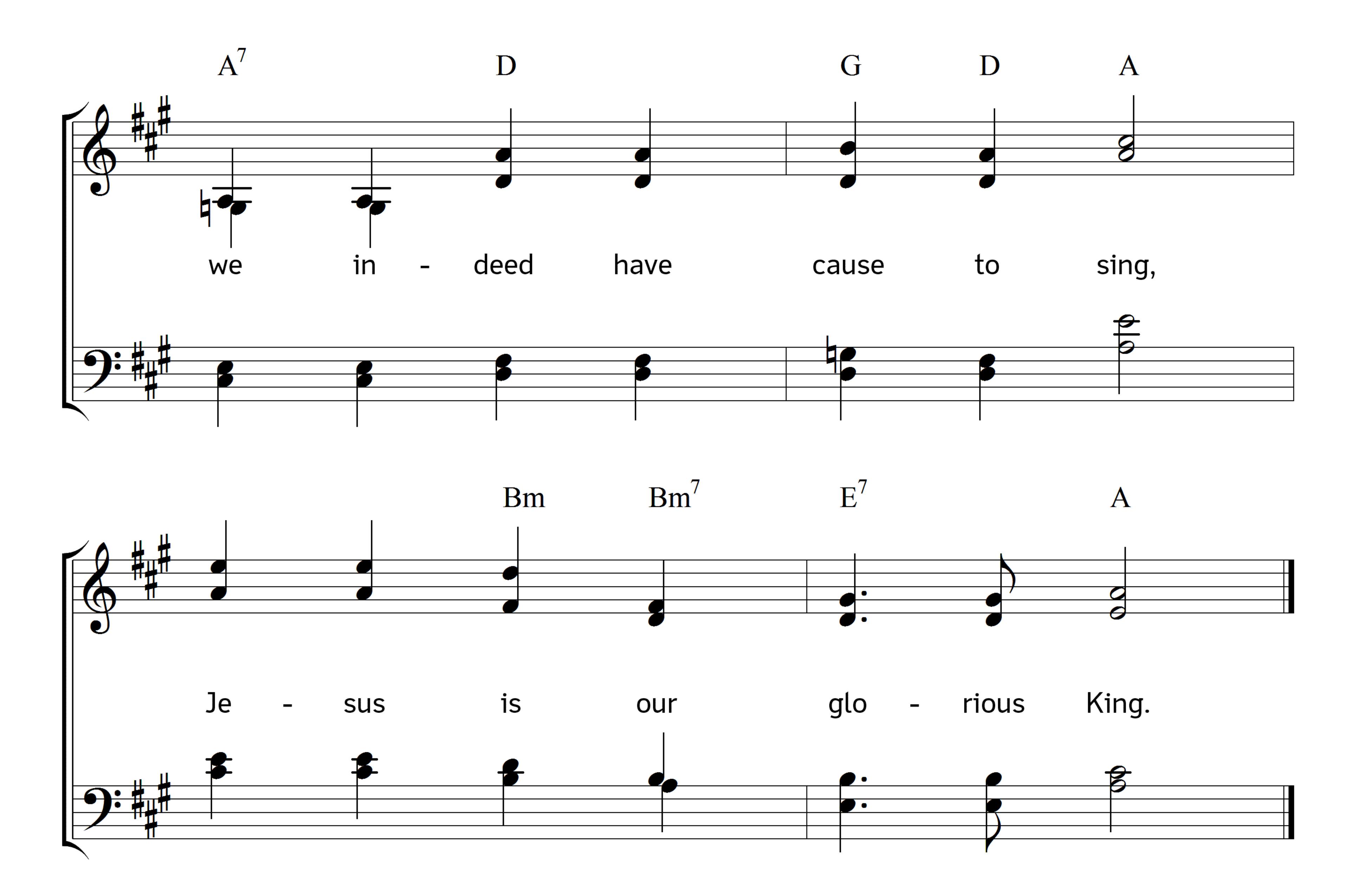
## LET US SING, FOR WE HAVE REASON





- 2. He whom angels view with wonder, he whom angels always sing, he who wields the awful thunder, is himself our glorious King:O how blessed his people are!Blessed who in his glory share.
- 3. When we reach the full enjoyment of the state where sorrows end, praise will be our sweet employment, we shall praise the sinner's friend; him who washed us with his blood, saved, and brought us nigh to God.
- 4. But how different then our praises from the praise we render now!
  Well our coldness may amaze us, when we think how much we owe; but no coldness will remain, when that glorious state we gain.

- 5. Yet our Lord accepts our praises, ev'n the praise we offer here; he, on whom th' archangel gazes with delight and holy fear, hears his people when they sing, and accepts the praise they bring.
- 6. Sing we then our Saviour's praises, sing the praise of him we love; when our Lord to heav'n shall raise us, then we'll join with those above; then, like them, unwearied sing, glory, glory to our King.

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