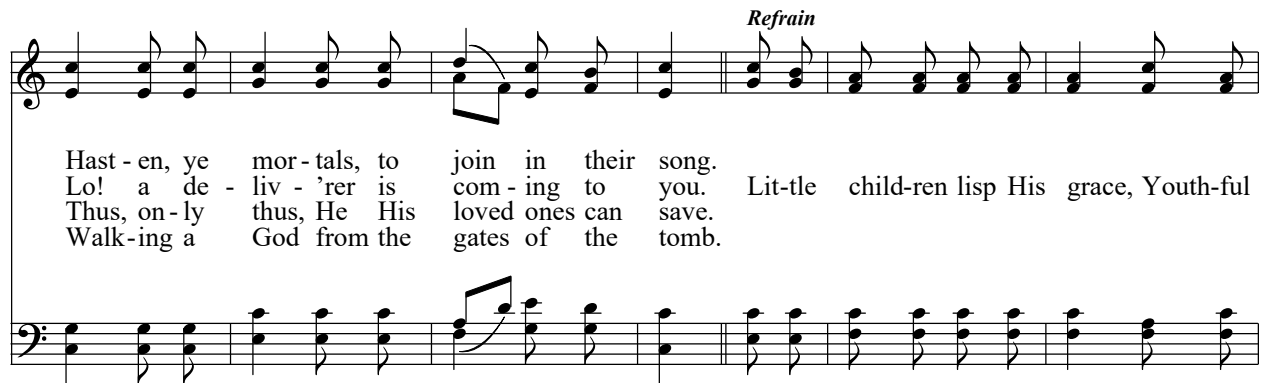


1. Down from the skies bend - ing low o'er the man-ger, White robed ce - les - tials a -  
2. Hail Him, ye shep - herds, a - dore Him, ye sag - es, Ho! wait - ing Is - rael still  
3. Dark is the path - way be - fore Him and drea-ry, On - ward it leads to the  
4. Weep not, O strick-en ones, when shall en - fold Him All the deep dark-ness of

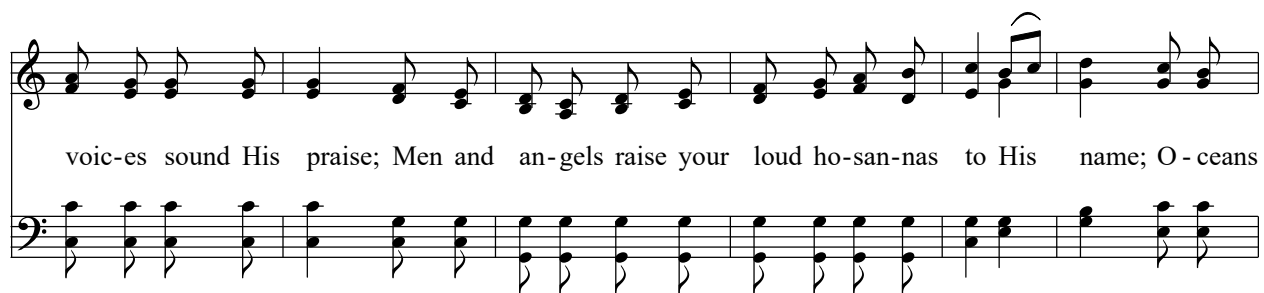


- dor - ing - ly throng; Hark! for they her - ald a heav - en - ly stran-ger;  
faith - ful, though few; Gen - tles, Oh list to the voice of the ag - es,  
cross and the grave; Cheer - ful He treads it though faint - ing and wea - ry,  
Cal - va - ry's gloom; Soon, soon your tear blind-ed eyes shall be - hold Him,

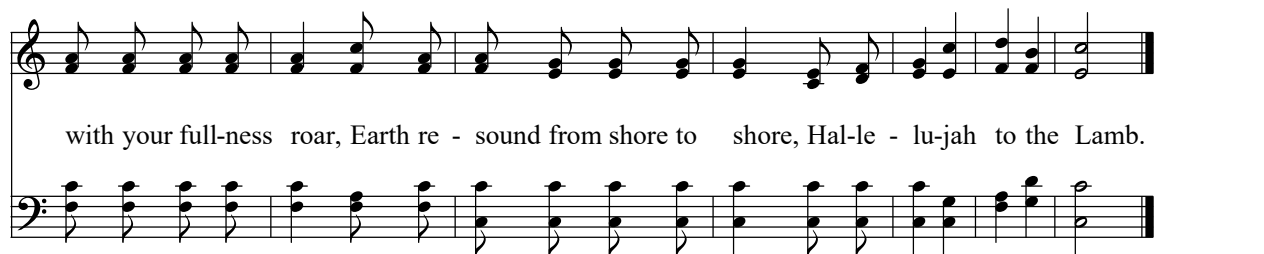
*Refrain*



Hast - en, ye mor - tals, to join in their song.  
Lo! a de - liv - 'rer is com - ing to you. Lit - tle child - ren lisp His grace, Youth - ful  
Thus, on - ly thus, He His loved ones can save.  
Walk - ing a God from the gates of the tomb.



voic - es sound His praise; Men and an - gels raise your loud ho - san - nas to His name; O - ceans



with your full - ness roar, Earth re - sound from shore to shore, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.