


How Sweet and Awful Is the Place

ST. COLUMBA (C.M.)
Old Irish hymn melody

Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Sacred Songs*, 1707



1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place
2. While all our hearts and all our songs
3. "Why was I made to bear Thy voice,
4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
5. Pit - y the na - tions, O our God!
6. We long to see Thy church - es full,



With Christ with - in the doors, While ev - er - last - ing
Join to ad - mire the feast, Each of us cry, with
And en - ter while there's room, When thou - sands make a
That sweet - ly drew us in; Else we had still re -
Con - strain the earth to come; Send Thy vic - to - rious
That all the cho - sen race May with one voice and



love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores!
thank - ful tongues, "Lord, why was I a guest?
wretch - ed choice, And rath - er starve than come?"
fused to taste, And per - ished in our sin.
Word a - broad, And bring the stran - gers home.
heart and soul, Sing Thy re - deem - ing grace.