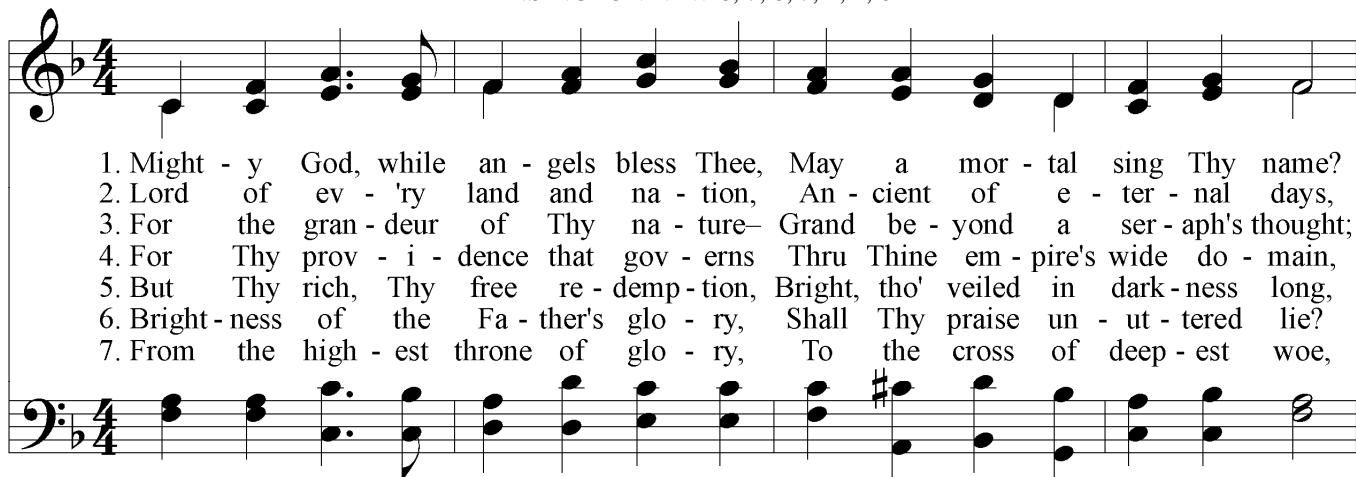
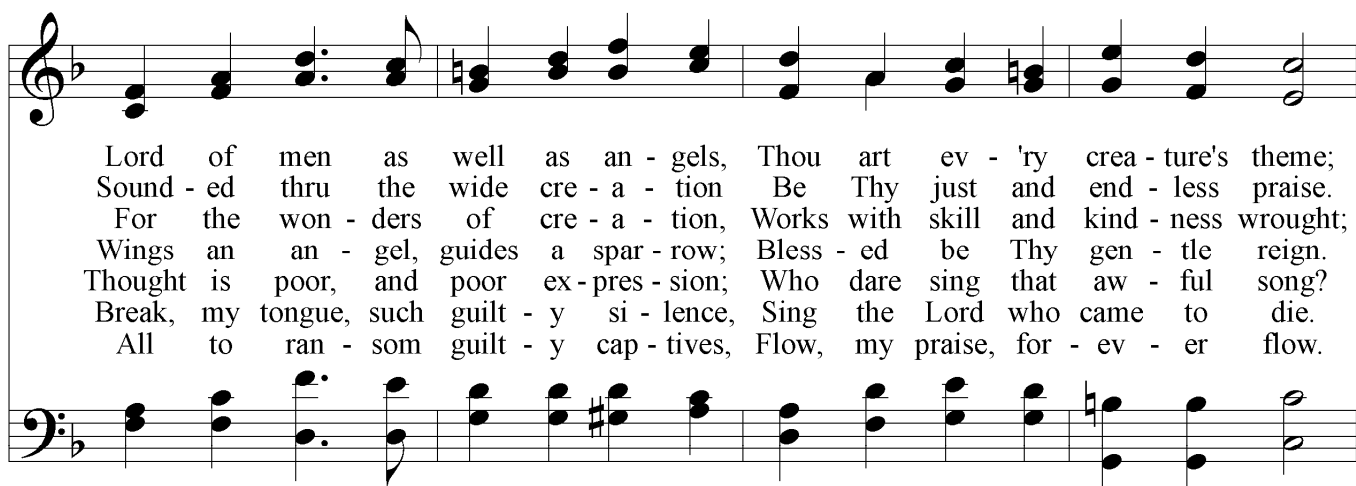


Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

KENSINGTON NEW 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 6



1. Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name?
2. Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,
3. For the gran - deur of Thy na - ture— Grand be - yond a ser - aph's thought;
4. For Thy prov - i - dence that gov - erns Thru Thine em - pire's wide do - main,
5. But Thy rich, Thy free re - demp - tion, Bright, tho' veiled in dark - ness long,
6. Bright - ness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?
7. From the high - est throne of glo - ry, To the cross of deep - est woe,



Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea - ture's theme;
Sound - ed thru the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise.
For the won - ders of cre - a - tion, Works with skill and kind - ness wrought;
Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row; Bless - ed be Thy gen - tle reign.
Thought is poor, and poor ex - pres - sion; Who dare sing that aw - ful song?
Break, my tongue, such guilt - y si - lence, Sing the Lord who came to die.
All to ran - som guilt - y cap - tives, Flow, my praise, for - ev - er flow.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men.