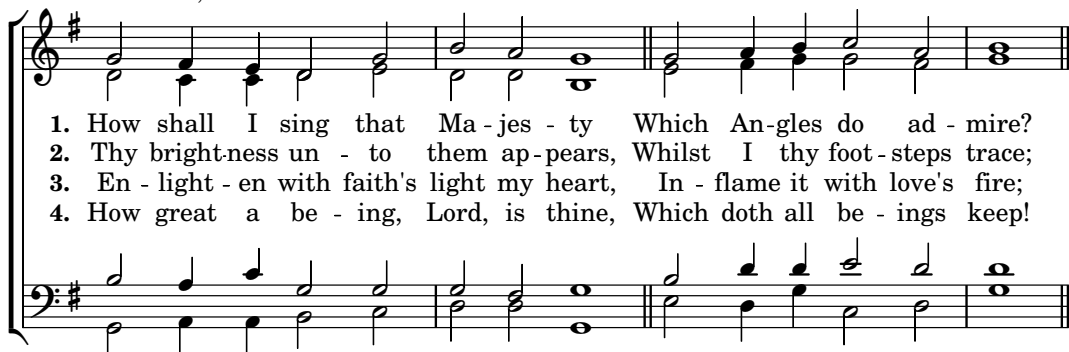


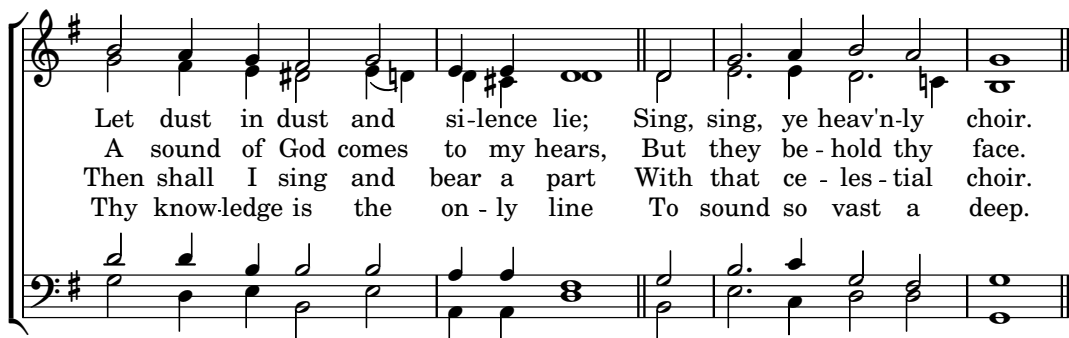
HOW SHALL I SING THAT MAJESTY

Music: OLD 137TH, D.C.M.; Day's Psalter, 1563

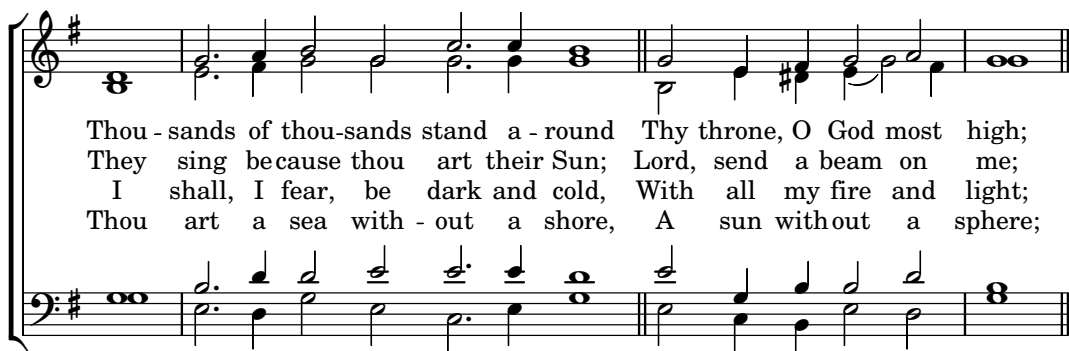
Text: John Mason, c. 1683



1. How shall I sing that Ma-jes-ty Which An-gles do ad-mire?
2. Thy bright-ness un-to them ap-pears, Whilst I thy foot-steps trace;
3. En-light-en with faith's light my heart, In-flame it with love's fire;
4. How great a be-ing, Lord, is thine, Which doth all be-ings keep!



Let dust in dust and si-lence lie; Sing, sing, ye heav'n-ly choir.
A sound of God comes to my hears, But they be-hold thy face.
Then shall I sing and bear a part With that ce-lestial choir.
Thy know-ledge is the on-ly line To sound so vast a deep.



Thou-sands of thou-sands stand a-round Thy throne, O God most high;
They sing because thou art their Sun; Lord, send a beam on me;
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold, With all my fire and light;
Thou art a sea with-out a shore, A sun without a sphere;



Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand sound Thy praise; but who am I?
For where hea-ven is once be-gun There Al-le-lu-yas be.
Yet when thou dost ac-cept their gold, Lord, trea-sure up my mite.
Thy time is now and ev-er-more, Thy place is ev-'ry-where.