

St Michael's Hymn

Tune: Laudes Mariae
H. F. Hemy (1818-1888)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Jesus! Glorious Prince of Angels!
Of Thine Angel-Chief we sing;
Countless are the shining legions
He is ruling for His King.
Michael! Seraph! Great Commander
Who upon the dragon trod!
Eyes of Lightning! Voice of Thunder
Crying aloud – “Who is like God!”</p> <p>2*. See! He comes! The migh-ty Captain!
See! He draws his flaming sword,
See! He flies in dazzling armour
To the battle of the Lord,
Lucifer and all his angels
Fall from Heaven to earthly sod,
As they quail before the war-cry,
Thund’ring forth – “Who is like God!”</p> <p>3. Michael swings the golden censer
Filled with prayers of saintly tone,
Incense from the golden Altar
Riging up before the Throne!
Songs from earth and songs in Heaven
Meet where man has never trod,
Like the sound of many waters
Surging forth – “Who is like God!”</p> <p>4. See! On earth the great Archangel
Veils his face and droops his sword
When the words of consecration
Bring the Presence of Our Lord!
Guardian of the Holy Altar,</p> | <p>Men who kneel where Saints have trod
Hear him, like a silver clarion
Cry aloud – “Who is like God!”</p> <p>5*. When the last dread trumpet sounding
Bursts the graves of all the dead,
He will bear the awful standard
Cross of love and Cross of dread!
Down upon the Mount of Olives
Where our suffering Jesus trod,
He shall fly with thousand thousands,
Thund’ring forth – “Who is like God!”</p> <p style="text-align: center;">See verses 6 and 7 overleaf</p> <p>6. <i>Oh! The love of great St Michael
Watching o’er the Church of Christ!
Oh! The joy of great St Michael
Guarding His dread Eucharist!
Great his strength and great his glory,
On the dragon’s head he trod,
With a voice like rolling thunder
Crying aloud – “Who is like God!”</i></p> <p>7. <i>Glory to the glorious Father!
Glory to the Son who died!
Glory to the Holy Spirit!
Evermore with us abide!
When the touch of God Almighty
Rends the rock and cleaves the sod,
May we meet his Standard Bearer
With the shout – “Who is like God!”</i></p> |
|--|--|

Descant

7. Glo - ry to the glo - ri - ous Fa - ther! Glo - ry to the Son who died! —

Organ

6. Oh! the love of great Saint Mi - chael Wat - ching o'er the Church of Christ!
 7. Glo - ry to the glo - ri - ous Fa - ther! Glo - ry to the Son who died!

Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spi - rit! E - ver - more with us a - bide!

Oh! the joy of great Saint Mi - chael Guard - ing His dread Euch - a - rist!
 Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spi - rit! E - ver - more with us a - bide!

When the touch of God Al - migh - ty Rends the rock and cleaves the sod, —

Great his strength and great his glo - ry, On the drag - on's head he trod,
 When the touch of God Al - migh - ty Rends the rock and cleaves the sod,

May we meet His stan - dard bear - er With the shout "Who is like God!"

With a voice like rol - ling thun - der Crying a - loud "Who is like God!"
 May we meet His stan - dard bear - er With the shout "Who is like God!"