

# Mighty God, while angels bless Thee

H. A. Crosby, 1844-1918

Sefton  
87.87

**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 endless praise.**

**For the grandeur of Thy nature,  
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;  
For the wonders of creation,  
Works with skill and kindness wrought.**

**For Thy providence, that governs,  
Through Thine empire's wide domain,  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,  
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.**

**For Thy rich, Thy free redemption,  
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,  
Thought is poor, and poor expression;  
Who can sing that wondrous song?**

**Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?  
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!  
Sing the Lord Who came to die.**

**From the highest throne of glory  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
All to ransom guilty captives;  
Flow my praise, forever flow!**

**Reascend, immortal Savior;  
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;  
Thence return, and reign forever,  
Be the kingdom all Thine own!**

Robert Robinson