Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee
Words: Robert Robinson, 1774.
Music: Franois Barthlmon, 1785.

Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy Name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days.
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and endless praise.

For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.
For Thy providence, that governs,
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

For Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord Who came to die.

From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow my praise, forever flow!
Reascend, immortal Savior;
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own!