

Isaac Watts, 1715  
(Song 1) 86. 86. (C. M.)

# Sharon

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G Major  
William Billings, 1778

1. How glorious is our heavenly King, who reigns above the sky, How shall a child presume to sing His dreadful majesty?

2. How great His power is, none can tell, Nor think how large His grace, Not men below, nor saints that dwell On high before His face.

3. Not angels that stand round the Lord, Can search His perfect will; But they perform His heavenly word, And sing His praises still.

4. My heart resolves, my tongue obeys, And angels shall rejoice, To hear their mighty Maker's praise sung from a feeble voice.

3 6 9

1. How shall a child presume to sing His dreadful ma - jes - ty? - ty? His dread - ful maj - es - ty?

2. Not men below, nor saints that dwell On high before His face. face, On high be - fore His face.

3. But they perform His heavenly word, And sing His praises still. still. And sing His prai - ses still.

4. To hear their mighty Maker's praise sung from a feeble voice. voice. Sung from a fee - ble voice.

12 15