499   How Sweet and Awful Is the Place

1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place With Christ with-in the doors,
2. While all our hearts and all our songs Join to ad - mire the feast,
3. *"Why was I made to hear Thy voice And en - ter while there's room*
4. *'Twas the same love that spread the feast That sweet - ly drew us in;*
5. Pit - y the na - tions, O our God! Con - strain the earth to come;
6. We long to see Thy church - es full That all the cho - sen race

While ev - er - last - ing love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores!
Each of us cries, with thank - ful tongue, "Lord, why was I a guest?
When thou - sands make a wretch - ed choice And rath - er starve than come?
Else we had still re - fused to taste, And per - ished in our sin.
Send Thy vic - to - rious Word a - broad, And bring the stran - gers home.
May, with one voice and heart and soul, Sing Thy re - deem - ing grace.

Music: Old Irish hymn melody   ST. COLUMBA
Text: Isaac Watts, 1707   8 6. 8 6.