

Sharon

1. How glorious is our heavenly King, who reigns above the sky, How shall a child pre -
2. How great His power is, none can tell, Nor think how large His grace, Not men below, nor
3. Not angels that stand round the Lord, Can search His perfect will; But they perform His
4. My heart resolves, my tongue obeys, And angels shall re - joice, To hear their mighty

1. - sume to sing His dreadful maj - es - ty? How shall a child presume to sing His
2. saints that dwell On high before His face. Not men below, nor saints that dwell On
3. heavenly word, And sing His prai - ses still. But they perform His heavenly word, And
4. Maker's praise sung from a fee - ble voice. To hear their mighty Maker's praise sung

1. dreadful ma - jes - ty? - ty? His dread - ful maj - es - ty?
2. high before His face. face, On high be - fore His face.
3. sing His praises still. still. And sing His prai - ses still.
4. from a fee - ble voice. voice. Sung from a fee - ble voice.