

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 lawful praise . . .

- 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought,
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought:
 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Shining o'er the ages long—
 Thought is poor, and poor expression—
 Who can sing *that* awesome song?
- 3 The archangels sang Thy coming,
 And the shepherds sang their lays,
 And shall I remain ungrateful?
 Shall this tongue refuse to praise?
 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord Who came to die . . .
- 4 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe;
 All to ransom guilty captives:
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow!
 O, return, immortal Saviour,
 Glorious on Thy risen throne,
 Come, return, and reign for ever:
 Be the kingdom all Thine own.