

O God the Son eternal

St. Michael New (10. 10. 66. 10)

1. O God the Son e - ter - nal, thy dread might Sent forth Saint Mich - ael
2. Thine an - gels, Lord, we bless with thank - ful lays, Dwell - ing with thee a -
3. We ce - le - brate their love, whose view - less wing Hath left for us so
4. But thee, the first and last, we glo - ri - fy, Who, when thy world was
5. There - fore with an - gels and arch - an - gels we To thy dear love our

and the hosts_ of heaven, And from the realms of light, Cast down in burn - ing
bove yon depths_ of sky; Who, 'mid thy glo - ry's blaze, Heaven's cease-less an - thems
oft their man - sion high, The mer - cies of their King To mor - tal saints to
sunk in death_ and sin, Not with thine hier - arch - y, The ar - mies of the
thank - ful chor - us raise, And tune our songs to thee, Who art, and art to

fight Sa - tan's re - bel - lious hosts, to dark - ness given.
raise, And gird thy throne in faith - ful min - is - try.
bring, Or guard the couch of slum - bering in - fan - cy.
sky, But didst with thine own arm the bat - tle win.
be; And, end - less as thy mer - cies, sound thy praise.