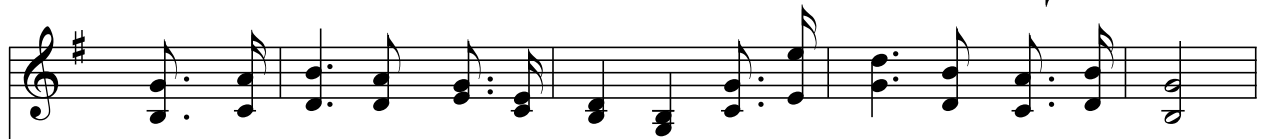


1. Migh - ty God, while an - gels bless Thee, May we sing Thy glo - rious Name?
2. Child of sor - rows once was Je - sus, Mean His lot, His moth - er poor;
3. All His ho - ly ways mis - tak - en, All His gra - cious words de - nied;



Lord of all the vast cre - a - tion, High in hon - our, power, and fame.  
 Love like His should sure a - maze us, Who can tell the griefs He bore?  
 Stretched up - on the cross, for - sak - en, There He bowed His head and died.



Chil - dren though we be, and sin - ful, Wilt Thou, Lord, our song dis - dain?  
 Oft the day He spent in trou - bles; Oft the night in se - cret prayer;  
 'Twas to save His saints from dy - ing, He did suf - fer on the tree;



Chil - dren praised Thee in the tem - ple; We would praise Thee, Lord, a - gain.  
 Sin - ners, whom He loved so dear - ly, Lit - tle thought what love was there.  
 If up - on His blood re - ly - ing, Who so hap - py, Lord, as we?

