Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

1. Mighty God, while angels bless Thee, May a mortal sing Thy Name?

2. For the grandeur of Thy nature, Grand beyond a seraph's thought;

3. For Thy rich, Thy free redemption, Bright, though 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?
All to ransom guilty captives; Flow my praise, forever flow!

Lord of every land and nation, Ancient of eternal days.
For Thy providence, that governs, Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Brightness of the Father's glory, Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Reascend, immortal Savior; Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;

Sounded through the wide creation Be Thy just and endless praise.
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow, Bless-ed be Thy gentle reign.
Break, my tongue, such guile-si-lence! Sing the Lord Who came to die.
Thence return, and reign for ever, Be the kingdom 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