

London Gallery Quire 469

1

John Mason (1646-1694)

Coe Fen, Ken Naylor (1931-1991)

How shall I sing that majesty?

Soprano [Air]

1. How shall I sing that ma - je - sty which an - gels do__ ad - mire?
 2. *Thy bright-ness un - to them ap - pears, whilst 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!*

Alto

Tenor

1. How shall I sing that ma - je - sty which an - gels do__ ad - mire?
 2. *Thy bright-ness un - to them ap - pears, whilst 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!*

Bass

8

S

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.
 Then shall I sing and bear a part with that ce - les - tial choir.
Thy know-ledge is the on - ly line to sound so vast_ a deep.

A

T

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.
 Then shall I sing and bear_ a part with that_ ce - les - tial choir.
Thy know-ledge is the on - ly line to sound so vast_ a deep.

B

Inst. *p*

How shall I sing that majesty 469

15

S

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;

A

T

8

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;

B

23

S

Ten thou-sand times ten thou - sand sound thy praise; but who_ am I?
For where hea - ven is but_ once be - gun, there al - le - luyas be.
 Yet when thou dost ac - cept_ their gold, Lord, trea - sure up_ my mite.
 Thy time is now and e - ver - more, thy place is ev' - ry - where.

A

T

8

Ten thou-sand times ten thou - sand sound thy praise; but who_ am I?
For where hea - ven is but_ once be - gun, there al - le - luyas be.
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B