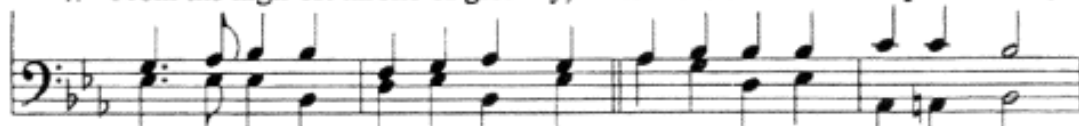


## Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee



1. Might-y God, while an-gels bless thee, may a mor - tal sing thy name?
2. For the grand-eur of thy na - ture, grand be-yond a ser -aph's thought;
3. But thy rich, thy free re-demp-tion, dark though bright-ness all a - long -
4. From the high-est throne of glor - y, to the cross of deep-est woe,



Lord of earth as well as heav - en, thou art ev' - ry crea-ture's theme.  
for cre -a -ted works of pow -er, work with skill and kind-ness wrought;  
thought is poor and poor ex-pres-sion -who dare sing that awe-some song?  
all to ran-som guilt -y cap -tives, flow, my praise, for ev -er flow!



Lord of ev' - ry land and na -tion, An-cient of e - ter - nal Days,  
for thy pro - vi -dence that gov -erns through thine em-pire's wide do-main,  
Bright-ness of the Fa -ther's glor-y, shall thy praise un - ut - tered lie?  
Go, re -turn, im - mor - tal Sa-viour, leave thy foot - stool, take thy throne;



sound-ed through the wide cre-a - tion be thy just and faith-ful praise.  
wings an an - gel, guides a spar-row, bles-sed by thy gen - tle reign.  
Break, my tongue, such guilt-y si-lence, sing the Lord who came to die.  
thence re -turn and reign for ev - er, be the king -dom all thine own!

