Down Headlong from Their Native Skies

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Down headlong from their native skies The

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
rebel angels fell, And

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
thunderbolts of flaming wrath Pur-

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
su'd them deep to hell.

The other verses

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.

3 O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal Darling die
To save a traitorous race?

4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher?

5 O for this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujah sing.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.