How shall I sing that majesty

1 How shall I sing that majesty which angels do admire? 
Let dust in dust and silence lie; 
sing, sing, ye heavenly choir. 
Thousands of thousands stand around 
thy throne, O God most high; 
ten thousand times ten thousand sound 
thy praise; but who am I?

2 Thy brightness unto them appears, 
while I thy footsteps trace; 
a sound of God comes to my ears, 
but they behold thy face: 
They sing, because thou art their sun; 
Lord, send a beam on me; 
for where heaven is but once begun, 
there alleluias be.

3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart, 
inflame it with love's fire, 
then shall I sing and take my part 
with that celestial choir. 
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold, 
with all my fire and light; 
Yet when thou dost accept their gold, 
Lord, treasure up my mite.

4 How great a being, Lord, is thine, 
which doth all beings keep! 
Thy knowledge is the only line 
to sound so vast a deep: 
thou art a sea without a shore, 
a sun without a sphere; 
thy time is now and evermore, 
thy place is everywhere.

John Mason (1646–1694)