

Swing The Golden Censers

1. Swing the gold - en cen - sers while we march a - long, Let the
2. Think from what a dan - ger He re - deems the soul, Lame and
3. In the path be - fore us nar - row, strait and plain, True and

King Mes - si - ah be our joy - ful song; How He came to
blind and wretch - ed, how He makes us whole, Think of con - stant
firm and faith - ful may we e'er re - main, Call - ing all to

save us in a man - ger low, While a - round, a - bove Him
bless - ing crown - ing all our days, Then with hap - py voic - es
wit - ness by our lives of joy, That the Mas - ter's ser - vice

Chorus

shone the heav'n - ly glow.
join this song of praise. Praise Him, praise Him, Babe of low - ly birth,
is a blest em - ploy.

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Praise Him, praise Him, Lord of all the earth, Praise Him, praise Him,
Whom the heav'ns a - dore, King of kings for ev - er - more.