

O ye immortal throng

William Croft, 1678-1727

Croft's 136th
66.66.88

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature. The first staff contains a series of chords and single notes, with a fermata over the final note. The second staff contains a similar series of chords and notes, also with a fermata over the final note. A small number '5' is written above the final measure of the first staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature. The first staff contains a series of chords and single notes, with a fermata over the final note. The second staff contains a similar series of chords and notes, also with a fermata over the final note.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature. The first staff contains a series of chords and single notes, with a fermata over the final note. The second staff contains a similar series of chords and notes, also with a fermata over the final note. A small number '10' is written above the first measure of the first staff.

O ye immortal throng of
angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song, to make the Savior known:
On earth ye knew His wondrous grace;
His glorious face in Heav'n ye view.

Ye saw the Heav'n-born child
in human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild while in the manger laid:
And Praise to God, and peace on earth,
For such a birth, proclaimed aloud.

Around the bloody tree ye
pressed with strong desire
That wondrous sight to see, the Lord of life expire:
And could your eyes have known a tear,
Had dropped it there in sad surprise.

Around His sacred tomb
a willing watch ye keep
Till the blest moment come to rouse Him from His sleep:
Then rolled the stone, and all adored
Your rising Lord with joy unknown.

When, all arrayed in light,
the shining conqueror rode,
Ye hailed His rapturous flight up to the throne of God,
And waved around your golden wings,
And struck your strings of sweetest sound.

The joyous notes pursue,
and louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you their own Redeemer's praise:
And thou, my heart, with equal flame,
And joy the same, perform thy part..

Philip Doddridge