

The Hymnal 1982 - #625 Ye holy angels bright

Descant

4 My soul, bear thou thy part, tri - umph in God a - bove: and

1 Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, who wait at God's right hand, or
 2 Ye bless - ed souls at rest, who ran this earth - ly race and
 3 Ye saints, who toil be - low, a - dore your heaven - ly King, and
 4 My soul, bear thou thy part, tri - umph in God a - bove: and

with a well - tuned heart sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy

through the realms of light fly at your Lord's com - mand, as - sist our
 now, from sin re - leased, be - hold the Sa - vior's face, God's prais - es
 on - ward as ye go some joy - ful an - them sing; take what he
 with a well-tuned heart sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy

days till life shall end, what - e'er he send, be filled with praise.

song, for else the theme too high doth seem for mor - tal tongue.
 sound, as in his sight with sweet de - light ye do a - bound.
 gives and praise him still, through good or ill, who ev - er lives!
 days till life shall end, what - e'er he send, be filled with praise.

Words: Richard Baxter (1615-1691); rev. John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862) Music: *Darwall's 148th*, melody and bass John Darwall (1731-1789);
 harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889), alt.; desc. Sydney Hugo Nicholson (1875-1947) Copyright © by permission of Hymns Ancient & Modern Limited.
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- 1 Ye holy angels bright,
 who wait at God's right hand,
 or through the realms of light
 fly at your Lord's command,
 assist our song,
 for else the theme
 too high doth seem
 for mortal tongue.
- 2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
 who ran this earthly race
 and now, from sin released,
 behold the Savior's face,
 God's praises sound,
 as in his sight
 with sweet delight
 ye do abound.
- 3 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!
- 4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
 triumph in God above:
 and with a well-tuned heart
 sing thou the songs of love!

Let all thy days
till life shall end,
whate'er he send,
be filled with praise.

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