

What words! what voices can we bring?

Anon.

A hymn for Christmas day

William Knapp (c1698-1768)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=120]

Soprano

1. What words! what voices can we bring? Which way our
 2. *What earth - ly har - mo - ny can reach Up to a*
 3. Lo! Heav'n this day descends to earth, Th'Im - mor - tal
 4. *In swad - dling bands the God - head lies To hu - man*

Alto

Tenor [Air]

8

1. What words! what voices can we bring? Which way our
 2. *What earth - ly har - mo - ny can reach Up to a*
 3. Lo! Heav'n this day descends to earth, Th'Im - mor - tal
 4. *In swad - dling bands the God - head lies To hu - man*

Bass

Keyboard

7

S

ac - cents raise, To wel - come our mys -
theme so high, When an - gels ne'er could
 mor - tal grows, Made man by this stu -
 flesh de - based, That we, his dear - ly

A

T

ac - cents raise, To wel - come our mys -
theme so high, When an - gels ne'er could
 mor - tal grows, Made man by this stu -
 flesh de - based, That we, his dear - ly

B

Kbd.

What words! what voices can we bring?

11

S
te - rious King, And sing, _____ and
soar - that pitch, Who dwell, _____ who
pen - dous birth To quell, _____ to
ran - somed prize, Might be, _____ might

A

T
8
te - rious King And sing, _____ and
soar - that pitch, Who dwell, _____ who
pen - dous birth To quell, _____ to
ran - somed prize, Might be, _____ might

B

Kbd.

15

S
sing, _____ and sing a Sa - viour's praise.
dwell, _____ who dwell a - bove the sky?
quell, _____ to quell our dead - ly foes.
be, _____ might be to glo - ry raised.

A

T
8
sing, _____ and sing a Sa - viour's praise.
dwell, _____ who dwell a - bove the sky?
quell, _____ to quell our dead - ly foes.
be, _____ might be to glo - ry raised.

B

Kbd.

5. Long let the universal frame
The great Redeemer sing,
And men and angels at the name
Bow to, bow to, bow to the mystic King.

6. Redemption be the general sound,
This day no grief appear,
From earth to heav'n the notes rebound,
And mercy, mercy, mercy smiled to hear.

7. Oh! 'tis too little all we can
For this unbounded love,
All that was ever writ by man,
Or sung, or sung, or sung in hymns above.

8. But though we can't fit language find
We praise, believe, adore!
With joyful hearts, and souls resigned,
And wish, and wish, and wish we could do more!