

Rolling Downward

1. Rolling downward, through the midnight,
Comes a glorious burst of heav'nly song;
'Tis a chorus full of sweetness—
And the singers are an angel throng.

Glory, glory in the highest!
On the earth goodwill and peace to men!
Down the ages send the echo;
Let the glad earth shout again!

2. Wondering shepherds see the glory,
Hear the word the shining ones declare;
At the manger fall in worship,
While the music fills the quivering air.

Glory, glory