

HOW shall I sing that majesty
 Which angels do admire?
 Let dust in dust and silence lie
 While sings the heavenly choir.
 Thousands of thousands stand around
 Thy throne, O God most high;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
 Thy praise; but who am I?

- 2 Thy brightness unto *them* appears;
 Whilst *I* Thy footsteps trace
 A sound of God comes to my ears,
 But *they* behold Thy face.
 They sing because Thou art their sun;
 Lord, send a beam on me;
 For where Heaven is but once begun
 There hallelujahs be.
- 3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
 In flame it with love's fire;
 Then shall I sing and bear a part
 With that celestial choir.
 I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
 With all my fire and light;
 Yet when Thou dost accept their gold,
 Lord, treasure up my mite.
- 4 How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
 Which doth all beings keep!
 Thy knowledge is the only line
 To sound so vast a deep.
 Thou art a sea without a shore,
 A sun without a sphere;
 Thy time is now and evermore,
 Thy place is everywhere.