Glory to God in heights of heaven

2. Ah Lord! and whence to us is this?
   Our sin we know, and know Thy grace;
   But dost Thou dwell with us indeed?
   Shall these dark eyes behold Thy face?

3. Might not the Lord of Thrones and Powers
   Send earth some bright archangel down
   To life the fallen race, and set
   On mortal brows the immortal crown?

4. Not so Thy mercy rests; no so
   Thy courtesy shall be sufficed;
   Loves measure may be nought but love;
   Christ will not offer less than Christ.

5. The quiring angels down the sky
   Sing for the joy that comes to men;
   And we to whom it comes might we
   Give angel-answer back again.

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