## Ye holy angels bright







Ye holy angels bright, Who stand before God's throne And dwell in glorious light, Praise ye the Lord each one. Assist our song, or else the theme Too high doth seem for mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest, That see your Savior's face, Whose glory, e'en the least, Is far above our grace. God's praises sound, as in His sight With sweet delight you do abound. Ye saints, who toil below, Adore your heavenly King, And onward as ye go Some joyful anthem sing; Take what He gives and praise Him still, Through good or ill, who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part, Triumph in God above, And with a well tuned heart Sing thou the songs of love. And all my days let no distress Nor fears suppress His joyful praise.

Richard Baxter