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.

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.

Words: John Mason (c. 1645-1694)
Music: English traditional melody