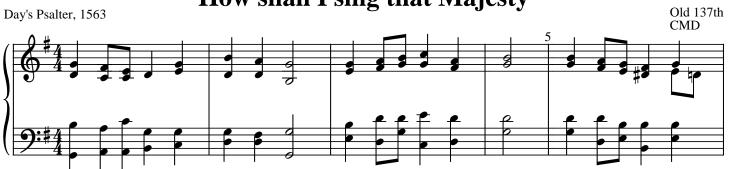
How shall I sing that Majesty

Day's Psalter, 1563







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?

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 alleluias be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart, Inflame 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.

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.