How Sweet and Awful Is the Place

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
How sweet and awful is the place With

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
Christ within the doors, While

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
everlasting love displays The

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
choicest of her stores!

The other verses

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room?
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come."

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.