

## Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

1. Migh - ty God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy Name?  
 2. For the gran - deur of Thy na - ture, Grand be - yond a ser - aph's thought;  
 3. For Thy rich, Thy free re - demp - tion, Bright, though veiled in dark - ness long,  
 4. From the high - est throne of glo - ry To the cross of dee - pest 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?  
 All to ran - som guilt - y cap - tives; Flow my praise, for - e - ver flow!

Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days.  
 For Thy pro - vi - dence, that go - verns, Through Thine em - pire's wide do - main,  
 Bright - ness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?  
 Re - a - scend, im - mor - tal Sa - vior; Leave Thy foot - stool, take Thy throne;

Soun - ded through 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 - e - ver, Be the king - dom all Thine own!

*Text:* Robert Robinson (1735 - 1790), 1774

*Music:* Nettleton, Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, by John Wyeth (1770 - 1858), 1813