1. How shall I sing that majesty which angels do admire?
2. Thy brightness unto them appears, whilst I thy footsteps trace;
3. How great a being, Lord, is thine, which doth all beings keep!

let dust in dust and silence lie; sing, sing, ye heav'nly choir.
Thy knowledge is the only line to sound so vast a deep.

Thousands of thousands stand around thy throne, O God most high;
They sing because thou art their Sun; Lord, send a beam on me;
Thou art a sea without a shore, a sun without a sphere;

ten thousand times ten thousand sound thy praise; but who am I?
for where heav'n is but once begun there alleluias be.
thy time is now and evermore, thy place is every where.

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