

*Ye Holy Angels Bright*

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.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,  
who ran this earthly race,  
and now, from sin released,  
behold the Saviour's face,  
his praises sound,  
as in his sight  
with sweet delight  
ye 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 and 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;  
let all thy days  
till life shall end,  
whate'er he send,  
be filled with praise.

Words: Arthur Baxter (1651-1691)

Music: DARWALL'S 148<sup>th</sup>, John Darwall (1731-1789)