All this night bright angels sing

Wm Austin
(1587 - 1634)

Men

Moderato

mf

1. All this night bright angels sing. Never was such joy I bring: Wake and joy; for all this night, Heav'n and e-vry twinkle light. All a-ma-

ca-ro-ling. Hark! a voice which lou-dly cries, 'Mor-tals, mor-tals wake and rise. P Lo! to gla-

dness turns your sa-dness: From the earth is ris'n a sun; Shines all night though day be done.

3. Hail! O sun, O ble-ssed light, sent i nto this world by night; Let thy rays and heav'n-ly pow'rs shine in these dark souls of ours. For most dui-ly, thou art trui-

pp

f

God and man, we do co-nfess: ff Hail, O sun of righ-teous-ness!

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