AHYMN OF PRAISE



- 2. Thrice Holy! cry the cherubim; thrice Holy! we responsive cry; well-pleasing to thine ear the hymn, when mortal voices reach the sky.
- 3. Our lips would magnify thy name, exhaustless Source of life and joy!'Twas from thy breath our being came; thy praise shall our best thoughts employ.
- 4. Thy power hath fashioned sea and land, hath filled with worlds the eternal deep; and suns and stars, by thy command, on their unmeasured courses sweep.
- 5. Thou hast redeemed a world from death, the ransom thine eternal Son!He, by his cross and dying breath, immortal life for man hath won.
- 6. We cannot touch angelic lyres, nor wake the strains that seraphs sing; yet, Lord, our souls thy love inspires, and, with all heaven, we praise our King!

Words: Ray Palmer. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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