



How shall I sing that majesty

*Ken Naylor
1931–1991
arr. Alistair Warwick*

- 1 How shall I sing that majesty
which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
sing, sing, ye 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,
while 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 alleluias be.
- 3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
in flame it with love's fire,
then shall I sing and take my 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.

John Mason (1646–1694)

The Art of Music

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