

266 Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

"Thou art the Lord, Thou alone." (Neh. 9:6)

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ARR. FROM FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON

1. Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal lisp Thy name?
2. For the gran - deur of Thy na - ture, Grand be - yond a ser - aph's thought;
3. But Thy rich, Thy free re - demp - tion, Bright, tho' veiled in dark - ness long;
4. From the high - est throne of glo - ry To the cross of deep - est woe,

Lord of men, as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea - ture's theme.
For the won - ders of cre - a - tion; Works with skill and kind - ness wrought;
Thought is poor, and poor ex - pres - sion; Who can sing that won - drous song?
Thou didst stoop to ran - som 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 prov - i - dence that gov - erns Thro' Thine em - pire's wide do - main,
Bright - ness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?
Re - as - cend, im - mor - tal Sav - iour, Leave Thy foot - stool, take Thy throne:

Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise.
Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row, Bless - ed be 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!