

Isaac Watts, 1720
(Song 1) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Barre

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G Major
William Billings, 1770

Treble

5 10 15

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

Counter

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.

Tenor

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

Bass

4. Then let me join this holy train, And my first offerings bring; Th'eternal God will not disdain To hear an infant sing.
5. My heart resolves, my tongue obeys, And angels shall rejoice, To hear their mighty Maker's praise Sound from a feeble voice.