

NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
To emulate the angels' songs;
For mortals may address their King
With songs that angels cannot sing!

2 They praise the Lamb Who once was slain,
But we must praise in higher strain;
Not only sing, 'He suffered thus,'
But, that He suffered all *for us!*

3 Jesus, Who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and die;
And still He makes it His abode;
As man, He fills the throne of God.

4 Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is He to Whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise His name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

5 But O, how faint our praises rise!
This is the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

6 O glorious hour! it comes with speed,
When we from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God Who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

John Newton, 1725-1807