

From Heav'n the Sinning Angels Fell

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Joseph Mainzer, ca. 1845.

From Heav'n the sinning angels fell,  
And wrath and darkness chained them down;  
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,  
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

Amazing work of sovereign grace  
That could distinguish rebels so!  
Our guilty treasons called aloud  
For everlasting fetters, too.

To Thee, to Thee, Almighty Love,  
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:  
Millions of tongues shall sound Thy praise  
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.