



1. How shall I sing that Ma-jes - ty Which Angels do ad - mire?

2. Thy brightness 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 silence lie; Sing, sing, ye heav'nly 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 - les - tial choir.

Thy knowledge is the on - ly line To sound so vast a deep.



Thousands of thousands 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 thousand 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.