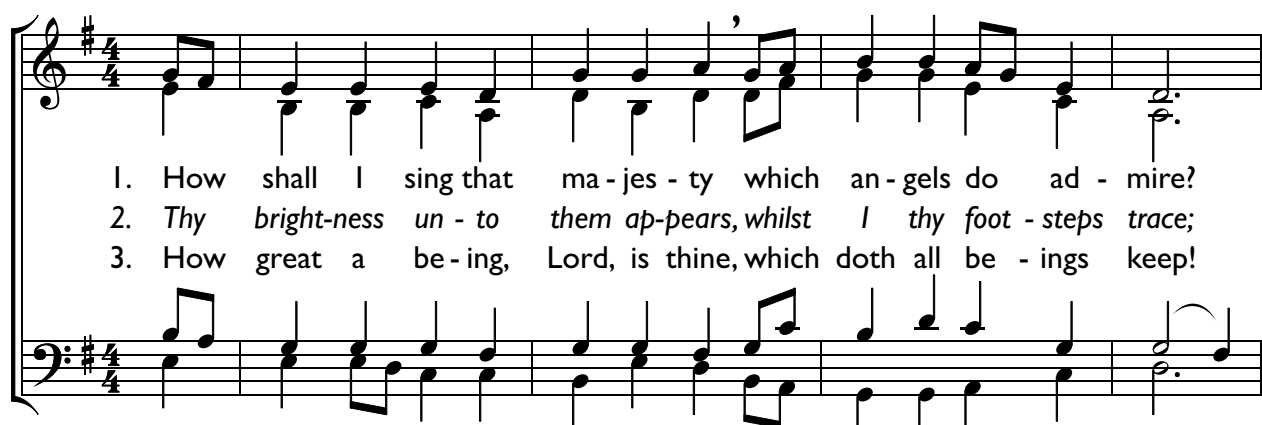


AMNS 472 How shall I sing that majesty

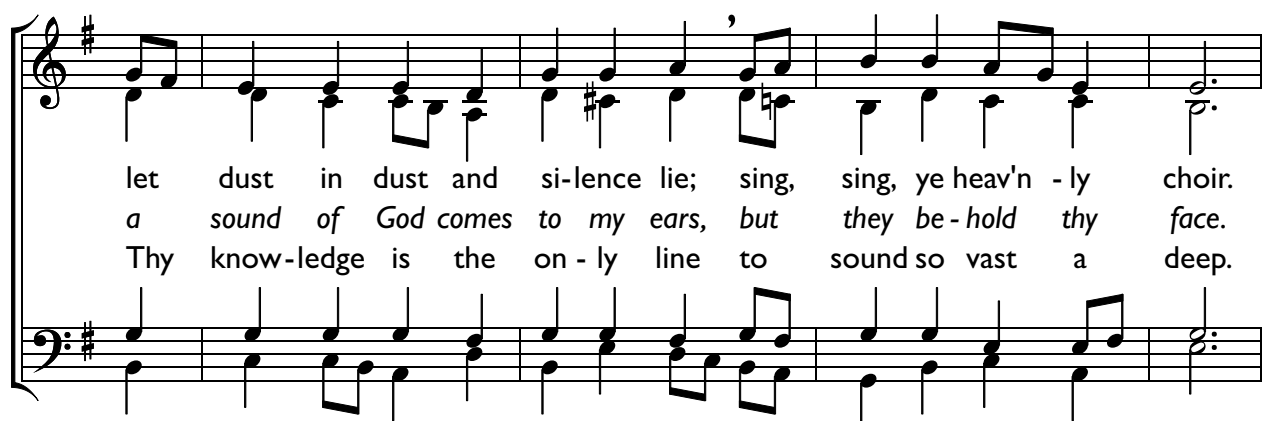
Melody: Kingsfold

John Mason
(c. 1645-1694)

