

What glories were unfolded

Traditional Irish melody, Londonderry Air
Arranged by John Barnard, Words by John Leonard

$\text{♩} = 60$
D7 Fm C F G7 C *mp* G7 C

What glor - ies were un - fold - ed on that
Per - sian ma - gi trav - elled
be a Heav'n - ly King and

4 F C Gsus4 G G7

won - drous night As Christ the babe was born up - on the earth! The ho - ly
from a - far They brought their gifts of in - cense, myrrh and gold. How strange - ly
so much more: The Shep - herd, Ho - ly Lamb and Great High Priest. We can but

7 C C7 F Fm C Dm G7

an - gels clothed in gar - ments shin - ing bright An - nounced the news of our Re - deem - er's
they were guid - ed by a mov - ing star, And found the babe in hum - ble man - ger
stand in won - der and in breath - less awe And wor - ship Him, from great - est to the

10 C G7 C *f* F G Am E7

birth To low - ly shep - herds who, in fear and tremb - ling awe, Be - held the
cold. Yet this was Christ: Mes - si - ah and the Son of God Bef - ore Whose
least. As God at last dis - plays His wond - rous an - cient plan, We see the

13 Am F D7 G7 C F

sky borne choir on wings un - furled. They hast - ened to the man - ger where they
face all an - gels bow the knee, The Lamb of God, Who was to shed His
depths of mer - cy now re - vealed: Sal - va - tion is the gift of life for

16 C Am D7 Fm [1, 2. C F G7 C G7 *mp*

kneled and saw A help - less babe, yet Sav - iour of this sin - ful world. The wear - y
right - eous blood In sac - ri - fice up - on that dread - ful cur - sed tree. He's born to
sin - ful man, And grace is

19 *rit.* [3.

by the per - fect blood of Je - sus sealed.