Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

"Thou art the Lord, Thou alone." (Neh. 9:5)

1. Mighty God, while angels bless Thee, May a mortal lip Thy name?
2. For the grandeur of Thy nature, Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
3. But Thy rich, Thy free redemption, Bright, tho' veiled in darkness long;
4. From the highest throne of glory To the cross of deepest woe,

Lord of men, as well as angels, Thou art every creature's theme.
For the wonders of creation: Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Thought is poor, and poor expression: Who can sing that wondrous song?
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives: Flow my praise, forever flow.

Lord of every land and nation, Ancient of eternal days,
For Thy providence that governs Thine empire's wide dominion,
Bright-ness of the Father's glory, Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Reascend, Im-mortal Saviour, Leave Thy foot-stool, take Thy throne:

Sound-ed thro' the wide creation Be Thy just and endless praise.
Wings an angel, guides a spar-row, Bless-ed be Thy gentle reign.
Break, my tongue, such guilt-y silence! Sing the Lord who came to die.
Thence return, and reign for ever: Be the kingdom all Thine own!