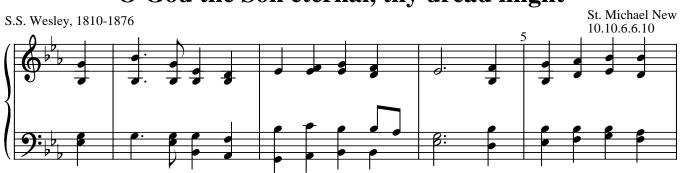
O God the Son eternal, thy dread might







O God the Son eternal, thy dread might sent forth Saint Michael and the hosts of heaven, and from the realms of light cast down in burning fight Satan's rebellious hosts, to darkness given.

Thine angels, Lord, we bless with thankful lays, dwelling with thee above yon depths of sky: who, 'mid thy glory's blaze, heaven's ceaseless anthems raise, and gird thy throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing hath left for us so oft their mansion high, the mercies of their King to mortal saints to bring, or guard the couch of slumbering infancy. But thee, the First and Last, we glorify, who, when thy world was sunk in death and sin, not with thine hierarchy, the armies of the sky, but didst with thine own arm the battle win.

Therefore with angels and archangels we to thy dear love our thankful chorus raise, and tune our songs to thee, who art and art to be; and, endless as thy mercies, sound thy praise!

Bishop R. Heber

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