

# How shall I sing that majesty



1. How shall I sing that ma - jes - ty which an - gels do ad - mire?
2. Thy bright - ness un - to them ap - pears while I thy foot - steps trace;
3. En - ligh - ten 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 heaven - ly choir.  
a sound of God comes to my ears, but they be - hold thy face.  
then shall I sing, and take my part with that ce - les - tial 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, be - cause 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 with - out a sphere; \_\_\_\_\_



Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand sound thy praise; but who am I?  
for where heaven is but once be - gun, there al - le - lu - ias 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 - ery - where.

Words: John Mason (ca. 1645-1694)

Music: *Coe Fen*, Kenneth Naylor (1931-1991)