



## Trinity Sunday

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?

Thy brightness unto them appears,  
Whilst 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 alleluyas be.

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.