Angel voices, ever singing

Francis Pott (1832-1909)

Angel voices, ever singing
An - gel voices, ev - er sing - ing
Round Thy throne of light,

Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mor - tal eye can scan,

Yea, we know that Thou re - joic - est
O'er each work of Thine;

Here, great God to - day we of - fer
Of Thine own work to Thee;

Hon - or, glo - ry, might, and mer - it
Thine shall ev - er be,

An - gel harps for ev - er ring - ing,
Rest not day or night;

Can it be that Thou re - gard - est
Songs of sin - ful man?

Thou didst ears and hands and voice - es
For Thy praise de - sign;

And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer,
All un - worth - i - ly,

Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit,
Bless - ed Trin - i - ty:

Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee,
And con - fess Thee Lord of might.

Can we feel that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

Crafts - man's art and mu - sic's mea - sure
For Thy pleas - ure All com - bine.

Hearts and minds, and hands and voice - es,
In our choic - est Me - lo - dy.

Of the best that Thou hast giv - en
Earth and heav - en Ren - der Thee.

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