

Sweet Angels, Ever Bright And Fair

C. Simper



Sweet An-gels, ev - er bright and fair, Why in the mid-night skies Sang



ye such strains all free from care, While earth was heav-ing sighs? Why



thro' the dark, o'er Bethl-'hem's hills, Shed ye your ra-diant light, As



glo-ry stream'd in heav-'nly rills, While shep-herds watched by night?



Ca-rol-ling, ca-rol-ling, tid-ings to bring, Sing-ing of Je-sus, the Sav-iour and King!



Car-ol-ling, ca-rol-ling, tid-ings to bring, Sing-ing of Je-sus, the Sav-iour and King.