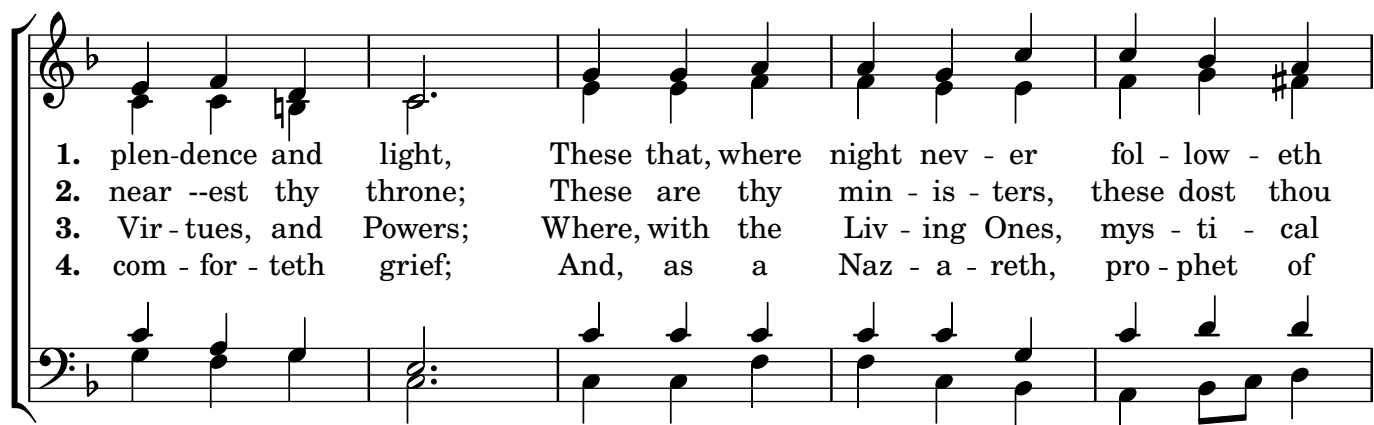
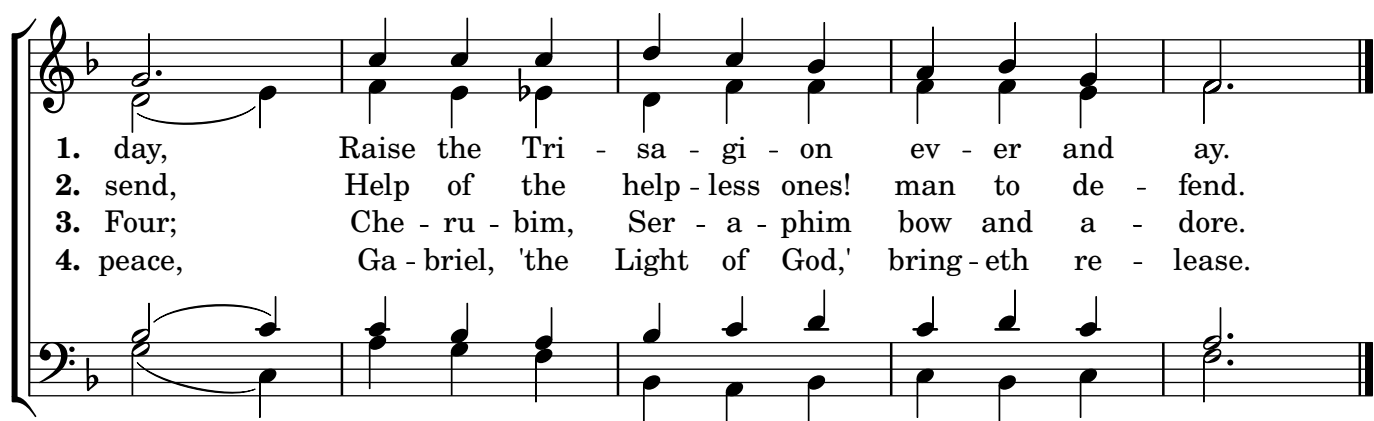


1. Stars of the morn-ing, so glo-rious - ly bright, Filled with ce - les-tial res -
 2. These are thy coun - sel-lors, these dost thou own, Lord God of Sab - a - oth,
 3. These keep the guard a - mid Sa - lem's dear bowers; Thrones, Prin - ci - pal - i - ties,
 4. 'Who like the Lord?' thunders Mi - chael the Chief; Ra - phael, 'the cure of God,'



1. plen-dence and light, These that, where night nev - er fol - low - eth
 2. near - est thy throne; These are thy min - is - ters, these dost thou
 3. Vir - tues, and Powers; Where, with the Liv - ing Ones, mys - ti - cal
 4. com - for - teth grief; And, as a Naz - a - reth, pro - phet of



1. day, Raise the Tri - sa - gi - on ev - er and ay.
 2. send, Help of the help - less ones! man to de - fend.
 3. Four; Che - ru - bim, Ser - a - phim bow and a - dore.
 4. peace, Ga - briel, 'the Light of God,' bring - eth re - lease.

5. Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
 Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
 Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
 Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

6. Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
 Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
 Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
 We with the Angels may bow and adore.

Text: Φωστήρες τῆς αὐλὸν οὐσίς, St. Joseph the Hymnographer, d. 883; Tr. John Mason Neale (1818-66)

Music: QUEDLINBURG 10 10 10 10, From a Chorale by Johann Christian Kittel (1732-1809)