How Wond'rous Great, How Glorious Bright

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
How wond'rous great, how glorious bright Must

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
our Creator be, Who

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
dwells amidst the dazzling light Of

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
vast infini- ty!

The other verses

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne,
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our groveling reason lies!

4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore,
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.

5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our labouring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

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