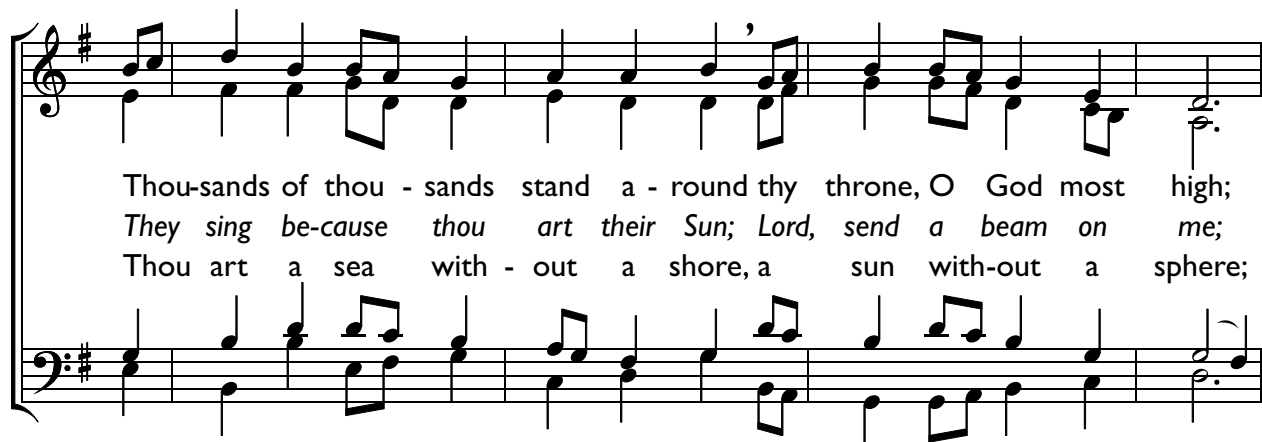
English traditional melody,
harm. R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)



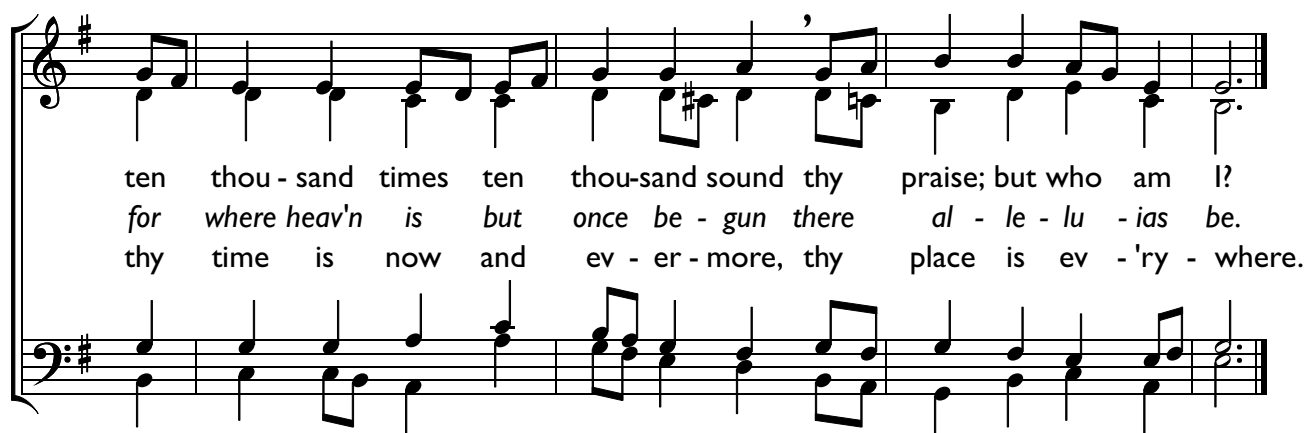
1. How shall I sing that ma-jes-ty which an-gels do ad-mire?
2. Thy bright-ness un-to them ap-pears, whilst I thy foot-steps trace;
3. How great a be-ing, Lord, is thine, which doth all be-ings keep!



let dust in dust and si-lence lie; sing, sing, ye heav'n-ly choir.
a sound of God comes to my ears, but they be-hold thy face.
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;
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 heav'n is but once be-gun there al-le-lu-ias be.
thy time is now and ev-er-more, thy place is ev-'ry-where.